

What is a Backache?

IT IS NATURE'S WARNING TO WOMEN

Diseases of Woman's Organism Cured and Consequent Pain Stopped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"It seems as though my back would break." Women utter these words over and over again, but continue to drag along and suffer with aches in the small of the back, pain low down in the side, "bearing-down" pains, nervousness and no ambition for any task.



They do not realize that the back is the mainspring of woman's organism, and quickly indicates by aching a diseased condition of the female organs or kidneys, and that the aches and pains will continue until the cause is removed. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been for many years the one and only effective remedy in such cases. It speedily cures female organs and kidney disorders and restores the female organs to a healthy condition.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— I suffered a long time with female trouble, having intense pains in the back and abdomen and very sick headaches every month. I was tired and nervous all the time and life looked very dreary to me and I had no desire to live until I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to get some relief. My recovery was slow but it was sure, and I never regretted the money spent for the Compound as it brought me back to good health.

"It seems to be a medicine especially adapted to the ills of our sex and I am glad to say a good word for it."—Mrs. Albert Mann, 154 Gore Vale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

No other person can give such helpful advice to women who are sick as can Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice free.

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THIS undersigned offers for sale that desirably situated house and two lots, corner Huron and McGregors Sts., Watford. Two story brick residence, furnace, full basement, hard and soft water, every convenience. Fine variety of all kinds of fruit trees. Easy terms of payment. For particulars apply to G. H. WYNNE, Watford.

PLAIN TALK FROM THE DOCTOR

A prominent physician, famous for his success in the treatment of kidney and bladder troubles, stated that to the following prescription is due a great deal of his success:

- One ounce fluid extract dandelion;
- One ounce compound salutarin;
- Four ounces compound syrup sarsaparilla.

Mix and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime, drinking plenty of water. This mixture will, he says, positively cure any diseases arising from weak, clogged or inactive kidneys, and will assist these organs to cleanse the blood of the poisonous waste matter and acids, which if allowed to remain, cause lumbago, lame back, rheumatism and sciatica, and at the same time will restore the kidneys to healthy normal action. The ingredients, which are purely vegetable and entirely harmless, can be procured from any good druggist and mixed at home at very little cost. This advice will undoubtedly be much appreciated by many readers.

STAGE LINES.

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES Watford Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11:30 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 3:45 p. m. Passengers and freight can be carried on terms, D. M. Ross, Prop'r.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES Arkona at 9 a. m. Watford at 10:30 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 2:45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—W. H. JACKSON, Prop'r.

In Spite of His Grace.

By GRACE HENDRICK.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"The special car for New York" demanded Margaret.

"Track 12," came the response. "Hurry up! They're just closing the gates."

With a little shriek of excitement Margaret dashed down the concourse and slipped through the gate just in time. She paused uncertainly, looking for the private car. A brakeman darted forward, half pushed her upon the rear platform and the train began to move. There was a clamor at the gate, evidently from the people who had missed the train, and Margaret smiled contentedly as she realized by how narrow a margin she had caught the train herself.

The friendly brakeman looked puzzled when she spoke of a special car, but at last a light dawned upon his face.

"That was to be attached to the Washington express," he explained. "The train is twenty minutes late."

"And I'm on the wrong train," she cried.

"It's all right if you want to go to New York. We'll get there about the time they do."

"Then I may as well stay on." Margaret moved forward to the Pullmans still attended by the brakeman. She had just entered the first of the parlor cars when she felt a tug at her sleeve.

"Jimmy," she cried in astonishment. "What are you doing here?"

"Bearing defeat back to New York," he explained. "I got the license, and tried to get word to you, but it seems that your father took the precaution to put a couple of private detectives on guard. One of them had me arrested for disturbing the peace when I tried



"JIMMY," SHE CRIED IN ASTONISHMENT. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

to see you. I just got out in time to learn that you were on your way back home."

"That was horrid," she said. "It was not like father."

"But you see he's worked so hard that he wants to land the match."

Meg frowned as she always did when reminded of her approaching marriage. An English duke with vast estates and an infinitesimal income had asked her hand in marriage, and her father had given assent in her name.

Francis Cadmus had been ambitious for his daughter. He had always frowned upon Jimmy Dorval's suit, even while admitting that he was a fine young fellow and bound to make his way in the world.

Ben Tibbetson's daughter had married a baronet. Here was a chance to administer a final coup to Tibbetson, who had boasted of his titled son in law ever since. So when young Dorval began to show signs of insubordination Cadmus had hired private detectives. The events in Philadelphia had proved the value of this move, for Dorval and Margaret had planned an elopement.

Meg's mother came from one of the old Philadelphia families, and her aunts had insisted upon a visit that they might shine in reflected glory of her engagement to the duke. Cadmus had sent her over in a private car and had arranged that she should come back the same way. The gate-man had not caught her reference to the private car when she came back from the telegraph office, and by mistake had directed her to the regular train just pulling out.

"It's a dispensation of Providence," declared Dorval when she had explained the situation. "There are his

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in 15 true fruit and wine flavors. Get a package from your grocer and try it to-night. Price, 10c.

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Toronto.

detectives, the detectives and your respected parent cooped up, waiting for the other train, and here we are, together, and with a Pennsylvania license in my pocket. If we can be married before we cross the state line—will you, dear?"

"Of course I will," she declared briskly. "I don't want to marry the duke, and I do want to marry you. Is there a clergyman on board?"

"I'll get you one," offered the brakeman, who had been standing at hand. In expectation of a tip. "There's an old guy with white whiskers two cars back."

He darted out while Jimmy gave Meg his seat and stood beside her. The train slowed up for West Philadelphia, and a boy in blue and brass came through the car calling her name. She held out her hand for the telegram.

"Father says to wait here." She smiled as she read it through. Dorval fished out a bill and handed it to the boy, together with the message.

"You could not find the lady, understand?"

"I'm wise," agreed the boy. "Mebbe the lady didn't hear me."

He passed out, and just as the train began to move Meg saw him going leisurely across the platform, the envelope still in his hand.

"The old guy was a drummer," explained the brakeman, returning with a young and very nervous person with a flushed face. "He says he's a minister."

"I have just begun my pastorate," explained the nervous man, "but am a regularly ordained clergyman. I leave the train shortly. If you can satisfy me that there is no legal impediment, I should advise celerity."

Rapidly Dorval explained the situation. The drawing rooms were all engaged, but there was a cafe car on the train, and the tiny pantry was empty. The porter mounted guard to keep out the curious; the simple ceremony was concluded and a certificate made out long before the minister reached his stopping place.

"It was my first marriage," he said nervously as his slender fingers closed over the yellow backed bill. "I am sure that I wish you all happiness."

He pecked Meg's cheek much as a bachelor kisses a baby and returned to his own car to hide his confusion.

The passenger in the seat adjoining Dorval's, who had been impressed as a witness, expressed an overwhelming desire for a smoke and went forward that the young couple might not be separated.

"Are you sorry now that it's over, dear?" he asked as he leaned forward and placed his hand over hers.

"I shall never be sorry," she said bravely. "I was only afraid that you would not be able to rescue me from the duke."

"I bet he drops his eyeglass when we tell him," said Jimmy with a wicked smile. "He'll drop his eyeglass and say, 'My word! See if he doesn't.'"

"I'm thinking of what father will say," she answered, trying to smile. "It will be a great disappointment to him."

"Then he shouldn't sell his daughter," explained Jimmy. "I guess that's his aim now."

He pointed out of the window as another train went rushing by. On the platform of the rear car, made into an observation balcony, they could see the duke.

The special had been sent through on another track, and Mr. Cadmus' temper was not improved by a half hour wait in the Jersey City station for the slower train with Margaret aboard. The entire party were lined up at the gate as the passengers of the regular train poured through.

"I made a mistake," explained Meg as she held up her face to be kissed.

"So the gate-man said," her father returned. "It was very good of Mr.

Dorval to take care of you. We will relieve him of any further responsibility."

"I say," broke in Jimmy, "you can't very well do that. I've arranged to take care of Meg for the rest of her life. We were married on the train coming over."

The dual jaw dropped and the dual eyebrows raised while the monocle dropped from the dual eye.

"My word!" said his grace. "How very extraordinary, you know!"

"I told you so," said Jimmy, breaking a tense situation with a laugh.

Before There Were Naval Uniforms.

A little prior to the Revolutionary war, says the Newport Bluejacket, there was no such thing as a naval uniform. The officers wore civilian clothes or some sort of an adaptation of an army uniform as suited their fancies, and the men dressed any how, though they generally agreed in wearing their hair long and done up in a cue, or pigtail, and with a knee-lock or two straggling down either side of the face. The sailor seems always to have been given to wide trousers, experience having taught him that his nether garments must be so constructed that they could be easily rolled above the knees when washing down decks. Sometimes the old time sailor did not wear trousers at all, but a sort of kilt like a Highlander's. Look at any old print showing a man-of-war's crew as late as 1818 and see what a motley lot of garments are shown on the men. Some of them even wore stovepipe hats upon their heads.

The Twinkling of a Star.

The twinkling of a star has never been explained to the satisfaction of all investigators, but it is generally believed to be due to controlling causes within the earth's atmosphere. That the cause may be looked for within the belt of air that surrounds our planet (of particles of vapor, dust, etc.) may be inferred from the fact that the planets never exhibit the characteristic twinkling so noticeable in the star. One reason for this is the size (apparent) of the planets, each of which shows a sensible disk, even to the naked eye, while the strongest instrument in the world only shows the stars as being mere points of light. This being the case, any foreign substance in the atmosphere would momentarily hide the light and make the star appear to twinkle.

Just a Taste.

Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion? Cannibal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.—Cleveland Leader.

How Clark Received the Gift.

Broken by ill health and bowed down by disappointment, Clark retired to private life in bitterness of soul and passed his remaining twenty-three years of capricious existence in obscurity and poverty. Friends called attention to Clark's sad condition a few years before he died, and the legislature of Virginia grandiloquently acknowledged his great services and sent him a jeweled sword. The old hero's anger was aroused. "When Virginia needed a sword I gave her one," he exclaimed to the messenger. "She now sends me this toy. I want bread." And he thrust the blade of the costly gift into the ground and broke it at the hilt.—Lyman Tew Sprague, in "George Roberts Clark and His Conquest of the Middle West," in *Outing Magazine*.

The Joke Maker.

"The way I learned my trade," said the man who makes jokes for a living, "was to take advantage of every little thing that happened to come along. Whatever it might be, sad or gay, serious or merry, I squeezed a joke out of it. At first they were very poor, but after a great deal of labor I found my brand of humor improving. True, I often made my best friends my deadly enemies and turned every man's hand against me on more than one occasion, but at last I triumphed. I won't tell you what my salary is—you may not believe me. But you can take my word for it, young man, that there's money in making jokes."

His Specialty.

Young Foley looked so downcast that the market man asked why he carried such a long face.

"Fired," returned Foley concisely.

"Fired?" repeated the market man.

"Yes," Foley said, with the air of a martyr. "The boss said he was losing money on the things I was making."

"Is that so? What were you making?"

"Mistakes."

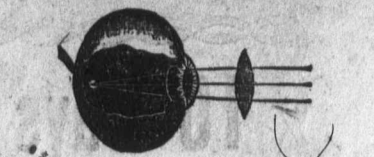
Scents!

He (excitedly)—I tell you the handsome dress that millionaire's wife is wearing was paid for by blood money. She (calmly)—Ah, that accounts for the gore in the skirt!

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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IN THE STUD—SEASON 1907.

The One That Wins.
CANADA'S CHAMPION ROAD STALLION
WALNUT MANOR

Son of Lord of the Manor and Grandson of Manbrino King.

Winner of the prize at London Western Fair 1904. Winner of first prize at London Western Fair 1905. Winner of first prize and sweepstakes at Toronto 1895. Winner of first prize and sweepstakes at Toronto 1900.

DESCRIPTION OF CANADA'S CHAMPION ROAD STALLION.

WALNUT MANOR is one of the handsomest trotting bred stallions in Canada. His sire, Lord of the Manor, is a sweepstake winner three times in London, three times in Toronto, Orange County Horse Show, N. Y., and Madison Square Garden. His grand sire, Manbrino King, was the most handsome horse in the world. Procters, the sire of his dam, was a sweepstake winner at London and Toronto. It is no wonder that Walnut Manor is a horse of such grand style and beauty.

WALNUT MANOR is a dark brown stallion, stands 16 hands high, weighs 1200 lbs. Foaled May 1st, 1903. He is a perfect gaited trotter, with perfect legs and feet. He has a clear cut, fine shaped head and neck, which goes to make a show horse, which he has proven himself. Through the dam of his sire he traces to the blood of Beautiful Belle, Green Mountain Maid, Alma Mater and Jessie Peppers. Parties wishing to breed to a fashionable road horse would act wisely by seeing this young stallion.

PERFORMS
WALNUT MANOR, sire, Lord of the Manor, sire of John Martin 2:23, and Lord Reta 2:18, and full brother to Lady of the Manor 2:04, the world's extreme pacing mare, which record she held for five years; to by Manbrino King, the sire of 80 in the 2:30 list, and the dam of 70 in the 2:30 list, he by Manbrino Fatchen, he by Manbrino Chief, he by Manbrino Paymaster.

1st Dam—Betty M., by Procters, full brother to Romane (destroyed by fire), showed his ability to trot in 2:10.
2nd Dam—Maggie R., dam of Nettie D., trial 2:19 by Chicago Volunteer (2611), sire of Bawley 2:25, 10 in 2:30, he by Volunteer (55), sire of St. Julian 2:16, he by Hambletonian 10.

3rd Dam—Nelle R., dam of Fusilier 2:50, a three-year-old by Tempest, sire of Fulton 2:28, by Royal G-corre 09, sire of Toronto Club 2:24, and 8 in 2:30 4th Dam—Dollie, by imported Sir Layton Sykes.
5th Dam—Lady McQueen, by Grey Messenger, by imported Messenger.

ROUTE.
TUESDAY—Will be at the Revere House, Alvinston, for noon; thence to his own stable for night, where he will remain until Saturday.
SATURDAY—Will be at the Reche House, Watford, until night; thence to his own stable.

To insure a mare with foal \$10, payable 1st Jan. 1908. All mares must be in a healthy condition, otherwise not accepted. Mares must be returned regularly to the horse. Parties disposing of their mares before foaling time will be held responsible. All accidents to mares at owner's risk. No second price.

D. G. MADDOCK, - WALNUT, ONTARIO.
Proprietor and Mana er.

As the County of Lambton proposes to spend about \$200,000 for the improvement of roads it is hoped that the tonline between Bosanquet and Warwick, east of Forest, will not be overlooked.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.