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"I have received the most wonderful benefit from taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered for years from Rheumatism and change of life, and I took every remedy obtainable without results. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and it was the only medicine that really did me good. Now I am entirely well—the Rheumatism has disappeared, and the terrible pains in my body are all gone. I hope that others, who suffer from such distressing diseases, will try 'Fruit-a-tives'." MADAME ISABEL ROCHON.
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FOR ADVANCE NOTICES in the Guide-Advocate of concerts, meetings, socials, church entertainments or notices of any gathering where an admission fee is charged, a collection taken up, or where the object of the notice is financial gain to some person or organization, five cents per line will be charged for each insertion. Minimum charge 25 cents. Six words make a line.

Supported by floats and driven with a pedal-operated propeller, a Californian has invented a board upon which a man can lie and travel considerable distance while bathing.

There has been patented in England a measuring instrument that may be used as dividers, inside calipers, surface gauge, depth gauge square, bevel protector or straight edge.

To free soil of insect pests and weeds has been invented a roller into which a boiler feeds steam, which in turn is injected several inches into the ground through spikes.

Fresh Supplies in Demand.—Wherever Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has been introduced, increased supplies have been ordered, showing that wherever it goes the people Oil impresses its power on the people. No matter in what latitude it may be found its potency is never impaired. It is put up in most portable shape in bottles and can be carried without fear of breakage.

A Strip of Seaweed

It Was Given as a Token at
the Time of a Betrothal.

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the olden time Newport, R. I., was an important shipping port. Indeed, until the period of the Revolution a number of points on the Atlantic coast were about equally prominent in this respect. As the years rolled on all except New York, Boston and Philadelphia dropped out, the latter finally leaving the first the supremacy.

In that early day on the beach where now in the summer season hundreds, at times thousands, of fashionable persons drive and lounge and bathe, one moonlight night a young man and a girl sat looking out upon the gilded water. They were Edmond Roscoe and Evalina Blair, the young man a son of a prominent shipowner, the girl the daughter of a merchant. There were no sounds of revelry in the little town back of them, as there are now at that season, and, as for the beach, not a sound was to be heard except the plash of the sluggish waves as they broke and rolled in on the sand.

There could be no more fitting place for a young man to tell his story to a maiden, and Edmond Roscoe was telling Evalina Blair his love for her. Then and there their troth was plighted under the yellow light of the moon, the lovers' voices accompanied by the effervescing sound of the waves as they slid up in foam on the smooth sands.

There were both happiness and sadness for these two young creatures whose lives seemed so much to them. In a few days they were to part for several years. Evalina was to go to England that her education might be finished under the supervision of an aunt, for she was of the Blairs of Devonshire, a family of country gentlemen and ladies of blue blood, and must needs be given accomplishments suitable to her rank. Edmond was to enter Brown university, which was then in its babyhood and soon to give up its as yet only dormitory to quarter soldiers of the Revolution.

The transports of betrothal were scarcely over when Edmond said: "You are going to a land where you will meet many persons of rank and fashion. I know that you will be a belle among them. Some man, possibly a noble, will fall in love with you. You will dread to return to this uncultivated land. You will remain in England, and I shall never see you again."

Looking at him through her earnest eyes, she replied:

"Give me some token by which I shall remember these words of yours. If I am tempted by fortune to remain in England I promise you I will look at it and am sure it will bring up before me the happiness of this evening, and I shall choose you and the life of a simple Rhode Island woman in preference to that of a lady of rank."

"Alas, I have nothing suitable. I should give you a ring or—"
"I wish no bauble," replied Evalina. "Give me something to remind me of these sands, the ocean, the plash of the waves."

Looking about him, Edmond saw a seaweed lying within his reach. Taking it up, he handed it to Evalina. She took it and, spreading it out on her lap, said:
"Alas, Evalina, promise you, Edmond, that in case I am tempted to place rank and fortune before my love for you I will think of you with this plant of the sea before me. And I assure you that when I have finished my education I will bring the token to you as evidence that I have been true to you and my heart has been always yours."

After this assurance there was a long embrace. Then they arose and, taking a path which is now a broad avenue, returned to the town.

Every day, or, rather, every evening, till Evalina's departure the lovers went to the beach. They were not troubled even in the daytime with persons to disturb their meetings. There were no bathers in fantastic suits, no carriages, no loungers. The last evening before Evalina's departure they passed there. The moon rose, as it were, out of the ocean, the first spark appearing like a far distant bonfire, gliding the shore over the crests of the waves, and finally the great round disk rested on the horizon of water.

"Heaven grant," said Edmond, "that we will again see this beautiful sight and that we shall then be one."

"If I live you will have your wish," replied Evalina.

The next day the ship that was to carry her to England sailed from the little town on Narragansett bay, the

GILLETTE'S EATS LYE DIRT CLEANS-DISINFECTS

lovers waving until they could distinguish each other's forms no longer.

During the first year of their separation Evalina wrote regularly to her lover. The second year abroad was for an education in social life. As her lover had predicted, she became a belle. She wrote Edmond of the fine people she met, of the amusements common among persons of quality. But her letters showed no diminution of love for him and indicated that she looked forward to their reunion with as much hope and pleasure as when she had left him.

Yet there was a great deal that she did not write him. She did not write of the offers of marriage that followed her in rapid succession.

When these offers of marriage were showered upon Evalina she declined them without giving as a reason a previous attachment. Later, possibly as one might hide behind gauze, she frequently wore as a decoration the seaweed that her American lover had given her. Sometimes it was tacked to her skirt, sometimes she wore it in her corsage, and again it would be intertwined with her hair. In time she came to be called the Seaweed Lady.

Meanwhile Roscoe was studying as a collegian, though his mind was with his heart, and that was across the ocean. He read with avidity Evalina's letters and shuddered as he thought of the differences between himself, an undergraduate of a college but a few years old, without fortune, compared with some coroneted man with vast estates. Evalina's letters were reassuring, but she was growing from maidenhood to womanhood, and would she not give way at last?

However, the period allotted for her sojourn abroad was drawing to a close. She did not write her lover that she was coming home for the reason that she did not know if she would be permitted to return. Her parents were much chagrined at hearing that she had refused an earl and the second son of a duke and were debating whether to send the funds for her passage back to America or insist that she remain longer.

It was two years from the time of Evalina's departure that a storm such as Newport had not experienced in many years broke upon the coast. For three days the giant waves struck wildly upon the cliffs and then, far on the evening of the third day, the clouds broke away in the west, and the sun set in golden splendor.

That night the moon was at the full. As the sun went down the queen of night rose. Edmond, desiring to view the effect of the storm on the waves, when night had fallen and the moon was lighting the land and the water, started for the beach. The path was lonely, and there was terror in the tumbling of the great waves on the sands. The only likeness to the night of Edmond and Evalina's betrothal was the full moon.

He had passed midway from the town to the water when he saw before him a figure that he knew to be a woman by her garments fluttering in the wind, which was still strong. She seemed to be coming toward him, but as he advanced drew no nearer to him. He went on until he came to the edge of the beach and saw her still distant from him, sometimes flitting nearer, sometimes farther, and always seeming to rock like a bird resting on the crest of a wave.

Whether it was the night, still disturbed by the storm that had passed, or something bewildering in this unsteady figure, Roscoe could never tell, but an appalling premonition stretched a pall over him like the wings of some huge black bird. "A great misfortune has fallen upon you. The wind and the waves are a dirge. Be strong or you will be crushed."

And now, having reached a point overlooking the water, the sands being soaked, progress was slower. Scattered ragged clouds were flying above, now and again flashing across the face of the moon and shutting off its light. At these dark periods the flitting figure was lost, but reappeared when the cloud had passed and the full light of the moon was spread.

Edmond had spent many an hour when home from college on the spot where he and Evalina had spoken their betrothal, and he saw that the figure was slowly moving toward it. Yet it was the movement of a floating object, driven by alternate advancing and receding waters, yet borne by an invisible tide toward a given point. But notwithstanding this apparently slow movement he gained but little on the figure. At last it reached the very spot where he and Evalina had plighted their troth. There it passed. Hastening his steps so far as he could—the moon at the moment was overcast—he advanced to join the figure.

When he was a few yards from it a bright light burst from the moon and revealed—Evalina, looking at him with pale and melancholy visage.

He sprang toward her with outstretched arms, but at the moment another black cloud swept across the face of the only available light and hid his form from her. When it had passed she had vanished.

At his feet was a strip of seaweed. When morning came a boatman stalking along over the soft sands saw a man lying so still that he thought it might be one cast in from a wreck by the storm. He found Edmond Roscoe. There was life in him, and the boatman after rousing him helped him home.

A ship came in and with it news that Evalina had departed for America. But the vessel on which she sailed never reached port. Pieces of wreck came ashore on the coast, denoting that a ship had foundered, but no fragment bore its name.

Edmond Roscoe never went back to college. He had lost all ambition, all desire for life. It was claimed that he had received some physical stroke which impaired his mental faculties. Whether this were so or whether the loss of his betrothed and his ailment was a coincidence was never settled. He was often seen on the beach at Newport wandering about aimlessly or sitting on one spot looking out on the water. This continued till he was an old man, and in the town in which he lived a few residents of other places began to build cottages for summer residences.

GLYCERINE AND BARK PREVENT APPENDICITIS

The simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-I-Ka, astonishes Watford people. Because Adler-I-Ka acts on BOTH lower and upper bowel, ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour stomach or gas. It removes such surprising relief or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. The INSTANT, easy action of Adler-I-Ka is astonishing. Taylor & Son, druggists.

DO SOME DEEP THINKING.

Help Your Mind by Going Into a "Brown Study" Once in While.

"If the 'brown study' were more often cultivated many people would be happier and more clear thinking would be done," says the London Lancet. "It is in such a state that truths dawn suddenly and clearly upon the unclouded intelligence. It is in such a state that mighty actions are conceived, poems born at a stroke and mankind enlightened through the enlightenment of the individual."

"In this state of mind there is such a concentration of mental energy that the body is ignored. The mind, on the other hand, is so working upon the subject which concerns it, is so intent upon its own affairs, that the external world is obliterated, and any bodily discomfort that may have been pre-existing is now negligible and unnoticed."

The Lancet says the relationship between mental activity and the bodily state is not realized with sufficient frequency or with sufficient thoroughness by the European of today. "The average man is too engrossed with his bodily pabulum, and in caring for the needs of the body he neglects the needs of the mind."

Wisdom Teeth.

The wisdom teeth are the two last molar teeth to grow. They come one on each side of the jaw and arrive somewhere between the ages of twenty and twenty-five years. The name is given them because it is supposed that when a person has developed physically and mentally to the point where he has secured these last two teeth he has also arrived at the age of discretion. It does not necessarily mean that one who has cut his wisdom teeth is wise, but that, having lived long enough to grow these, which complete the full set of teeth, the person has passed sufficient actual years that if he has done what he should to fit himself for life he should have come by that time at the age of discretion or wisdom. As a matter of fact, these teeth grow at about the same time in people whether they are wise or not.

Knights Templars.

During the latter half of the eleventh century pilgrims to Jerusalem began to be persecuted by the Turks or Saracens then in possession of the Holy Land. Nine noble knights formed a brotherhood with the object of protecting the pilgrims. The cause spread rapidly over Europe, and the knights grew to legions in number. Vows of chastity, obedience and poverty were taken, and the order, from merely protecting the pilgrims, took upon itself the task of recovering the Holy Land from the grip of the infidels. About 1190 they were given a place in the enclosure of the temple on Mount Moriah, and hence the name Templars, or Knights of the Temple of Solomon.

WELL-KNOWN ONTARIO WOMAN SPEAKS.

Welland, Ont.—"I am most pleased to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved itself a first-class remedy. I was run-down, weak and played out, and needed a woman's tonic. I have just finished using one bottle. I feel much stronger and better. Can eat better and am less nervous. You may say that 'Favorite Prescription' is just the medicine for tired-out, worn-out women. It does wonders for them."—Mrs. Geo. FLANIGAN, E. Main and State Sts., Welland, Ont.

THIS PRESCRIPTION IS FOR YOU.

If you suffer from hot flashes or dizziness, fainting spells, hysteria, headache, or nervousness you are not beyond relief.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is directed to the real cause and promptly removes the disease, and thereby brings comfort in the place of prolonged misery.

It has been sold by druggists for nearly 50 years, in fluid form, at \$1.00 per bottle, giving general satisfaction. It can now be had in sugar-coated tablet form. Sold by all medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps.

Every sick woman may consult us by letter, absolutely without charge.

Write without fear as without fee, to Faculty of the Invalids' Hotel, Dr. V. M. Pierce, President, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, easiest to take. One tiny Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Made a Social Outcast.

In court circles in England it is a serious matter to incur royal displeasure. The man or woman who does so intentionally ceases to be recognized by his majesty, which means social extinction. The offender's name is struck out of the visiting list of every person who is anybody in society, and should the offender be a man he is politely informed that his resignation from his club or clubs would not be out of place. No man or woman of social repute will in future know him, and if he be in the army or navy he has no option but to resign, for he will find himself cut dead by every one of his brother officers.—London M. A. P.

Shakespearean.

Father, in the hall, had been standing for half an hour while Millicent and Harold bade each other good night in the doorway.

"Parting," quoths Harold, "is such sweet sorrow that I could say a good night till!"

At this speech father gets a Shakespearean inspiration of his own and tramps down the stairs.

"Seems to me," he asserts, "that there is too much adieu about nothing here."

Liberal Translations.

At a certain foreign university the students, who had been studying Shakespeare in their native tongue, were required by an examiner to translate into English the opening lines of Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be." The following was the result:

The first Frenchman declaimed, "To was or not to am;" the second rendered it, "To were or is to not;" while the third gave a still more liberal reading, "To should or not to will."

An Odd Turkish Superstition.

An odd Turkish superstition is as follows: If one finds a piece of bread lying upon the ground he must pick it up, kiss it and carry it until he finds a hole into which the bread can be inserted. To step upon a piece of bread or to leave it lying upon the ground is one of the unpardonable sins and dooms the offender to the third hell, where he is perpetually tormented by an ox that has but a single horn that is in the center of his forehead.

The Smile.

We talk of a smile of defiance. There is really no such thing. Such a so-called smile is nothing more nor less than a snarl, a survival of the way our savage ancestors had of showing their teeth in order to strike fear into the hearts of their enemies. The real smile of pleasure begins with slightly opening the mouth, and is, of course, traceable to the joy of those same savage forefathers of ours at the prospect of food.

Something New.

Jabbers—I tell you, old man, it's a terrible thing when your wife quarrels with her mother and the old lady lives with you. Which side do you take? Haver—Neither. I preserve an alarm of neutrality.—London Tit-Bits.