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Children Cry
 FOR FLETCHER'S
 GASTORIA

= An =
Elopement

It Was Accomplished
 by Modern Military Methods

By F. A. MITCHEL

There are certain persons who have the power of attracting the opposite sex indiscriminately.

Sadie Ludlow at eighteen attracted men as a candle attracts moth millers. Some said (including herself) that she did nothing whatever to draw them to her, others that there was a certain witchery in her she could exercise at will. Whichever of these propositions was true, certain it is that they all fell before her. And certain it is that she was an incorrigible flirt.

Naturally enough, this proclivity gave her mother great concern. She no sooner noticed spooning going on between her daughter and some desirable party than the swain was replaced by one who would be especially undesirable. This was succeeded by other similar transactions. In consequence the poor lady was kept in a constant state of worry.

Finally, when Sadie became the object of attention on the part of a young lieutenant in the army with nothing but his pay, Mrs. Ludlow decided to give up her residence in town and take a place in the country. A house in the center of large grounds was secured in a decidedly rural region, and mother and daughter, with the necessary servants, removed there.

One thing about the place that rendered it especially desirable for Mrs. Ludlow's purpose was a high wall surrounding it. The gateway was imposing and was protected by a lodge. Mrs. Ludlow took with her a man who had long been a servant in the family and placed him in the lodge with instructions to admit no young man without first calling for his card. He was given a list of names of Sadie's admirers, so far as known, and directed to inform any one of them who might call that the family were "not at home," this being a convenient form adopted by well bred and truthful persons of avoiding a deliberate lie.

Idlewild—the name of the country seat—was on a good road and at a convenient distance from the city for autos. Many a car rolled up to the pillared gateway to be stopped by the sentinel guarding the fair damsel imprisoned within. Among the callers was Lieutenant Whitehead, who was the immediate cause of the imprisonment.

Now, the lieutenant had but recently been graduated from West Point and had during the latter part of his course there spent much of his time studying the new military status demonstrated by the pan-European war. He was much impressed by the German method of holding the offensive, which is based on a military maxim, old as the hills, that there is an irresistible power in the initial force. He assumed Idlewild to be a fortification to be taken. By constant pressure by various methods to be tried successively till a way was found to effect an entrance the fortress must at last fall.

Nevertheless the reduction of Idlewild was more difficult than in the usual elimination of objective points. To surround and starve the garrison was not a part of the problem. To batter down the wall would not result in securing the prize. On the contrary, it would render ultimate defeat certain. The conditions were more like those attending the capture of ancient cities. As the Greeks obtained admission to Troy within an immense wooden horse, so must Whitehead obtain access to Idlewild by stratagem.

On the lodgekeeper's list of persons to be refused admission to Idlewild was the name of Lieutenant Beverly Whitehead, and it was marked by his list. When Whitehead drove up in an automobile the keeper held the list in his right hand while he fumbled in his vest pocket with his left for his glasses. Since he was standing by the car, the upper part of his body on a level with the visitor, the latter caught a glimpse of his name with the two stars attached.

"It seems," said the young officer to himself, "that in this army of suitors I am a major general," this facetious idea being based on the fact that the insignia of a major general's rank in the United States' army is two silver stars. "However," Whitehead added, "I shall be an army unto myself, both general and private."

It was when turned away on this visit that the lieutenant resolved upon effecting an entrance to Idlewild and carrying off the fair Sadie. Turning from the gate, he drove around the

place, seeking some weak spot. None appeared. The wall was continuous and rose to the same height on every side. It might be climbed or it might be burrowed. In either case if he succeeded in persuading the lady to fly with him she must be carried either over or under it. As a soldier neither of these methods seemed sufficiently heroic, and he did not believe they would appeal to Miss Ludlow. It was not a case where a girl has been won and is kept locked up from the lover she would mate with; it was a case where she must be both won and carried away by some brilliant maneuver.

One thing Whitehead had learned from his observations of the European war, that the methods of obtaining information of an objective point or an enemy's movements had been greatly developed by the aeroplane. It seemed a long process for him to apply for admission into the United States army aeroplane corps and practice flying, but the only plan of operations that appealed to him rendered this course essential, and he straightway became a military aerial cavalryman. The ancients ascended into the upper air on a winged horse for fun. Why should not Whitehead ascend in a modern aeroplane for love?

It was autumn before the young officer became an aeronaut and made his first flight over Idlewild. It was a sunny afternoon, and Sadie was walking in the grounds without head covering save her hair, on which the sun shone with a warm glow. She was plucking flowers from a chrysanthemum plant. A girl plucking a flower is at any time a thing of beauty, but a girl on a soft October afternoon, robed in corresponding colors, viewed by a man from an aerial height above her, especially if that man is a lover, is especially entrancing. Whitehead, not thinking of the distance between them and that sound rises rather than falls, coughed. Miss Ludlow, not hearing the sound, paid no attention to it and, after dawdling about among some late plants that were in bloom, went into the house.

Whitehead saw another sight, an automobile standing at the gate, the porter holding a card in one hand and a list of Mrs. Ludlow's forbidden visitors in the other. The officer called about till he saw the occupant of the car drive away, then turned and swooped down like a bird toward the point from which he had started.

The wooer regretted that he had not provided himself with means of communicating with the object of his love. He might fly over Idlewild a dozen times without again meeting with so favorable an opportunity. The season when a young girl would likely be strolling about in the open air was passing, and winter was not far away. Before he made his next trip over Idlewild he wrote a note to Sadie announcing his entrance into the army aviation corps and inviting her to an aerial ride with him. This note he attached to a contrivance designed to carry it to earth not too swiftly and in the direction he wished it to fall. He also provided himself with a small bomb, with a time fuse that would explode before reaching the earth. This was intended to attract the young lady's attention.

He chose for his next flight over Idlewild a day after a cold storm, when the sun came out bright and warm, thinking it likely that the prisoner might go out for an airing. Nevertheless he spent a whole morning fitting over the place high in the air before seeing her. Then she came out on the porch and, reclining in a couch hammock, began to read a book. This was unfortunate, for Whitehead had hoped to find her at a distance from the house, where he might more safely communicate with her. He dared not drop her note to her where she was; but, making a virtue of necessity, he dropped it at a distance from her, but where he expected it would fall within the grounds.

Suddenly Sadie heard an explosion in the air and, looking up, saw a tiny parachute descending from the sky; but, not dreaming that it supported a letter for her, on seeing it drop at some distance from her she turned again to her book.

Whitehead's failure only spurred him on to new devices. Fearing that winter would come on before he could attract Sadie's attention from the air, he considered how he could communicate with her by mail. He was by this time familiar with the rocket camera used in war to photograph an enemy's position, and, taking one of these ingenious devices to a point near Idlewild, he sent it up. He had the satisfaction to see the camera it contained detached from it by an explosion and sail down under a parachute to a point near his feet. After developing the plate he obtained a photograph of Idlewild taken from a point several hundred yards above it. On the print he wrote in minute characters a day and hour and mailed it to Miss Sarah Ludlow, with an advertisement of a camera manufacturing firm in the same envelope.

Mrs. Ludlow received the letter and, supposing it to be merely an ad, permitted her daughter to have it. Sadie recognized in the address on the envel-

ope the handwriting of Lieutenant Whitehead. Naturally she suspected the contents to contain a hidden meaning. Bringing a hand glass to bear on the date written on the photographic print, she knew that something would happen at that time. The print she recognized as a photograph of Idlewild from above, and this eventually gave her the key to the puzzle.

The day named proved propitious, and Sadie kept a watch above and below. Seeing an aeroplane soaring, she went out in the grounds to a point where she was screened by a clump of trees. An object dropped from the machine and unfolded into a parachute which fell at the lady's feet. She took a note from it, containing an invitation to an aerial ride and a request that she would take position in an open space suitable for landing and rising.

By this time the aeronaut was within call, and she accepted the invitation. Miss Ludlow stationed herself in a field containing half a dozen acres, and Lieutenant Whitehead descended to her. He pleaded his cause so ably that the lady took a seat beside him, and the pair were soon sailing among the clouds.

Mrs. Ludlow the next morning received a telegram announcing the marriage of the fugitives.

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HE WAS A MAN OF HABIT.

And He Couldn't Break His Routine Even to Be Agreeable.

A couple in a Broadway restaurant were engaged in a conversation which to all appearances was tender as well as confidential when an elderly man walked stolidly past thirty or more vacant tables and sat down at theirs. The couple stopped talking and looked at the man with an icy stare. But the man's mind was not in a receptive state. He calmly studied the bill of fare and ordered his meal.

The woman in the case looked desperate. "Is there no remedy?" she said to her companion.

"None apparently short of actual murder," he replied.

"We might move," she suggested.

"No; let's stick," he said. "I am going to find out why this ill-mannered pelican is butting in when there are so many vacant tables."

In slightly modified terms the question was put to the aged interloper.

"I don't mean to freeze folks out," he replied. "This is my table. I have eaten luncheon at this table every day for the last fifteen years. You don't suppose, do you, that I am going to be thrown out of gear at this late day just because you people want to be sentimental? I am a man of habit."

"From people who have habits," said the young man, "good Lord deliver me." And then he ordered the waiter to serve them at another table.

ROADS AND THEIR USES.

Likewise Their Materials, and Also Some Sarcastic Comments.

A road is a device of long standing, which in modern times is used for autos to wear out. Roads are also used to raise dust and taxes and kill chickens, dogs and children.

Roads are very common, almost as common as accidents. We see them everywhere. It is quite difficult, indeed, to go any distance without running across one.

Roads are made of various materials. In the northern part of this country they are made of bluestone and macadam. In the southern part they are made of mud. Of the two kinds of material the mud is likely to be more durable, which, as the Scripture so beautifully expresses it, "sticketh to one like a brother."

Roads are not always friendly with each other, and, although they can be seen constantly mingling together, they are likely to be cross. When a road enters a city it becomes puffed up with importance and is then known as a street, a boulevard or an avenue.

Life in cities, however, in spite of the society, is not always agreeable to roads, which are then likely to be afflicted with various diseases, among which we may mention gaspipeditis, telegraphitis and graftonomy.—Life.

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HER HUSBAND'S OFFICE.

A Story For Wives Who Just Drop In During Business Hours.

"Will you please," asks a secret sufferer, "write something about wives who make unexpected calls at their husbands' offices? I am not guilty of anything, but I think that even the most innocent of men suffers acutely when his wife visits him at his office. There is no way for me to make my wife understand this unless I appear boorish and brutal. Can't you say something about it? Many wives read your column."

Yes, friend, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. We will put it in the form of general propositions, hoping thereby to step on no individual toes. We hold these facts to be proved:

That no husband ever wants his wife to call on him at his office during business hours, except upon his invitation.

That no wife can know how she upsets his routine, disorders the mental processes that go on during those hours and subjects herself to the gossip of his office mates.

That there is no easy way to make a wife see this.

We proceed from these truisms to a few observations.

A lovely creature breezes into her husband's office just because she happens to be passing. She says:

"Now, don't let me disturb you a minute—I know you are busy. Dearly, what good does that desk light do you at that angle? Don't you know you will ruin your eyes? What a mess your desk is in! Look at Mr. Officemate's—how neat it is! Well, just let me stick this little package in your lower drawer and you bring it home with you when you come."

"Well, I must run along, for you're busy. Come out to the elevator with me, dear; I want to speak to you. Who is that disreputable looking man who is waiting in the outer office to see you? Why, it's a perfect disgrace to have such callers!

"You have an appointment with him? How can you make an appointment with such a creature? Well, goodbye, dear. Get your shoes shined before you come home—you look awfully sloppy."

And if husband protests against that call her eyes fill with innocent tears and she says:

"Why, I wasn't there five minutes, and you weren't working at anything when I came in! And men call on you and stay half an hour! Of course I'll never come again. Are you ashamed of your wife?"

The Bethlehem Music Festival.

The Bach festival at Bethlehem is one of the most interesting events in musical production in this country. "Musically Bethlehem, Pa., is the most remarkable town or settlement in the United States." In 1780 Bethlehem had an orchestra, probably the first in the United States. In 1901 the Bethlehem music festival was marked by the first performance in America of Bach's complete Christmas oratorio. Bethlehem has been called "the American Oberammergau" and "the American Balreuth." The music festival is held each year.

Trebizond and Polo.

Polo probably came to us indirectly from Trebizond, where the Kabakmoldan, or Pumpkin square, was the site of a medieval polo ground. The game found great favor with the nobles of Trebizond and was played on horseback, much in the same way as modern polo. It produced intense excitement among the spectators, rivaling that of the hippodrome, possibly because it was dangerous as well as fashionable. Polo caused the death of one emperor of Trebizond—John I., who was killed by a fall from his horse.—Westminster Gazette.

Died Same Date, Not Same Day.

While it is true that Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same date, they did not die on the same day. Shakespeare died Tuesday, April 23, 1616; Cervantes died Saturday, April 23, 1616. The explanation lies in the difference between the calendars in use at that time in England and Spain. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare outlived Cervantes by about ten days.—London Observer.

The Word Vaudeville.

The word "vaudeville" sprang from Vaux de Vire, the name of a hamlet in the picturesque town of Vire, in Switzerland. In the fifteenth century this town was the home of Oliver Basselin, the author of witty drinking songs. One of the best known of these songs was a merry dissertation on the author's red nose.

Insatiable.

Clarence had wearied his mother with a lot of questions. Finally, she exclaimed: "Clarence Briggs, if you ask one more question you march right off to bed."

Clarence pondered. Then he said: "When pa asks where I is will him be sent to bed, too?"—Exchange.