

## "I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought The Joy Of Health After Two Years' Suffering



**MADAM LAPLANTE**  
25 St. Rose St., Montreal, April 4th.  
"For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant Headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease."

I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried "Fruit-a-tives" as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was "Fruit-a-tives" that gave me back my health."

**MADAM ARTHUR LAPLANTE.**  
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.  
At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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## FROM THE DEAD

A Plantation Story of Before the Civil War

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

In Alabama in ante-bellum days was a fair plantation comprising many hundred acres and many hundred slaves. On an elevated spot stood the mansion, a great square house with "galleries" surrounding every story and shaded by high trees. In the rear were the homes of the negroes, a line of cabins, kept clean by frequent coats of whitewash. The plantation, now cut up, is the site of large cotton mills.

This property was owned by a child six months old. Its grandfather and his father had both died within a brief period, leaving a young widow, mother of the heir at law, as his guardian and manager of the plantation.

Edward Le Moyne, this child's uncle and brother of his father, was a scheming man, who, under the pretense of assisting his sister-in-law in the management of her property, established himself in the house and assumed control. Mrs. Julian Le Moyne, the widow, had not invited him to do so, but, being a very gentle feminine person, had not the will power to prevent him. Edward Le Moyne in his youth had been wild. Indeed, he had disgraced himself, and his father had willed the property to his brother Julian. When Julian died and Edward commenced the role of assistant to the mother of the child, who had inherited the property, the mother was sure his object was to get rid of the heir that he might become the owner himself.

Edward Le Moyne had married a woman beneath his family, by whom he had a son. Had Edward brought them to the plantation to live Mrs. Julian would not have had the will power to prevent his doing so. Instead, he established them in a town near by, and Mrs. Julian knew very well that the next move would be, when Edward had got rid of her son, to the manor house.

As might have been expected, the child fell ill. Edward Le Moyne saw him lying in his mother's arms unconscious. She accused him of having poisoned the boy and, summoning more fortitude than she had displayed before, ordered him out of the room. Qualling before her, he retired. Two days later he saw a little coffin carried to the family burying ground on a hill near by, followed by the widow and a number of her house servants, who were devoted to her. When she returned to the manor house she packed her belongings and the same day took her departure.

Edward Le Moyne took possession of the plantation, brought his wife and son, then ten years old, to the mansion and lived there a lonely life. None of the neighboring planters would have anything to do with him, and his slaves hated him.

Twenty years later his son, Tom, who had come into possession of the property, with a view to establish relations with the neighboring planters gave a ball. He was no better liked than his father had been, and the acceptances were few. Nevertheless they were sufficient for a merry-making. Among the guests was Proctor St. Clair, a young man who had been reared by a relative and was extremely popular on account of his high sense of honor, his independent character and other manly traits. Another guest was Caroline Archard, the belle of the country round about. Tom Le Moyne was ambitious to win this girl, thinking that a marriage with her would gain him an entree into the aristocratic families in his neighborhood.

But hardly had the guests arrived and the festivities begun before Le Moyne observed that Miss Archard was manifesting a decided preference for young St. Clair. The traits of the father showed themselves in the son. He resolved to work by underhand means, relying largely on assurance to carry his point. When his guests were ready to depart he invited them to remain as a house party for as long as they would. A dozen accepted, among them Mr. St. Clair and Miss Archard, both secretly desiring to avail themselves of the opportunity to be together. Le Moyne was especially urgent that St. Clair should remain, promising him every facility for enjoyment.

Le Moyne used his privileges as host to assign himself in all rides, drives and other amusements to escort Miss Archard. Nevertheless he saw that the moment she was free she and St. Clair seemed to fall together naturally. One morning after breakfast St.



Far more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

Clair returned to his room for some article of clothing and was hunting for it in the closet when, hearing a step, he turned and saw Le Moyne come quickly into the room, pull out a bureau drawer, drop something in it and retire hastily, as he had come in. St. Clair, being in the closet, had not been seen. A moment after his host had left the room he went to the bureau drawer and took out a small box containing several articles of jewelry.

He was filled with astonishment, horror and indignation. It was evident to him that Le Moyne had placed the jewels in his drawer, intending to accuse him of having stolen them. St. Clair closed the door and spent half an hour deliberating. At the end of that time he took the jewels to Miss Archard and told her how he had come by them. She had experienced enough of Le Moyne's attentions to her to divine his object. Then St. Clair took the jewels to Le Moyne, whom he found with several of his guests, and told him where he had found them. Le Moyne colored and stammered that some of the house servants must have stolen them and temporarily hidden them in St. Clair's room.

"You lie!" said St. Clair. "I saw you come to my room and place the box in my drawer."

Le Moyne raised his cane and struck his accuser. St. Clair attempted to strike back, but the others interfered.

At that time in the south such an affair must be settled under the code duello. The accusation against Le Moyne could only be wiped out in blood. He knew that it could not be wiped out at all. There was not one of his guests but would believe the word of St. Clair in preference to his own.

With the dogged spirit that possessed him Le Moyne proposed that they should settle the affair at once. St. Clair was agreeable, and though the others present advised delay, the two principals were too hot for it. Rapier were the weapons most used, and there was sufficient space in the room where they were. The adversaries, in shirt and trousers, faced each other, swords were handed them and they began to fence.

Le Moyne, true to the instincts of his race, was cool. Not even the truth of the charge could unnerve him. St. Clair, on the contrary, was so shocked, so indignant at the base attempt to put a stigma upon him and rob him of the girl with whom he had just plighted his troth that he fought wild. The result was that in a few minutes he received a sword wound in the side which took him out of the fight.

He was carried to his room and a surgeon sent for, who pronounced him in danger of his life. Of course, removal was out of the question.

The first Miss Archard heard of the matter was that her lover had been stabbed by her host and was lying in his chamber in a critical condition. She flew upstairs and in another moment was bending over him.

"Why," she moaned, "did we come into this house? It is accursed."

At the moment an old negro woman entered and heard the words.

"No, missy," she said, "de house ain't cu'sed. Hit's de people in it. Don't worry, honey. I had a dream las' night. I dreamed I saw a p'cession goin' to a grave takin' a baby coffin. An' I saw 'em buryin' de coffin. Den when dey all go away I saw de baby rise out o' de groun', an' he was growed to be a fine young man. An' he said, 'Mammy, my dear ole mammy!' He put his arm around my neck an' said, 'It's come of age today.'"

"I know wha' de dream meant. Don't yo' worry, honey. Hit's all comin' out right."

The lovers well knew the superstition of the colored race and thought nothing of her words. But her prediction that it would all come out right proved true. It was a month before St. Clair could be moved, and during this period Miss Archard came every day to nurse him, though never once did she deign to notice Le Moyne. One day, shortly before the surgeon gave permission for his removal, the negro who had told her dream came into the room in which St. Clair was lying, Miss Archard sitting beside him. The old woman looked the door and approached the bed with her finger on her lips.

"Is it de fit' ob August?" she asked.

"Yes, aunty."

"Dis'en! I got a secret I'm gwine to tell yo'. I promise missy I nebbber tell twill dis day, cos dis de day yo', Mars' Julian!"

"Julian! I'm not Julian, I'm Proctor. Something is the matter with you, aunty. You're gone daft."

"Jus' yo' wait, honey. Mars' Julian, yo' twenty-one years ole dis berry day. Reckon I ought to know. I'm yo' mammy."

By this time she had caught their attention.

"Yo' ma, she lib heah, an' Mars Le Moyne, Mars Tom Le Moyne's father, he come in to run de plantation. Missy 'traid her baby git poisoned so Mars Le Moyne 'ud own de prop'ty. Yo', de baby, git sick. Missy tink Mars Le Moyne poison yo'."

So she p'tend yo' daid. She git a coffin, an' she fill it with stones, an' she said to me: 'In heah is de proofs dat my boy is not in de coffin. Yo'll know all about him, an' on de fit' ob August, 18—, yo' tell him who he is. Den he kin claim de plantation his ownself.'"

When the old woman finished, the lovers, whose eyes had been opening wider with every word, looked at each other in astonishment.

"And this is the mystery that has been hanging over me all my life," said Julian.

"And I believe it's all true," added the girl, clasping her hands and drawing a long breath.

"Well, aunty, or, rather, my dear mammy, you've kept the secret so long; keep it longer."

"Dat I will, honey."

It was more than a month later when one night Proctor St. Clair appeared as a resurrectionist on the hill near the plantation and took up a little coffin lined with lead. In it were stones and the proofs of the identity of the child it was supposed to contain. The proofs established the fact that Proctor St. Clair was Julian Le Moyne and heir to the Le Moyne estate.

He dispossessed his cousin, took possession of his property and married Caroline.

**SORES FLEE BEFORE IT.**—There are many who have been afflicted with sores and have driven them away with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which acts like magic. All similarly troubled should lose no time in applying this splendid remedy as there is nothing like it to be had. It is cheap, but its power is in no way expressed by its low price.

### Mean Trick.

"Are you still taking exercise in your room?"

"No; I found it didn't pay."

"That's strange."

"Not when you understand the circumstances. Some fiend in human form greased the handles of my Indian clubs, and I broke a forty dollar mirror."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### According to His Folly.

The new minister was dining with an old lady. She had fried chicken for dinner, and he was very fond of chicken gizzard. Just for fun he told her he ate them to make him handsome. She adjusted her glasses and, looking him over, said, "Well, you ain't been eating them long, have you?"—Christian Herald.

### SENSITIVENESS.

The smallest bird cannot light upon the greatest tree without sending a shock to its most distant fiber. Every mind is at times no less sensitive to the most trifling words.—Lew Wallace.

*There's Nothing Like*

Zam-Buk's soothing and healing power. "Zam-Buk has been our household balm for fourteen years, and we could not do without it," says Mr. George A. Kilburn of Swan Lake, Man.

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## WHY SUFFER WITH RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS OR RHEUMATISM NOW?

Letter Tells of Long-looked-for Prescription.

Dear Readers—If I can do any good in the world for others, I wish to do it, and I feel that it is my duty to write about the wonderful results I received from the use of "Anuric." I was suffering from kidney and bladder troubles, scalding urine, backache and rheumatism, and feet and ankles swelled so that at times I could not walk without assistance. Had taken several different kinds of kidney remedies but all failed. I sent for a box of Dr. Pierce's newest discovery, "Anuric," which I received by mail in tablet form. I soon got better and am convinced that this popular new medicine is good. I wish to recommend it to my neighbors and everybody suffering from such troubles.

MRS. M. J. SARGENT.

**NOTE:** You've all undoubtedly heard of the famous Dr. Pierce and his well-known medicines. Well, this prescription is one that has been successfully used for many years by the physicians and specialists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for kidney complaints, and diseases arising from disorders of the kidneys and bladder, such as backache, weak back, rheumatism, dropsy, congestion of the kidneys; inflammation of the bladder, scalding urine, and urinary troubles.

Up to this time, "Anuric" has not been on sale to the public, but by the persuasion of many patients and the increased demand for this wonderful healing Tablet, Doctor Pierce has finally decided to put it into the stores, or send 10 cents for large trial package or 50 cents for full treatment.

Simply ask for Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets. There can be no imitation. Every package of "Anuric" is sure to be Dr. Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the ever-famous friend to ailing women, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, proven by years to be the greatest general tonic and retractor for anyone, besides being the best blood-maker known.

### COUNTY OF LAMBTON

**Treasurer's Notice as to Lands Liable For Sale for Taxes, A. D. 1917**

**TAKE NOTICE** that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for arrears of taxes by the Treasurer of the County of Lambton has been prepared by me and that copies thereof may be had in the office of the County Treasurer.

AND FURTHER take notice that the list of lands for sale as aforesaid is now being published in the Ontario Gazette in the issues thereof bearing date 14th, 21st and 28th days July and the 4th day of August 1917.

AND FURTHER take notice that in default of payment of the taxes in arrears upon the lands specified in said list, together with the costs chargeable thereon as set forth in the said list so being published in the Ontario Gazette before the day fixed for sale of such lands, being the 20th day of October, A.D. 1917, the said lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to the terms of the advertisement in the Ontario Gazette.

AND FURTHER take notice that this publication is made pursuant to Assessment Act Revised Statutes of Ontario 1914, Chapter 195, Section 149, Sub-sec. 3.

Dated at Sarnia this 16th day of July, A.D. 1917.

H. INGRAM,

Treasurer of County of Lambton.

jyzow13

**HAVE** you tried our Bread lately? It is the cheapest and most nourishing food that you can use. It is good from the outside crust to the inside last crumb. 10c per loaf.

A nice fresh stock of Cakes always on hand.

**LOVELL'S**  
BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY

### GRAND ROUTING TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

**GOING WEST**  
Accommodation, 75.....8 44 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 13.....12 31 a.m.  
Accommodation, 83.....6 44 p.m.

**GOING EAST**  
Accommodation, 80.....7 48 a.m.  
New York Express, 6.....11 16 a.m.  
New York Express, 2.....3 05 p.m.  
Accommodation, 112.....5 16 p.m.

C. Vail Agent Watford

**Children Cry**  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
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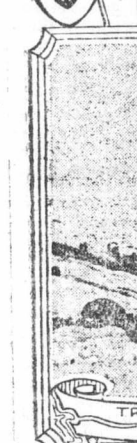
Lantic pure granulation, 10, 2

Send us Red B

our

Atlantic S

## Mount Ita



Over Italy's battle line where nature in the ice- the Alps, has st Italy shut out fr the Italian Red heroically waging relief of suffering odds far greater mounded by the bearers on oth fronts.

On the wester mobile ambulance back the wounde lines. Likewise and hospitals are the Russians on line, though supp But the task Italian wounded stable snows and Alps is almost in the sufferers mu in box-like cars head cables or ropes down the snow sledges or the most common

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