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ANANIAS ELOPES

His Tale of Woe

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ananias Silne had at last made up his mind. Of all the desirable widows and spinsters in Quince Harbor none seemed so attractive as Mrs. Em Bevis, who was the proprietor of the Quince Harbor dry goods store. If any one had remotely suggested to Ananias that the profitable little business had enhanced the charms of the Widow Bevis in his middle aged eyes he would have laughed one to scorn. Still, being half proprietor of a dry goods business was infinitely better than being porter in a village bank. Any one would admit that!

When he put the question to Mrs. Bevis it was nighttime and her two rosy cheeks had gone home to dinner. Ananias had assured himself that they two were alone, and he had promptly possessed himself of the widow's generous hand and told her the story of his lonely life and his longing for a home, provided she would preside over it.

"Oh, Ananias," she simpered. "I never dreamed—I never thought—oh!" she shrieked as Ananias imprinted a kiss on her work worn hand.

That evening Ananias called upon her and discussed their early marriage.

"There's only one obstacle to a fancy wedding," said Ananias when Em Bevis had outlined a plan for the ceremony to take place in the Baptist church, with her little niece as flower girl and white satin ribbons festooned from the tops of the pews.

"And that is?" asked Em in a disappointed tone.

"My landlady," "Hetty Rowell? My land, you ain't engaged to her, be you?" inquired the widow sharply.

"Not if I know it," said Ananias cautiously, "but somehow I never know where I stand with Widow Rowell, Em! I swan I never proposed marriage to her in my life, but half the time she talks like she was engaged to me! I wish we could be married in a few days," added Ananias.

"But what's your hurry?" protested Em. "I'd like a chance to make some wedding clothes and get ready!"

"I know it, my love," cooed Ananias in her ear, "but I am afraid of the Widow Rowell. Great blizzards, I am! I talk in my sleep, you know. What if she should hear me saying something about you! It would be all up in the air!"

By the time Ananias went home he had persuaded his fiancée that she could select a very presentable trousseau from the stock of her own department store; so, relieved of this momentous question, Em agreed to elope with Ananias on the following Thursday, and Ananias wrote a note to the Rev. Josiah Twigg apprising him of the coming event and asking him to consider the matter as entirely confidential.

That night Ananias let himself into his boarding place and tiptoed up to his room with unusual caution. One never knew when the Widow Rowell would pounce out. And one never knew in what part of the house she was seeking a night's repose. She had a pleasantly careless custom of taking prospective guests through her spacious old house and permitting them to choose whatever room suited the moment's fancy, provided it was disengaged. As for herself, she slept around as fancy dictated—one night the west front chamber appealed to her, for she loved to hear the roar of the waves on the beach; the next night it might be a small hall room for the moment unoccupied that would tickle her restless impulse.

What Ananias did not know was that on this particular evening the widow had been approached by the proprietor of the Quince Harbor hotel and asked to accommodate a half dozen guests for whom he could find no room until the following day. Mrs. Rowell sweetly assented and gathered up her own belongings and carried them into a tiny room next to the room of Ananias Silne. Here she dropped her weary limbs upon a most uncomfortable cot and slept.

The sound of the softly closed front door aroused her. If that was Ananias Silne tiptoeing in at such a late hour she would have a serious talk with him in the morning. Either he had been courting—and that was not to be allowed, for Hetty Rowell felt that she had a prior right to the affections of Mr. Silne—or he had been to lodge meeting, and as it wasn't lodge night—why, he must have been courting! So there the widow's mind calculated

lated the matter, as we know, quite correctly.

She dozed off to sleep again and awoke to the resounding snores of Mr. Silne in the next room.

"Drat him!" she muttered, turning over. But she could not sleep again. She got to thinking about Ananias and where he had spent the evening, and she decided that it was Em Bevis who had captured him.

She was convinced of it when Ananias ceased snoring and fell to talking, as was his habit when the day had been an exciting one.

"Ahem!" babbled Ananias. "Ahem, next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock! My dear Mr. Twigg, would you perform a most interesting service for me? Of course I shall wear a white flower in my coat—ahem! I'm not afraid—no, siree! I, Ananias, take thee, Em Bevis—no; that's not right, Em—Em—Emma—or Emmaline—ah!" Mr. Silne resorted to snoring once more, and the widow, now thoroughly awake to the perfidy of her star boarder, sat up in bed and fell to planning.

When the Widow Rowell fell to planning—well, things usually happened.

For an entire week she watched and waited and listened and peeked and pried, and when Thursday evening drew around she was possessed in some mysterious manner of most of the details of the approaching elopement. She knew that Hep Riddle's buggy had been engaged and that Hep was to harness the sorrel horse, although Hep Riddle himself didn't know what Ananias Silne wanted to do with a buggy.

By Thursday evening Ananias Silne was shivering with nervous dread. He had a feeling that in some way or other his elopement would be frustrated. Time and again he had found the Widow Rowell's wits could outmatch his own, but so far as he knew not a soul was aware of the approaching marriage save the prospective bride, the minister and himself.

Ananias ate scarcely any supper, although Mrs. Rowell had prepared his favorite dish of oyster stew. She sat opposite him and blinked her eyes at him until he gulped down a huge cup of scalding hot tea and bolted away from the table.

"Little dear!" murmured the widow with a strange smile on her face.

Ananias locked himself into his room and made an elaborate if hasty toilet. After many maneuvers he let himself out and managed to escape by the back hall door. There was no sign of the widow, and he hoped she had gone to call upon one of her cronies. It would be ill luck indeed if she had taken it into her head to call upon Em Bevis, though the two rivals were not the best of friends since Ananias came between them.

Still, the Widow Rowell was apt to do the most baffling things.

Ananias hurried to Riddle's stables and climbed into the buggy which a grinning negro had prepared for him. He drove rapidly out of the yard, nearly losing a wheel in the turn, for he was not a skillful driver.

Quince Harbor folks are inquisitive and prone to mind each other's business to a most annoying degree; therefore it had been decided that Em Bevis was to wait for Ananias in Whippoorwill lane by the brook. He would catch her up into the vehicle, and away they would go to Big Harbor.

Whippoorwill lane was there, and so was Em Bevis, for Ananias recognized the white veil she was to wear about her uncovered head.

He pressed her hand and received a tender pressure in return. After that they rode in silence through the woods toward Big Harbor.

At last they reached the main street of Big Harbor, and the sorrel horse chose to gallop madly until Ananias, sawing at the reins, managed to bring him to a stop before the gate of the parsonage.

"Belay there!" yelled the little ex-salvor angrily just as the minister opened the front door and stepped into the porch to meet them.

The prospective bride got out unaided while Ananias was tying the sorrel horse and she was inside the house by the time Ananias had reached the gate.

When Ananias Silne reached the parlor, where stood the beaming clergyman and his smiling wife and a couple of servants for witnesses, he stood in the doorway aghast at the sight that met his amazed eyes. The bride was there—a bride was there, indeed, but not the one he had so carefully chosen! Standing there in the modest splendor of a gray satin dress hurriedly garnished with white lace and bunches of artificial orange blossoms was the Widow—Rowell!

Em Bevis was nowhere to be seen. Somehow he had been tricked by the artful widow whom he had at first courted, only to leave when a better chance presented itself. Surely retribution was close upon the heels of Ananias Silne!

"We are waiting, Mr. Silne," reminded Mr. Twigg, smiling benevolently.

"Dear Ananias!" cooed Hetty Rowell, fixing her agate colored eyes upon him.

Ananias moved forward mechanically. There seemed nothing else to do.

Things were hideously mixed and a bitter fate seemed to have driven him straight into the arms of the Widow Rowell. He felt that she had outwitted him again—never more would he try to get the best of her. He would admit defeat. As for Em Bevis, what could he do about it now without creating a scandal that would shake the three villages to the core?

Nothing!

So Ananias went forward and was joined in the bonds of holy matrimony to Hetty Rowell. When the ceremony was over Mrs. Twigg congratulated them warmly.

"It's the oddest thing," she babbled, "but Josiah and I really thought the bride—we understood it was to be another. We are quite surprised!"

"So are we!" smiled Mrs. Ananias Silne as she took her husband's arm and went down to the waiting buggy and the impatient sorrel horse.

Somebody tossed an old shoe after them, for luck and it struck Ananias right in the back of the neck, so that he uttered an explosive blast of profanity that caused the minister and his wife to close their front door hurriedly.

But the Widow Rowell—I mean Mrs. Ananias Silne—merely smiled compassionately, as if she knew that her husband had just cause for exasperation.

NOTES AND NOTIONS

The fashionable suit is rather severely tailored.

Hats with flowers are promised for the future.

Tassels are popular on millinery.

All draperies should fall in perpendicular folds.

Tailored shirts favor the masculine shirt bosoms.

Bustles or bustle effects are increasing in number.

Many of the smartest frocks have Chinese embroidery.

Blossoms are showing necks elliptical instead of round.

Black velvet and white duvetyne are charming together.

Caught in His Trap.

"I am in an embarrassing situation," declared Judge Flubbub, former member of congress.

"How is that, judge?"

"Here I am called upon to try to make sense out of a law that I framed myself."

Musical Note.

Mrs. Jones—Does my daughter's piano practicing annoy your husband? Neighbor—Oh, not at all; Jack can't tell one note from another.

The employee who has a horror of working overtime will never own the business.

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PRISONERS IN CAGES.

Curious Form of Punishment of the Days of Long Ago.

We do not nowadays exhibit caged offenders to the gaze of a curious public, but such a form of punishment was at one time more or less common. When the three great Anabaptist leaders were executed in Prussia, in 1536, they were exposed to the public gaze in iron cages hung on the walls of the church of St. Lambert, in Munster-am-Stein.

Catherine II. of Russia had her wig-dresser confined to a cage because the bigwigs at court complained that the tonsorial gentleman had big ears, and Edward I. of England caused the Countess of Buchan and the sister of Robert Bruce to be locked up in two large iron cages, which were hung on to the turret of the castle of Berwick, in 1306.

Alexander the Great had Callisthenes, the Greek philosopher, kept for seven months in an iron cage because the latter denied Alexander's divine right to rule, and for eleven long years the French Cardinal Baluz had a unique opportunity of studying at first hand what it feels like to be a captive canary, for Louis XI, ordered him to be imprisoned in an iron cage at Loches, on the River Indre, for just that period.

And coming down to more recent times, there was the huge iron cage, mounted on wheels, which the Boers had constructed for the late Cecil Rhodes during the South African war, but which Lord French robbed of its intended occupant by turning up so suddenly at Kimberley.—London Answers.

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.

FAMILIAR WITH GREATNESS.

Mere Generals Didn't Impress the American Camera Man.

A story told by Francis A. Collins in the Camera Man shows that the direct methods of the American news photographer are not affected by surroundings that might cause others to grow self-conscious.

A newspaper assigned an American to make a portrait of General von Bissing in the palace in Brussels. The photographer applied for permission to the authorities at Berlin, who received him courteously and, after considerable formality, detailed an officer to accompany him to Brussels. An appointment was made, and the two were admitted to the general's room. Previously, however, it had been explained to the American that under no circumstances was he to address the general. The officer began his explanation, but became confused at finding himself face to face with so distinguished a personage.

"Your excellency," he began, "we have come from Berlin—that is, if you will be so kind"—in his confusion he came to a full stop.

General von Bissing was seated at a desk and seemed to be very busy. The American photographer stepped forward.

"General, I am an American," he began without embarrassment.

"I see that," said the general, with a smile.

"I have come to take your picture," the photographer added without waste of time.

The situation was unprecedented. The officer stood aghast.

"Very well," replied General von Bissing. "Go ahead. What do you want me to do?"

"If you will step to the window," the photographer explained. "Now step this way, a little farther, please. No; this way." And to the horror of the attending officer the photographer laid his hand on the general's arm and arranged the pose. The picture was taken in a few seconds.

"Thank you, general," said the unabashed American easily.

"I hope your picture turns out well," replied General von Bissing, and the interview was over. Once they were outside the door, the officer expostulated:

"How did you come to address his excellency? It is most unprecedented. And you laid your hand on him. How could you do so?"

"Mein lieber freund," said the American, "I have photographed three American presidents, and a general more or less is nothing to me."

CONQUERING THE CRAMP.

Rules a Swimmer Should Follow When an Attack Comes On.

A cramp is merely a contraction of the muscles caused by the penetration of the cold. Obviously it could not of itself cause drowning. Its worst effect, according to the Popular Science Monthly, is to cause a panic which throws the swimmer off his guard, causing him to let the air out of his lungs and thus allow the air passages to become filled with water. The safeguards against such panic are absolute confidence in the floating power of the body and a demonstrable knowledge of the proper way to fill the lungs quickly to utmost capacity with air.

The moment a cramp is felt the swimmer should turn on his back and begin to gulp the air, making no effort to keep himself from sinking. As he sinks he slowly exhales under water, through the mouth, with the lips puckered as for whistling. If it is a stomach cramp the knees will be drawn up against the abdomen, but the swimmer should force them out, pushing on them with both hands and using all his strength until they are fully extended. This will no, doubt cause great pain for a few seconds, but as soon as the legs are straightened out the cramp will vanish, and the body, buoyed up by the air in the lungs, will shoot up to the surface. There, still inhaling in great gulps and exhaling through puckered lips, the swimmer may float until he regains his strength or is picked up.

In case of cramp in the leg or arm the same system of breathing is followed, and the affected part is straightened out by sheer strength.

Preparing Him For Matrimony.

In South Africa some of the savages tribes have a peculiar ceremony which they put the matrimonial candidate through previous to his entering the marriage state. His hands are tied up in a bag containing five ants for two hours. If he bears unmoved the tortures of their stings he is considered qualified to cope with the nagging and daily jar and fret of married life.

Shrewd.

Jack—Fine trick Gotrox played on his titled son-in-law.

Bass—What did he do?

Jack—Gave him a 10 per cent margin on 10,000 shares in P. D. Q. as a wedding present, then beared the market and sold the poor fish out when he couldn't cover.

ROLL... Men Fr and Vici The 27TH REGT. Thos. L Sw since June 15, ford, Bury C killed in action C N Newell, J Alf Woodward Cunningham, M E W Bailey, Johnston, G M W G Nichol, F E W Smith, Ward, killed in D C M, killed i wounded—mist Hardy. PRINCESS Gerald H Br 18TH C W Barnes Watson, G Burns, C Blu P Shanks, Pt 2ND DIVI Lorne Lucas Potter. 33RD Percy Mitch Oct. 14th, 19 Geo. Fountain 16, 1916, Gord in Victoria 34TH E C Croh Rogers, Mackl Oct. 8, 1916; in action Sept- ning, Leonard 29T Wm. Mitoh 70TH Ernest Lawr C H Loveday, ton, killed in a Meyers, Jos Brown, Sid B Sept. 15, 1916 A., Corp. V. V 28TH Thomas Le MOUN Fred A Tay Wm. Macne J. Tomlin ARMY T A Bran McKenzie, M Jerrold W. Sn Wm. McCaus 135T N. McLauly 6th, 191 3RD RESAI Alfred Lovi 116T Clayton O. April 18th, 19 R. R. Anne 70T R. H. Tren on May 8th, ster. 142T Austin Pot Russ. G. Elgin D. I ARMY Frank Elli Arthur M 98T Roy E. A 6 C. F. Luc Walter A ROYA Lieut. M. If the rame not appear in us and it will