

NADIED

The Christmas tree and entertainment on Tuesday evening was quite a success. The Dramatic Club gave a play entitled "Oh, Susan."

On Friday evening the young people of Walkers put on a rousing Wild West play in the town hall, which brought out a large crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Searson of Strathroy spent the holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clothier.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Smith spent Christmas in Strathroy.

Miss Leon Winter of Detroit, is home for the holiday.

Master Clifford and Clayton Taylor are spending a week with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Clayton of Cairgorm.

Miss Ruth Patterson, of Cairgorm, is spending the holiday with Miss Margaret Taylor of Brooke.

Mr. Harold Nevin, of Detroit, is holidaying here.

Mr. Wilfred Anthony, of Mount Clemens is spending the holiday under the parental roof.

Mr. and Mrs. John Denning spent Christmas with friends in Detroit.

ARKONA

Mr. O. Schmidt and family motored to Stratford to spend Christmas with Mrs. Schmidt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McKay.

The Arkona Citizens' Band are planning for a carnival on the rink. Watch for bills and prize list.

Dr. and Mrs. Boles spent Christmas in Stratford.

Ladies' fine jersey galoshes in all sizes—Fuller Bros.

The Sunday School entertainment given in the Methodist church on Tuesday evening of last week was very successful. There was a good attendance and those present enjoyed themselves, judging to the attention given and the applause following.

The talent was all "home grown" excepting that from Switzerland and this was quite novel.

Mrs. Ming and little daughter, Marie, sang a duet in their native tongue and in their native sayle "yode ling." They have been in this country only about three months and Josef, who is seven, recited in English and Marie sang a solo in English.

The distribution of the presents from the tree by Santa Claus caused a good deal of excitement and pleasure.

Among the Christmas visitors are the following: Beatrice Oakes, London; Olive Oakes, Hagersville; Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and family, Sarnia; Mr. and Mrs. D. Sutherland, Lucan; Mr. and Mrs. S. Carr and children, Sarnia; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Johnson, Glencoe; Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Aylmer; Mrs. Cation, London; Miss Bryson, and Miss McKim, Windsor; Mrs. Earl Stoner and children, Woodstock; Mr. Jackson, Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Dowling and Mr. Eastman motored to Sarnia for the holiday.

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WASTED

P. W. McPherson spent last week in Toronto attending the 11th annual convention of the I. O. O. F.

Miss Gladys Ramsay spent a few days last week with friends in London.

William Hayward had a misfortune to fall and break his arm. Owing to his advanced age he was laid up for some time.

The Wanstead Farmers' Co-operative, shipped a car of hogs to Toronto on Saturday. Owing to the icy condition of the roads, the shipment was not as large as expected and another shipment may be made Saturday next.

There is always someone, someone who is anxious to buy what you have to sell. Someone has an article you want to buy. To get a deal each must know of the other's wants, and there is no better or more certain way to make these wants known than through a little "Want Ad." in The Guide-Advocate.

An Oil that is Prized Everywhere—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was put upon the market without any flourish over fifty years ago. It was put up to meet the wants of a small section but as soon as its merits became known it had a whole continent for a field, and it is now known and prized throughout this continent. There is nothing equal to it.

FOR SALE—Ladies' new style paneled visiting cards at The Guide-Advocate. Phone your orders.

Gavis stopped abruptly when he saw the man and girl in the balcony. He swung about and blindly found his way through the dancers until he came to a quiet, unused card room, where he could be alone.

He lighted a cigarette, but did not smoke. The picture he had seen in the balcony—Latimer fitting a ring upon Gracia Moore's slim finger—had frozen his face into a stern mask.

While his heart thumped in an odd way. From his pocket he extracted a small jewel case and, pressing a spring, his palmed eyes were dazzled by the brilliance of the splendid diamond he had chosen for Gracia if she should accept him.

He had waited until tonight because, in the crowded house, there would be many quiet nooks—he had just arrived and he was too late—Dick Latimer had won her!

Yet, he had been so sure of her love—and she had fooled him. Well, she should never know the hurt he had received.

The door opened and his host appeared and dragged him out to the ballroom to swell the thin ranks of dancing men. "This will never do, old man," said Whyte. "There are rows of wallflowers wilting in the shade—just hear that orchestra! Go to it!"

Gavis smiled wryly and found a partner. She danced exquisitely, but he felt no thrill in the touch of her hand or the nearness of her fluffy hair.

So he danced several times, and at last he went to Gracia, who sat in a deep chair, for once unattended. Her sweet face was quite pale and her dark blue eyes were a little frightened as she lifted them to his stern face.

She managed to smile when she gave him her card and with his keen eyes scanned it eagerly. Latimer's name was down for two dances—there were other initials scrawled here and there and several blank spaces.

"I saved several for you," she said gently.

"I was late—too late," he remarked, scratching his initials in the blank spaces.

In a moment they were weaving through the maze of dancers. All the old-time witchery possessed Gavis now that she was with him. She was so different from the other girls—there could never be another one in the whole world to fill her place when she married Dick Latimer.

His heart thudded in rhythm to the music. She smiled once and shook her head at Dick Latimer as they passed him in the dance.

"You are very quiet," she ventured after a while.

"I am sorry," he apologized. "I'm afraid I am rather a dull fellow after all, Gracia."

"No, oh, no, Bob," she said a little breathlessly. "Just think of the brilliant speeches you have made in court. Perhaps you have had a busy day and do not feel like chattering to women. Listen, the orchestra is playing something you love."

He bit his lip fiercely as they swayed to the dreamy waltz music—"something he loved!" Did she guess that the only thing he loved was going from him to another man's arms? Perhaps she did know; all women were deceivers—well, he could and would talk.

He cleverly led her from one topic to another in the brief pauses between dances and at last he resigned her to Dick Latimer, who claimed the supper dance. Bob Gavis made several swift decisions in the interval. He sought and found his host.

"Whyte," he said, "you were talking about a hunting trip to Canada—is the party complete?"

"Without you," returned the other promptly.

"Thank you. When are you going?" "Tuesday."

"Good-bye. Count me in," and Gavis went away unmolling.

When he reached his bachelor apartment he did not go to bed, but spent the hours overhauling his hunting gear and packing his outfit for the expedition. After a cold tub and a brisk walk downtown he prepared to argue an important case which had been pending for some time.

Two days afterward he met Latimer on the street. "Congratulations!" cried Dick.

Bob's eyebrows went up.

"Winning your case," explained Latimer cheerfully. "Wish you luck, old man, when it comes to matrimonial cases!"

He went away chuckling, and Gavis realized that he was beginning to dislike Dick. Once they had been very good friends, but since Gracia—

he squared his shoulders and tried to whistle. The North woods would cure all that, he told himself.

He was wrong, after all. The woods alleviated his pain, but it did not cure. He heard the voice of his love in the softest bird song—he thought of her in the daytime and he dreamed of her at night.

He lost many a good shot because he was day-dreaming and he bore the chaffing of his companions with equanimity. Dick Latimer left him severely alone. One night they sat together by the campfire, waiting for the others who had tramped off for the mall and some additional supplies.

The two men sat in silence for half an hour, smoking, deep in thought. Once or twice Gavis rapped his pipe against a log and refilled it; Latimer was smoking cigarettes in his extravagant way, tossing them aside half consumed. He regarded Gavis from under drooping lids. At last he spoke: "Looking rather seedy, old chap. Need some quinine?"

Gavis grinned. "Not up here."

"Wishing you might land a big trout tomorrow, eh? Maybe you're just hungry—thinking of something to eat?"

"Trout would be good," admitted Gavis. "Think I'll try the upper stream tomorrow."

Dick yawned. "Better take my wishing ring along for luck," he volunteered.

"Wishing ring?"

Latimer twisted a ring from his little finger and tossed it to Gavis.

"Once belonged to an East Indian rajah—good emerald—see the tiger's head on it? Man who sold it told me if one wished on it, good and proper, wish would come true. Awful rot, eh?"

"Ever try it yourself?" asked Gavis. "Once—wished I'd never lose it, and I haven't, so far."

Dick watched Bob's face as he examined the ring; the glow from the campfire gave it fictitious color, but it betrayed the lines about the eyes and lips and a few silver threads in the brown hair. He thought of the girl he loved and who was going to marry him soon, and he smiled tenderly. He wanted everybody to be happy.

"Lent it to a girl at Whyte's dance last week," he said carelessly; "said she wanted to make a wish, and she blushed deliciously when she said it. She sent it back to me just before I left town, saying it had failed—"

Dick lighted another cigarette and whistled softly.

Gavis stared at the ring and a great light slowly dawned in his tired eyes. "Do you mind telling me her name?" he whispered tensely. "I'd never tell."

"Of course I won't tell," declared Dick, winking at himself in pure admiration of his own talents. "Bound not to, but she's the prettiest girl in our set, and if I wasn't engaged to Dorothy Lee—What the deuce?"

Gavis had jumped up and was pulling his kit bag out of the tent. He stuffed it rapidly in a crazy way and picked up his guns. "Take your bag and beat it," commanded Latimer. "I'll send the guns and other stuff after you. If you hurry you'll reach Pierre's camp in time for him to carry you to—The poor chump has gone!"

He chuckled delightedly, picking up the rajah's ring and slipping it on his little finger. "Some little ring!" he muttered after a while, and days afterward when he received Bob Gavis' incoherently happy telegram he finished the sentence. "Some little ring, and some wise old guy, that rajah man!"

PUT BOOKS IN TWO CLASSES

Charles Lamb's Division of Printed Works May Be Conceded to Have Something of Merit.

It was Charles Lamb who divided printed works into two classes—biblia and abiblia, books which are not books. In general, the first class comprises those which were written spontaneously—because the writer had something which he could not leave unsaid and because he had a vastly entertaining way of saying it; while the other class included all those which were written, not with zest and inspiration, but because there existed some merely formal reason for writing them.

In the latter group, says the World's Work, the irreverent Lamb placed the works of Hume, Gibbon, Josephus and Adam Smith—in general all those books "which no gentleman's library should be without." Similarly there are two kinds of biographies, those written as a pleasure and those written as a duty. The greatest fallacy of the art is that a man deserves biographical treatment simply because he has filled an important public position or has been conspicuous in some other way. This mistake explains many rows of exceedingly dull books that line all library shelves.

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The Guide-Advocate is authorized agent to receive subscriptions for all daily and weekly papers, magazines, etc. We keep a complete record of all subscriptions received, date when forwarded and how sent—whether by money order, express order, or through the bank. This is for your protection as well as for our own. We can trace your payment up at any time when necessary. We save you the trouble of writing a letter, the cost of postage, money order, war stamps, etc. In other words we charge only the regular subscription price of any newspaper, magazine or periodical you care to take.

Twenty years ago some land in Algoma was deeded to the University of Michigan by the then owners as a joke; they considered it worthless and deeded it to the University simply in order to get rid of it. Recently valuable ore has been found on it and it is estimated to be worth \$10,000,000. The joke is now on the other foot, as Mawruss Perlmutter might say.

MOTHER! Watch Child's Tongue "California Fig Syrup" is Children's Harmless Laxative



When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic, feverish-breath, coated tongue, or diarrhea, a teaspoonful of genuine "California Fig Syrup" sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, gases, bile, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Children love its delicious taste. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has full directions for babies and children of all ages, plainly printed on the bottle. Mother! you must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup. 412-k

The Poets Corner NEW YEAR I COR.

Another new verse to our story This year upon which we embark The days should be covered with glory, If we follow this glorious chart.

The chapter thirteen now before us, A bouquet of roses we place A deluge of beauty comes o'er us As we find out the meaning of grace.

He could not have written much better, Such a clear definition of love On earth it is true to the letter And the essence of heav'n above.

The heart of our Father revealing, It is "God in the flesh" we can see Tho' divine it is full of earth's meaning, What Jesus desires us to be.

I think the apostle had found it While seeking the source of true joy And throwing his big heart around it, He gave us what none can destroy.

'Twas a picture of Jesus, Paul painted A life ever dear to his heart And he wanted frail beings acquainted, With the beauty of Christian art.

That wonderful life far excelling, Any picture an artist could paint A view of a happy in dwelling Of God, in the heart of a saint.

Pen picture of life in perfection The robes of white linen behold And will stand all the critics inspection, And never, no never grow old.

Jan. 1st, 1925. W. B. Laws, Watford.

Biltmore for men "The Master Hat of Canada" SOLD BY J. W. McConkey SOUTH END

Here and There Of the 20,000 harvesters who went west this summer over Canadian Pacific lines, 14,000 are known to have returned east, according to C. B. Foster, Passenger Traffic Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, and it is thought that many others have returned, while several thousand are believed to have accepted positions in the west for the winter.

An indication of the increase in the value of effects being brought into Canada by settlers from the United States is shown in the latest report to the Department of Trade and Commerce. From April 1 to September 30, effects so classified were valued at \$3,129,333, as compared with \$2,666,467 in the same period last year, an increase of \$462,872.

A feature which will add greatly to the attractions of Vancouver, B.C., as a winter resort, to say nothing of increasing its summer allurements, will be the new golf course to be laid out there at a cost of \$120,000, exclusive of land. Work on the course will commence next spring. Fees will be merely nominal, fifty cents being charged for an 18-hole round, \$2.50 for a month's play and \$20 for a year. Play will be open to any member of the public.

Immigrants entering Canada during the 12 months ending October 31, 1924, totalled 134,189, as compared with 126,744 in the corresponding period of 1922-1923, according to the Department of Immigration and Colonization. These figures are more encouraging in view of the fact that the number of Canadians emigrating to the United States has to some extent decreased, while the number returning from the United States is on the increase, according to the department.

On November 29th, Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy, daughter of the late Lord Shaughnessy, chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway, performed the launching and christening ceremony at the Clydebank yards of John Brown and Co. when the new Canadian Pacific S.S. Princess Marguerite, named in her honor, was slipped into the water. The Princess Marguerite is the second of the two vessels recently ordered by the Canadian Pacific for the company's British Columbia coastal service.

An entirely new service between Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, operating on the fastest schedule yet established for these cities, was instituted by the Canadian Pacific Railway on December 4. The new train, leaving Montreal at 6.15 p.m. daily, and Toronto at 9.45 p.m. daily, reaches Winnipeg at 9 a.m., 39 hours, 45 minutes after leaving Montreal and 36 hours 15 minutes after leaving Toronto. Express shippers are especially benefitted, as shipments reach the terminal cities in time for delivery on the second day after leaving, instead of on the third as formerly. Passengers gain a business day and earlier connections for more distant points, on reaching their destinations. As the eastbound train of this service connects direct with the Frontenac for Quebec city, passengers and express bound for that point also gain greatly by reduced time.

A 1c stamp will bring your news See Page Two For Rates.

MRS. B. H. HART SICK FOR YEARS Wants Women to Know How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY TIME TABLE Trains leave Watford station follows: GOING WEST Accommodation, 11:15 8.42 a Chicago Express, 17:00 11.59 a Detroit Express, 83:00 6.51 p Chicago Express, 9:11 p GOING EAST Ontario Limited, 80:00 7.48 a Chicago Express, 6:00 11.22 p Express, 8:30 to 9:30 a.m., 2 to 4:17 to 8 p.m. Sundays by appointment

JAMES NEWELL, P.H.B., M.L.R.C.P. & S., M.B.M.A., English Surgeon of County of Lambton, Watford, Ont. Office—Corner Main & Front Sts. Residence—Front St., block east of Main St.

C. W. SAWERS, M.D., Phone Watford, Ontario. Office—Main Residence—Ontario St., east. Office hours—8.30 to 9.30 a.m., 2 to 4:17 to 8 p.m. Sundays by appointment

DR. G. N. URIE, B.A. Licentiate General Medical Council U.K. Member College Physicians Surgeons of Ontario. Successor to Dr. W. G. Siddall Hours: 8.30 to 9.30 a.m.; 2 to 4:17 to 8 p.m. Sunday by appointment. Office, Residence Main St., Watford, Phone 32.

GEORGE HICKS, D.D.S., Tri University, L.D.S., Royal College Dental Surgeons, Post graduate Bridge and Crown work, Orthodontia and Porcelain work. The best methods employed to preserve the teeth. Office—Opposite Siddall's Store, Main St.

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