

TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" Brought Quick and Permanent Relief



MR. P. H. MCHUGH

103 Church Street, Montreal.
December 10th, 1917.

I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism for over 16 years. I consulted specialists, took medicines, used ointments; but nothing did me good. Then, I began to use "Fruit-a-lives"; and in 15 days, the pain was over and the Rheumatism was cured. Gradually, "Fruit-a-lives" came my Rheumatism; and now, five years, I have had no return of the trouble. Also, I had severe Constipation, and "Fruit-a-lives" relieved me of these ailments; and gave me a good appetite; and in every way restored my health. P. H. MCHUGH.
A box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. Dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.

As I was destined to result in a speedy outcome of which could be death by starvation, for even if we were able to slip out after there, in that unknown and hostile, could we hope to turn our outward possible escape? The attacks of our enemies, our eyes became accustomed to the darkness of the interior of our retreat I took the opportunity, for our shelter.

The tree was hollow to an extent of fifty feet in diameter, and from the hard floor I judged that it had been used to house others. As I moved my eyes toward its roof to note if I saw far above me a faint light.

As I was an opening above. If we could reach it we might still hope to escape the clasp of the cliff caves. As had now become quite used to the dim light of the interior, and as I presumed upon a rough ladder at the top of the tree.

As I mounted it to find that it led to the top with the lower rungs of horizontal wooden bars, and the interior of the tree's stem were set one above another, three feet apart, and formed a ladder as far above me as I could see.



As I stepped Out Upon the Limb, They beat a Hasty Retreat.

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From Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JAS. ROHRBERG, 620 Knapp St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrborg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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Hot Baths and Laundry agency in connection.
Dry Cleaning a Specialty.
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
TIME TABLE
Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

| GOING WEST | |
|-----------------------|------------|
| Accommodation, 75 | 8 44 a.m. |
| Chicago Express, 13 | 12 31 p.m. |
| Accommodation, 11 | 6 44 p.m. |
| GOING EAST | |
| Accommodation, 80 | 7 38 a.m. |
| New York Express, 6 | 11 16 a.m. |
| New York Express, 18 | 2 47 p.m. |
| Accommodation, 112 | 4 56 p.m. |
| C. Vail Agent Watford | |

SOLDIERS' DAY, WATFORD, AUG. 20. Reserve the date.

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of which testified to its long continued use as an avenue for some creature to and from this remarkable shaft. I ventured out upon the limb, then beat a hasty retreat for fear that I might be discovered by our enemies below and hurried to retrace my steps to Tars Tarkas. I soon reached him, and presently we were both ascending the long ladder toward the opening above. Tars Tarkas went in advance, and as I reached the first of the horizontal bars I drew the ladder up after me, and, handing it to him, he carried it a hundred feet farther aloft, where he wedged it safely between one of the bars and the side of the shaft. In like manner I dislodged the lower bars as I passed them, so that we soon had the interior of the tree denuded of all possible means of ascent for a distance of a hundred feet from the base, thus precluding possible pursuit and attack from the rear.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Chamber of Mystery.
WHEN we reached the opening at the top Tars Tarkas drew to one side that I might pass out and investigate, as, owing to my lesser weight and greater agility, I was better fitted for the perilous threading of this dizzy, hanging pathway.

The limb upon which I found myself ascended at a slight angle toward the cliff, and as I followed it I found that it terminated a few feet above a narrow ledge which protruded from the cliff's face at the entrance to a narrow cave.

As I approached the slightly more slender extremity of the branch it bent beneath my weight until, as I balanced perilously upon its outer tip, it swayed gently on a level with the ledge at a distance of a couple of feet.

Five hundred feet below me lay the vivid scarlet carpet of the valley. Nearly 5,000 feet above towered the mighty, gleaming face of the gorgeous cliffs.

The cave that I faced was not one of those that I had seen from the ground, and which lay much higher, possibly a thousand feet. But, so far as I might know, it was as good for our purpose as another, and so I returned to the tree for Tars Tarkas. Together we wormed our way along the waving pathway, but when we reached the end of the branch we found that our combined weight so de-



Instantly I Sprang Toward It to Wrench It Open Again.

pressed the limb that the cave's mouth was now too far above us to be reached.

We finally agreed that Tars Tarkas should return along the branch, leaving his longest leather harness strap with me, and that when the limb had risen to a height that would permit me to enter the cave I was to do so, and upon Tars Tarkas' return I could then lower the ladder.

This we did without mishap, and soon found ourselves together upon the verge of a dizzy little balcony, with a magnificent view of the valley spreading out below us.

Below us upon the river's bank the great white apes were devouring the last remnants of Tars Tarkas' former companions, while great herds of plant men grazed in ever widening circles about the sward, which they kept as close clipped as the smoothest of lawns.

Knowing that attack from the tree was now improbable, we determined to explore the cave, which we had every reason to believe was but a continuation of the path we had already traversed, leading the gods knew where, but clearly away from this valley of ferocity.

As we advanced we found a well proportioned tunnel cut from the solid cliff. Its walls rose some twenty feet above the floor, which was about five feet in width. The roof was arched.

We had no means of making a light, and so groped our way slowly into the ever increasing darkness. Tars Tarkas keeping in touch with one wall while I felt along the other. To prevent our wandering into diverging branches and becoming separated or lost in some intricate and labyrinthic maze we clasped hands.

How far we traversed the tunnel in this manner I do not know, but presently we came to an obstruction which

blocked our further progress.

It seemed more like a partition than a sudden ending of the cave, for it was constructed not of the material of the cliff, but of something which felt like very hard wood.

Silently I groped over its surface with my hands and presently was rewarded by the feel of the button, which as commonly denotes a door on Mars as does a doorknob on earth.

Gently pressing it, I had the satisfaction of feeling the door slowly give before me, and in another instant we were looking into a dimly lighted apartment which, so far as we could see, was unoccupied.

Without more ado I swung the door wide open and, followed by the huge Thark, stepped into the chamber.

As we stood for a moment in silence gazing about the room a slight noise behind caused me to turn quickly. To my astonishment, I saw the door close with a sharp click as though moved by an unseen hand.

Instantly I sprang toward it to wrench it open again, for something in the uncanny movement of the thing and the almost palpable silence of the chamber seemed to portend an evil hidden in this rock bound chamber.

My fingers clawed futilely at the unyielding portal, while my eyes sought in vain for a duplicate of the button which had given us ingress.

And then from unseen lips a cruel and mocking peal of laughter rang through the desolate place.

For moments after that awful laugh had ceased reverberating through the room Tars Tarkas and I stood in tense and expectant silence. But no further sound broke the stillness, nor within the range of our vision did anything move.

At length Tars Tarkas laughed softly after the manner of his strange kind when in the presence of the horrible or terrifying. It is not a hysterical laugh, but rather the genuine expression of the pleasure they derive from the things that move earth and men to loathing or to tears.

I looked up at the Thark, a smile upon my own lips, for here, in truth, was greater need for a smiling face than a trembling chin.

"What do you make of it all?" I asked. "Where in the deuce are we?" He looked at me in surprise.

"Where are we?" he repeated. "Do you tell me, John Carter, that you know not where you are?"

"That I am upon Barsom is all that I can guess, and but for you and the great white apes I should not even guess that, for the sights I have seen this day are as unlike the things of my beloved Barsom as I knew it ten long years ago as they are unlike the world of my birth. No, Tars Tarkas; I know not where we be."

"Where have you been since you opened the mighty portals of the atmosphere plant years ago after the keeper had died and the engines stopped and all Barsom was dying that had not already died of asphyxiation?"

"Your body even was never found, though the men of a whole world sought after it for years, though the jeddak of Hellum and his granddaughter, your princess, offered such fabulous rewards that even princes of royal blood joined in the search."

"There was but one conclusion to reach when all efforts to locate you had failed—that you had taken the long, last pilgrimage down the mysterious river Iss to await in the valley Dor upon the shores of the lost sea of Korus the beautiful Dejah Thoris, your princess."

"Why you had gone none could guess, for your princess still lived!"

"Thank heaven!" I interrupted him. "I did not dare to ask you, for I feared I might have been too late to save her. She was very low when I left her in the royal gardens of Tardos Mors that long gone night—so very low that I scarcely hoped even to reach the atmosphere plant before her dear spirit had fled from me forever. And she lives still!"

"She lives, John Carter!" "You have not told me where we are," I reminded him.

"We are where I expected to find you, John Carter—and another. Many years ago you heard the story of the woman who taught me the thing that green Martians are reared to hate—the woman who taught me to love. You know the cruel tortures and the awful death her love won for her at the hands of the beast Tal Hajus."

"She, I thought, awaited me by the lost sea of Korus."

"You know that it was left for a man from another world—for yourself, John Carter—to teach this cruel Thark what friendship is, and you, I thought, also roamed the care free valley Dor."

"Thus were the two I most longed for at the end of the long pilgrimage I must take some day, and so as the time had elapsed which Dejah Thoris had hoped might bring you once more to her side—for she has always tried to believe that you had but temporarily



"This, John Carter, is—Heaven."

returned to your own planet—I at last gave way to my great yearning, and a month since I started upon the journey the end of which you have this day witnessed. Do you understand now where you are, John Carter?"

"And that was the river Iss, emptying into the lost sea of Korus, in the valley Dor?" I asked.

"This is the valley of love and peace and rest to which every Barsomian since time immemorial has longed to pilgrimage at the end of a life of hate and strife and bloodshed," he replied.

"This, John Carter, is—Heaven."

"His tone was cold and ironical, its bitterness but reflecting the terrible disappointment he had suffered. Such a fearful disillusionment, such a blasting of lifelong hopes and aspirations, such an uprooting of old age tradition, might have excused a vastly greater demonstration on the part of the Thark."

I laid my hands upon his shoulder. "I am sorry," I said, nor did there seem anything else to say.

"Think, John Carter, of the countless billions of Barsomians who have taken the voluntary pilgrimage down this cruel river since the beginning of time, only to fall into the ferocious clutches of the terrible creatures that today assailed us."

"There is an ancient legend that once a red man returned from the banks of the lost sea of Korus, returned from the valley Dor, back through the mysterious river Iss. The legend has it that he narrated a fearful blasphemy of horrid brutes that inhabited a valley of wondrous loveliness, brutes that pounced upon each Barsomian as he terminated his pilgrimage and devoured him upon the banks of the lost sea, where he had looked to find love and peace and happiness."

"But the ancients killed the blasphemer, as tradition has ordained that my shall be killed who return from the bosom of the river of mystery."

"But now we know that it was no blasphemy, that the legend is a true one and that the man told only of what he saw. What does it profit us, John Carter, since even should we escape we also would be treated as blasphemers? We are between the wild throats of certainty and the mad ziddar of fact. We can escape neither."

"As earth men say, we are between the devil and the deep sea, Tars Tarkas," I replied, nor could I help but smile at our dilemma.

"There is nothing we can do but take things as they come and at least have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever race or horde slays us eventually will have great numbers of dead to count."

"But about yourself, John Carter," he cried at last. "If you have not been here all these years, where indeed have you been, and how is it that I find you here today?"

"I have been back to earth," I replied. "For ten long earth years I have been praying and hoping for the day that would carry me once more to this grim old planet of yours, for which, with all its cruel and terrible customs, I feel a bond of sympathy and love even greater than for the world that gave me birth."

"For ten years I have been enduring a living death of uncertainty and doubt as to whether Dejah Thoris lived. Now, for the first time in all these years, my prayers have been answered and my doubt relieved."

"Yet I find myself, through a cruel fate, in the one tiny spot of all Barsom from which there is apparently no escape and if there is at a price which would put out forever the last flickering hope which I may cling to of seeing my princess again."

"Only a bare half hour before I saw you battling with the plant men I was standing in the moonlight upon the banks of a broad river that taps the eastern shore of earth's most blessed land. I have answered you, my friend. Do you believe?"

"I believe," replied Tars Tarkas, "though I cannot understand."

As we talked I had been searching the interior of the chamber with my eyes. It was perhaps 200 feet in length and half as broad, with what appeared to be a doorway in the center of the wall directly opposite that through which we had entered.

As I extended my hand to search for the controlling button that cruel and mocking laugh rang out once more so

close to me this time that I involuntarily shrank back, tightening my grip upon the hilt of my great sword.

And then from the far corner of the great chamber a hollow voice chanted: "There is no hope, there is no hope; the dead return not, the dead return not, nor is there any resurrection. Hope not, for there is no hope."

Though our eyes instantly turned toward the spot from which the voice seemed to emanate, there was no one in sight, and I must admit that cold shivers played along my spine and the short hairs at the base of my head stiffened and rose up, as do those upon a hound's neck when in the night his eyes see those uncanny things which are hidden from the sight of man.

Quickly I walked toward the mournful voice, but it had ceased ere I reached the farther wall, and then from the other end of the chamber came another voice shrill and piercing.

"Fools, fools!" it shrieked. "Think ye to defeat the eternal laws of life and death? Would cheat the mysterious Issus, goddess of death, of her just dues? Did not her mighty messenger, the ancient Iss, bear ye upon her leaden bosom at your own behest to the valley Dor? Think ye, O fools, that Issus will give up her own? Think ye to escape whence in all the countless ages but a single soul has fled?"

"Go back the way ye came, to the merciful maws of the children of the tree of life or the gleaming fangs of the great white apes. There lies speedy succor from suffering. But insist in your rash purpose to thread the golden cliffs of the mountains of Ous, past the ramparts of the impregnable fortresses of the holy threns, and upon your way death in its most frightful form will overtake you."

And then the awful laugh broke out from another part of the chamber. "Most uncanny," I remarked, turning to Tars Tarkas.

"What shall we do?" he asked. "We cannot fight empty air. I would almost rather return and face foes into whose flesh I may feel my blade bite, and know that I am selling my life dearly, than go down to that oblivion which is evidently the fairest and most desirable eternity that mortal man has the right to hope for."

"If, as you say, we cannot fight empty air, Tars Tarkas," I replied, "neither, on the other hand, can empty air fight us. I shall not be turned back by wind, who have faced and conquered in my time thousands of sneaky warriors and tempered blades, nor shall you, Thark."

"But unseen voices may emanate from unseen and unseeable creatures who wield invisible blades," answered the green warrior.

"Rot, Tars Tarkas!" I cried. "Those voices come from beings as real as you or I. In their veins flows blood that may be let as easily as ours. The fact that they remain invisible to us is the best proof to my mind that they are mortal, nor overly courageous mortals at that. Think you, Tars Tarkas, that John Carter will fly at the first shriek of a cowardly foe who dare not come out into the open and face a good blade?"

(Continued in our next issue.)

SOLDIERS' DAY, WATFORD, AUG. 20. Reserve the date.

A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.—When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gasses causing pains and oppression in the stomachic region. The belching or eructation of these gasses is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.

Human life offers us nothing else so beautiful as real friendship; not love, not prosperity, not fame, are so fair, so precious. So foster it! Let no distrust, no absence, no difference of environment, dim its luster. Let death itself be powerless to rob you of its sweetness! Never break it, never lose it; it is the sweetest touch of mortal life.

Sores Heal Quickly.—Have you a persistent sore that refuses to heal? Then, try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the dressing. It will stop sloughing, carry away the proud flesh, draw out the pus and prepare a clean way for the new skin. It is the recognized healer among oils and myriads of people can certify that it healed where other oils failed utterly.

We must remember that success in war, as in nearly everything else, invariably goes to those who show the greatest determination, and who can best set their teeth. That is a remark that applies not merely to the soldier and sailor, but to the people at home from the highest to the lowest.

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