

FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Because They Did Her Good

ROCHON, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915. "I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives". I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with "Fruit-a-tives".

I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives" and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches—"try Fruit-a-tives" and you will get well". CORINE GAUDREAU. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

MEDICAL.

JAMES NEWELL, PH. B., M.D. L. R. C. P. & S., M. B. M. A., England, Coroner County of Lambton, Watford, Ont.

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FORMERLY OF NAPIER'S OFFICE—Main Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kelly, Phone 1515. Residence—Ontario Street, opposite Mr. A. McDonnell's. Night calls Phone 1313.

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Formerly of Victoria Hospital, London. OFFICE—Main street, in office formerly occupied by Dr. Brandon, Day and night calls phone 26

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D. D. S., TRINITY UNIVERSITY, L. D. S., Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Post graduate of Bridge and Crown work, Orthodontia and Porcelain work. The best methods employed to preserve the natural teeth. OFFICE—Opposite Taylor & Son's drug store at MAIN ST., Watford. At Queen's Hotel, Arkona, 1st and 3rd Thursdays, of each month

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GRADUATE of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, and the University of Toronto. Only the Latest and Most Approved Appliances and Methods used. Special attention to Crown and Bridge Work. Office—Over Dr. Kelly's Surgery, MAIN ST.—WATFORD

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Auctioneer

J. F. ELLIOT,

Licensed Auctioneer

For the County of Lambton.

PROMPT attention to all orders, reasonable terms. Orders may be left at the Guide-Advocate office

CHANTRY FARM

KERWOOD

SPECIAL OFFERING

Can spare a few good Short-horn females. All correspondence promptly answered

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Bellevue Ontario

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Direction (GOING WEST, GOING EAST) and Train Details (Accommodation, Chicago Express, etc.)

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

OVER THE WIRE

A Telegraph Operator's Story

By WARREN MILLER

There is no more favorable opportunity for young people of opposite sex to poke fun at each other than over a telephone or telegraph wire. There is a fascination in operating from behind a shield rendering one invisible. A girl will delight to say things to a man who can't see her and doesn't know who she is. I was a telegraph operator when a young man, and I noticed this disposition in many a girl operator with whom I talked over the wire. I am a matter of fact sort of a fellow myself and doubt if it would ever have occurred to me to bamboozle a girl in this fashion had not the girl shown a disposition to bamboozle me.

She who first tried it was an operator at a station about twenty miles away from me. I was in the town of M., while the girl was out at G., a way station some twenty miles distant in the country. She had more time on her hands than I, and I suppose this is what set her on to quizzing me. She started in one night about 9 o'clock after having taken a message from me, beginning by asking me what was going on in town; how I liked M.; if there was any fun going on there and expressing her dislike at being compelled to live in a little way station like G. From this we fell to talking about ourselves and naturally, as persons of opposite sex at that age invariably do, finally drifted on to love and marriage. From love and marriage in general we dropped into specialties, at last narrowing the topic down to ourselves.

The girl led me along in the channel she laid out herself till I admitted that marriage being a lottery, I would about as lief marry a girl I had no knowledge of as one I had met and loved. All I required was to know that the girl I was to marry possessed a fair amount of good looks. One thing led to another till it was arranged that she should mail me her photograph and I should send her mine. Then if we were mutually pleased we might proceed further toward forming an acquaintance with a view to matrimony.

The next day I looked over my stock of photographs—not of myself, but of my friends—and, selecting one of Sam Atkins, the best looking fellow in the lot, I sent it to the girl. Sam was off at the Spanish-American war at the time, and I trusted to his getting shot or dying of disease so that I might not get into trouble by passing him off for myself. In return I received a picture of a rather pretty girl, who I judged from her features was full of mischief, the very one to get up just such a complication as we were entering upon. Upon her lips was an engaging smile and in her eyes a very saucy look.

After that the wires began to warm up with our conversations, till at last they came to a white heat with love passages. When we had fired a lot of such missiles at each other we began to talk about meeting. At my proposal to go to see her she cooled down a bit, and it was easy to see that her exuberance was the result of fighting behind a masked battery. I made several propositions to go to see her on a certain day and hour, but for every time I set she gave some reason why it would be inconvenient or impossible for her to receive me. At last it occurred to me to go up and look her over without an appointment. Never having seen me, she wouldn't know me.

So one day, having secured a leave, I started to see my charmer. On arrival I walked up into the village and on the street met my girl, whom I recognized at once by her photograph. I followed her into several shops and finally to a yellow house that stood back from the street. She went into the house, and, having waited half an hour for her to come out, I concluded she lived there.

I knew a man in the place, Tom Foster, and, hunting him up, told him that there was a girl in the town I wished to know. He said there was going to be a dance that evening and all the girls in the place would be there. He would take me with him, and if he knew the girl I wished to meet he would introduce me. I thought that an excellent plan since it would give me the advantage of keeping my affairs to myself. I could obtain an introduction to different girls without my introducer knowing the one I was especially interested in.

That evening I went with Foster to the hall where the dance was to take place. He asked about the girl I wished to know and why I wished to know her and all that, but I evaded his questions. I didn't propose to let the girl



Far more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

herself know that I was the fellow she had been making love to over the wire—at least till I had learned all about her. She was there sure enough, looking as pretty as a picture—a brunette with a profusion of jet black hair, a stately figure and as mischievous an eye as ever I saw in a woman. When I first saw her she was talking with another girl about her own age, and that I might not give myself away to Foster I asked him to introduce me to the other girl.

She proved to be Miss Ellen Ormsby, a staid young woman whom I found rather hard to talk to. I asked her who was the girl she was with when I was introduced to her, and she said she was Agnes Miller and, taking the hint, offered to introduce me. I accepted and was introduced.

I don't think I ever checked so in my life as when I found myself incognito chatting with the girl whom I had been saying soft things to over the wire. I made up my mind to stave off the denouement as long as possible. Not for the world would I give her any clew to my identity by the slightest reference to what had passed between us. And as to letting her know even that I was a telegraph operator, nothing would tempt me to risk giving away the whole thing by doing so.

I danced several times with Agnes Miller and once with her friend Ellen Ormsby. I concluded to go slow with Miss Miller, but I got in a number of compliments and several looks indicating my admiration for her. When I left her to catch my train, which I did before the dance had ended, I pressed her hand and received a slight pressure in return.

Very soon after this I received a shock at the return of Sam Atkins. The Spanish war was over, and Sam had come home in excellent health and handsome as ever. What disconcerted me was that in some way—I having sent my girl his photograph—she might spoil my fun. But on second thought it occurred to me that there was no likelihood of this since she was so far from both of us.

He did give a scare one evening when he came to my room and seeing a new and pretty face among the photographs on my table began to quiz me. He declared he would scour the country round till he discovered the original of the picture.

On my return from G. I resumed my telegraphic chat with her, enjoying it far more than before from having made her acquaintance. It was very amusing to talk with her, having seen her, while I was still unknown to her except through Sam Atkins' photograph. She continued to complain of the dullness of G., so I concluded to ask her to come to town and go with me to the theater. This would let her into the secret of my having sent her another man's photograph, but I must let that out some time, and there was no especial reason for delay.

She accepted the invitation with alacrity and appointed a night. I procured a couple of seats and wrote her that I would meet her at the station and take her from there to the theater; she would know me by a bit of orange ribbon worn in my buttonhole. To keep up the fraud till her arrival I asked her to carry a few violets in her left hand.

When Miss Miller alighted from the train and saw me, whom she had met before, with the orange ribbon in my buttonhole she stood still for a moment; then, simply remarking that we had met before and I had deceived her about the photograph, we left the station, and, since it was a summer evening and an hour must elapse before the play would begin, we walked to a park or central square and sat down on one of the benches. She then reproved me mildly for sending her the wrong photograph, but said she didn't mind that since she had made my acquaintance at G.

When we entered the theater and took our seats but few people had arrived. We enjoyed ourselves chatting about our telegraphic correspondence and watching the audience come in. Suddenly my heart stood still.

Who should enter and take the two seats in the next row in front of us but Sam Atkins and Miss Miller's friend, whom I had met at G., Ellen Ormsby. The expression on their faces was, to say the least, peculiar. Smiles were struggling to assert themselves which the three were endeavoring to suppress. I cast a hasty glance at my com-

panion and saw "her eyes" fairly dance with a mingled "delight, surprise and triumph." I knew at once that the game I had been playing had not only been discovered, but had been turned against me. "Sam, you rascal!" I exclaimed. "You're a traitor to your own sex!"

My remark occasioned a burst of laughter from the whole party except myself. "Come," I said, "explain the matter." At this moment the orchestra struck up the overture, and in ten minutes more the curtain rose. My tormentors forced me to wait till the end of the first act before giving me an explanation; then my companion said:

"Nellie Ormsby is a telegraph operator at the G. station and has been your correspondent. She sent you my photograph with my consent instead of her own and, having no more confidence in you in such a matter than herself, did not believe the likeness you sent her was your own. She went to M., taking the photograph with her, and a mutual friend of hers and Mr. Atkins there told her that it was his picture. Before leaving town she saw you at work at your instrument and knew that you were her correspondent. Then Mr. Atkins returned from the war. She went again to M., made his acquaintance and told him the secret.

"Meanwhile you had gone to G., and the moment you entered the hall-room Nellie recognized you. She saw your attention fixed on me and introduced you. Your enjoyment in the part you were playing gave us double what was evident in you. When your invitation came we decided to spring the joke on you here at the theater. We wrote Mr. Atkins to find out if possible where our seats were and get two more near them. This he learned through you.

"So you see that when a man sets himself up to outwit a girl he must sharpen his own wits on a whetstone." It was all plain enough now. I acknowledged myself beaten and after the play invited the party to the best supper that could be obtained.

There is a sequel to this story, but not to be given here. The gist of it is that I paired off with Miss Miller and Sam with Miss Ormsby.

THE OIL OF THE PEOPLE—Many folks 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

GRANT AND MARK TWAIN.

When the Humorist Took the Stump For the General.

The year 1880 was a presidential one. Mark Twain was for General Garfield and made a number of remarkable speeches in his favor. General Grant came to Hartford during the campaign, and Mark Twain was chosen to make the address of welcome. Perhaps no such address of welcome was ever made before. He began:

"I am among those deputed to welcome you to the sincere and cordial hospitalities of Hartford, the city of the historic and revered Charter Oak, of which most of the town is built."

He seemed to be at a loss what to say next, and, leaning over, pretended to whisper to Grant. Then, as if he had been prompted by the great soldier, he straightened up and poured out a fervid eulogy on Grant's victories, adding in an aside as he finished, "I nearly forgot that part of my speech," to the roaring delight of his hearers, while Grant himself grimly smiled.

He then spoke of the general being now out of public employment, of how grateful to him his country was, and how it stood ready to reward him "in every conceivable—inexpensive way."

Grant had smiled more than once during the speech, and when this sentence came out at the end his composure broke up altogether, while the throng shouted approval. Clemens made another speech that night at the opera house—a speech long remembered in Hartford as one of the great efforts of his life.

A very warm friendship had grown up between Mark Twain and General Grant. A year earlier, on the famous soldier's return from his trip around the world, a great birthday banquet had been given him in Chicago at which Mark Twain's speech had been the event of the evening. The colonel who long before had chased the young pilot soldier through the Missouri bottoms had become his conquering hero, and Grant's admiration for America's foremost humorist was most hearty.—Albert Bigelow Paine in St. Nicholas.

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 irradiate 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

PERSONALS.

Ontario Women.

Chatham, Ont.—"Some time ago I had quite a bad case. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was recommended to me by a friend who used it and received much benefit. I began taking it and in six months I was completely cured of my ailment and have never had any return of same. I can recommend this medicine as being good, if one will give it a fair trial."—Mrs. JOHN ACKER, 67 Edgar St., Chatham, Ont.

At the first symptoms of any derangement at any period of life the one safe really helpful remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of women in Canada have taken it with unflinching success. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a true friend to women in times of trial. For headache, backache, hot flashes, mental depression, dizziness, fainting spells, lassitude and exhaustion, women should never fail to take this tried and true woman's medicine.

Prepared from nature's roots and herbs, it contains no alcohol or narcotic nor any harmful ingredient. In either tablet or liquid form. Write Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., to-day for free medical advice.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets not only the original but the best Little Liver Pills, first put up over 40 years ago, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, have been much imitated but never equaled, as thousands attest. They're purely vegetable, being made up of concentrated and refined medicinal principles extracted from the roots of American plants. Do not gripe. One or two for stomach corrective, three or four for cathartic.

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 30th 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.

yz20w13

HAVE you tried our Bread lately? It is the cheapest and most nourishing food that you can use.

It is good from the outside crust to the inside last crumb. 10c per loaf. A nice fresh stock of Cakes always on hand.

LOVELL'S BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY

Nearly all the pulpits in England are now occupied by women ministers.

Over 31,000 women are employed in amusements and hotels in Great Britain. Some female munition workers in Great Britain smoke as high as 350 cigarettes a week.

A story illustrative of the changes in methods of warfare comes from a soldier in France who took a German officer prisoner. The soldier said to the officer: "Give me your sword!" But the officer shook his head and answered: "I have no sword to give up. But won't my vitrol spray, my oil projector, or my gas cylinder do as well?"

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



Made the Sup

WATFORD AN Lt.-Col. R. G. K. Capt. Thos. L. S. Sergt.-Major L. Pte. R. Bhalton Pte. Thos. Lamb Pte. J. Ward Pte. Sid Brown Pte. Gordon Patt Pte. F. Wakelin Pte. T. Wakelin Pte. G. M. Feunt Pte. H. Holmes Pte. J. Stillwell Pte. Macklin Has Sergt. Clayton G. Gunner Russell J. Pte. Nichol McL.

MEN WHO ENL 149 BATT.

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Voters' L

Municipality of th Warwick, County

NOTICE is hereby given to all voters of the Municipality of Warwick, Ontario, who are entitled to vote at the Municipal Election to be held on the 30th day of August, 1917, that they should appear at the polls on that day and vote in person. If they are unable to do so, they may vote by proxy. The names of the voters are published in the list of voters for the Municipality of Warwick, Ontario, and a copy of this list may be obtained from the Municipal Clerk, Warwick, Ontario, on application.

The cotton factories in Japan have very few with the best ones can \$3,000 a year.

Countless have been t by Holloway's Corn power of its own not for parations.