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**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**The Girard-Hawkins Plant**  
 How It Was Saved From Ruin  
 By BARBARA PHIPPS

The firm of Girard & Hawkins was organized for the erection and operation of a large manufacturing plant. Edward Girard, son of the head of the firm, soon after the work was begun went abroad for a tour previous to settling down to his life's career. On his return he was to enter the service of the Girard-Hawkins company. He had not been away long when his father died suddenly. After several cablegrams between Edward and his mother it was decided that he should finish his tour. Mr. Hawkins was abundantly able to supervise the erection of the factory and to start its operation.

Six months later Edward received a letter from his mother announcing the death of Mr. Hawkins just as the works were finished and were about to be operated. Mrs. Girard was much worried as to the further development of the Girard-Hawkins company. It was impossible to find a good business man with experience in the same line to take an interest in it and run it. But Hawkins' share had fallen to his only child, Isabel, who was still a minor. She was under the control of her guardian, a brother of her father, who seemed bound to wreck the enterprise. He had failed at numerous business efforts and was now bent on establishing himself as full manager of the Girard-Hawkins company. This Mrs. Girard believed would bring the company to grief, and she would not consent to it. The consequence was a deadlock, with the prospect of a foreclosure under a mortgage on the property.

From an irresponsible gadabout Ned Girard suddenly found himself called upon to extricate a valuable property from ruin. Many a man has been developed by such a situation, and young Girard had in him the makings of a successful man. Realizing that he had suddenly been plunged into a great responsibility, he sat himself down to think what he should do.

There are persons who have the faculty of diving into questions and taking out the meat while others are looking for it in the substances which contain it. Where was the kernel of the nut in this instance? One-half of it was in himself, the half owner with his mother. What constituted the other half? The guardian uncle? Ned looked beyond him and straight at this minor daughter heir. Mrs. Girard had described her as a schoolgirl, seventeen years old. She was being educated abroad, and at the time of her father's death was at school at Geneva, Switzerland.

When Ned began to study the problem before him he was packing to return to America. When he finished his deliberations he was packing to go to Geneva, his object being to get control of his business partner. That is to say, he aimed to get such an influence over her as would enable him to circumvent her guardian uncle and thereby save the Girard-Hawkins company from wreck.

Ned, on his arrival at Geneva, made inquiries as to Miss Hawkins and found that she had received news of the death of her father and was looking for an escort to return to America. Ned at once wrote to some American friends of his who were at Lucerne and were about to leave for home. These persons were two maiden ladies whom he had known since he was a boy. He asked them to stop over on their way home at Geneva, where he would join them and escort them to the United States.

Only too glad to have his assistance and his company, they did as he desired. When they reached Geneva he told them he had heard that a young girl, an orphan, who had just lost her father in America was anxious to find an escort across the Atlantic. The ladies sent word to the school where Miss Hawkins was, stating what they had heard and offering to take her under their care. The offer was accepted, and Ned felt that he had made a beginning.

Now, these ladies had engaged passage on a steamer that was to sail from Naples. Therefore Miss Hawkins, to avail herself of their care, must also sail from Naples. It mattered not to her what port she sailed from, and the party, Ned included, left Geneva for Naples via Milan, Florence and Rome. Ned knew that the vessel on which they had engaged passage would not sail for several weeks, that the ladies would put in between Florence and Rome. His advantages were thus trebled as to the time he would spend

traveling with Miss Hawkins, but more than trebled in another respect. The young lady might be confined to her room by sickness on the voyage, while on land this was not to be expected, and a couple with nothing to do but to see sights are in a fair way to fall each under the other's influence.

The partnership between the late Mr. Girard and Mr. Hawkins was purely a matter of business, and their families had not met. Indeed, there was only one person in Mr. Hawkins' family, his daughter, whom he had left abroad when she was twelve years old. She knew nothing about his business affairs, not even that he was part owner of the Girard-Hawkins company.

Therefore when Ned Girard was introduced to her he was simply Mr. Girard and nothing more. He did not enlighten her or any one else that on the successful management of a manufacturing enterprise their future status in respect to wealth or poverty depended. Nevertheless it was not likely that a girl of seventeen could be dawdling through the picture galleries of Florence or over the seven hills of Rome with an attractive fellow of twenty-three without feeling any interest in him.

It is not only the fact that young couples traveling for pleasure have nothing to do but enjoy each other's society that conduces to their becoming attached to each other. There is something in the novelties they see together that adds to the enthrallment. This is especially true of Italy. The enchantment that prevails in the medieval city of Florence is enough to bring about a love affair between a Cyclops and a Medusa. There is the river Arno that runs through it, the bridges, including that antique structure, the Ponte Vecchio, and the historic associations, all inclosed within a circle of beautiful hills which look as if they had been retouched by a divine painter with higher colors than nature is wont to lay on.

And Rome! Girard, who had been there before and was well versed in its historic lore, took the girl to the Pincian hill and showed her the panorama of the city, the old Campus Martius, the tomb of Hadrian, colossal St. Peter's, flanked by the long hill range, the Janiculum. He may have had business in mind, but his tongue told of the building of the Eternal City. Then he took her to the Forum, the Coliseum, the baths of Caracalla, and all the while he made these structures live again with a people of 2,000 years ago.

There was time before sailing from Naples to visit Pompeii, where not far distant a light smoke was curling from the mountain that had poured forth fire and smoke, followed by the white ashes which had buried the city, to be forgotten for eighteen centuries. At Sorrento there were the ever changing colors of the bay of Naples spread out several hundred feet below them. In the quiet of an orange grove Girard told the little girl his "story." Naturally she listened to it with rapture.

The ocean voyage over, the party separated at the dock at New York. Girard did not tell his fiancée of the business relationship existing between them. He did not care to run any unnecessary risk. They would be brought together in a business way soon enough, and then the struggle for mastery between her lover and her guardian would commence. Girard told her that he lived in the same location as herself, but nothing more.

"Goodby for the present," he said at leaving her. "In a few days I will be with you again."  
 Gerard on reaching home sought the guardian of the half interest in the Girard-Hawkins company at his office and in an interview flatly declared that he would not consent to the gentleman assuming control of the enterprise.

"Very well," was the reply. "I will not consent to any one else than myself assuming the control."  
 "You are not the owner of the property. You are merely the guardian of a part owner. She may not assent to your claim. If she represents to the chancery court that she believes your management will wreck her property she will be protected."  
 "My ward has every confidence in me."

"So be it," replied Gerard, risking all on the love he had won. "Bring me to your ward and let her choose."  
**JACKSON, MISS., MAN**  
 Tells How To Cure Chronic Cough  
 Jackson, Miss.—"I am a carpenter, and the Grippe left me with a chronic cough, run-down, worn out and weak. I took all kinds of cough syrups without help. I read about Vinol and decided to try it. Before I had taken a bottle I felt better, and after taking two bottles my cough is entirely cured, and I have gained new vim and energy."—JOHN L. DENNIS.  
 Vinol is a delicious non-secret tonic which is guaranteed for coughs, colds and bronchitis and for all weak, run-down conditions.

Taylor & Son, Druggists, Watford, Ont., also at all the best druggists in all Ontario towns.

between us. If she supports you in your claim I agree that you shall become president and manager of the company."  
 "Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock she shall be here."  
 Whether the strength of young love for a stranger would be stronger than reliance on an elderly man, her father's brother, Gerard did not know, but he did not believe that the guardian would not long struggle successfully against the young love. At the appointed hour he went to Hawkins' office, and the ward arrived a few minutes later. On seeing Ned she stood for a moment like a statue, then threw herself into his arms.

Her guardian did not then call upon her to choose between himself and Ned. There had been something between these two of which he was ignorant. Ned and his fiancée left the office together and Hawkins proceeded in due time to investigate what had happened. But Ned was in every respect ahead of him. The lovers had no sooner left the office than Ned told his fiancée the whole story. But this was not necessary to win her to his purpose. Love was quite enough for that.

After an interview between the lovers Isabel consented to leave everything to Ned, and he was authorized to tell her guardian that Ned was her duly appointed agent to carry out any plan that he considered to be a benefit to the property. But the guardian could not be ousted till Isabel came of age, and that would not be for half a year at least.

Hawkins accused Ned of dishonorable conduct, but it availed nothing. Under instructions Isabel would consent to nothing her uncle insisted upon, giving notice that he could do what the law permitted him to do for six months until she would come of age and would receive her property. There was no use in Hawkins controlling the plant for so short a time, and he gave in. Ned interested a man in it whose qualifications were excellent and the business prospered. Ned went in at the bottom and worked up to the top. He is now president, and the stock of the company is all owned by Edward and Isabel Hawkins Girard.

Miller's Worm Powders attack worms in the stomach and intestines at once, and no worm can come in contact with them and live. They also correct the unhealthy conditions in the digestive organs that invite and encourage worms, setting up reactions that are most beneficial to the growth of the child. They have attested their power in hundreds of cases and at all times are thoroughly trustworthy.

**Foiled Them All.**  
 The discussion about the fitness of horse meat to eat calls to mind the story of a young man in Paris, a good many years ago, who made a wager with some friends that at a dinner he would serve one course that would be horse meat and that none of them could tell which it was. After the dinner he asked them to name the horse meat course and found that they did not agree. One named one course, one another, and so on, but they all agreed that it was a mighty good dinner. "Gentlemen," he said, with his thumbs stuck in the armholes of his waistcoat, "it was all horse."

**Not a Learner.**  
 "There's a man in the next apartment learning to play the clarinet" expostulated the nervous tenant.  
 "No, he isn't," replied the janitor. "He has been working on that tune for three months, and he doesn't play it a bit better than when he started."

**Loyalty.**  
 "I have been treated very badly by my native city," said a man who had just been fined for drunkenness, "but I love her still."  
 "True," remarked the magistrate; "I should say her still is about all you do love."  
 Your achievement will never rise higher than your faith.

**Cultivate the Orchard.**  
 [C. W. Rapp, Oklahoma station.]  
 During past years dry seasons have spelled disaster for many of the fruit growers of Oklahoma. Due to careless methods of farming, the orchards were allowed to grow up in weeds. These utilized much of the moisture, and the long dry spells evaporated most of the rest. Fruit either dried up or fell or was too small and bitter for any practical use. In many cases the trees died.  
 The neglect during the one dry year caused the loss of orchards that had been built up during many years. Thorough orchard cultivation is the only successful method of combating the effects of a dry spell. Good and thorough tillage will keep down all weeds and will form a good dust mulch, which will largely prevent evaporation.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**PRISONERS OF WAR**  
 In Former Times They Were Held as Virtual Slaves.

**HAD TO EARN THEIR LIBERTY.**

Then the System of Ransom Arises and With It Cruel Abuses and a Lawless Traffic in Captives—Rules That Govern Civilized Nations Today.

The prisoner of war in our day is the subject of an elaborate code of rules drawn up at meetings of The Hague peace conference. No property must be taken from him except arms and military equipment. He must not be kept in close confinement if that can be avoided, and if possible his parole must be accepted. He may be set to any work for which he is reasonably fitted—although officers are not bound to work—but he must be allowed a similar standard of life and credited with a similar scale of pay to that which obtains among the soldier-artificers of the conquering nation.

When set free the cost of his maintenance will be deducted and he will receive the balance in cash. He may be shot when trying to escape, but if caught alive he must not be punished except by curtailment of his liberty. These are a few of the many rules by which all civilized nations are now bound in regard to their prisoners of war.

Among savage men the destiny of a prisoner was to be eaten, massacred in cold blood or tortured for sport, until it dawned one day upon some primitive political economist that a live captive had labor value, and so arose the institution of slavery. Among free peoples like the Teutons, war prisoners were the only slaves allowed, and they, might in time earn their freedom. This idea of commutation became the custom of medieval Europe, applied as "prize money" to ships and "ransom" to individuals. All officers could claim the right to offer a reasonable ransom, which went into the pocket of the captor. Sometimes officers would ransom a whole troop of their men.

Kings or great captains were ransomed by their nations. Richard the Lion Heart had a woeful time of it until England ransomed him from the Emperor Henry. King John of France, taken at Poitiers by the Black Prince, was held by England to ransom until the Duke of Anjou came as hostage while John went to raise the necessary cash. King David of Scotland, captured by Queen Eleanor, never persuaded the thrifty Scots to pay the whole of his ransom and became a dependent as a consequence.

In Froissart's engaging chronicles you may read how bands of mercenary troops quarreled with gallant and impetuous commanders, whose only object was the destruction of the enemy. The mercenaries were out to take prisoners and trade in the ransoms. This traffic gave rise to infinite abuses, including torture and all manner of dishonesty. Sir John Falstaff—Shakespeare's Falstaff—was notorious for an extensive and unscrupulous traffic in ransoms. Yet it was not until during the eighteenth century wars that an agreement to end the custom was come to between the European commanders. Even then it lingered on in practice until the eve of the Napoleonic wars, when it was swept away for the newer idea of exchange of prisoners, rank for rank.

One great change brought about by the new system was that the prisoners became a state care and responsibility. Whether this change made for greater humanitarianism of treatment depended in part upon the conquering nation, but even more upon the individual governor or jailer. This may be seen in the varying accounts we have of the conditions of prisoners of war in England during the long struggle with Napoleon.

In these prisons the inmates made various articles of commercial utility, such as straw plait, which were bought of them by dealers for a miserable sum, the proceeds procuring them a few trifling comforts and the luxury of tobacco, or affording the bribes necessary for the smuggling out of letters.

More tolerable was the fate of those settled on parole in such towns as Chesterfield, where they endured actual confinement under guard only at night, being free within certain bounds during the day. In many cases, as time went by, prisoners who had won the confidence of their guards became virtually free in all respects, starting workshops as cabinetmakers, etc., or teaching drawing, music or French to the children of the well to do. Their geniality and politeness soon made them very popular with the blunt and serious Derbyshire folk, and quite a number of them married and settled down in the Chesterfield district, where the traces of this settlement may be seen both in local names and in olive skins and other features.