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April 20th, 1915.
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STORY OF A GHOST

The Scene Is Laid In Germany During the Pan-European War

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

The German people are supposed to be phlegmatic. On the contrary, they are very emotional.

The Germans are especially fond of what is mystical. Young persons of all climes are given that way, but Germany is the home of secret societies composed not only of young men, but of those who are older.

Heinrich Borgesser and Carl Freilberg were regular students at the University of Heidelberg. Borgesser was a merry chap, always ready for a joke, while Freilberg was of a serious cast. Borgesser was a member of a corps whose business it was to practice on one another with the short sword. Freilberg was a member of the society for psychical research, whose object it was to discover some tangible link between the material and the spiritual world.

The students of the university frequented a wine and beer house presided over by a man named Becker. His daughter Bertha, a girl of seventeen, was accustomed to wait on those who gathered there. She was a Madonna-like creature, with large, serious eyes, and there was a reserve about her that prevented those she served from the usual jollity that young men are apt to give a waitress. The only person who ever tried to be Borgesser, and he called to her face a look so pained, so entirely out of keeping with his banter, that he never tried it again.

Freilberg occasionally went to Becker's place for his beer. It was soon noticed that he was the only man who frequented the place with whom Bertha would converse. What the secret of this willingness was no one could tell. All were equally respectful to her, but if after she had set down their wine or beer they tried to detain her by a bit of chat she would invariably bring it to a halt and leave them. In time she received a nickname from the students. It was Lady Purity.

Neither Borgesser nor Freilberg was of the nobility, but Borgesser aspired to be an officer in the army. Both young men served their term in the military service, but Borgesser was doomed to disappointment in securing a commission. The officers were appointed from the ruling class.

About the time these two young men were leaving the university the pan-European war broke out. Borgesser's attempt to rally Bertha Becker had affected her so much that it sank into her heart. It was as if he had broken a fragile vase. There was no anger in her manner toward him. It was simply that she had been hurt. Strange as it may appear, it irritated him. He was ignorant of what this irritation meant, but it was plain to others that it was the awakening of a passion for the girl. When he was hurrying away to the war he found time to stop at the wine house to say goodbye to her. He might as well have said goodbye to a stone.

But when Freilberg bade her goodbye it was very different. There were few words spoken between them. Indeed, Bertha spoke not at all. Carl simply said goodbye, with a pressure of the hand, while she said goodbye with her whole soul through her eyes, and when he hurried away to the rendezvous she followed him with those same eyes while he was in sight.

Borgesser and Freilberg were in different regiments, but hard fighting commenced at once between the Germans and the Belgians, and the corps to which they belonged, being decimated, were joined in one, and thus the two young men were thrown together. Borgesser seemed to know that Freilberg had obtained a success with Bertha Becker, which was denied to himself. Nevertheless he maintained the same friendly treatment of Carl that he had borne toward him at the university. Heinrich had often rallied Carl upon his predilection for "ghosts," as he called it and on one occasion, changing from banter to a serious vein, had said:

"Carl, suppose we make an agreement."

"One which will satisfy either you or me of your belief in a hereafter and its connection with mortals still on earth. I propose that whichever dies first shall appear to the other."

"I have no objection to that," replied Carl.

"Very well. It is understood and agreed that if I, Heinrich Borgesser, die before you I will in some way make you sensible of my existence."

"And I will do the same by you."

When the two men were in Belgium



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Heinrich reminded Carl of their agreement and added: "This fighting is getting thicker every day. I have a feeling in me that I'm going to be downed, and that before long. So you may expect to see me, my boy, for I shall certainly keep my pledge if I pass into another existence and am able to excite the senses of a mortal. My own theory is that I cannot; that you have no sense that will enable you to be cognizant of me, a spirit."

"That is what we men of psychical research are endeavoring to determine," replied Carl.

Immediately after this dialogue there began that sacrifice of life, the like of which was never seen before in war. Trains loaded with wounded began to leave the front for Paris and for Berlin, while thousands of dead bodies were thrown into trenches or buried separately as those attending to the dead and wounded found time. Heinrich Borgesser was reported among the missing, which meant that he had been either killed or taken prisoner. But the Germans were at that time driving the French back on Paris and were themselves losing few, if any, prisoners. It was they who were taking prisoners. Borgesser's friends therefore gave him up for dead.

Carl Freilberg was badly wounded, and with many hundreds of others was sent eastward. His home was at a little town near Heidelberg, and after a few months in hospital he received permission to go home till he was ready to return to the front. After regaining his strength he concluded to go over to Heidelberg and enjoy a glass of wine served by Bertha Becker. He found few persons in the place, and, as for Bertha, she was working in an ammunition factory.

But Bertha came home at night, and a few days later Carl went to Heidelberg again. Bertha had returned and, seeing the soldier limping up the walk, ran out to meet him. There had been no loving-making between the two, but now, meeting after all that had happened, what was in both drew them together. They flew to each other's arms.

It was now autumn, and the summer was dying by gasps, as it usually does. There would come a cool snap—a winter skirlish line—followed by a return of warm weather, then another colder period, which would after a few days give ground before another warm invasion. Carl and Bertha, when the evening was not too cold, would sit out on a bench in the Beckers' private garden, as lovers have sat on garden benches from time immemorial, locked in each other's arms.

The time was approaching when Carl would have to go back to the front. His first departure had not troubled him, for he had not then been aware of his love for Bertha; but now a return to that which was almost certain death or maiming was awful. He was not thinking of his own sacrifice, but of Bertha's. Whenever he spoke to her of re-entering those dreadful scenes she would cling to him as if he were about to be dragged away to execution.

One night they were sitting in the garden together when they received a shock. The darkness was relieved by a moon nearly full shining out of a clear sky. The lovers were sitting in a place open only to the front. Suddenly a figure appeared at this opening.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Bertha. "It is Heinrich Borgesser!"

There was just enough light of the moon shining full upon the figure to show the features. The face was deadly pale, there was a horrible red gash in the cheek and a bandage across one eye.

Carl was visibly affected. Was this really the man who had promised if it were possible to prove to him that the dead may communicate with the living and had now come back to keep his agreement? One would suppose that a mind leaning toward a belief in ghosts would accept the figure as the spiritual body of his returned comrade. But now that a test was put on his credulity Carl doubted.

The ghost stood for a moment facing the couple, then resumed its pace across the opening. As it passed out of sight something fluttered from it to the ground. Carl ran to it and picked it up. Holding it in the moonlight, he read with difficulty:

"I forbid the banes."

Bertha was near a state of collapse. Carl turned to her and, taking her in his arms, endeavored to reassure her.

"What is on the paper?" she asked faintly.

"Nothing of moment," replied Carl. But she insisted, and he was obliged to tell her. She sank back on the bench and covered her face with her hands.

"We must part," she moaned.

"Not by this command."

"He has come back from the other world to warn us. It is not God's will that we should live for each other."

"Sweetheart," said Carl, "there is something wrong here. If he had really come back from the dead I would have felt the presence of a spirit. On the contrary, I felt the spirit of a living man."

"How do you explain his coming? Did he not perish on the battle field?"

"I don't believe he did. He was reported among the missing. I believe that he was made a prisoner and escaped. I am sure it was he in the flesh."

Time proved that Carl was right, but months passed before the matter was explained. Borgesser had been taken prisoner, but had got away from his captors, had hidden in a wood and burrowed into the ground. After many efforts to return to his own lines, from which he had been driven, he had finally succeeded. He had sought Bertha and found Carl in possession. Taking advantage of this agreement, he had yielded to a temptation to separate Carl from her.

Borgesser returned to the front, and neither Carl nor Bertha ever saw him again, for he was killed in one of the attacks the Germans made to possess themselves of Calais. But before this fatal ending he wrote Carl, confessing the deception.

Before Carl went back to the front he married Bertha. His experience with a spurious ghost turned him from his disposition to dwell upon the marvelous. Carl was so badly wounded as to unfit him for active service, so he was discharged. Then he married Bertha and settled down in Heidelberg as a tutor.

THE OIL OF THE PEOPLE—Many oils have come and gone, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil continues to maintain its position and increase its sphere of usefulness each year. Its sterling qualities have brought it to the front and kept it there, and it can truly be called the oil of the people. Thousands have benefited by it and would use no other preparation. m

Sheepskin.

Sheepskin was used as parchment before the invention of paper. Even then it was a substitute for vellum, which is made from calfskin and of a far finer quality than parchment, and was employed for fine illuminated work. Tanned sheepskins are in the trade called basils. For these there are many legitimate uses, but it is for imitation purposes that the sheepskin is most largely used.

Already Know Some of It.

"Johnny," said the small boy's mother, "I want you to stay home all afternoon and learn the Declaration of Independence by heart."

"I'll have to if you insist. But the idea doesn't line up with my ideas of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—Washington Star.

In a Safe Place.

First Undergraduate—Have you telegraphed to the old man for money?

Second Undergraduate—Yes.

"Got an answer?"

"Yes. I telegraphed the governor.

"Where is that money I wrote for?" and his answer reads, "In my pocket."—Baltimore Sun.

Early Morning Talks.

"He is always doing something that causes a lot of talk."

"Why, I never heard any of it."

"He is the only one who hears it. He is always staying out at night later than his wife wishes him to."—Houston Post.

Wonderful Tree Roots.

The jand, a tree which grows profusely in the Indian Punjab, a very dry region, is chiefly remarkable for its very long tap root, which was eighty-four feet in one remarkable specimen and which descended vertically sixty-four feet into the earth.

"I'll try" has not the genuine metal ring. "I will" puts money into the pay envelope.

The most valuable meat for anaemic people is said to be beef.

CAUSE OF ASTHMA. No one can say with certainty exactly what causes the establishing of asthmatic conditions. Dust from the street, from flowers, from grain and various other irritants may set up a trouble impossible to eradicate except through a sure preparation such as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Uncertainty may exist as to cause, but there can be no uncertainty regarding a remedy which has freed a generation of asthmatic victims from this scourge of the bronchial tubes. It is sold everywhere. m

Had Terrible Pains in Kidneys and Back.

* Dear Mr. Editor—I want to write you about "Anuric." I was very sick, could hardly be up; I was in bed most of the time. Had terrible pains in my kidneys and back, so much so that I had to scream sometimes when I was sitting down and wanted to get up, the pain was so great. I had tried a well-known kidney medicine but it didn't help me. I heard of Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets so I thought I would try them. I took only one box of the Tablets, and my back is now free from pain and I can work and take care of my family. I feel I cannot say enough for this medicine. Sincerely, MRS. W. L. KELLEN.

NOTE: This "Anuric" is adapted especially 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. The physicians and specialists at Dr. Pierce's great Institution, at Buffalo, N. Y., have thoroughly tested this prescription and have been with one accord successful in eradicating these troubles, and in most cases absolutely curing the diseased kidneys.

Patients having once used "Anuric" at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, have repeatedly sent back for more. Such a demand has been created that Dr. Pierce has decided to put "Anuric" in the drug stores of this country, in a ready-to-use form. If not obtainable send one drug by mail to Dr. Pierce for trial package or 50 cents for full treatment.

* Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a blood cleanser and alterative that starts the liver and stomach into vigorous action. It thus assists the body to make rich, red blood, which feeds the heart, nerves, brain and organs of the body. You feel clean, strong and strenuous.

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.

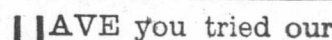
AND FURTHER take notice that in default of payment of the taxes in arrears upon the lands specified in said list, together with the costs chargeable thereon as set forth in the said list so being published in the Ontario Gazette before the day fixed for sale of such lands, being the 20th day of October, 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



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Chicago Express, 13..... 12 31 a.m.

Accommodation, 88..... 6 44 p.m.

GOING EAST

Accommodation, 80..... 7 48 a.m.

New York Express, 6..... 11 16 a.m.

New York Express, 12..... 3 05 p.m.

Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.

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