

Women Once Invalids

Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

All women ought to know the wonderful effects of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound even on those who seem hopelessly ill. Here are three actual cases:



Harrisburg, Penn.—"When I was single I suffered a great deal from female weakness because my work compelled me to stand all day. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for that and was made stronger by its use. After I was married I took the Compound again for a female trouble and after three months I passed what the doctor called a growth. He said it was a miracle that it came away as one generally goes under the knife to have them removed. I never want to be without your Compound in the house."—Mrs. FRANK KNOBL, 1642 Fulton St., Harrisburg, Penn.

Hardly Able to Move.

Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. YOST, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up.

Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. CLEMENTINA DUERRING, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it will be confidential.



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AN ELEPHANT RIDE

The First Try on a Padded Animal Is a Fearful Ordeal.

FEELS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE.

And Resembles For a Time Trying to Sit on a Steep Slanting Roof—The Big Brutes Are Timid, and Little Pigs and Quicksands Terrify Them.

Elephant riding is a thing that, like guessing people's names correctly, requires a good deal of practice. The first ride is a thing never to be forgotten, more especially if it happens to be on a pad elephant—that is to say, one that carries no howdah or seat of any kind except an immense, hard, lumpy mattress, which is fastened on by four large rough ropes, pulled as taut as man's strength can pull them. If there are two or three other persons already mounted you get a corner of this mattress to sit on and are told to hold on by the ropes.

Meanwhile the elephant is getting tired of kneeling and keeps making heaving motions unpleasantly suggestive of the sea. You strive wildly to get your fingers under one of the ropes and are asked impatiently if you are ready.

You do not feel at all ready or likely ever to be ready, for your seat is uncertain and slippery, and for the life of you you cannot get a fair hold on the rope.

Breaking your nails in a last desperate effort, you say feebly that you are ready, when with a sudden jerk that seems to drag all your bones out of their sockets, you are tilted up on a steep slope, about as pleasant to sit on as the side of a slate roof.

But you have no time to enjoy the position, for there comes another jolting jerk that knocks your hat over your eyes and throws you violently against your next neighbor, after which you find your seat is level again, and it presently dawns upon you that this earthquake was, in truth, merely the elephant's customary way of rising. He is now slowly and solemnly stalking onward, as you are aware by feeling your spine rhythmically and soundlessly dislocated at each noiseless step.

At first it seems to you as odd that you should ever come to like riding an elephant, as that eels should come to like being skinned, and your friend's assurance that you will ere long be able to dispense with the aid of ropes and go on chatting and even smiling while that colossal upheaval takes place falls on the ear as an idle tale.

Nevertheless it is the truth. Before a week is over you hardly notice the getting up or the kneeling down. You rarely take hold of a rope, and you are indifferent to almost any angle of steepness. You learn to appreciate the restfulness of being on a colossus that will never stumble, never shy, never frolic and with whose guidance you have no more to do than you have with that of a ship at sea.

Even when an elephant is mutinous he is so in a solemn, well considered manner. He will not run away, though he will on occasion stride away, and a sufficient absurd sight it is, though not to those on his back.

I once saw an elephant try conclusions with his mahout and stride off defiantly in a wrong direction till the savage blows rained upon his head by the driver with his heavy iron hook made him change his tactics. He pulled up short and began rocking his body violently to and fro till first one rider and then another was sent flying until all were gone.

The sight of them strewing the ground around him and ruefully rubbing their bruises assuaged his anger. An elephantine smile lit up his rugged face, and he once more rendered cheerful obedience to his mahout.

Considering his strength and size, the elephant is a timorous beast. They are greatly alarmed by small pigs, and I have known an otherwise sensible elephant utterly routed by a litter of piglings scampering between his legs in thick grass jungle.

Now, a pigling can never have hurt an elephant. Therefore whence his fear? Can it be their latent powers of squealing?

Certain it is that pigs share with quicksands the power of terrifying an elephant. His reasons for fearing quicksands are weighty ones, and it is impossible not to sympathize with the huge beast's agony of terror when he finds himself on unsound ground.

A spot was pointed out to us along the river bank at Fyzabad, where a year ago an elephant had got into a quicksand and been lost.

All that could be done to save him was done, but the treacherous sand would not forego its victim. Four days he took to sink out of sight, and then nothing could be seen of him but the tip of his trunk, still protruding, beckoning in vain for help. At last

the cruel sand closed over that, and his last agony was ended.

Some Pay More.

The man was looking over the family bills as his wife glanced through the paper.

"Oh, John," she said, "it tells here of a young fellow who was fined \$6.80 for flirting."

"That's cheaper than I got off," replied the man, his eye still on the bills.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Nelson.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Great Britain's Possessions on the Edge of Civilized World.

The Falkland Islands, where Sir Ernest Shackleton recently found a haven after the hardships of a perilous Antarctic expedition, have figured seldom in world news since 1833, when the British flag was firmly planted over the land which, together with South Georgia, constitutes the Empire's "farthest south" peninsular possessions. The Falkland group is described in a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society, which says:

"Except when some unfortunate skipper is compelled to cast anchor in the harbor of Port Stanley, where the damage wrought by the fierce storms of Cape Horn can be expensively repaired, the Falkland Islands are seldom visited, save by the monthly mailboat from England. It must have been a sensational news event, therefore, when the 900 Port Stanley inhabitants and the 1,100 other people heard that the intrepid explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, had arrived with five companions, after having lost his ship, the *Endurance*, in the Antarctic ice last October.

"Not since the thrilling naval engagement off the Falklands in December, 1914, when a British squadron under Vice-Admiral Sturdee sank the German cruisers, *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Leipzig*, and captured two colliers have these islands figured so prominently in the news of the day as now.

"The Falklands are among Great Britain's colonial possessions which cling to the very fringe of civilization. They comprise an area somewhat larger than the Bahama group and lie 250 miles east of mainland South America and more than 1,200 miles south of Buenos Ayres. Only two of the islands are of considerable size—East Falkland, which is about five-sixths as large as Puerto Rico, and West Falkland, with an area somewhat less than that of the State of Delaware.

"While the climate of the Falkland group is comparatively mild, the rigors of its winters in no degree approaching the cold of the southeast coast of Labrador, which lies in the corresponding parallels of latitude in the northern hemisphere, yet the islands are not an agreeable place in which to live, as a penetrating, drizzling rain is experienced here during 250 days of the year.

"Except for the palm-resembling tussock-grass, which furnishes excellent forage for the herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and droves of wild horses on the islands, there is little vegetation. The commerce, which does not reach a million dollars a year, consists chiefly of the exportation of wool, hides, tallow, and frozen mutton. Extensive peat bogs supply the Scotch shepherds with a satisfactory fuel.

"During the last quarter of the eighteenth century Spain laid claim to the islands, and for a time threatened to go to war with England over their control. The territory belonged to the British Empire by right of discovery, however, for just 100 years after Columbus reached American shores John Davis, one of the most dauntless navigators of the Elizabethan era, sighted this land while on his return voyage from the Straits of Magellan, where his superior, Thomas Cavendish, had met with disaster. This is the Davis who is reputed to have been in command of the Black Dog during the memorable overthrow of the Spanish Armada, and who ranks with Baffin and Hudson as the great triumvirate of early Arctic explorers.

"Nearly a century and three-quarters after Davis' discovery the explorer De Bougainville raised the standard of France over these islands, and the latter Government ceded the territory to Spain in 1767. It was upon this cession that Spain based her claims, which she seemed ready to enforce with arms until 1771. The reassertion of British rights in 1833 marked the withdrawal of the colonial claims of the people of Buenos Ayres."

Fall Fair Dates

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Alvinston	Oct. 2 and 3
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Blenheim	Oct. 5 and 6
Brigden	Oct. 3
Comber	Sept. 25 and 26
Chatham	Sept. 19-21
Delaware	Oct. 11
Dresden	Sept. 28 and 29
Essex	Sept. 27-29
Florence	Oct. 5 and 6
Forest	Sept. 26, 27
Glencoe	Sept. 28, 29
Leamington	Oct. 4-6
Londos	Sept. 18-19
Merlin	Sept. 28 and 29
Melbourne	Oct. 4
Muncey	Oct. 6
Petrolia	Sept. 21 and 22
Ridgetown	Oct. 9-11
Rodney	Oct. 2 and 3
Sarnia	Sept. 28 and 29
Strathroy	Sept. 18-20
Thamesville	Oct. 3 and 4
Wallaceburg	Sept. 26 and 27
Wallacetown	Sept. 28 and 29
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Wheatly	Oct. 2 and 3
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