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The marvellous work that 'Fruit-a-tives' is doing, in overcoming disease and healing the sick, is winning the admiration of thousands and thousands. 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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A FLOWER AMONG WEEDS

Story of the Eighteenth Century.

By F. A. MITCHELL

During the reign of Louis XV. France reached a culmination of profligacy which had been growing for years. While the king was in his minority the regent, his uncle, Duke of Orleans, set the example of debauchery to the court and through the court to the kingdom.

Louis himself, on assuming the scepter, by continuing in his uncle's footsteps completed the work of laying the foundation for the French revolution which broke out during the reign of his successor.

During the regency of the Duke of Orleans the wealthiest nobles owned estates in different parts of France. Only the more moral of these lived in their country chateaus, for the profligate could not endure to live elsewhere than in Paris, where the intriguing and debauchery were going on. Among those who preferred the virtue of rural life was the young Marquis Gaston de Roquette, who, though a soldier of acknowledged bravery, had a mind capable of foreseeing the ruin the regent, the princes of the blood and the nobility were bringing upon France.

However, the marquis was obliged occasionally to go to Paris either at the call of the regent or on account of some duty connected with his station as a peer of the realm. One day on the street on which stands what was then the palace of the Louvre he passed a young lady riding in her "chair," the very sight of whom deeply impressed him. She was not only beautiful, but a natural purity showed itself in every line of her countenance. This was the more noticeable, for at that time the women of the court were as bad as the men, and the lives they led were discernible in their features.

The marquis followed the young lady with his eyes, and when he saw her carried into the palace he heaved a sigh, for he did not believe that any woman could enter that royal abode and be good. Her entrance there, however, proved that she was a lady of rank.

The marquis' duty to the sovereign later called him to the court, and he saw there the lady whom he had met in her "chair." Hanging over her was a famous but notorious duke, the most pronounced and successful beau of that period. He was a very wealthy man, and he was also the most accomplished villain of his day. Three times he had been in the Bastille, the third time for having attempted to betray France.

Another sigh marked the marquis' discovery that the girl who had made such an impression on him was probably falling into the hands of this notorious villain. Leaving the palace without even inquiring the name or rank of the young lady, M. Roquette returned to his estate and, shutting himself up in his chateau, endeavored to banish her image, which had haunted him since the first moment he had seen her.

This was not possible. To the young man's impressions are very strong. What it was in that pure face that had taken hold of him he did not know. What he did know was that she was a member of a profligate court, that he had seen its most notorious rake hanging over her, and he did not doubt that sooner or later she would go down under the influences which surrounded her.

Gaston de Roquette remained on his estate for a month without returning to Paris. Often was he tempted to go there for another glimpse of the face that had enthralled him, but he believed that in yielding to the temptation he would only bring upon himself greater pain. So he devoted himself to the care of his estate and to his tenants. He endeavored to occupy himself with his books, but this was impossible, for whatever he did, his mind was upon that pure being, growing like a flower in the midst of poisonous weeds.

Whether it was that the young marquis was a poor sleeper or that Cupid was keeping him awake, he went to bed late and at times when unable to sleep would arise, dress himself and walk about outside. Not far from the chateau was the church where he and his household and his tenants worshipped and about which their forefathers slept. Within the structure were the bones of the De Roquettes incased in sepulchers or under the flags, the sepulchers supporting marble figures of the departed, while here and there were the arms the men had borne in war.

Gaston de Roquette often strolled



about during his midnight walks in the churchyard, but had never cared to enter the church at night when it was deserted. One night when troubled with sleeplessness he was strolling in the grounds near the chateau when, glancing toward the church, he saw a light apparently within the structure. Thinking that he had seen a fire, he was turning away, when he saw the light again, this time shining evidently through a different window than before. Surely some one was moving in the church. Walking toward it, he went to a window and looked in. There was no light except that the moon, which was nearly full, shone in, dimly revealing the recumbent marble figures on the sepulchers.

Thinking again that he had been mistaken, he was about to turn away when it occurred to him to try the knob of the door at the main entrance. To his surprise, the door was not locked. Entering the church, he found no one, but through a crack in a door leading from the chancel to a room used by the priest and acolytes came a ray of light.

What could it mean? The pastor of the church was an old man, too feeble to be engaged in any church duty at dead of night. It was no religious matter that was being observed. The marquis was about to walk toward the door through which the light came when it opened and half a dozen persons came out of the apartment. They bore lights, but so dim were they that De Roquette could not distinguish the faces of the several members of the party. There were a priest who was unknown to him, two men and two women, evidently persons of rank, and the last two to enter the church were a man and a woman. From this woman's dress De Roquette judged that the couple were about to be married. The little party moved toward the chancel, where the priest stationed himself, the couple before him, the two other men on the side of the groom, the two women on the side of the bride.

The marquis walked softly forward, hoping to get a nearer view of the faces, but before he reached a point of vantage their backs were to him. The priest faced him, and he saw at once that he was not the pastor of the church. To the marquis' astonishment he recognized in a priest's garb a worthless fellow of the neighborhood, who had served several terms in prison as a malefactor.

Assured that some piece of villainy was being perpetrated, De Roquette seized an enormous sword resting on the tomb of one of his ancestors and, pushing forward till he stood directly behind the wedding party, cried out: "I forbid the bans!"

The false priest looked up from a book he held in his hand, and the others turned quickly.

Then did the marquis meet with a great surprise. The attendants were men and women of the court. The groom was the profligate duke, while the bride was the lady of whom the marquis had been dreaming. She had entered with apparent reluctance and now looked up like a frightened bird. The duke, with the assurance that often characterizes vice, knit his brows and said threateningly:

"Who are you, monsieur?" "Gaston, Marquis de Roquette, proprietor of the estate on which this church stands. No ceremony is permitted here except it is conducted by Father Aronet, the pastor. Surely none will be permitted by one not in orders and the veriest scamp in the province!"

Paralyzed by these words, the group, all except the bride, stood as if disarmed in a crime. Then she, breaking away from them, flew to De Roquette and, catching at him for protection, stood regarding the others in terror. Raising the ponderous sword, the length of which was nearly equal to his own height, he stood ready to bring it down upon whomsoever might interfere with him or her. The duke, drawing the rapier at his side, advanced, paused, then said to the girl:

"Emilie, will you not return to me?"

She made no other answer than to cover behind her protector.

"This is no place, marquis," said the duke, "for a dispute among men. Let us go out among the graves. The sexton will not have far to carry you in the morning."

"I will certainly give you grace and opportunity to cross swords with me," replied the marquis, "but not at the present moment, unless you force me

to do so. My first duty is to protect this lady, and I see no one here with whom I may safely leave her."

One of the attendant men sprang forward and seized the duke by the arm. He was followed by the other men, then by the women. All pleaded with him to desist.

"This will make a scandal," they argued, "that will put you again in the Bastille and send the rest of us to our country estates, where we will have nothing to do but pine for Paris. We were foolish to abet you in this wild scheme. And the Countess Emilie! Do you suppose the powerful family to which she belongs will not avenge this insult if it becomes known? Give up your mad scheme. It is doubtless forgotten that it has been interrupted, and if it can be kept secret none of us may suffer on account of our part in it."

The duke stood burning to proceed, but all declared that it was of them that he should think and not of himself, though an exile to the country would be less irksome than the Bastille. Finally he sheathed his sword and, after one more appeal to the countess to come to him, he was hurried out of the church by his friends, leaving the marquis and the girl he had saved from a mock marriage alone together.

Here stops the chronicle of one of the vilest episodes of the time of the regency of Philippe of France, but one which in that day was known only to a few. Later Gaston Marquis de Roquette and Emilie Countess de Vandere were married in the very church where the mock marriage had been interrupted. And it is a matter of record that neither of them ever again appeared at court. Surrounded by their children, adored by their tenants, they lived a life of simplicity and purity.

But when at the end of the eighteenth century the people of France rose to throw off the yoke of a profligate nobility the innocent were made to suffer with the guilty. The marquis and marquis's grandchildren paid a penalty that they did not deserve.

Do not allow worms to sap the vitality of your children. If not attended to, worms may work irreparable harm to the system. The little sufferers cannot voice their ailment, but there are many signs by which mothers are made aware that a dose of Miller's Worm Powder is necessary. These worms act quickly and will expel worms from the system without any inconvenience to the child.

CHANCE FOR INVENTORS.

Some Simple Devices For Which There Seems to Be a Demand.

Here are a few simple things so badly needed that the Scientific American calls upon inventors to get busy and invent them:

A ticket holder for holding the price and lot tickets to a coat or other garment, which ticket can be easily applied and removed and another inserted, all without mutilation or other injury to the garment.

The lower berth in a sleeping car is stuffy with the windows closed, and if you open the window the cold air is directly on you. It is thought that the riding public would appreciate some deflector or diffusing construction which could be applied to the open window over the usual short hinged screen and permit the entry of fresh air, at the same time preventing it from blowing directly on the passenger in the berth.

Some means for effectively preventing the mirror effect in show windows, the effect we all notice in passing such a window in which our image is reflected and the contents of the window are shut out of view. Naturally, the shopkeeper who works for a display in his window resents it not being seen.

President Wilson, who is an ardent golfer and also dependent on his eye-glasses, is reported as saying that he cannot play the game in the rain because of the accumulation of moisture on his glasses, which leads to the suggestion that specially devised glasses or some treatment of the ordinary lens may solve the problem.

Mexican Military Coin.

Every Mexican commandant drives dull care away by manufacturing his own currency, thus enabling his army to live honestly and to pay as it goes. To be sure, arguments sometimes have to be used to circulate a new brand of paper and ink, but an argument a la Mause is indeed unanswerable. A recent happy thought in high financial circles is to issue so called money about the size of a subway ticket, but which has a time limit. This has the effect of keeping the peons hustling to get rid of it before its value disappears, which is a day or two before the time at which it would naturally wear out.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice, etc. Don't Die in the House. 15c. and 25c. at Drug and Country Stores. mrl 2-m6

THE FIRST TROUSERS.

They Were Worn Skin Tight and Led Men to Pad Their Legs.

The advent of the silk hat led to the introduction of trousers. Knee breeches and silk stockings did not correspond with stovepipe hats. Try them now and see if you think they do. So reformers set themselves to work to devise some better garments congruous with the new headpiece.

The result was trousers. There had, it is true, been some precursors of those inimitable garments. The Turk had worn voluminous twin bags on his legs, gathered and tied, bag fashion, at the ankles. The Cossacks, too, had found such things more convenient for horseback riding than any other garb, and "pantalons" were used in armies, especially by the French. But none of these nor any other garment that was worn prior to 1815 could be described as genuine trousers.

The first trousers worn in London were of plain, light colored cloth, and fitted very tightly; almost as tight, we may believe, as those in this country a generation ago. In the second season striped and other figured clothes were used by some, but such trousers were regarded as quite plebeian and fit for wearing only in bad weather when the streets were muddy, or as a sort of rough outing garb at the seaside. A favorite material for trousers worn by men of fashion was an elastic stockinet, which fitted literally "skin tight." Beneath such garments, to supply the deficiencies of nature, men were not averse to wearing false calves and other padding on their legs. Straps passing beneath the foot were used to keep the trouser legs held down in place.—Exchange.

DOPLER'S LAW OF LIGHT.

It Proves That Our Solar System Is Whirling Northward.

The fact that our solar system is traveling northward at a rate of twenty miles per second has been determined by means of one of the most remarkable laws in the entire history of science, Doppler's law of light. Stated by a railway track and listen to a whistle train approaching. As it approaches the bell or whistle will increase the pitch of its sound and instantly lower the pitch of tone after it passes and recedes. When coming wave waves enter the ear and less when it is departing.

Light consists of the action of waves on the retina of the eye. Our earth and sun, all bodies in the solar system, are moving to a point in the celestial vault not far from the star Vega, the constellation Lyra, and, of course, receding from the opposite point of the sky. Waves entering the slit of the spectroscopic from the northern stars are compressed—namely, more enter per second and are dispersed toward the violet end of the spectrum, less enter from the southern stars and are dispersed toward the red.

Now, exalted mathematics, based on the laws of light, determine the extent of dispersion of waves toward the red or violet for each decrease or increase of motion of light emitting bodies, and the amount actually found by experiment confirmed the mathematical formulas—a proof that modern mind is expressing at a very exalted rate.—The Argus, New York.

Scaring the Conscience.

Of all her curious customs London cannot boast of a more singular one than that formerly so strictly adhered to at Holland House, one of the most historic old mansions in the British capital. The last of the Lords Holland, shot himself during a fit of despondency. Everything pointed to a case of self murder, yet the Holland family could never be dissuaded from the notion that the old man had been murdered by some unknown assassin. Accordingly every night for years it was the custom for one of the family to go to the rear of the house punctually at 11 o'clock and fire a gun for the purpose, it is said, of "scaring the conscience" of the murderer. This curious practice is a relic of medieval days in continental Europe, and the case in point is probably the only instance where it has been noticed since the days of the crusades.

When Men Powdered Their Faces.

The use of powders for the hair and face, which began in the sixteenth century, infected the men. Henry III. had the habit of powdering the streets of Paris, his face covered with white and red paste, like a faded coquette, and his hair filled with violet powder and scented with musk. Powders were made of all colors, and the infatuation was such that servant girls were afraid to be seen in public with their hair of the natural color and, not being able to buy that used by their employers, employed sawdust as a substitute.—London Mirror.

Are you Bilious?

Don't let it run too long, it will lead to chronic indigestion. In the meanwhile you suffer from misgiving, sick headaches, nervousness, depression and allow your complexion to turn yellow. Just try CHAMBERLAIN'S STOMACH & LIVER TABLETS. They relieve fermentation, indigestion—gently but surely cleanse the system and keep the stomach and liver in perfect running order. At all druggists, 25c., or by mail from 11 Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto

LIST OF SPECIAL PRIZE

East Lambton Fall Fair
AULD & MATHEWS, Span of Drive coming greatest distance to the fair, \$2.00
A. BROWN & CO.

For the tallest Six Stalk of Corn, \$1.00
For the best Lambton County grow Water Melon, \$1.00. Melon to be their
For the best Single Roadster, drive by a lady, Lap Rug, valued at \$4.00.
For the best Heavy Draught Suckling Colt, \$2.00.

R. BROCK & SON—Ladies' Sing Driver, trotters only. Contestants hitch horse to buggy, drive once around the track and unhitch in front of grand stand. Lap Robe, value \$5.00. 2nd prize \$4.00, given by J. P. Elliot. 3rd prize, whip, value \$1.50, given by Copeland.

W. J. COPELAND—3rd prize for Ladies Single Driver, \$1.50 whip. (See J. Brock & Son's special.)

ALEX. CAMERON—Best barrel of Greening Apples, to be his, \$2.00 in goods at market price.

T. DODDS & SON—Best water melon, to be theirs, \$1.00. Best three musk melon to be theirs, \$1.00.

P. DODDS & SON
Oldest woman on the fair ground Pair of Shoes, value \$2.00.

Youngest or latest married couple on ground, China, value \$1.00.

J. F. ELLIOT—2nd prize for Ladies Single Driver, \$4.00. (See R. Brock & Son's special.)

W. E. FITZGERALD—Best 5 lb. croc of Butter, croc and butter to be his \$4.00.

GUIDE-ADVOCATE—Best Hand B. quet, to be theirs, one year's subscription.

T. HARRIS—Best barrel of Wint Apples, to be his, \$3.00.

DR. HICKS—Best 5 lbs. Honey, to be his, \$1.00.

HARPER BROS.—To the farmer bringing the largest load of people in to the fair, distance two miles or over. To be counted in front of their store the second day of Fair before one o'clock. Par. Table worth \$5.00.

FREEMAN KIRSEY—Best bushel Onions, to be his, \$1.25.

F. LUCKHAM—Best bushel of Onion to be his, \$1.00.

S. MITCHELL—Best 12 Peaches, to be his, \$1.00. Best Water Melon, to be his \$1.00.

H. MACNALLY—Best Single Drive shod all round, value \$1.40.

WM. MCLEAY—Best barrel of S. Apples, to be his, \$3.00.

JOHN MATHEWS—Best 20 lbs. R. Butter, to be his, \$2.00 and market price.

B. RICHARDSON—Best Pumpkin P. made by girl 18 years of age or under to be his \$1.00.

JOSHUA SAUNDERS—Best 5 lbs. R. Butter, to be his, \$2.00.

SWIFT, SONS & CO.

Youngest Baby on the Fair ground Silk Bib.

Youngest Child on the grounds to say "Swiss" for clothing," one p. Fur Top Mitts.

Best Bushel of Potatoes, a pair of Bu Mitts.

Best Boy Rider under 18 years of age to ride with blanket and surcingle on Will be judged in their ability to mount, dismount and manage their horses walk, trot and gallop. Prize—P Riding Gauntlets, value \$3.50.

JOHN SAVITRY and DR. KELLY—I best soldier, mounted, riding and mounted, considered, 1st \$5, 2nd \$3, 3rd \$2. 1st 10 to County of Lambton. (See Davies will instruct any who wish compete.

CASH DONATIONS

Roches House	\$10.00
J. McManus	10.00
Rogers House	10.00
Merchants Bank	5.00
John Cowan	5.00
R. J. McCormick	5.00
Sterling Bank	5.00
J. W. McLaren	3.00
Stapleford & Son	2.00
R. C. McLeay	2.00
Dr. Brandon	2.00
John McCormick	2.00
Russell McCormick	2.00
H. Schlemmer	2.00
F. Lovell	2.00
Ches. H. H. H.	2.00
Trenouth & Co.	1.40
Carl A. Class	2.00
Silverwoods	1.00
Dr. Newell	1.00

It doesn't pay to own things you for. The worst a reputation the harder it to lose.