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Watford, Ont.

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

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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.

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THIS is no time to be practising False Economy. Don't imagine because you have a fire on that it is cheaper to bake your own Bread and Cakes. Remember, you must have extra heat, and you know the cost of wood and coal these days! So Save your Fuel and Buy your Bread and Cakes from

LOVELL'S

Forest hockey team elected officers for the season with W. H. Stinson president, F. B. Frece manager and W. J. Barrett captain.

At the beginning of this season the Dominion Sugar Company at Chatham contracted with the farmers of the district for over 20,000 acres of sugar beets. Despite the unfavorable season the crop has turned out very satisfactorily, bringing about \$200 to the acre.

Worms feed on the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Expellers.

The Two Family House

The Rent Was Low Because It Was Reported to Be Haunted.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Miss Laura Williamson was an orphan, doomed to make her own living. Being a stenographer and typewriter in a large city, she was obliged to pay for board and lodging nearly all her salary. It occurred to her to take a room in an inexpensive quarter and get her breakfast and dinner herself. One Sunday morning, having leisure for the purpose, she took up a newspaper and scanned the advertisements for lodgings.

There was an advertisement of a two family house, the rental of one suit of four rooms, furnished, on the ground floor, the price of which was no greater than what Miss Williamson had expected to pay for one room. She concluded to go at once and look it over. Half an hour's ride in a trolley took her to its location. She found the neighborhood respectable and the house itself apparently in good repair. The blinds of both stories were drawn, indicating that neither was occupied. Miss Williamson rang the doorbell of a house near by in order to make some inquiries. A woman came to the door and when asked if she knew anything about the condition of the house for rent replied:

"All I know about it is that every one around here believes it is haunted. It's been for rent for a long while, but no one will take either suit, for it is well known that there are ghosts in it. I understand that they've put the rent down to next to nothing, but still no one so far has been induced to live there."

Miss Williamson was not at all superstitious and had no belief in ghosts. She saw an opportunity to secure a suit of rooms cheap, and a few days later she took advantage of a holiday to visit the house with a key to the lower flat and was so pleased with it that she closed the bargain at once and the next Saturday afternoon moved her few belongings there.

On going to sleep alone in a strange house that was believed to be haunted she could not help giving way to a slight dread lest she might be disturbed in the night by the ghosts. But she banished the thought, and the next morning, Sunday, awakened by the sun shining in at her window, she experienced a comfort in finding herself in possession of four rooms, including a bath. The morning light took away all loneliness. As for the ghosts, she forgot all about them. Not a sound during the night had interrupted her slumber.

Miss Williamson was one of those persons who have resources within themselves and are not always pining for company. She occupied herself during her first day in her flat putting it to rights, and the rest of the time she spent reading. Having to rise early in the morning to go to work and being a good sleeper, she went to bed at 9 o'clock.

About 2 o'clock in the morning she was awakened by a tramping directly over her head. It was tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp in one direction, then tramp, tramp in another. Sometimes there were five or six steps, but usually from two to four. Then there was a brief cessation, after which the steps were subdued, more like a spiritual tread than the others. These finally ceased, and all was still.

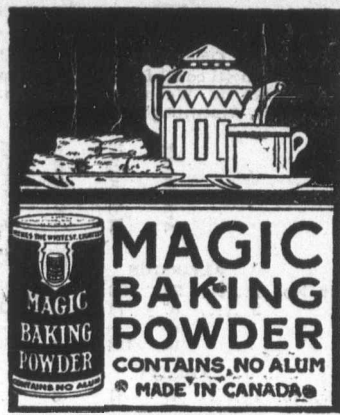
Miss Williamson was puzzled. Not for a moment did she refer these sounds to ghosts. But what could cause them? She had supposed the flat above was unoccupied. Even if it was occupied, why should the only sounds come from it before cock crow?

Before Miss Williamson left the house in the morning she went to the upper hall and knocked at every door. No response. She tried the doors, but found them locked. Listening, she heard no sound. Then, from the sidewalk, she looked at the upper windows. The shades were drawn, as she had seen them before.

Miss Williamson experienced a sensation of discomfort.

That day produced more blunders on the part of the typewriter than she had ever made before. If she was to be awakened every morning before day by a tramping overheard by and by the matter would get on her nerves. If it did she would be deprived of sleep, and the result would be that she could not do her work. If she could not do her work and do it properly she would lose her position.

She went to her abode that evening not with the light heart she had entered it two days before. Before opening her main door she went upstairs again, knocked



All was still as before. Returning to the first story, she unlocked the door of her flat, half expecting that ghosts had been there and turned everything topsy turvy. Nothing had been disturbed, and the tenant set about cooking her dinner.

Everything depended upon the tramping being repeated that night. She went to bed hoping that it would not, but dreading that it would. She lay awake an hour longer than usual, though very tired and much troubled at having been reproved for the mistakes she had made during the day.

She woke up at midnight. Everything was quiet, and she soon dropped peacefully again.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! There it was again. Tramp, tramp! Miss Williamson remembered that the night before there had been four tramps in one direction, then two in another.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! She was not quite sure but that the third series of tramps had been three. The steps continued about the same length of time, the last sounds being muffled as before. Whether the listener had got more used to them or because of her disbelief in the supernatural, she did not seem to mind them as much as she had the night before.

Perhaps the repetition of the steps in the same order as before may have had something to do with it. At any rate, her heart ceased its wild beating sooner than before, and after the sounds ceased she went to sleep.

The next morning she concluded not to repeat her attempt to find out if the flat above was occupied, but went directly to her place of business. Her attention was again distracted by her experience, and today she made a blunder that had not been detected, would have cost her employers something like \$10,000. Before leaving the office she was handed a check for the salary due her and told that she need not return.

There was nothing to do but to go to her flat, get her dinner and on the morrow commence a hunt for another situation. But the prospect for one who had been discharged for making a serious mistake of getting another place was not bright.

Miss Williamson turned in that night wishing the ghost would come into her room during the night and put her out of her misery. If it did she might lie there till her rent was due without her demise being discovered.

That night she heard a door above shut, a few steps; then all was silent.

This was not a repetition of the sounds heard on the two previous nights. Miss Williamson, shaking off her fears, got out of bed, put on a dressing gown and slippers and crept shrilly upstairs. All was dark and silent in the hall. She stood listening, but heard no sound. Then suddenly there came a groan.

This was too much for the poor girl's pluck, and she ran downstairs so fast that she came near breaking her neck, for she fell at the bottom of the flight, and since it was dark as Egypt she knew not what was in her way. She picked herself up and stood uncertain what next to do.

There was bravery in Miss Williamson's makeup, and she determined to make another attempt to discover the ghost. Climbing the stairs again, she stood with her face on a level with the top step. It was also on a level with the landing. Under the door of one of the rooms was a line of light.

For a few moments Miss Williamson's mind was balanced between two hypotheses. Either there was a supernatural glow in that room, or it was illuminated by artificial light. Being inclined to a rational view of things, she settled down to the opinion that a gas jet was burning in the room. Ghosts don't require gas jets. Therefore a human being must be in the room. At this moment there was another groan. This time the bearer's imagination was not at work, and the groan sounded human. It struck her that it proceeded from one who was ill. She went to the door in question and opened it.

On a bed with his clothes on was a young man. He was very pale and evidently in great pain. Miss Williamson approached him and stood over him.

"Shall I call a doctor?" she asked.

"No; I've been this way before. I get over it pretty soon. Please look in the top drawer of that bureau. You'll find a small bottle. Give me one of the tablets in it."

Miss Williamson produced the tablet, and it relieved the patient very soon. The paroxysm from which he suffered passed, and he did not have another. Miss Williamson told him that she had thought the flat he was in to be unoccupied and asked how he came to be there and why she had never seen him there in the daytime.

"I am a newspaper reporter," he replied. "I come in between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, when the paper goes to press, and go out about noon. I am permitted by the owner to occupy this flat temporarily."

"You must be a sound sleeper," said the girl. "I have rapped at this door about 8 o'clock in the morning and received no response."

"I am a sound sleeper," was the response, "and lately I have been overworked. No maiden tap would awake me."

"If I had known that a man occupied this flat alone," said Miss Williamson, "I would not have taken the lower one."

"I don't occupy it. I am only permitted to use it temporarily. Besides, where's the harm? I come in at 2 a. m. and you go out about 8."

"Nevertheless I shall give up my rooms," Miss Williamson gave the story as it has been told here—how she had been so upset by the strange sounds above her that she had blundered at her work and been discharged. She was out of a position, and now she must leave the only home she had.

"You shall not leave your home," said the reporter, "for I will cease to come here. As for a position, I think I can get you one with the city editor of my paper, who is in need of a stenographer."

A way was finally found by which the newspaper man remained, and Miss Williamson did not accept the position offered her. They concluded to marry, and the lady moved upstairs.

Worms are encouraged by morbid conditions of the stomach and bowels, and so subsist. Miller's Worm Powders will alter these conditions almost immediately and will sweep the worms away. No destructive parasite can live in contact with this medicine, which is not only a worm destroyer, but a health-giving medicine most beneficial to the young constitution, and as such it has no superior.

PAYING THE DOCTOR.

Should It Be For Curing You or For Keeping You Well?

We haven't yet learned to take advantage of the resources of civilization to anything like the extent we might. For instance, we wait until we get sick, and then we pay the doctor to help us get well. It would be much more sensible to pay him to help us keep from getting sick.

Fantastic idea, you say. Not at all. It already is working in a large number of college communities, right here in the state universities of Missouri and Kansas, for instance. In both institutions the pupil is charged a fee which is applied to safeguarding his health. In the University of Missouri the plan is still further developed so that the fee covers medical and surgical attendance. The health work in both schools is so interesting, not only for what it is doing for the pupils, but for the example it is setting other communities, that it is only right and proper to call attention to it.

The important point is that these universities and other schools are proving that health can be made much more of a community matter than had been supposed and that the wise thing to do is for groups to pay medical men to keep them well.

A WATER SOAKED TOWN.

Where Nearly a Foot of Rain Falls Every Week in the Year.

"It is a remarkable fact that in India, one of the most arid countries in the world, there is one spot that has the record rainfall of the whole earth," said Dr. William Roberts, British agricultural expert in India, to a correspondent of the Washington Post. "This place is Cherapunji, in Assam. It is in the path of the monsoon and in a valley, and there is almost constant rainfall."

"The average rainfall is 600 inches a year, or fifty feet, which is nearly a foot a week. This seems almost beyond comprehension when it is considered that the rainfall of the United States, for instance, ranges from sixteen to thirty-five inches. In some places there have been as high as sixty-five inches of water in a year, but this is the exception."

"During the rainy season in Cherapunji the waterfall is heaviest, but there is rain throughout the year. Notwithstanding this terrific moisture, the inhabitants of the district raise vegetables and grain. They do this by building terraces which carry the wa-

LOVE LINKED WITH DEATH.

In Tucopia Girls Propose Marriage and Must Die if Rejected.

In the Pacific ocean between Fiji, New Guinea, New Caledonia and the continent of Australia lies the Melanesian group of islands, where head hunters and cannibals abound. Although strange and grewsome are many of the customs of the tribes, there are some that are most romantic. For instance, on the island of Tucopia the women propose marriage instead of the men.

When a girl of Tucopia sees a man whom she thinks she would like to have for her husband she does not rush up to him and ask him to marry her. On the contrary, she gives the subject deep thought and often the man a most careful investigation before she "pops the question." The reason is that his answer spells life or death to her.

It is a tribal law that any woman who has been refused must forthwith kill herself. Therefore a woman asks a man's hand only when she feels sure that his answer will be the happy one.

Many are the strange and seemingly inexplicable questions with which the women of Tucopia ply the stranger, who cannot realize the personal motive back of the solicitude of the dusky belles who inquire if he is married or not and the state of his wife's health. Romances are consequently very apt to turn out in happy marriage.

But there have been innumerable instances when a poor girl, smitten by the newcomer's charms, has been compelled to kill herself because the man with whom she has fallen in love has had to refuse to marry her.

Baldness with the women of Tucopia is a sign of beauty, and never until she is bald does a Tucopia woman become fully convinced that she is really lovely. But bald or not she takes great care whom she asks to marry her, for the tribal law has never been known to fail. If a rejected woman does not kill herself she is executed by the leaders of the tribe.

RED MONDAY IN PETROGRAD.

One Scene of the Revolt That Ended the Romanoff Dynasty.

Bullets flew in the streets of Petrograd one Monday during the revolution which overthrew the Romanoffs. A British nurse, telling Londoners of her experiences in the Russian capital on "Red Monday," says of one scene:

"I saw in the streets a wonderful procession of revolutionists, the vanguard of the brave liberators of Russia. The soldier patriots in their gray coats, on foot and in motorcars, were going down the street in a steady, orderly manner, protecting a crowd of starving men, women and children who were walking in the center of the procession. At their head was a band playing the 'Marseillaise' and a large red flag borne aloft."

"As the procession neared the Hotel Moscow, where the Nebsky begins, there was a sudden outbreak of firing from above, and the soldiers and women and children fell to the ground and the street soon became a shambles. The firing was from machine-guns controlled by the police, who were in ambush on the roof of the hotel and who tried to bring about a wholesale slaughter of the people."

"It was astonishing how self possessed the crowd was in the face of this murderous attack. I saw the soldiers who had not fallen immediately enter the hotel and make their way to the roof, where they shot the cowardly police, captured the machine guns and brought them down to the street."

Lending Money.

"And now, my son," said the old man, "I must give you a bit of parting advice."

"Yes, dad," answered the young man patiently.

"Never lend money to a friend."

"What, never?"

"No, never."

"But why? Surely some friends are honest?"

"Undoubtedly. But if you lend money and try to get it back you will be called a tightwad, and if you lend money and don't try to get it back you will be called an easy mark."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stepniak as Prophet.

A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in England records an interesting statement made by Stepniak, the great Russian revolutionary, which is worth quoting. When he first met Stepniak, in 1889, the writer says, he asked what real prospect there was of any revolution in Russia. The reply was: "A great European war will be our chance. It will show the bureaucracy to be quite incapable of managing the affairs of the nation in a crisis."

Efficiency.

Efficiency is no new invention; it is as old as intelligence itself. None realize efficiency so completely as the creative genius—our Darwins, Faradays, Edisons and Forbys—and none so completely practice and exemplify working expensively. Genius itself, we are told, is the capability for taking infinite pains.—William H. Smith in Industrial Management.

ROLL

Men and Vic The

27TH REGT. Thos. L. Sv since June 15, ford, Bury C 1 killed in action C N Newell, Alf Woodward Cunningham, I R W Bailey, Johnson, G I W G Nichol, I E W Smith, Ward, killed in D C M, killed wounded—Miss Hardy.

PRINCESS Gerald H Bt

18TH C W Barnes Watson, G Burns, C Blum P Shanks, Pte

2ND DIVIS Lorne Lucas Potter.

33RD Percy Mitch

Oct. 14th, 19 Geo. Fountain 16, 1916, Gord in Victoria.

34TH E C Crohn Rogers, Macklin Oct. 8, 1916; in action Sept. zing, Leonard

29TH Wm. Mitche

70TH Ernest Lawro

C H Loveday, ton, killed in ac Meyers, Jos

Brown, Sid Brz Sept. 15, 1916, A., Corp. V. W

28TH Thomas Lam

MOUNT Fred A Tayl

PI Wm. Macnal

EN J. Tomlin

ARMY MI T A Brando

McKenzie, M.D Jerrold W. Snel

Wm. McCauslan

135TH N. McLauchle

July 6th, 1917. 3RD RESERV

Alfred Levi

116TH Clayton O. Fr

April 18th, 1917

1961 R. R. Annett,

70TH R. H. Trenou

on May 8th, 1911

142ND Austin Potter

G Russ. G. Cla

R. N John J Brown

ARMY DE Elgin D. Hick

ARMY SE Frank Elliot,

Arthur McKe

98TH Roy E. Acton

64TH C. F. Luckha

65TH Walter A. Re

If the name of not appear in this us and it will be F

GRAND

TIME Trains leave Watl

GO1 Accommodation

Chicago Expre

Accommodation

GO1 Accommodation

New York Expr

Accommodation C.