

## "I HAVE PROVED"

Zam-Buk invaluable for eczema, both in the case of my baby and myself," says Mrs. L. Babin of West Ayr, N.S. She adds: "Baby's skin was badly broken out, but repeated applications of Zam-Buk entirely cured it. "In my own case, I had eczema on my hands, which made it very difficult for me to do my housework. Particularly was this so in the winter. By using Zam-Buk, however, I soon got relief, and it was not very long before every trace of the trouble had disappeared. I really think no home remedy is so good as Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is equally good for all skin diseases. All dealers 50c. box.



### Guide-Advocate

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W. C. AYLESWORTH, Publisher.  
T. HARRIS, Editor.

### Guide-Advocate

WATFORD, JANUARY 31, 1919

#### NOTE AND COMMENT

Over two hundred managers, tellers and clerks in the Quebec banks formed a national union of bank employees in Quebec recently. Their idea is to spread the movement all over Canada to merge the thousands of bank employees into a mommoth union for the recognition of their demands.

The British Government is effecting settlement with American munition steel workers so far as possible in some instances on the basis of scrap prices at \$30 a ton for the output on hand. This means a loss to the British Government of \$40 a ton, as the munition steel was sold at 3 1/2 cents a pound. Manufacturers look on this allowance for the steel as generous, as owing to its high carbon content it cannot be satisfactorily reworked.

Among those who like to mingle thought with their sports a pleasant hour may be spent by transforming one word to another by the changing of a single letter at a time. For example, one of the company writes upon the board the word "beef" and says it may be changed to "pork." A second person goes to the board and by the change of one letter makes it "beast," so by each one changing one letter it becomes successively: Beef, boat, boat, port, port and pork. Or change nose to hand thus: Nose, hose, host, hart, hurt, hunt, hint, hind, hand.

#### Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENNY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
All Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Havelock Wilson Leads the Sailors of England in Hatred of the Germans

NO living sailor on any sea has attained such renown as that of Havelock Wilson. The curse of this ancient mariner is loud and deep upon the submarine. He is, perhaps, the real hero of the labor union war against the Kaiser. To-day he is a kind of Jingo hero in Great Britain, most bitter of "bitter enders," even to those conservative dailies like the London Daily Post, which once denounced him as a violent labor demagogue with little respect for law. For Havelock Wilson, gaunt, prophetic, hoarse and dominant, is just the type that Marryat and Cooper drew, the very figure realized by Coleridge in the poem.

Just now he leads his brotherhood of the brine in a crusade against the pirate. There are no German sailors, really, according to Havelock Wilson. The German on the high seas has violated the faith handed down among mariners from the times of the Vikings and observed after a fashion by even the buccaneer. There must be no peace with the Hun until his flag has been redeemed on the deep, no matter what baptisms of blood may prove essential to the purification.

Havelock Wilson, who talks like this to gatherings of seamen in British ports as ships come in, is an old salt, but vigorous, very. A writer in the London News tells us he is a youth of sixty or so—one who can never be old. Unlike most deep-water sailors, Havelock Wilson swims with ease. Many a fight he has had with roaring breakers off



HAVELOCK WILSON.

strange tropical shores. He has been a castaway on coral strands. He has ridden out a gale on a raft with a shirt-tail fluttering in the breeze to intimate his distress of mind to casual navigators in remote wastes of waters. He has fought with sharks. He has dived for pearls. He has faced mutinies. He has talked defiantly to cruel skippers on such subjects as grog and grub. He knows all the tremendous jokes, and he can play all the tremendous pranks, and he is steeped in the practice and procedure of the seaman. He has risked his life to save his mates and scolded them severely for being so careless afterwards. He knows what it is to subsist on salt pork aboard a wind-jammed and he is quite himself on an ocean greyhound. He has had his terrific collisions with pirates in the Red Sea, and he understands the best mode of defeating tyrannical second mates and reckless masters.

The astonishing thing about Havelock Wilson to the London Mail is all the tremendous vigor, his verdant freshness. He retains the characteristic gait of the old salt, and in a mood, and a condition for a race he can run fast enough to overtake a boarding-house keeper. He bursts now and then into such songs as "Aye, O, roll a man down." He has the indescribable deference of manner—at times—for which the sailor is conspicuous among landsmen and he can be as rude as he pleases in a crisis. He conveys no impression of complexity, either. In fact, his simplicity is wonderful not only as regards appearance but mentality. He is quite unconscious of his own uniqueness.

The curling moustache of Havelock Wilson, reports the London Mail, is only beginning to turn grey. The nose is very English—pugnacious, long, splendid, suggestive. The eyes is a flasher. It holds as well as roams. It searches, too. It speaks several languages. The hair on his long head gives Havelock Wilson that young look—thick hair, wonderfully brown in spite of silver strands. The shoulders are broad and mobile, with a psychological content of their own, easily shrugged but not loose. The figure is lithe and alert. The face is hungry but healthily so. As for his speech, here is a sample, provided by the admiring London Mail, reporting with sympathy an address at a gathering of his mates to discuss the right way of dealing with the Hun: "Now, then, see fellows, he will say, 'let me see if I can't put some ginger and fight into you. I want you all to understand, including that Shetlander over there, who thinks

ne's holding this meeting, that wane this row is on every manjack of you has got to unglue his eyelids and no shenanigan. Look here, old Blow-me-Tight with the second-hand Tartar-whiskers!—this to the ancient mariner who persists in telling his mates what he did in similar circumstances in 1863—would you just hold your jaw while I'm talking, or shall we toss up two rounds out of three whether it's me or you for outside? But I can tell you beforehand it won't be me."

#### Japan's Dye Factories.

Japan has eighty artificial dye factories, with an annual capacity in excess of 10,100,000 pounds.

#### THE UNSPEAKABLE HUN.

#### Man From British Columbia Voices His Sentiments.

No one could call me blood-thirsty. I am the most peaceable of men. I am not vindictive, and I think I may say that I seldom harbor ill-feeling in my heart.

I loathe a Hun. "Why?" I'll tell you. Outside a pretty little bungalow in a tree-bordered street in Victoria B.C., hangs a red flag. There is a sale on. That was my home. People are inside there bargaining for our little household treasures. Cautious buyers are fingering carpets and curtains and appraising their value. A fat old dealer is trying to convince his pal that my priceless Sheffield plate soup tureen is not genuine. There is a man carrying away my child's cot.

I've no home now. All the little store of books I treasured so is gone. My wife is living in a boarding-house and the youngster has no nursery now.

We've sold up so that I may join the —th Battalion.

The Hun must pay me for that—must make what reparation can be made for breaking up my home; for all the heavy heartaches we had in parting from our treasures.

I am standing in the British military cemetery at Baillieu. It is June, 1917. I have found what I sought. A simple mound with a little plain wooden cross at the head of it. My younger brother lies there.

Five years ago he came out to British Columbia to me—as fine a lad as you could meet. He had just left school. A clean, wholesome product of an English public school. In 1914 he left his job—surveying—and enlisted. He served eight months as a private in France, got a commission, and, within four months, his company.

Two days before his 21st birthday—in June, 1916—he was going round the line at "stand-to." A sniper's bullet hit him square in the forehead—the next day they brought him here.

It was a Hun's hand that pulled that trigger. Do you suppose I'll meet a Hun again when peace comes with the haunting feeling that the hand I shook in greeting might be the hand that pulled that trigger?

"They can't give back that young life—but they still have 'eyes to weep with.'"

Make them weep!

An old man is walking slowly up and down the lawn in the garden of a beautiful old Kentish vicarage. It is a still summer night. Hardly a sound, you would say. But the old man stops and listens. He can just hear a distant rumble—far, far away to the south.

"The guns in France or Belgium," he would tell you. Day and night he is listening, listening for that distant rumble.

He is my father. Four years ago I did not consider him the possessor of old age. But these years of sorrow and ever-present anxiety, first for two sons and now for one only, have changed him. They have deepened the furrows in his cheeks, have turned his hair to silver, taken all the joy of life from his eyes.

He is only one of millions.

The Huns cannot make the old man young again, cannot restore the boy they stole from him. But even their brutal instincts can be made to realize how all decent people loathe a murder.

Make them feel it!—The London Daily Mail.

### Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

#### Rebellious Sons.

The King of Macmania was recently reported to have condemned his son, the Crown Prince, to seventy days' imprisonment on account of a life affair of the heart and a marriage outside the ring of royal affections. If the story be true the Roumanian monarch and his son have merely added a new chapter to an old story and a long story. Kings and their heirs have often showed a tendency to differ. Henry II. had a rebellious brood of sons, Henry V. was a wild and naughty prince in his youth; the heir to the throne in Hanoverian days was usually on the worst terms with his father. Russia has always been a land of extremes, and in Russia this little tale of disagreement between the royal father and the princely son was carried to its fullest extent. Peter the Great executed his own son. But Peter was probably a Bolshevik at heart; he believed in sentences of death as the cure for most of the troubles of life.—Tit-Bits.

### Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### IMPORTANT

## 3rd Annual Sale of Registered Stock

of the Lambton Co. Pure Bred Livestock Breeders' Ass'n.

Market Square, Petrolia, Ont.

On February 6th, 1919, at 1 p.m. sharp

60 HEAD OF CHOICE CATTLE

consisting of Shorthorn and Aberdeen Angus Bulls, Cows and Heifers.....

IN SHORTHORNS — Such well known families as Rosemary, Carnation, Winsome, Mar Rachel, Lancaster and Jealousy are represented.

IN ABERDEEN ANGUS—Such families as Fair Maid of Earnside, Waterside Fair, Frederica.

Apply to Secretary for catalogue. Sale under cover if stormy.  
W. S. STEADMAN, President, Petrolia, Ont. W. P. MACDONALD, Secretary, Petrolia, Ont.

## TRENOUTH & CO.

DEALERS IN

Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Wheat Kernel Flaked Wheat and Barley, All Kinds Feed, Grain, Seeds and Poultry Food.

We Carry a Full Stock of

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD FOR HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND POULTRY.

CALDWELL'S MOLASSES MEAL AND THREE DIFFERENT MAKES OF CELEBRATED CALF MEAL

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN TAKEN IN EXCHANGE  
Crapping and Rolling Done While You Wait

PHONE 39

#### CHOP STUFF

There may be other corn cures, but Holloway's Corn Cure stands at the head of the list so far as results are concerned.

The Women's Auxiliary, likewise the lady superintendent and the Hospital Trust, of Strathroy, are indeed grateful to Mr. Ed. DeGex, "Chantry Farm," Kerwood—the well-known farmer and breeder of pure-bred cattle and sheep, for his kind and generous remembrance to Strathroy Hospital during the festive season. Mr. DeGex presented the Women's Hospital Auxiliary with his personal cheque for the generous amount of twenty-five dollars.

Sweet and palatable, Mother Graves' Worm exterminator is acceptable to children, and it does its work surely and promptly.

Read the Guide-Advocate "Want Column" on page 4.

#### Society Printing

is just one of our side lines—but we are proud of the reputation we have built up in turning out work of the very finest quality.

WEDDING INVITATIONS  
ANNOUNCEMENTS  
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Guide-Advocate

ROLL

Men and V

27TH I  
Thos L Swil  
15th, 1915  
Bury C Bink