

DANGER LURKS IN EVERY ONE OF US

We Are As Full of Deadly Poisons As A Germ Laboratory.

AUTO-INTOXICATION OR SELF-POISONING

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" Absolutely Prevents This Dangerous Condition.

The chief cause of poor health is our neglect of the bowels. Waste matter, instead of passing from the lower intestine regularly every day, is allowed to remain there, generating poisons which are absorbed by the blood.

In other words, a person who is habitually constipated, is poisoning himself. We know now that *Auto-intoxication*, due to non-action of the bowels, is directly responsible for serious Kidney and Bladder Troubles; that it upsets the Stomach, causes Indigestion, Loss of Appetite and Sleeplessness; that chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Pain In The Back, are relieved as soon as the bowels become regular; and that Pimples, Rashes, Eczema and other Skin Affections disappear when "Fruit-a-lives" are taken to correct Constipation.

"Fruit-a-lives" will protect you against Auto-intoxication because this wonderful fruit medicine acts directly on all the eliminating organs. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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., next door to Merchants Bank. Residence—Front street, one block east of Main street.

C. W. SAWERS, M. D.

WATFORD, ONT.

FORMERLY OF NAPIER) OFFICE—Main Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kelly, Phone 53 A. Residence—Ontario Street, opposite Mr. A. McDonnell's, Night calls Phone 13 B.

W. G. SIDDALL, M. D.

WATFORD ONTARIO

Formerly of Victoria Hospital, London.
OFFICE—Main street, in office formerly occupied by Dr. Brandon, Day and, night calls phone

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, Arkansas, 1st and 3rd Thursday, of each month.

G. N. HOWDEN

D. D. S., L. D. S.

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

An Oil for All Men.—The sailor, the soldier, the fisherman, the lumberman, the out-door labourer and all who are exposed to injury and the elements will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a true and faithful friend. To ease pain, relieve colds, dress wounds, subdue lumbago and overcome rheumatism, it has no equal. Therefore, it should have a place in all home medicines and those taken on a journey.

A Bit of Progress

By KATHERINE BATES

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The sunlight fell so hotly on the pile of guano bags crowding the little wharf that the man leaning against the heaped-up sacks could hardly believe that it was May, and not July. He drew his eyelids together and through his lashes looked down the gleaming river toward Norfolk, three miles away. On either side of the river trucks farms stretched away toward the pine forests farther inland; just now the farms were at their greenest, strawberry fields, cabbage patches, acres of spinach, all in verdant strife. The river ducked in here and there, flinging clear, shimmering streams a little way back into the country, and the marshes around these inlets gave a rank, yellow tinge to the green outlook. Now and then a pine grove not yet cleared away led the greens to the other extreme, to the dark somber hue which had little but name in common with the brightness of the water-grass. The man on the wharf sighed as he noted these varying shades.

"It would take me to make this pay," he said. "Yes, sir, what this here fertile patch of old Virginia needs is an Iowa man—J. Archibald Jernigan could make his pile here, but none of these lazy Southern truckers will make their salt."

The cool sound of the incoming tide swishing against the wharf turned his thoughts from the farms. There would be shade on the other side of the guano bags; he sprang upon them and dropped down into the shadow, dropped down beside Ianthe Yarbrough, who lolled in placid ease against the bags.

"Beg pardon, miss," said Mr. Jernigan, startled into a stammer, although his was by no means a hesitating nature.

"Don't mind me," said the girl calmly. "I heard you talkin' to yo'self, but I reckon I'd let you come over if you wanted to."

She smiled at him with indolent interest and Mr. Jernigan smiled back. "Daughter of the gentleman over there?" he asked, politely, waving his hand toward a clump of pines around a small white house.

"Yes, this is pa's place. From Norfolk?"

He swelled with the importance of the man who comes from a distance. "From Wellsville, Iowa. Fine state, Iowa."

"You are a long ways from home," she observed.

Mr. Jernigan drew down his mustache.

"An aunt just died down there—in Norfolk—consumption. Doctors sent her here, no money spared, none whatever, but I come on and buried her a week ago tomorrow. Aunt that brought me up."

"I'm cert'nly sorry she died," Ianthe said softly.

"Lamentable, lamentable, but we must all die, and she was past sixty. Pretty country you've got 'round here, Miss—er—Miss?"

"Did you walk down yonder road?" she asked with a sudden increase of interest. "Sweet honeysuckles is all in bloom over there, gullies on each side the road jus' filled with it, and yallah jasmine climbin' over everything it can lay vines on—smelled as sweet as it looked, didn't it?"

"Very nice smell, very nice, indeed," agreed Mr. Jernigan, "but ain't yore pa goin' to be a little late with his kale for the Boston and New York markets?"

"I reckon," she answered. "Mos' folks round here are too late for the markets." She laughed a little as she added: "Pres' Lewis, who has the truck patch next our, never does get anything to market in time."

"I infer he don't prosper," said Mr. Jernigan. "I'd like to give him a few notions about trucking."

She turned to him quickly. "Would you? Oh, do—for pa can't put up with his bein' so way behind; pa'd like to be—be progressive, and Pres' frets him. You see, Pres' don't get on, no, he don't prosper, jus' as you say."

"Is there any special reason why he'd better be prospering?" Mr. Jernigan asked, looking delicately away toward Norfolk.

Ianthe picked up a long pole lying on the wharf near her; she bent back, and looked around the corner of the wharf prodded with the pole the mud where the tide still left uncovered oyster shells and various bits of debris.

"Well," she at last said frankly, "there's me."

"Quite a reason," he said gallantly. He looked at her attentively, and repeated, "quite a reason."

"Yes, I reckon, I am," she agreed.

"S'pose you do give Pres' some new ideas? I don't know as he could carry them out, but he could talk them to pa, and after all talk does about as well as goin' with pa. You tell me them, and I'll tell Pres'."

"Well, there's English walnuts—this sorter land and yore climate order be just the thing for them," he began. In time he warmed to his topic, and Ianthe drank in his wisdom as eagerly as ever heathen drank in the gospel. But the sound of a horn at last broke in on the conference, and Ianthe lazily struggled to her feet.

"Ma's blowin' me up—we'll, 'm cert'nly obliged to you. You don't know any more for another time?"

"I don't know as—"

"Well, good-by," she interrupted.

"Pres' will be obliged, too." Mr. Jernigan looked at her wonderingly. "Talk about the selfishness of men," he thought, "women ain't made of anything but that self-same article." Aloud he said with dignity: "I am going to say I didn't know as I had anything mapped out yet, but of course I don't get to the end of my ideas in half an hour."

His tone seemed to remind Ianthe of the hospitable traditions of Virginia.

"Come along to supper," she suggested, "only don't talk to pa as if you knew much, or maybe he'll suspect Pres' didn't make up those fine new notions."

For many weeks after this Mr. Jernigan stayed in Norfolk, although he was badly needed in Wellsville. He spent his mornings conscientiously doing the many sights of the neighborhood—Soldiers' home at Hampton, Fortress Monroe, Hygeia hotel at Old Point, every one of which would have been run to far greater advantage had an Iowa man been at the head—and in the afternoons he taught Ianthe Yarbrough the essentials of progressive trucking. Her father had taken a liking—naturally—to him, and often he went to supper with the Yarbroughs. After supper he and the father sat on the front steps and smoked, while he watched—a little grimly—Ianthe and Pres' Lewis sauntering by the river. Pres' was a tall, dark, lazy-looking boy, who evidently had no finickiness about accepting another man's cerebral fruits. He profited by the hints Ianthe gave him during the river bank strolls, and when Mrs. Yarbrough was through with the dishes he and Ianthe came to the steps, and new ideas scintillated. Over the porch of the little house grew a Mueschal Niel rose, its hundreds of buds making the air sweet, but Mr. Jernigan's bitter heart did not let him enjoy the sweetness. Yes, his heart was bitter. He said to himself as he sat listening to Pres' talk, sat watching Ianthe crush the rose leaves against her cheek, that his vexation referred purely to a matter of good sense. "Waste is what I can't stand—owe that to the back-East bringing up Aunt Mary had—and waste it surely would be for him to get that fair flower of the South!"

There had to come an end—Wellsville would no longer be put off, and one night when Mr. Jernigan went into the Yarbrough sitting room for his hat, after the usual placid evening on the steps, he made himself say: "Well, folks, I guess this is the end of my visits. I must get back—and come to Wellsville, all of you, and I'll see that you meet the elite."

They were all standing, but Ianthe dropped into a chair.

"Going—?" she said.

Pres' turned to her—then the color rushed to his dark cheeks. He stepped toward Mr. Jernigan.

"You've been talking crops to her, you have? You've been making love to her—you've—"

Mr. Jernigan laid a hand on the boy's mouth. "Stop your fool talk," he said. "Miss Ianthe—"

Ianthe sprang to her feet. "I don't care two strawbers if you are goin' way—I don't, I don't," she cried, throwing open the door leading to the steep stairway, and then going upstairs as fast as she could.

Mr. Jernigan retreated dignifiedly.

"I shall call upon you tomorrow," he said to the dazed Mr. Yarbrough.

"Good night, Mrs. Yarbrough, ma'am—good night, Mr. Lewis. Let me wish you success in your trucking in case I don't see you tomorrow."

He did not take the road toward Norfolk. Through that misty gray light, the light that wraps one around, the light that the dwellers on the Elizabeth river call a June evening, he made his way to the wharf where he had first seen Ianthe. There were no guano bags there now, but he sat down on the planks where she had sat, and took up the long pole which still lay there. He whipped the water with the pole—sang with subdued nasality. "She don't—don't care—two strawbers—two strawbers—no, she don't she don't." Then he drove the pole into the mud, and meditated. Ianthe was by him, Ianthe in the purple calico which made her eyes too look purple. "No call-cos," he said suddenly. "Wellsville's best quality silk for Mrs. J. Archibald."



Different Kinds of Heat

Your furnace should not only give you plenty of heat, but the right quality of heat.

Some houses would be better without any heat than the kind their furnaces give them.

If you study the Sunshine Furnace you will know what the right kind of heat is and how to get it.

For Sale by T. DODDS & SON

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

London St. John, N.B. Toronto Calgary Montreal Hamilton Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Vancouver 67

Shop Where You Are Invited to Shop

The merchants of Watford who appeal to you through their advertisements in the columns of The Guide-Advocate have spent considerable time and money in placing the best of their bargains before you. Are they not worthy of your consideration and patronage?

TRENOUTH & CO.

DEALERS IN

Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Wheat Kernells, Flaked Wheat and Barley, All Kinds of Feed, Grain, Seeds and Poultry Food.

We Carry a Full Stock of

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD

FOR HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND POULTRY.

CALDWELL'S MOLASSES MEAL

AND THREE DIFFERENT MAKES OF CELEBRATED CALF MEAL

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

Crapping and Rolling Done While You Wait

PHONE 39