

## THE WONDERFUL FRUIT MEDICINE

### Every Home In Canada Needs "FRUIT-A-LIVES"

To those suffering with Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Sick or Nervous Headaches, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Pain in the Back, Eczema and other skin affections, "Fruit-a-lives" gives prompt relief and assures a speedy recovery when the treatment is faithfully followed.

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine made from Fruit—containing the medicinal principles of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, combined with valuable tonics and antiseptics. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

### INSURANCE

#### J. H. HUME.

AGENTS FOR  
**FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES.**  
Representing  
Five Old and Reliable Fire Insurance Companies  
you want your property insured, call on J. H. HUME and get his rates.  
—ALSO AGENT FOR—  
P. R. Telegraph and Canada Permanent Loan and Saving Co.  
Ticket Agent For C. P. R.—Ticket to all points in Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia

### THE LAMBTON Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

(Established in 1873)  
JOHN W. KINGSTON, PRESIDENT  
JAMES SMITH, VICE-PRESIDENT  
ALBERT G. MINNELL, DIRECTOR  
THOMAS LITHGOW, DIRECTOR  
GUILFORD BUTLER, DIRECTOR  
JOHN PETER MCVICAR, DIRECTOR  
JOHN COWAN K., SOLICITOR  
J. F. ELLIOT, FIRE INSPECTORS  
ROBERT J. WHITE, FIRE INSPECTORS  
ALEX. JAMIESON, AUDITORS  
P. J. McEWEN, AUDITORS  
W. G. WILLOUGHBY, MANAGER AND  
Watford, Sec.-TREASURER  
PETER McPHEERAN, Watford P.  
Agent for Warwick and Plympton.

### ELLIOTT Business College

Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto.  
Is noted throughout Canada for high grade work. Great demand for our graduates. Open all year; enter now. Write for Catalogue.  
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

### ONTARIO'S BEST BUSINESS COLLEGE

**CENRA  
Business College**  
WATFORD, ONT.

We give thorough courses. We give individual instruction. We have no summer vacation. Students may enter at any time. Commence your course now. We place graduates in positions. Write for our free catalogue.  
D. A. McLACHLAN, Principal.

### CHANTRY FARM

Am now booking orders for eggs from Canada's Best Dorkings and Black Leghorns—winners of most prizes at C. N. E. 1919, also bronze medal and special ribbons for male and female Black Leghorns, utility pens cheaper. Special prices on 50 or more Leghorn eggs.  
ED de GEX, Kerwood P.O.

Marshall C. Stonehouse died at his home in Petrolia on Tuesday in his 70th year. He was a pioneer of the oil industry in that district and an ex-member of the town council. He is survived by his widow and a grown up family.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears  
the  
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

## SEVENTY-FIVE AND BOARD

By M. P. MERRYMAN

(©, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Yellow October sunlight poured through the west windows of the library. Myriad dust particles floated along the slanting sun paths that slid abruptly into shadow at the table's edge. The assistant professor of biology sat humped over a book that lay upon the table before him, but he was not concentrating, at least not upon the text. With a thump of his fist that set the book jumping he raised his head and looked about the big, quiet room.

The assistant professor took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes and stretched. Then he shoved his hands into his pockets, tilted back in his chair and surveyed the shelves of dog-eared volumes opposite him. It gave him an immense satisfaction, this bare, low-vaulted room with its brown walls and solid, brown tables and its rows and rows of books.

The assistant professor pulled out a crumpled bit of paper from his pocket and smoothed it out upon the book, after which he continued to regard it with an expression of ironical amusement. It was a check made out to him for the amount of twelve dollars and fifty cents; a sum he had received in payment of a scientific article which it had taken him two months to write. It was a good article, too, but according to more than one editor "not sufficiently popular in tone."

He had been trying to make a decision. This last contemplation of the scrap of paper in his hand had served to topple the scales. He closed the book with a bang, uncrossed his long legs, rose from the table and ambled down the aisle to the door. Outside he stood for an instant blinking in the strong light. When he closed his eyes they still registered printed book pages. With something of the feeling of a stranger he turned and scuffed along the leaf-strewn path to the lake. Now that there was no longer any doubt about his departure the intimate landscape seemed all at once unfamiliar and different. He felt already detached from it—and sorry.

The moment the tip of her canoe veered round a bend in the shore line he recognized it and whistled. The assistant professor of English whistled her answer and waved an undignified paddle in greeting as her small craft slipped into sight.

"Want to come?" she called, invitingly.

"Sure!"  
"All right! Climb in!"  
The canoe nosed landward and slushed into the sand. With a lunge which shot the boat into deeper water and himself miraculously, into the boat, the new passenger embarked and took charge of the paddle.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Oh, anywhere," she replied and smiled at him.

He selected the most distant spot on the lake, laid the paddle across the canoe and rested his elbows on it.

"Takes longer this way," he explained.

She laughed and leaned sideways to watch a swirl of red and yellow leaves that went scudding along the surface of the water like a fleet of toy sailboats. The red of her tam-o'-shanter, however, held more fascination for him. At length the leaves whirled out of sight and she settled back in her seat to feast her eyes upon lake and trees and sky.

"I'm so sorry for all the folks who live in cities," she said.

"Why?"

She looked up inquiringly at the question. He had snapped it out so abruptly it puzzled her a little. He had begun paddling, too, furiously.

"Why?" she repeated. "Why, because they miss all this!" She waved a brown arm toward the rustling woods that shadowed them. "Wouldn't you hate to miss it?" she queried. The blade in his hand cut a long swath before he answered.

"I expect to miss it—after next Sunday," he said.

"You—you mean—?" Her question hung unfinished.

"Yes, I'm going away—to the city," he said dryly with a pucker of his mouth as if even the taste of the words was bitter to him.

"Oh!" She bit her lips and tried to go on speaking naturally, but her brain appeared to be turning a somersault—and no words came.

"Yes," he went on dully. "I'm going away. Decker has a fellow here now who can take my place. They've given me these last two days till college opens to decide. Well, I've made up my mind. I'm going to the city to live in a hail bedroom and work in an office—and sell rubber. I'll loathe

selling rubber, but I've got to make to it till I can make a decent enough living to ask a decent girl to marry me. I'd rather stay here and go on with my work than anything else on earth, but I'll be hanged if I'll ask my wife to wear second-hand clothes all her life or wear 'em myself. This digging along forever on seventy-five a month and board is getting my goat. Today this came. It was the last straw." He drew his offending check from his pocket and flipped it into her lap. She read it and met his eyes when she had finished. "I—I don't know that I blame you much," she said.

They skimmed along for a time, each waiting for the other to speak. When she had made up her mind that he never expected to open his mouth again, she gave in. "And—and how does—the girl—feel about it?" she inquired. "That would make—some difference—of course." Hours passed for her before he replied.

"I—I haven't—asked her—yet," he said hesitatingly.

With a little shiver of relief she sank back in her seat and caught back the smile in her eyes so that he might not see. He went on blustering, man-fashion:

"It isn't unreasonable, is it, to want enough to live on decently? I'm not aspiring to plumbers' wages, you know, or anything like that; but hang it, even a teacher's got to live."

She began speaking then and her voice grew softer and fuller as she went on. "I know," she replied. "It's unfair and it probably will be for a long time to come, but you can't have everything, you know, Bob. You have the work you like best in all the world. Not many men can say that."

"I know all that," he said, shaking his head in reply. "I've talked that way to myself, too, but all the same steam-heated apartments in town rent for \$50 a month."

"So you have been house hunting?"

He had not even the grace to blush.

"Sure!" he exclaimed. "Why shouldn't I? Even a poor devil of a pedagogue can look, can't he?"

She leaned forward, her eyes dancing, but for the moment she felt a little like his mother, nevertheless.

"Boy," she explained slowly and emphatically, "when you're a school-teacher, you don't rent a steam-heated apartment in town; you get a cottage in the country and buy a good second-hand stove. For that matter, all the furniture is second-hand but you needn't look like that—it's nice! You buy a few pieces at a time and put on three coats of paint and then you enamel it and if you want to you paint little flow—"

He could not wait for her to finish. "And for an engagement ring," he jeered, "you buy some pretty little tin thing at the five and ten."

She shook her head defiantly till the red tassel bobbed. "No, you don't! You hunt up that lovely old amethyst ring of your mother's that you once showed to—to me."

He was still stubborn and unconvinced. "And then," he demanded, "when the house is rented and furnished and—and everything—who pays the bills?"

Her patience reached its limit.

"Can't you figure out anything for yourself?" she demanded angrily.

"Some land goes with the cottage, of course; enough to raise garden truck for the family, and besides that you do whatever you can. Raise chickens or rabbits or bees or thoroughbred dogs or mushrooms or anything that sells—how can I tell exactly? Personally, I've made several hundred dollars writing 'deteketif' stories. Maybe your wife could do something like that—after the dishes."

The assistant professor of biology began to believe he had died and gone to heaven. He felt as if he were treading on balloons that bore him higher and higher, yet strangely did not break. The prospect of remaining at his work made him giddy enough, but added to that the idea of wife and home was still beyond his rapidly expanding imagination.

"Do you—do you suppose—it could be done?" he demanded, and tried to swallow. The red mouth beneath the red tam-o'-shanter was quivering, but the round little chin was firm. "Of course it could!" she said.

"God!" murmured the assistant professor fervently, "I—I almost believe it could, too! And you don't believe I'd be a low-down cad for asking the best little girl in the world to marry me and live like that?"

His hands moved forward, eagerly awaiting the touch of the two steady ones that slipped into his own, while the paddle, unnoticed, slid into the water and floated away.

"I—I'm sure you wouldn't," she answered, "if—if you mean—me!"

### Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Guide-Advocate Want Ads. cost little but are read by everyone. Use them.

## SUIT OR A DRESS?

Question Is a Puzzling One for Majority of Women.

Tight-Fitting, Severely Tailored Outfit Not So Much Shown as More Youthful Looking Models.

Whether to buy a tailored suit, or a dress and separate coat, that is the problem which confronts the woman who goes forth at this time to spend her dress allowance, and this spring the question is a puzzling one. Some years are what the garment makers call "suit years," when the problem is settled, before we even begin to shop, by the manufacturers; other years the shops show nothing, comparatively speaking, but one-piece dresses and coats. But this year both suits and dresses are shown in amazing variety, and wise indeed is the woman who has looked over her wardrobe and reached a decision as to what she needs, before she goes to the stores.

The new suits are distinctive in several ways. Coats are just finger-tip length, as a rule, and many of them have the loose outside pocket effect, achieved by turning up the bottom of the coat at the sides and in front. The skirts are narrow, as rumor predicted that they would be. The more extreme models have made allowance for the wearer's need, either by slitting the skirt at the back seam for a few inches up the hem, or, as in one case, by making the skirt with the front and back widths absolutely separate as far up as the hips; these two sections were then caught together at intervals down the sides by short threads, heavily buttonholed, which held the two sections together except when the wearer was walking. When such skirts as these are worn, there is worn also a heavy satin slip, matching the skirt in color.

The tight-fitting, severely tailored suit is not so much shown as are the looser-coated, more youthful-looking models. Narrow belts are on nearly all of these jackets, fastening at the side; the skirts of the coats are rather full, and are quite apt to be inconspicuously trimmed. Embroidered silk arrow heads make one such contrast interesting; another is bound with narrow,



Suit of Gray English Tissue.

flat, black silk braid; still another harks back to the woven ribbon work in which our grandmothers delighted, the skirt of the coat being made of black ribbon, woven in a squared pattern with the blue tricotine of which the suit was made. Tucks, running crosswise, relieve these short jackets of plainness, and sometimes, on suits meant for formal wear, an embroidered band around the bottom edge of the coat gives it distinction. One delightfully simple suit of dark blue serge had rather wide, rolled seams, which made a decidedly interesting finish. The wide, scarf collar, one end of which is thrown over the wearer's shoulder, is nearly always becoming, but is, of course, impractical on a suit which must be worn on all occasions and in all weathers, since its effect is more becoming than trim.

Read Guide-Advocate Want Ads.



"Gosh! How my back aches!"

After Grip, "flu" or colds, the kidneys and bladder are often affected—called nephritis, or inflammation of kidneys. This is the red flag of danger—being be wise and check the further inroads of kidney disease by obtaining that wonderful discovery of Dr. Pierce's, known as Anuric (anti-uric-acid), because it expels the uric acid poison from the body and removes those pains, such as backache, rheumatism in muscles and joints.

Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

Send 10c. for trial pkg. of Anuric to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., or branch Laboratory, Bridgeburg, Ont.

PASSEXON, ONT. — "I was troubled with rheumatism in the right limb and hand for several years, and lately in the left shoulder. The only way I could lie was on my back. I had great difficulty to sit down and more to get up. Recently I had a very severe pain in my back. I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery several times with the most satisfactory results, so I concluded to give his Anuric Tablets a trial. The pain in limb and shoulder has stopped entirely, and in right hand it is very slight and getting less all the time. I can now sit or lie in any position I wish without discomfort or pain. I certainly will recommend Anuric; there is nothing nearly so good; I have tried them all." — GEORGE BOOS, cor. Duke and Waterloo.

### MEDICAL.

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

OFFICE—Corner of Main and Front streets  
Residence—Front street, one block east of Main street

**C. W. SAWERS, M. D.**  
WATFORD, ONT.

FORMERLY OF NAPIER OFFICE—Main Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kelly. Phone 134. Residence—Ontario Street, opposite M. A. McDonnell's. Night calls Phone 139

**W. G. SIDDALL, M. D.**  
WATFORD - ONTARIO

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

### DENTAL.

#### GEORGE HICKS,

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

#### G. N. HOWDEN

D. D. S., L. D. S.

GRADUATE of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of 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

### Veterinary Surgeon.

**J. McGILLICUDDY**  
Veterinary Surgeon,

HONOR GRADUATE ONTARIO VETERINARY College, Dentistry a Specialty. All diseases of domestic animals treated on scientific principles.  
Office—Two doors south of the Guide-Advocate office. Residence—Main Street, one door north of Dr. Siddall's office.

### 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

### Gordon Hollingsworth Licensed Auctioneer

For the County of Lambton.

CAREFUL attention paid to all orders. Terms reasonable and Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders may be left at the Guide-Advocate office.

### A. D. HONE

Painter and Decorator  
Paper Hanging

WATFORD - ONTARIO

GOOD WORK  
PROMPT ATTENTION  
REASONABLE PRICES  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED  
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

RESIDENCE—ST. CLAIR STREET