

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, sometimes I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my household work. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONTYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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HARRIS & CO. PROPRIETORS

Guide-Advocate HARRIS & CO. PROPRIETORS. WATFORD, MARCH 1, 1918

Good Roads for Lambton

After debating the question from all angles Wednesday afternoon and evening, the Lambton County Council, in special session on Thursday, adopted a by-law providing for the construction, improvement and maintenance of highways throughout the county, the several roads and highways in this county to be designated and assumed as county roads and to be improved and maintained under the provisions of the Highway Improvement Act. A by-law was also adopted appointing John McCallum county road superintendent at a salary of \$1,500 a year, exclusive of expenses, the by-law to go into effect after it receives the approval of the lieutenant-governor.

A resolution was also adopted that no unnecessary permanent improvement be attempted until after the war; also that the Reeves of the various municipalities assist the county road superintendent in estimating the expenditure in their own municipalities.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Margaret Stands by "The Cause"

By JANE OSBORNE

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A man who has any imagination regarding feminine psychology must always look with something like concern toward the first meeting of his mother and his wife—or the woman whom he intends to make his wife. So when Blackstone Loomis' mother wrote to her son that she was coming to New York from her home in a middle Western metropolis for a short stay at a hotel of national-wide fame, he was not altogether sanguine in his anticipation of the meeting of these two women so important in his life.

How would the housewifely and farm-bred mother regard the city and office-bred fiancée? At heart Blackstone knew them to be much the same sort of women. He consoled himself in thinking that had his mother's experience and training been identical with those of Margaret she, too, would have wanted the ballot. He also believed sincerely that had Margaret been married from a farm, as had his mother at the age of eighteen, Margaret, too, would have been as keen about the housewifely tasks as was his mother.

Would the elder woman be shocked at the younger? Would the younger woman be amused by the elder? Had he been too lavish in his praises of these women to each other? He had not, perhaps, thought that they would meet so soon. He had never dreamed that his mother would have the opportunity or the means to take the eastern trip so soon, or he might perhaps not have written so glowingly of the girl to whom he was to be married. He might have somehow prepared his mother for the fact that Margaret was sometimes a little too advanced and progressive in her views. It was several years since he had seen this mother of his and he had not had an opportunity to chat with her about Margaret and letters had perhaps given a too one-sided view of her.

"Whatever else happens," he told the girl on the eve of his mother's expected arrival, "don't let the mother know that you are a feminist."

Blackstone had planned to make this request at the outset of his call on Margaret in her little uptown apartment, where she kept quarters with two other young women who were employed in downtown offices. But it hadn't been so easy as he had expected, and the quick flash that came from Margaret's eyes made him realize that his misgivings had not been ill-founded.

Margaret was outspoken and she did not mince matters at all now. Conceal from his mother that she was a suffragist, a "feminist," as he calls it—why, he was asking her to be a traitor. And what good would it do? Wouldn't the truth come out sometime? Did he want her to act a lie?

Then came the masculine appeal for rationality. "Don't be silly, Margaret," he said. "No one has asked you to act a lie. You don't have to say that you are an anti, or anything like that; but you just needn't say anything about it at all."

"But doesn't your mother know that you are a suffragist?" queried Margaret. "I can't say that I have ever told her—no." Blackstone had to go cautiously here, for he was well aware of the fact that his conversion to "the cause" had been one of the prerequisites of their engagement. At first Margaret stormed and spluttered a good deal over the request, but finally she acquiesced and gave him to understand that, unless the subject were brought up by his mother, she would not volunteer any information concerning her own convictions.

The next morning early, when Blackstone went to meet his mother, their first connected words were directed to the subject of Margaret, whom the mother was to meet that evening at dinner in Margaret's little apartment. The other girls had agreed to go out for the evening so as to leave her sole hostess for this little family party.

Blackstone winced a little when one of the first questions the mother asked was this: "I don't suppose your Margaret is a suffragist?"

"What makes you think she could be?" he evaded in a way not altogether worthy of one who claimed to be a convert. "Just because she works in an office and hasn't had the advantages of having been brought up in the seclusion of her own home is no reason why she shouldn't be just as homey as you are."

Then he continued: "But of course you won't discuss that sort of thing with Margaret, just for my sake." He wanted at least to make it easy for Margaret to maintain her noncommittal point of view, for Margaret had agreed

on silence on the subject only so long as the mother did not introduce it.

Although Margaret had protested against agreeing to silence of this sort she was really not especially eager to impart to the lady who was to be her mother-in-law the fact that she was leader and president of the stenographer's suffrage organization in a large downtown district, or that she had firmly made up her mind that after her marriage she should call herself "Mrs. Margaret Loomis," and by no means Mrs. Blackstone Loomis. She realized as well as did Blackstone that the circumstances in which she and his mother had been reared had very much altered cases, and she was no more anxious to hurt or shock the elder woman than was he to have her do so.

That night at dinner first impressions were as favorable as first impressions auspiciously may be, and in order to prevent the conversation from taking a personal turn Blackstone monopolized it to an unusual extent. He had made up his mind not to leave the two women alone and not let them guide the conversation. So he went into needless details regarding his latest law case, explained the meaning of professional terms that were quite beyond the ken or interest of either of the women, and gave a resume of a brief in which he had been recently engaged.

For a week things went on thus, and the only times that Blackstone feared an open expression of opinion was one night when his mother and Margaret chanced to meet for dinner before he could get on the scene. But apparently nothing disconcerting occurred, and immediately after dinner Margaret excused herself for an important engagement that Blackstone knew to be a meeting of her suffrage club. The next night Margaret had another suffrage engagement, and Blackstone's mother claimed an engagement, too, so it was not until three nights later that the three again met at dinner after Margaret and Blackstone had closed their office desks.

Following dinner came a play, and in spite of the fact that Blackstone had taken his mother and his fiancée to an especially diverting dining place, and in spite of the fact that the play was uncommonly good that night, the evening hours passed slowly and Blackstone felt the effect of the depressed spirits of the two usually high-spirited women.

But he felt even more depressed when he took Margaret home that night after they had seen the mother go to her downtown hotel.

"Blackstone, I'm sorry," Margaret said when they had reached the shelter of her apartment. "I'm sorry, but I can't keep my feelings to myself any longer. I feel like a traitor. The meeting night before last made me feel what a culprit I have been, and then last night at the mass meeting, when I looked around at those women from all over the world working together for each other, I wondered how I had been so despicable as to promise to conceal my interest in the cause from anyone. You don't know how a meeting like that fires and thrills one."

The fact that Blackstone's spirits had already been depressed made him especially susceptible to take offense. "Then if it were a question of suffrage or me, I suppose you would take suffrage," he said. "I simply asked you to use a little tact in order to prevent my mother being unhappy, and you don't care enough about me or her to do it. I'm sorry, Margaret, but it is better for us to find it out now than later."

"Decidedly," replied Margaret, who could be just as quick to jump at conclusions as her fiancée. And when, a few minutes later, Blackstone was out of Margaret's apartment in the street it was with the terrible feeling that Margaret was lost to him forever. Somehow, unreasonably of course, he blamed his mother for this breach of his happiness.

The next morning he joined his mother at breakfast at her hotel. "Well, my visit is almost over," the mother began over her soft-boiled eggs. "I had hoped to get better acquainted with Margaret, but apparently she does not want to be alone with me. I haven't said two words to her alone, Blackstone."

Blackstone made no answer, so his mother went on. "I suppose it is the eternal barrier that stands between the two types of women. The one will never be able to understand the other, and as the suffrage cause gains more and more converts the barrier only becomes the higher. But there will always be some women on the other side—even when our great victory is won."

I suppose it was foolish of me to hope, Blackstone, that your wife would be on our side of that barrier—if she had been then there would never have been any of the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law feeling between us. I was foolish to hope it, perhaps, but, Blackstone, after that wonderful meeting night before last I felt so thrilled that it seemed for the time as

if the barrier might be broken down and that all women might rally to the same cause. I wish that you and Margaret might have been there."

Blackstone leaned over the table at which he and his mother were sitting. "You don't mean you were at the suffrage mass meeting, do you, mother?"

"Why, certainly," came quite calmly. "How do you think I managed to come East and stay at one of the biggest hotels if it wasn't as a delegate from our section to the convention?"

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" gasped Blackstone—and for the first time that morning the sharpness of Margaret's scornful glance of the night before ceased to pierce him.

"You didn't ask me," was the mother's reply, but with the briefest excuses, Blackstone had left his place and was engaged in the nearest telephone booth to get in touch with his fiancée before she left her office.

"I want you and mother to have luncheon today," he said. "No, I'm not to be in this, and just for my sake I want you to tell my mother that you are a suffragist, and I want you to tell her that I'm one, too. You're a trump and I'm proud of you. And you have taught me one thing, Margaret—that it is always best to stick by the cause—even in the face of a mother-in-law to be."

Top and Bottom, "My friend," said the long haired passenger to the young man in the seat opposite, "to what end has your life work been directed?" "To both ends," was the reply. "I have the only first class hat and shoe store in the village."

To Clarify Fat. Fat is easily clarified if a few pieces of raw potato are added to it and then it is heated slowly in the oven or on top of the stove. When it ceases to bubble, strain through cheesecloth and let it stand till firm. Keep in a cool place.

Good Reason. "Why don't you ever laugh at any of my jokes?" "Because I was brought up to respect old age and feebleness."—Baltimore American.

AN OIL WITHOUT ALCOHOL.—Some oils and many medicines have alcohol as a prominent ingredient. A judicious mingling of six essential oils compose the famous Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and there is no alcohol in it, so that its effects are lasting. There is no medicinal oil compounded that can equal this oil in its preventive and healing power.

WASHING THE HANDS.

How to Get Them Clean After a Greasy Job on the Motorcar.

The following is a practice long familiar to railway engineers, who have to mess around oil, and it should serve equally well for their present day coadjutors of the motor car:

Wash the hands in warm water, using a soft, free lathering soap. Work up a good lather and then dip the fingers into a small dish of lubricating oil. This will further emulsify with the lather already on the hands and quickly cut the grime and dirt, leaving the hands clean and soft. Do not use too much oil, and always soap the hands before applying the oil.

After using this mixture be sure to let the washbowl drain and then rinse it quickly, as the oil, if left, separates from the soap and makes a ghastly mess on the sides.

Another good way of cleaning the hands after a dirty job around the car is to wash them in turpentine, rubbing it well into the skin and then wiping off thoroughly on something that can be thrown away. By doing this and finishing with warm water and plenty of soap the hands may be cleansed of all traces of the greasiest job.

The Road to Thrones.

In the year 1716 a girl called Marie d'Abbadie was hired as a servant in an inn at Pierrefitte, France. She was the daughter of peasants named Dominique Habas and Marie d'Abbadie. A Bearnaise from the village of Boellie, whose name was Jean de St. Jean, stayed in this inn, saw the pretty maid, fell in love with her and on May 30, 1719, wedded her in the church at Assat. They had several daughters, the eldest of whom on Feb. 20, 1754, was married to Boellie to Henri Bernadotte, physician, son of Jean Bernadotte, master tailor. Their son was Napoleon's marshal, Bernadotte, who became king of Sweden and whose great-grandsons are respectively King Gustave V. of Sweden and King Haakon VII. of Norway.

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Thorold, Ont.—"I was wonderfully helped by taking 'Anurie.' For about three years I had kidney trouble and rheumatism. I also had backache. My limbs would swell and I had rheumatism in my arms and hands. My hands would swell and joints would be sore and stiff I could scarcely do my work. They would pain me something awful. I doctored but without relief. At last I saw 'Anurie' advertised. I began its use and two bottles completely cured me of all my rheumatism, and I think it was permanent for that was a year ago and I have never had any return of this ailment. I have never found a medicine so good as 'Anurie.'"—Mas. R. H. HURRY.

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