

## CONSTANT PAIN AFTER EATING

The Tortures of Dyspepsia Corrected by "Fruit-a-lives"

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 "For two years, I suffered tortures from Severe Dyspepsia. I had constant pains after eating; pains down the sides and back; and horrible bitter stuff often came up in my mouth.  
 I tried doctors, but they did not help me. But as soon as I started taking 'Fruit-a-lives', I began to improve and this medicine, made of fruit juices, relieved me when everything else failed."  
 MRS. HUDSON MARSHBANK.  
 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.  
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## "Lest We Forget"

Made the Supreme Sacrifice  
 WATFORD AND VICINITY  
 Lt.-Col. R. G. Kelly  
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 Capt. Ernest W. Lawrence  
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## "BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for women's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.



Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

Corrective of Flatulency.—Indigestible food lies in the stomach causing pain and nausea or eructation of these gases and the only way to prevent restore the stomach to proper action is to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

DEFECTIVE SIGHT CAUSES EYE HEADACHES  
 We harp on this because so many persons suffer needlessly. Just as sure as the sun rises, the proper glasses will at once relieve your eye headaches. All eye headaches do not need the same lenses, but all eye headaches do need lenses, and our one thought, if you come here is, to give you exactly the right lenses. Why suffer?  
**CARL CLASS**  
 Jeweler and Optician  
 ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

## ROSE FROM THE RANKS

ENLISTED AS PRIVATE AND BECAME ACTING COLONEL.

The Story of Major John Girvan Who Carried the Colors of the Famous "Fifteenth Battalion" Into Germany—He Was a Real Civilian Soldier.

JOHN GIRVAN left Valcartier in 1914 a private in Company A, 48th Highlanders. From August, 1918, until Armistice Day he was in command of Toronto's "famous Fifteenth." He carried the colors into Germany last December, and he returns to Toronto as Major John Girvan, M.C., D.S.O., Croix de Guerre, the respected second in command of the Highlanders' unit.

It is given to few men to "carry on" through four years on the fields in France, but John Girvan has not only fought through these years—he has given to Scotland and Canada a wonderful service—the service of a "charmed" life, the gallantry of a Sir Galahad, the undaunted pluck and grit of his native Island of Bute, and the best of a born brain for leadership.

His career to military glory had a romantic beginning, too. With W. Sparks, manager of the Toronto General Post Office, and rather of Douglas Earl Sparks, his best chum, John Girvan was holidaying at Duncan Lake, in the Gowanda district, in August, 1914. The campers heard of the outbreak in Europe, but canoeing and fishing banished the start of the world conflagration from their minds until Mr. Sparks was notified by wire to come home if he wanted to see Earl before he left for overseas.

When Mr. Sparks came home, he found that Earl was at Valcartier. Later, when the first contingent was about ready to leave, Mr. Sparks confided to John Girvan that he was going to Valcartier to say goodbye to Earl.

"I'll get a day off," said Girvan "and go with you."  
 It was a lovely fall evening at Valcartier when John Girvan saw his pal swinging down the line of a company in the Scot uniform.

Without a word John Girvan turned to Mr. Sparks: "You take my clothes home. I am not going back. I am going with Earl."  
 Mr. Sparks brought John's business suit to Toronto, and John sailed away a Highlander under Corp. Sparks, in the famous Fifteenth.

It was the great sorrow when Earl fell at Ypres in April, 1915, but Pte. Girvan carried on right into Germany.  
 His decorations give slight recognition of his real service. It is known only to a few. True, he has been specially mentioned in despatches at various times, and his high ability has been recognized in the trenches, in his military papers, but Major Girvan and his parents are of the soldier stock, and they don't talk.

An awful night before a disastrous engagement some of the men of the Fifteenth under Girvan were new to the trenches, and he was somewhat nervous. In the glare of the light from the Hun line the officer mounted the parapet and walked along the "suicide" path, with no thought for himself—with an order here, a word of encouragement there and a cheering, nonchalant that brought the morale of the line to the highest pitch. "It was not the danger to himself that counted with me," said one, "but it was that princely thoughtfulness for the men."  
 It is the story of a Scottish boy who found himself in Toronto. John Girvan was born on the west coast of Scotland, on Kilmahattan Bay, Isle of Bute, in November, 1885. After a brief schooling at home he took a short course at Edinburgh, when his father, Archibald Girvan, decided to move to Toronto. John came to Toronto in 1906, and that fall went to the post office. It was but a short time before the then Deputy Postmaster recognized his ability. "He made himself at once a very valuable man." On the night shift there had been considerable friction, and John Girvan was picked out over older members to take charge of the city sorting staff on the night side. His judgment, fairness and firmness were demonstrated, for the affairs of the department were soon running smoothly.

His prowess with the boxing gloves and his ability to organize and help in the concerts of the staff were recognized by numerous presentations to him. It was at this time that John began taking an interest in sculling, and, joining the Argonaut Club with Joe Wright and Capt. Sinclair and "Tommy" Carson, he developed into an oarsman of merit. As a bow-man Girvan had few equals. In 1911 he rowed bow in the champion junior eight, and the following year he won the eight-oar at Montreal. When the Argonauts were the champion fours of Canada in 1913 Girvan was a member of the crew.

When the big scrap was called in Europe Girvan dropped the oar here and put on the mitts for a round with the Hun, and he stayed for the "knock-out" count. When he was wounded at Courcellette in 1918, and sent home for three months, his friends urged him to quit. His bit

had been quite and gone well, for he had his field promotions then. He enjoyed his furlough, talked only of his men, and went quietly back to his post in France. He has been there ever since, and it was entirely fitting that the signal honor of carrying the colors from London to Brussels was given to the major who had taken Col. Bent's place last August, and had so successfully carried the battalion's destiny through the big fall offensive. He was also in charge of the Highland troops of the Third Brigade when they were reviewed by King Albert at Liege.

Major Girvan had no military training previous to his enlistment in this war. He is a real civilian-soldier.

## CAPTURED A BATTERY

HOW SERGT. HERMAN J. GOOD WON THE V. C.

He Dashed Forward Alone Killing Several Men In Charge of Machine Guns and Taking the Others Prisoner—Brave New Brunswick Soldier Was Wounded Three Times.

IN the lumber camps of New Brunswick the story of Britain's fight was told. Strong men gathered around the roaring stove in the evenings after a day in the bush, and some one from somewhere produced a newspaper, with the record of that wonderful struggle for the rights of the world in the early stages of the war. Big fellows they were, with grizzled faces from long exposure, these men who fought all day with the giants of the primeval forest, felled huge kings of the forest, sawed and hewed them into shape for the spring fresnet, when the logging teams would drive them down the foaming rivers to the mills. Around the big box stove they sat, heavy boots drawn off and thick socks put up to dry, and they talked of the Great War, the Great Adventure that had called men of their race, the British race, to the help of small peoples and the crushing of brutal force in the world by the greater force of spiritual manhood, set aflame by the God of Liberty. They read of the angels of Mons, and wondered, for they were practicing the lumbermen of New Brunswick, but somehow they knew that it was true. It was the Great Adventure that called them, and many of them threw down axe and shouldered a musket, and went out, some of them never to return to the forests of New Brunswick.

Among the men who enlisted from the lumber camps of the Chaleurs basin, was Herman James Good. He was not yet 30 years old, but he had for a number of years been boss on the big lumber drives under the Bathurst Lumber Co. He worked in the forests and on the drives in the winter and spring. The rest of the time he worked his farm, about three miles from Bathurst.

Sergt. Good enlisted June 28, 1915, with the 55th Battalion. After a period of training in Sussex, N.B., and at Valcartier he went to England. He got to France April 12, 1916, just a year after the first heroic stand of the Canadians of which the men in the lumber camps had read and talked the spring before.

Sergt. Good has been through all the fighting since, with the exception of a few months in hospital as the result of wounds received on three different occasions. After going into the trenches, Sergt. Good received his first wound. Back to the trenches in a short time, he was again sent back, Sept. 1916, for shell shock, when he was in the hospital for six weeks. Two whole years of active service followed without any more wounds or sickness. He received his third stripe for wounds Aug. 17, 1918, when he was gassed. Just eight days after he had won the Victoria Cross. After being in hospital for a month and then spending three weeks leave in Edinburgh and Glasgow, he went back to France and was there till fighting stopped.

Sergt. Good is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Good, of Big River, N.B., about four miles from Bathurst, their nearest town. He was born on his parents' farm at Big River, and lived in that vicinity all his life until he set out for France, where he has distinguished himself so signally. Sergt. Good himself owns a farm not far from his father's. After he left school he worked on his father's farm. Then he took charge of a farm of his own, and spent his time between it and the lumber camps. On the fateful battle he was made lance corporal, then corporal and after he won the V.C. he was made sergeant.

In the thick of the awful fighting of August, 1918, when the Allies were in the heat of their great advances, when they had staked their all for final victory, Sergt. Good performed the act of valor which won for him the Victoria Cross. He was no sluggard, no quitter. The Canadians were advancing in the face of awful fire. The Germans had three machine guns which were giving them trouble. Those guns were taking many good men. Sergt. Good made up his mind that that sort of thing should stop. Alone he dashed

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A Scientific preparation which eradicates every trace of Rheumatic Troubles. Stay young! Keep your best years free from pain. T. R. C.'s will do it.

Sole Agents for Watford, J. W. McLaren, druggist, The Rexall Store, or if you live out of town mail \$1.04 to the above address or to Templetons Limited, 142 King street west, Toronto, and capsules will be sent postpaid.

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Going the lakeside for a couple of weeks? Call and see our rustic tables, wicker chairs, cots and complete summer line of furniture. All low prices.

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forwarded, unless covered by the men operating the guns and made prisoners of the remainder. He took back his prisoners, but did not stay back long. Into the fight he went again, and this time he encountered a battery of big guns, guns that throw a shell more than five inches in diameter. He was alone.

Did he hesitate? Did the point blank range that the guns had on him frighten him? Did he run, or fall flat on the ground? This is what he did: He called to three men of his section who were near to follow him. The four of them, with Good leading, attacked the big gun crews, and one of the miracles of the Great War was performed. Those four men captured the whole of the gun crews of the three guns of the battery. So was the V. C. won by Sergt. Good.

From the wheat fields and logging camps of New Brunswick to the fields of France; from running the slippery rafts on the rivers of Canada, to the highest honor conferred on British soldiers for personal bravery in the Great War—this is the story of Sergt. Herman James Good, V.C. And the best of this story is that the hero of it is still alive and well, and will return to Canada when the British Empire needs his services no longer in the army.—Carolyn Cornell.

It is estimated that four miles of an ordinary spider's thread would weigh scarcely a grain.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

### Kept Guns Going All Night.

A recent report of Gen. Ironside, commanding the Allied troops at Archangel, pays a tribute to the heroism of a Canadian artillery lieutenant. In support of the Allies were some Russian troops, and they broke and left his battery without infantry defence. Retreat was cut off, but the lieutenant kept his battery going and fought the Bolsheviks all night and finally withdrew his guns without losing one. Gen. Ironside has recommended him for decoration and promotion. Canadians there have absolute confidence in Gen. Ironside, and this has relieved anxiety regarding Canadians at Archangel.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

The marriage took place quietly at the Presbyterian Manse, Forest, on Monday, June 23rd, of Annie Ross, youngest daughter of Mrs. N. McCallil of Forest to Mr. Arthur C. Colling of Royal Oak, Mich. son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Colling, also of Forest, Rev. H. D. Cameron, B. A. performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Colling will reside in Royal Oak, Mich.

### Anxious for Canadian Trade.

The economic commission has been holding a series of meetings with the Siberian Supply Company and the agents of the Canadian Government, and are endeavoring to reach an equitable basis for Siberian trade.

At a recent conference there were representatives present of co-operative organizations who expressed an eagerness to develop business relations with Canada owing to the similarity of climate and resources, and also because of successful co-operative movements among the farmers of the Dominion. Canada, furthermore, is without selfish aims. An unwillingness is expressed in the matter of trading through middlemen. Trade, if trade is to be had, is impossible to develop trade right now owing to the transportation difficulties and the political instability of the country, but in the meantime people in Siberia are anxious to learn modern Canadian methods and are sending representatives to Canada shortly to study the methods.

### Beaverbrook and Nebuchadnezzar.

Lord Beaverbrook has been troubled with his throat for a long time, but is now making satisfactory progress toward recovery. A recent despatch represents it as a distemper, which may have been caused originally "by putting a few blades of grass in the mouth when walking in the fields."

This reminds us that there was once a prize poem competition at Oxford, for which one of the aspirants chose "Nebuchadnezzar" as his subject, and he wrote that the monarch, when turned out to grass, "Exclaimed as he ate the unwanted foods, 'It may be wholesome, but it isn't good.'"

But Beaverbrook is neither Thames nor Cherwell, and so far as Oxford is concerned he can prove an aioli.

### Investigations.

"Aren't you glad to see these food-shippers investigated?"  
 "I dunno," answered the ultimate consumer. "It always worries me a little to see anything done that adds to the expenses of conducting their business."

### No Cheap Cuts.

"Instead of going without beef altogether, why don't you accustom yourself to eating the cheaper cuts?"  
 "There are no cheaper cuts. There are only the expensive, the more expensive and the unattainable."

The Guide-Advocate for job printing.