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My father had been troubled with Rheumatism for a number of years. He was advised by a friend to try

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FOR THE KIDNEYS

He purchased a box, and after taking them for a week found that they gave him some relief. He then purchased three more boxes, which were the means of entirely relieving him. He is now a strong man in good health and able to attend to his daily work. For this great change all is due to Gin Pills. Yours truly, Alex. Moore.

Get a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sample free if you write to NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, Toronto, Ont. 69.

German iron foundries are trying to increase the use of furnace slag in place of gravel and crushed stone in concrete.

A German invention enables a person to take a steam or hot air bath at home, a hood fitting over one end of a bath tub confining the vapor from the regular hot water supply.



KEEP THEM WORKING

A horse in the field is worth two in the barn. You can't prevent Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, or Curb from putting your horse in the barn but you can prevent these troubles from keeping horses in the barn very long. You can get

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CHAINED TO A ROCK

How the Turks Once Imprisoned a Greek Battleship.

DARING OF A YOUNG OFFICER.

His Pluck and Strategy Resulted in Making the Powerful Enemy Vessel Lie Helpless Within the Landlocked Waters of the Gulf of Arta.

It was during the war between Greece and Turkey in 1897 that the inhabitants of Gala Krini—a large village, since destroyed by the Turks, on the shores of the gulf of Arta—awoke one morning to find that a Hellenic battleship had entered the gulf and cast anchor off the shore. The surprise of the inhabitants of Gala Krini was nothing compared with that of a party of five Turkish officers, who, from the very crest of a hill towering above the village, watched the vessel through their telescopes.

These Turkish officers were on an urgent and important mission—to block out the Hellenic fleet from the gulf of Arta. Behind them, at the bottom of the deep ravine, were a number of heavy guns which had been dragged all the way from Saloniki, a long and difficult task, and with this artillery they had been ordered to fortify the strait.

To reach the strait, however, the Turkish column had to run the gantlet of the battleship's heavy guns, which meant sheer destruction. Somehow or other they must escape the man-of-war or prevent her interference with their work, but to do this seemed impossible.

In the midst of their discussion a young officer who had been listening said he could hold the vessel a prisoner if they would allow him. His plan was won, and, hurriedly changing his

clothes for those of a shepherd, he descended in that disguise to Gala Krini. Late that night a number of figures stole through the dark alleys of the village toward the shore. Close to the water's edge was an old boathouse, used as a shed for repairing boats. This the party silently entered and by the flickering light of a taper searched the black interior. At length there was a gentle rattle and from the gloom emerged Hassan, stripped to the waist, dragging a heavy chain. This, with the help of his comrades, he began to pull, and after an hour's laborious work the end of the great chain—once the cable of a Turkish vessel—was reached.

From the beach the chain was loaded on board a large calque, whose sides and floor had been covered with cloth to deaden the sound. This task accomplished, three men got in with Hassan and rowed with muffled oars toward a large rock in the middle of the night. Round this rock the chain was laid and securely fastened. One man having been landed on the crag to keep guard over this end, the boat set out cautiously for the battleship, looming like a phantom in the distance. Not a sound did the men make as link by link the massive chain was paid out over the stern into the still water till they reached the vessel.

There was an excited gleam in Hassan's eyes as, with a sign to his comrades, he gradually lowered himself into the dark water, guiding himself by passing his fingers over the battleship's plates. A slight grating of the chain against the hull was all that his anxious companions in the boat heard, though now and then a reassuring pull was felt on the line that Hassan held, directing them how to pay out the chain. Hours rather than minutes seemed to have gone by ere the young officer came to the surface. So exhausted by his long dive was he that he had to be almost lifted into the boat.

"It is round the propeller," he gasped. "I have fixed it so that nothing can move it. Back you go." Then link by link the tedious work was renewed until the boat returned to its starting point, where the other end of the chain was secured. The

risky task was done, and the Hellenic battleship was securely moored to an immovable rock by a double thickness of cable.

The early rays of dawn revealed a sight which astonished the Greek commander. A whole regiment of Turks were on the march toward the strait of Arta, with train after train of artillery, the last of which disappeared beyond the intervening head before the ship's guns could be brought to bear on them. The commander gave orders for the guns to be run out and decks cleared for action, while the anchor was weighed, his intention being to prevent the Turks from fortifying the strait before they had become too strong. "Full speed ahead!" went the order to the engine room, and, propelled by her mighty screw, the battleship advanced, only to lurch backward as if dragged by some unseen force. Work as the engines would, the vessel seemed to be in an enchanted circle, beyond which it was impossible to go.

It was not until the sun's rays had penetrated the deep blue water alongside that the secret was revealed and the massive chain was discovered passing round the ship's propeller and the adjacent rock.

Before it could be removed, however, the strait had been sufficiently fortified by the Turks and a powerful Greek warship lay a helpless prisoner within the landlocked waters of Arta.

Kindness is a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.—Bovee.

Every careful and observant mother knows when her child suffers from worms. She also knows that if some remedy be not speedily applied much harm will result to the infant. The best application that can be got is Miller's Worm Powders. They drive worms from the system and set up stimulating and soothing effects, so that the child's progress thereafter is painless and satisfying. m

Dogs frequently choke. A bone, a nail or a piece of tin gets in the throat, and there is great danger of death before the arrival of the surgeon. Many of them do die, but there is no reason for this, for it is easy, without the slightest danger of getting bitten, to put the hand in the mouth of a dog and to draw out or push down the obstruction that is choking it. A bandage—a handkerchief or towel will do—is passed between the teeth and over the upper jaw, and in a similar way another bandage is passed between the teeth and over the under jaw. One person, holding the ends of these two bandages, keeps the dog's mouth wide open. A second person can then with perfect ease and safety put his fingers down the animal's throat and relieve it.

The Holland Primrose.
There is a plant in Holland known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet and bears a profusion of large yellow flowers, so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance, but the chief peculiarity about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some magical agency. A man who has seen this sudden blooming says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.

Mungo Park.
The pioneer white man in Africa was Mungo Park. He began his travels through the dark continent as early as 1793, nearly twenty years before Livingstone was born. Park's first trip to Africa occupied two years and resulted in the very first definite knowledge of Africa in modern times. During his second trip he was killed by the natives near Broussa, on the Niger.

An Old Bachelor.
"I'm going to be married soon."
"How old are you?"
"Eighteen."
"You'll surprise people."
"Yes; I guess so. I don't know what my bachelor chums will say."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Royal Ailment.
Achilles complained of his heel.
"Never mind," we assured him.
"Folks will take it for the fashionable golfer's foot."—New York Sun.

OHIO WOMAN'S WISH
For Tired, Weak, Nervous Women
Bellefontaine, Ohio.—"I wish every tired, weak, nervous woman could have Vinol, for I never spent any money in my life that did me so much good as that I spent for Vinol. I was weak, tired, worn out and nervous, and Vinol made me strong, well and vigorous after everything else had failed to help me, and I can now do my housework with pleasure."—Mrs. J. F. LAMBORN.
We guarantee Vinol for all weak, run-down, nervous, debilitated conditions.

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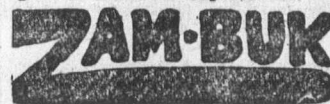
NOW IS THE TIME

to send some Zam-Buk to your soldier friend at the front. With the coming of cold weather, the men in the trenches all suffer, more or less, with chapped hands, cold cracks, chilblains and cold sores, and the soldier who has some Zam-Buk on hand to apply immediately any of these painful ailments make their appearance, will be saved hours of suffering.

Pte. E. Westfield of "C" Company, 3rd Worcester Regiment, writes: "We wish our friends would send us out more Zam-Buk. It is splendid for sore hands, cold cracks, cold sores, etc."

Nothing ends pain and heals so quickly as Zam-Buk, and being germicidal, it prevents blood-poisoning.

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The Price of Your Local Newspaper

THE cost of living has nearly doubled during the last 15 years. Almost everything in common use has risen in price. Yet your weekly newspaper has remained a dollar a year without variation.

The printer and publisher have not escaped having to pay the higher cost of living and publishing.

He pays what others pay for the necessities of life.

Even before war broke out, the old dollar rate was known to be unprofitable. It costs at least \$1.50 to produce a good weekly newspaper—this when it has a good circulation, and when circulations are small, the \$1.50 rate is scarcely enough.

But the war has made the old dollar rate quite impossible. Paper prices have jumped alarmingly. Ink prices have doubled, trebled, quadrupled. Many colored inks are quite off the market. Type is terribly high. And so we could go on reciting the dismal tale of higher publishing costs.

What we want to do is to let you see for yourself that in the face of these things, only one thing is left open to us—it is to raise the price of the The Guide-Advocate to \$1.50 a year.

YOUR weekly newspaper is rendering this community a service no city daily can. No daily will give space to local news and affairs as The Guide-Advocate does. No city daily publishes the advertising of local merchants. If you had to depend solely of a city daily for local news, you would cry out for your local weekly.

On and after Dec. 1st the new rate of \$1.50 will go into effect. We ask you and all the good people of Watford, Brooke, Warwick and county and neighborhood to fall in with the new rate—just because it is an honest price and because you are fair-minded.

Your Local Newspaper Keeps This
Community on the Map