FFICE-Main' St., next door to Merchants Residence-Front street, one block east from

R. G. KELLY. M. D. Wattord, Ont.

OFFICE-MAIN STREET, formerly occup by Dr. McLeay. Residence Front St. East.

THOS. A. BRANDON, M. D., WATFORD, IONT. ORMERLY OF SARNIA GENERAL OSPITAL and Western Hospital of Toronto.

OFFICE—Main Street, in office formerly occupied by Dr. Gibson.

CIVIL ENGINEER.

W. M. MANIGAULT, ONTARIO LAND SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER, STRATHROY, ONTARIO

DENTAL.

GEORGE HICKS,

D.D.S., TRINITY UNIVERSITY, L.D.S., ROYAL diege of Dental Surgeons, Post graduate in diege and Crown work. Orthodofitia and Porcelains. The best methods employed to preserve the stural teeth,
OFFICE—Over Thompson's Confectionery, MAIN attord. ucen's Hotel, Arkona, 1st and 3rd Thursdays

G. N. HOWDEN.

D. D. S. L. D. S. GRADUATE of the Royal College of Dental Sur Gronno, Only the Latest and Most Approved Appli ances and Methode used. Special attention to Grows and Bridge Work. Office—Over Dr. Kelly's Surgery MAIN STREET. — WATFORD

Veterinary Surgeon.

J. McGILLIGUDDY Veterinary Surgeon,

ONOR GRADUATE ONTARIO VETERINARY College. Dentistry a Speciality. All diseases smeetic Animals treated on actentific principles. e—One door south of the Guide-Advocate office dence—Main St., one door north of Dr. Gibson's

Auctioneer

J. F. ELLIOT.

Licensed Auctioneer. [For the County of Lambton," ROMPT attention to all orders, reasonable ter orders may be ft at the GUIDE-ADVOCATE of

INSURANCE

J. H. HUME. AGENT FOR

FIRE, ACOIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES. REPRESENTING

and Reliable Fire Insuran

on want your property nsured plea Il on J. H. HUME and get his rates. -ALSO AGENT FOR-

R. Telegraph and Canada Permi Loan no Saving Co.

Ticket Agent For C. P. R.—Tickets sold to all points in Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia.

THE LAMBTON Farmers' Mutual Fire Insur-

ance Company. (Established in 1875

J. W. KINGSTON President. THOS. STEADMAN, Vice-Pres, JAMES ARMSTRONG, A. G. MINIELLY, D. SUTHERLAND, JAMES SMITH, DIRECTOR. DIRECTOR W G. WILLOUGHBY, MANAGER AND SEC. TREAS. SEC.-TREAS. J. F. ELLIOT, D. S. ROBERTSON, ALEX. JAMIESON, FIRE INSPECTO AUDITOR, AUDITOR. PETER McPHEDRAN, Wanstead, P.O. AGENT, for Warwick and Plympton.

STACE LINES.

WATFORD AND WARWIOK STAGE LEAVES
Warwick Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11.80 a, m, Returning beaves Watford at 3.45 m, Passengers and freight enveyed on reasonal le terms, C. EARNES, Pop'r.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVE
Arkona at 9 a, m. Wisbeach at 10,10 a, m.
Returning leaves Watford at 3,45 p, m, Passenger
and freight conveyed on; reasonable terms,—WIL
LIAM EVANS Prop.

CRAND TRUNK SALLYAY

TIME TABLE. ins leave Watford Station as follows

GOING WEST Accommodation, 27 | 8 44 a.m.

Accommodation, 29 . . . 2 45 a.m.

Chicago Express, 5 . . . 9 27 p.m.

GOING EAST Ontario Limited, 46 7 46 a.m.
Accommodation, 28 . . . 12 06 p.m.
New York Express, 2 . . . 3 00 p.m.
Accommodation, 30 5 16 p.m.
C._VAII, Agent, Watford.

DOCTORS COULD NOT HELP HIM

BUT GIN PILLS DID

"During August last, I went to Montreal to consult a specialist as I had been suffering terribly with Stone in the Bladder. He decided to operate but said the stone was too large to remove and too hard to crush. I returned home and was recommended by a friend to try Gin Pills.

They relieved the pain. I took two boxes and went back to the specialist. He said the stone was smaller but he could not remove it although he tried for two hours and a half. I returned home and continued to take Gin Pillsand, to my surprise and joy, I passed the stone. Gin Pills are the best medicine in the world, and, because they did me so much good, I will recommend them all the rest of my life".

J. ALBERT LESSARD, Joliette, P.O.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—at all dealers, and money back if they fail to give relief. Sample box free. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. A Toronto.

Accumulated Work

A Story For Labor Day

By CLARISSA MACKIE Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"It's rightly named," growled Mr. Shafter as he drank his morning coffee. "Every holiday ought to be called 'Labor day' so far as I am concerned. Do you know what I've got to do tomorrow, Helen?" He put the question aggressively, and his maiden aunt looked pityingly at Mrs. Shafter.

"No, dear; what have you to do tomorrow?" asked Helen serenely.

"Do!" sputtered her husband, passing the toast to Aunt Electa with a savage lunge to emphasize his remark. "To begin with there's the lawn to mow, the chicken pen to clean out, the cellar to whitewash-if you wouldn't begin housecleaning so early, Helen, a fellow might have a show once in awhile-oversee that the six tons of winter coal gets in all right and clean up after the coal man."

Later in the day, after Mr. Shafter had sunk into his Sunday afternoon nap in the hammock, Aunt Electa called Helen into the summer house on the lawn and talked long and earnestly to that young woman.

"Certainly, dear Aunt Electa," agreed Helen sweetly. "James always retires early on Sunday, and we can have our own way about everything."
"For a married woman that will be

an unusual treat." And Aunt Electa's eyes twinkled merrily. "Then let me hasten its coming,"

cried Helen blithely. "I shall have an early supper and hustle James off to bed."

When James Shafter awoke the next morning he heard the unmusical clatter of a lawn mower and sniffed the fragrance of freshly cut grass. "Good Lord, it does seem as though Finley might let a beggar rest a little in the morning. It can't be more than 6 o'clock." He craned his neck to look at the timepiece and noted with satis-



"WHO THE DICKENS CUT THE LAWN?"

faction that his guess was correct to a minute. Still his opposite neighbor's busy lawn mower was an unpleasant reminder that his own grass needed shaving that morning and after that was accomplished stretched the tasks he had enumerated the day beforechicken house, cellar and coal man. "It's an imposition!" growled Mr.

Shafter and turned over in bed.

The sun shining through a chink in

the closed blinds awakened him at last, and another glance at the clock assured him that three hours had melt ed away. It was now 9. He bounced out of bed and into his morning bath. while his mind calculated how he could divide the remainder of the short end holiday into working shifts and squeeze out time enough to read

his newspaper. He found a delicious breakfast awaiting him in the cool and shaded dining room, and as he ate he com plained bitterly of the noise Finley had made that morning with the de tested lawn mower.

"Woke me up ahead of time, Helen, and I dropped off to sleep and never awoke again until half an hour ago. It's going to be a scorcher too." "It is hot already," agreed Helen

cheerfully.

Shafter kissed ber pink cheek and murmured appreciation of the breakfast and so went out on the front piazza to survey the ragged lawn he had left the night before. "I suppose I may as well pitch in now as any time," he muttered, and then stopped

Instead of the untidy lawn he had worried over there stretched a smooth expanse of velvety turf, neatly trimmed about the flower beds and newly wet with the revolving sprinkler.

"Great Jove!" muttered Shafter, and sought his wife, noting that his opposite neighbor's grass was untouched "Helen, who the dickens cut the

lawn?" he demanded, puzzled. "I did," she returned. "It's great sport. Such a time as I had! I was afraid you would wake up." Armed with hoe and shovel, he en

make the abode of these industrious tenants quite trim and tidy but some magic hand had forestalled him here also, for the chicken house had been more thoroughly cleaned than it ever had been under his practiced hand.

tered the chicken yard and prepared to

and in addition a fresh coat of white wash dazzled his eyes. Several busy hens poked impatient heads at him from nest boxes filled with fresh hay "Humph!" muttered Mr. Shafter, and

carried the tools into the shed. Once more he sought his wife. "Helen, you didn't clean that chicken house?" he demanded authoritatively. "No, I didn't," returned Mrs. Shaf

ter, shelling peas on the side piazza "Aunt Electa is responsible for that." "Aunt Electa!" shouted the horrified husband. "Why-why-that's no sort of work for an elderly lady"-"Who calls me an 'elderly lady?"

demanded Aunt Electa from the door "But, Aunt Electa, that chicken

house is not the sort of work" "Go to, James," interrupted the good lady smiling; "stop arguing and enjoy your holiday."

"Holiday!" snorted James from force of habit, and then, with sudden recollection of how his work was dwin dling, he reddened and sought the cellar to vent his discomfiture in slapping whitewash on its stone walls once more was he foiled-again he was dazzled, for the work was done. He opened the door and peered into the coal bin in the desperate hope that the coal man had neglected to come. and he almost whooped with joy when he saw that his hope was fulfilled. He was cluttering in the seclusion of that blackened, stone walled room when he heard the shriek of the speaking tube in the outer cellar.

He answered it. "James," said his wife's voice, and there was a tremor in its evennesshe wondered if she was laughing-"James, dear, just to make sure I telephoned the coal office and as it is a holiday they will not deliver until tomorrow. I can see about it when it comes. Now, do clean yourself up and try and enjoy your holiday, that's a dear!"

The "dear" choked helplessly. "Did Aunt Electa do the cellar?" he asked weakly. "Both of us-we did it last night aft-

er you went to bed. It was fun for us. You know we get tired of our monotonous tasks. Please, James, aren't you going to come upstairs. It will soon be dinner time."

The newspaper lasted until dinner time and after dinner was a hiatus to be filled in some manner. James Shafter was a man of activity. He must be doing something every moment and however he might fume and sputter over his self imposed tasks, he took a certain enjoyment in them. Now, his occupation gone, he wandered aimlessly around the house and grounds, sat awhile with his wife and aunt on the piazza and then strolled down the road for a solitary walk.

A wooded lane led him in a new direction, and presently he found himself leaning over an old picket fence, surveying a weed grown vegetable garden with disapproving eyes. A voice startled him, and he had glanced over the shabby little old fashioned house before he saw the open window in which sat a man of his own age with a gaunt, haggard face and sunken, pa-

tient eyes. "I said it was a pretty day," re-

SHOOTING PAINS IN SIDE, ARMS, BACK

Prove the Presence of Rheumatic Virus, Which Is Cured Quickest by Nerviline—Rub It In.

Pains in the muscles, in the sides ne back, the neck, or the chest—they tways carry with them great discom-If the inflammation is severe the ain will be intense. If allowed to cor path will be intense. It allowed to continue they are dangerous. Nothing so quickly cures local inflammation and drives away pain as Nerviline. Nerviline does this because it penetrates so deeply. Nerviline is not only powerful, but soothing. By relieving congestion it cures pain. It does this always. tion it cures pain. It does this always. It cannot fall because is a true anti-dote for pain. You can scarcely find anybody that will not tell you wonderful things about the pain-curing power of Nerviline. Remember, that there is not an ache or pain that Nerviline will not cure immediately. Nerviline is an anchor of health in every household.

Refuse anything that may be offered Refuse anything that may be offered you instead of Nerviline, which is guaranteed for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, and all muscular aches and pains.

Large bottles, 50c; trial size, 25c, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

NERVILINE **CURES ALL PAIN**

peated the man in the window. "Yes," returned Shafter cordially; "it's hot, but mighty pleasant. You've got a nice dittle place here."

"It was nice before I got cut up in the railroad wreck. I planted that garden, sir, and now I can't keep the weeds out of it. My daughter's got the ambition to do it, but she's young and frail, and there's plenty for her to do waiting on a sick man and taking in work from the mill to support me." He spoke bitterly, and it was plain to be seen that he resented his inability to work. "It's Labor day, sir, and it seems as if I would give most anything to get in line with the boys and march, but not for mel

He held up the stump of an arm. and in response to Shafter's inquiry said he had lost a foot also. He was too poor to employ a lawyer to take his case against the railroad.

"Where's your garden tools?" demanded Shafter, entering the gate. And five minutes later he was stripped of coat and vest and working in the garden with hoe and rake. The sick man talked to him from the window, and his gratitude to the stranger was pitiful. When the garden stood forth weedless, with straight brown earth ridges crowned with green and the corn rustled in the breeze that came up from the south, James Shafter straightened his bent back and mopped his dripping face.

"God bless you, sir!" muttered the man awkwardly as his benefactor pre-pared to go. "It isn't every gentlepared to go. "It isn't every gentle-man would do what you've done,

"I've got two hands and two feet, and I guess that's what they're for," returned Shafter quite as awkwardly. "I have a friend who is a lawyer, and if you like I'll bring him around tomorrow and go over your claim. You ought to pull a lot of money out of that accident."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," and tears stood in the man's eyes. Shafter's face, sunburned, sweaty and very dirty, grinned up at him with a smile that chased the discontent from it forever.

"It isn't me. There's two women up at my house who are responsible for my meeting you, and, say, you know you've done me more good than I can ever do you. I've always done lots of work and liked it, but somehow I never tasted the sweetness of doing it before. I've got to get along and tell those dear women.' "It's always the women folks that's

back of everything, God bless 'em!" said the man in the window, and the words were echoed in Shafter's heart.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it tails to cure. Send for list of testimonials, Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists. 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for consti-

The part of wisdom is to live for those-objects now which will be worth living for a thousand years hence,

There is a time in every young man's life when he is as popular as the only dog in an orphan asylum for boys; but his popularity doesn't last longer than his wedding day.

FARM FOR SALE

DEING THE SW 1/4 OF LOT 13, IN THE 18th.

Con. Township of Brooke. Cn premises are
frame dwelling house, 18x26, rock well and windmill, never falling supply of water, about 1 acre of:
orchard and good outside fence. Suitable for farming or pasture land. For perticulars apply to

FARM FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE THAT

desirably situated farm known as the east half of

Lot 19, Con. 4, S. B. R., Warwick, consisting of 1000

scree. On the premises are a large and comfortable

trame house, good barn and stable and outbuildingein good shape. Well fenced and watered, and situated

just outside the corporation of Watford, If note

osd will be rented an reasonable terms. A considerable postion of the property is freshly seeded down

For further particulars apply to the proprietor

WM. THOMPSON,

n19 td

FARM FOR SALE.

100 ACRES, BEING WEST HALF OF LOT 24.
Con. 2, Township of Plympton. The lands is good rich soil, good orchard, 20 acres of good bush, beach, maple and elm. On the premises are a new two story brick cottage, main building 20:25, kitchen 18x18, concrete cellar under all the house, 6-rooms, 2 clothes cl:sets, bell telephone in the house. Good bars 40x38 and other outbuildings. 2 wells, (one flowing). 8 acres of fall wheat in All fall plowing done. For further particulars apply on the premises.

MRS. FRANK ALEXANDER,
Box 33, Wanstead P.O.
Plympton, Jan. 6th, 1911,

SOCIETIES.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM. CANADIAN ORDER OF **FORESTERS**

Organized and Incorporated 1879 Head Office: Brantford, Ont-Purely Canadian.

Insurance at a Minimum Cost. Death Rate in 1910, 6.25 per 1000. Average in 30 years 5.22.

Interest on Reserve Fund paid 121

Death Claims of \$1000 each last ear. SRESERVE FUND, JULY I, 1911 Insurance - \$3,427,837.07 Sick and Funeral Ben't 215,260.64

Total - - \$3,643,097.71 MEMBERSHIP OVER 80,000 Court Lorne, No. 17, Watford. meets second and fourth Monday in each month. Visiting Brethren Invited. E. Collier, F. Sec. J. H. Hume, R. Se

A. D. Hone, C. Ranger.

THOMPSON'S

FLANNICAN'S **OYSTERS**

in Bulk or Served by the Plate.

Elegant Lines of Choice Confectionery. Try Our Bon Bons.

Smokers' Favorite Cigars.

We Keep in Stock

NORTH END BAKERY

OUR CLUBBING LIST. THE GUIDE-ADVOCATE AND

	THE GUIDE TED TOCATE AND		
	Family Herald and Weekly Star with premium\$	1	85
	Weekly Mail-Empire with pre-		
	mium	1	85
	Weekly Farmers Sun	1	85
	Weekly London Free Press	1	85
	Weekly London Advertiser	1	65
	Weekly Globe	1	85
	Northern Messenger	1	40
9	Weekly Montreal Witness	1	85
	Hamilton Spectator	1	85
	Weekly Farmer's Advocate	2	35
	Toronto Saturday Night	3	50
	Daily News	2	50
	Daily Star	2	50
	Daily World		00
	Mail and Empire	4	00
	Morning London Free Press.	00000	00
	Evening London Free Press.	755204	00
	Daily London Advertiser	(3) ST(6)	00

ALL DRUGGI **Vapo** Cresolene MONTREA

COME TO US Don't let mon no one is too po of our best effo confidence. C Parlor for Pri O DR. HU

L. H Inter All Kinds

furnished Gasoli Buggies'and

at the (Agent fo Page 1 SATISFACT L. H

The Best Go

29tf Cor. Huro CHANT

LINCO Ed c

SOUTH

KERWOOD,

Served by the I

TRY OUR 1

OY

4 A Fu FANCY AND STA

> If You, COOL

ED.

SOUTH E



2