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Positive—Convincing Proof

It is all very well to make claims, but can they be proven? We publish the formula of Vinol to prove the statements we make about it.

Cod Liver and Beef Peptone, Iron and Magnesium Peptone, Iron and Magnesium Citrate, Lime and Soda Glycophosphates, Casein.

Any doctor will tell you that the ingredients of Vinol as published above combine the very elements needed to make strength.

All weak, run-down, overworked nervous men and women may prove this at our expense.

There is nothing like Vinol to restore strength and vitality to feeble old people, delicate children and all persons who need more strength.

Try it. If you are not entirely satisfied, we will return your money without question; that proves our fairness and your protection.

TAYLOR & SON, DRUGGISTS.

Guide-Advocate

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W. C. AYLESWORTH, Publisher. T. HARRIS, Editor.

Guide-Advocate

WATFORD, DECEMBER 27, 1918

NOTE AND COMMENT

During the war 12 spies were shot in the Tower of London. Two women spies were sentenced to death but both were reprieved, sentences being commuted to long prison terms.

Many of the financial institutions of the country are announcing increased dividends, which in some cases are ridiculously high and out of all reason when compared with the three per cent paid depositors for the money used in securing the big dividends for the stockholders.

That salaries paid to teachers in the rural elementary schools of the province of Quebec averaged \$24.27 per month, and that the lowest salary paid was \$15 per month was the statement in the report read last week before the 54th annual convention of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Quebec held in the high school in Montreal.

The British Government has agreed to the principle of an eight-hour day for all members of the wages staff of the railways in the United Kingdom in fulfillment of the pledges given the railwaymen recently by the president of the Board of Trade. The eight hour day will come into operation next February.

One night recently Mr. Sam Emmons, of Wyoming, heard a commotion among his flock of geese. He turned his dog loose which pursued the thieves who dropped the geese they were carrying away and which afterwards rejoined the flock.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Dawn's Early Light

By FRANK RIGNEY

Six rows of stars, eight in a row. Forty-eight white stars twinkling on a blue square. Seven long lines of red and six of white rippling, waving, gathering up and flying out straight again. A setting sun sending out red beams of light that mingled with and faded away among the early peeping stars far overhead dipped a parting salute to Old Glory. Old Glory, illumined by the red golden rays, looking more resplendent and glorious than ever, waved back an acknowledgment.

Such was the picture Jack Cody gazed on. Jack, a fine, hearty, clean-cut boy of fifteen years, was the son of a lumberman and lived in a small wooden house on the outskirts of a village that was situated away off ever so far from trolley cars, subways and skyscrapers. Jack was a boy of the woods. The forest was for him school and playground and was frequently his bedroom.

This particular June evening Jack, resting after a strenuous day, was sitting on a pile of lumber and gazing at the flagpole newly erected on the "town hall."

News, a speedy traveler, where telephones, papers and crowds mix, seemed to slow up and get down to a crawl when it journeyed toward Jack's town. It had to work miles upstream against rolling logs, along old, rocky trails and through long stretches of woods, lakes and other things that go to make up a virgin country. This time it had put on a little extra speed, being helped along by some surveyors who had come as the advance guards of a party of railroad engineers and workmen. The news was big news. It was the president's war declaration, and it had the village buzzing with excitement. The surveyors had brought the flag along and one of them had left behind him a pencil, colored blue at one end and red at the other. Jack was the lucky finder of the pencil and with it he was endeavoring on a piece of white wrapping paper to portray the scene spread before him. The trees, hills, houses and view in general proving too much for him, he concentrated on the flag.

"Forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes," said Jack. "Gosh, but it is some flag! I wonder who invented it?"

His picture finished, he climbed down from the log pile and wandered towards the "town hall" to proudly display to some of his boy friends his copy of Old Glory. From nowhere in particular, similar to that mysterious place from which conjurers produce cards and rabbits, Jack's friends produced pieces of paper of various shades and shapes and the young artist was surrounded by a noisy crowd shouting, "A flag for me, Jack!" "Make me one!" "Do one for me!"

Across the main street, the one and only street of the village, was a group of men quietly discussing the news and asking questions of an elderly man whose appearance showed him to be a newcomer to the place.

The commotion created by the clamoring boys brought the quiet discussion of the men to an end and the stranger strolled over to know what the uproar meant.

"Good!" he exclaimed, when he found out. "Great, boys, great! That's the spirit, boys," he said, "but easy there, fellows, until I ask you a few questions. What are you going to do with your flags?"

"Stick it in my window," shouted one boy. "Paste it on the wall over my bed between Lincoln and Washington," said another—and so on until it seemed that the little village would be papered from end to end with the flags that Jack had not yet drawn.

"Fine!" said the inquirer. "Fine! Let me ask you, boys, now that I know what you are going to do with your flag, what you know about your flag—and what you are going to do for your flag? I ask you what you are going to do?"

A silence that could be almost heard descended on the crowd and the boys looked uneasily at each other.

"I didn't know that the flag wanted me to do anything for it," spoke up Jack, much to the relief of his friends, as the stranger's attention was drawn from them and directed to Jack.

"Come into the hall, my boy, get your friends to round up a few of the men, as many as they can, and let them all come, and I'll try and tell you and your friends a little story of the flag waving up there on the pole."

Very quickly the big room filled and it seemed as though Jack would have to get busy penciling out "Standing Room Only" notices, when the man

who called the meeting had commenced his story.

There is no occasion to follow in detail all he told the men and boys of the Stars and Stripes, for that would be telling you something, friend reader, that you already know forwards and backwards. Sufficient to say that he commenced with the tale of Betsy Ross and the first flag, the adoption on June 14, 1777, by congress of the Stars and Stripes; that he told stories of countless heroes whose lives were given up so that Old Glory might ever wave free, the emblem of liberty to all; that he expatiated the wearing of the colors and the high ideals that they represented.

"It is glorious to die for the flag," he said, "but equally glorious to live for it, and that living for it means living for America, working and striving unceasingly for the betterment of all. 'One for all, all for one.'"

A powerful full-house chorus rendering "The Star Spangled Banner" under the leadership of the stranger brought the informal gathering to a most enthusiastic end.

Jack was impressed very, very much and strolled home lost in deep thought. A person walking close by Jack would have heard him muttering to himself, "Gee!" and "Gosh!"

Boom! Boom! Ziz! Ziz! Zip! Bang! Boom! Crash! Bang! Jack never heard such a tremendous noise before. Rushing to his bedroom window, he gazed awestruck at the sight that presented itself to him. The village was in flames—men were rushing hither and thither shouting, calling and yelling for help. Jack dashed out, hatless and breathless. Bang! A huge shell tore away half of his little house. An awful rending, crushing upheaval followed. Flying stones and splinters knocked Jack all in a heap. "War!" he panted, "War!" Yes, it was war with a vengeance. Struggling to his feet, he raced onwards not knowing where to go, but onward, in hope of being able to do something.

Bang! Bang! All the while the most unearthly shrieking sounds of flying shells and bursting bombs, mixed with the rattle of machine guns and the frightful roaring of the heavy cannon. Khaki-clad figures rushed past Jack. A fearful explosion louder than any of the previous, left Jack dazed. At his feet fell one of the khaki figures, beating the ground, striking the earth with his feet and hoarsely calling in a choked, feeble voice for help. Jack was afraid at last. Not of bayonets or bullets, but of the wounded man, for Jack did not know what to do with him or for him. "I'll go and get help," yelled Jack. He ran a few yards, stumbled and fell. Looking up, he saw right before him in the midst of the uniforms, Old Glory! "The flag was still there! Hurray! Live for my country, die for my country," flashed through Jack's thoughts. "Now to help—" A sudden stinging pain shot through Jack's shoulder. He fell forward on his face. He essayed to rise, but the excruciating pain was too much for him. "Help! Help!" he called. A sound of running feet fell on his ears. Painfully turning his throbbing head, Jack saw some of his boy friends, gazing foolishly at him. "Please!" called Jack. "Please! Oh, you boys do something—help, hit me, but a near-by explosion had scattered the crowd. Toby, the village stray dog, dragged itself by yelping and was soon lost to Jack's view. The flag! The flag! There it is again—this time in the hands of the newcomer, who holds it high in the air. The figure holding it wavers, staggers. Jack makes a supreme effort to rise, but for him comes oblivion.

It was a beautiful June morning when Jack awoke and sat up suddenly. He rubbed his shoulder, scratched his head and blinked his eyes. "Old Glory!" thought Jack. "Where is it? What has happened?" The rising sun was paying its respects to Old Glory and Old Glory was returning the compliment.

"You're up early," said a voice that startled Jack into full wakefulness. It was the stranger.

"Yes," said Jack, "I thought I—that is—I thought—"

"What?" said the man, encouragingly.

"That you were killed and that the flag—" went on Jack as he related his dream of the night before. The man laughed and asked Jack what he would do for the wounded soldier, for an injured dog, for himself. Jack didn't know. He then asked Jack what he would do in ordinary peace times in emergency cases. Jack didn't know. Neither did any of his boy friends, who were beginning to come out into the morning sunshine.

"Don't you see," said the man, "that the best way to help your country and flag is by being prepared to serve? Be prepared for all cases and for all times. Even in this far-away town, at this present moment, you can be of service. Every man, woman, boy and girl and child from the top corner of Alaska to the other end of Florida

can be of help if they only make a little preparation. Help the men with their work, prepare the way for the great railroad that's on its way to you and you will be serving your flag and country.

"Say, fellows, let me tell you something. Railroading is my big business, but my big pleasure is scouting. I'm high up in both jobs, and as I'm bringing my business to your town, there is no reason why I shouldn't bring my pleasure. Who's for scouting?"

"Me for one," said Jack. "Me, too," chorused all the others.

"Fine!" said the man, "and now listen. I'll fix it up in New York at headquarters that your town will be marked on the scout map. I'll see that you get all necessary papers and information, and, by the way, I may have a job on the railroad of lettering or map drawing for a certain scout who has prepared himself with a red and blue pencil."

The crowd dissolved and Jack started home to his work softly staging to himself:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we haled at the twilight's last gleaming?"

olive trees.

It is estimated that the number of olive trees in Greece is about 11,500,000. The olives are used for a variety of purposes. Those picked from the trees while green and unripe are made into vinegar, those picked when black and ripe are preserved for the table, and those not intended for home consumption are pressed for their oil.

A Double Cross. A young bank clerk named Cross, filling out his questionnaire, wrote, in answer to the query as to whether he had any children, "One expected."

Instead of one, two arrived, both red-headed like the father. One was named Red Cross and the other Chris Cross.

Where Salmon Is No Luxury. Owing to a surplus supply of fresh salmon, that so-called "luxury fish" sold at six cents a pound in Vancouver a short time ago, 7,000 pounds failing to find buyers even at that price.

The Changes Time brings. Illustrating the extent of the changes brought in the past century, a convention of Mic-Mac Indians of the Maritime Provinces was held recently for the purpose of electing a Grand Chief of the Tribe. Credential committees were in evidence, the principle of proportional representation was adhered to, and parliamentary procedure governed the election.

Long Journey to Answer Call. Arthur Jan, a fur trader from Pelican Narrows, had to travel 200 miles by canoe and a further 200 by train to answer his summons to report for military service. A medical board discovered that he was wholly unfit for the army by reason of a broken knee.



This handsome three-piece costume was exhibited at the recent fashion show held in New York by the Designers' association. It was of taupe wool, elaborately embroidered in the same tone silk braid. Both skirt and coat were draped lightly on the hips, emphasizing the narrowness of the hem. The bodice was almost entirely of self-tone georgette crepe and embroidery. At the neck a ruche two inches high in the back and one inch under the chin encircled the throat, being attached to the waist only at the back of the neck.

Ginghams Favored. For those who do their bit and do it by way of knitting and wearing ginghams, which is almost too easy a way of doing it and should really not be taken into consideration, are shown the most attractive checked gingham blouses and bags and hats which do or do not match the blouses. The hats and bags are made of the most delightful materials, which run all the way from satin, organdie and crepe to straw and fiber.

Standard Feeds advertisement. Includes text: 'are endorsed by the Organization of Resources Committee of Ontario and are for sale by the following firms: Campbell Flour Mills Co., Ltd., West Toronto The Campbell Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Peterboro Howson & Howson, Wingham D. C. Thomson, Orillia A. A. McFall, Bolton' and 'Offering For Sale Oil Cake Meal Cotton Seed Meal'.

ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serve The Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION: Thos L. Swift, reported missing since 15th, 1915; Richard H. St. Arthur Owen; Bury C. Binks; L. Gunn Newell, killed in action; F. C. N. Newell, ECM; T. Ward; A. H. Woodward, killed in action; Sid Welsh; M. Caurling; M. Blondel; W. Blunt; R. W. Bailey; A. L. Johnston; R. A. Johnston; G. Mathews; C. Manning; W. Glenn N.; T. Phelps; H. F. Small; E. W. Smith; C. Toop; J. Ward, killed in action; C. Ward; F. Wakelin, D. C. M., killed in action; T. Wakelin, wounded and missing; H. Whitsett; B. Hardy.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C. I.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION

C. A. Barnes; Geo. Ferris; Edmund Watson; G. Shanks; J. Burns; F. Burns; C. Blunt; Wm. Autters; S. P. Shanks; Walter Woo.

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

Loise Lucas; Frank York; Chas. Potter

33RD BATTALION

Percy Mitchell, died of wounds Oct 1918; Lloyd Howden; Geo. Fountain, killed in action Sept 1918; Gordon H. Patterson, died in Hospital, London

34TH BATTALION

E. C. Crohn; S. Newell; Macklin Hagle, missing since Oct 1918; Stanley Rogers; Wm. Mann; Henry Holmes, killed in action; 1916; Leonard Lee

29TH BATTERY

Wm. Mitchell; John Howson

70TH BATTALION

Bernest Lawrence, killed in action 1918; A. Banks; C. H. Loyd; A. Banks; S. R. Whalton, killed in action Oct 1918; J. M. Ward; Thos. Meyers; A. L. Balloung; Vern Brown; Fred J. Taylor; Sid Brown, killed in action Sept. 1918

28TH BATTALION

Thomas Lamb, killed in action

MOUNTED RIFLES

Fred A. Taylor

PIONEERS

Wm. Macnally; W. F. Goodin

ENGINEERS

J. Tomlin; Cecil McNa

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

T. A. Brandon, M. D.; W. J. McKee; Norman McKenzie; Jerrald W. S. Allen; W. Edwards; Wm. McCa; Basil Gault; Capt. R. M.

135TH BATTALION

Nichol McLachlin, killed in action 6th, 1917

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C

Alfred Levy

116TH BATTALION

Clayton O. Fuller, killed in action 18th, 1917

196TH BATTALION

R. R. Annett

70TH BATTERY

R. H. Trenouth, killed in action 8th, 1917

Murray M. Forster; V. W. Willou; Ambrose Gavigan

142ND BATTALION

Lieut. Gerald I. Taylor, killed in action Oct. 16, 1918.

GUNNER

Austin Potter

ROYAL NAVY

Russ G. Clark; R. N. C. V. R.

ROYAL ARMY CORPS

John J. Brown; T. A.

ROYAL NAVY

Surgen Frederick H. Haskett, Ed. Gibbs

ARMY DENTAL CORPS

Edwin D. Hicks; H. D. Taylor

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Henry Thorpe, Mech. Transport

ROYAL AIR FORCE

Frank Elliot; R. H. Acton

ROYAL AIR FORCE

Arthur McKecher

ROYAL AIR FORCE

Henry Thorpe, Mech. Transport

ROYAL AIR FORCE

Roy E. Acton, killed in action Nov 6th BATTERY

64TH BATTERY

C. F. Luckham; Harold D. R.

63RD BATTERY

Romo Auld; Clifford I.

67TH BATTERY

Walter A. Restorick; George W.

67TH BATTERY

Edgar Prentiss; Ed. Gibbs

67TH BATTERY

Chester W. Cook

ROYAL AIR FORCE

Lieut. M. R. James; Cadet D.

ROYAL AIR FORCE

Lieut. Leonard Crone, killed 1 July 1, 1918.

ROYAL AIR FORCE

J. C. Hill, mechanic

ROYAL AIR FORCE

Lieut. J. B. Tiffin; Cadet E.

1ST DEPOT BATTALION

WESTERN ONTARIO REGIM

Reginald J. Leach; Leon R. Pal

James Phair; Fred Birch

Russell McCormick; John P. Cr

Leo Dodds; Fred Just

John Stapleford; Geo. Moore

Mel. McCormick; Bert Lucas

Tom Dodds; Alvin Copp

Wellington Higgins; Herman C

Lloyd Cook; William F

J. Richard Williamson, died Oct. 11, 1918.

The Guide-Advocate "Want Column" is consulted by everyone. The cheapest form of advertising.