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## THE PARTS THEY PLAYED

Story of an American in the War in Belgium

By ALAN HINSDALE

Albert Clarke, an American boy, when the great European war broke out, having a desire to take part in it, went to Canada, where he enlisted in a regiment of infantry and in due time was sent to Belgium. In a fight he was taken prisoner, and while being marched to the rear with a number of his comrades, his guard being inattentive, he managed to slip away. Just as he was passing out of sight of his captors he was seen, and they gave chase.

Clarke ran into a yard in the center of which stood a house. The first thing in his path that afforded a hiding place was a well. It struck him that no one would think of looking for a man in the bottom of a well. The arrangement for drawing water was a long pole, the bucket being at one end and a huge stone at the other. This enabled him to descend with less rapidity than if not partly counterbalanced by the stone, though he went down much faster than he would have chosen.

The other end of the balance pole being up in the air was a dead give away, so he emptied the bucket, let go his hold and it went up as fast as it had come down.

Clarke's pursuers, fortunately for him, did not reach sight of the well house till a few moments after the bucket had gone up. As he had hoped, they did not stop to look into the well, but continued on their way. But it soon occurred to Bert that if he had not jumped from the frying pan into the fire he had at least jumped from a German prison into cold water. Although the season was in the early summer the bath was by no means tepid.

All he could do was to get one foot on a stone on one side of the well and the other foot on the other side, stand there above the surface and wait for some one to come to the well for water. His life depended upon some one coming within a reasonable time, for if the arrival were put off too long he would either starve or be chilled to death. Looking up, he examined the circle of stone forming the well and saw that the surface was too smooth for him to climb. It was only at the lower part that the stones afforded a foothold.

Bert had been captured in the morning and escaped about noon. He had stood in his trying position for six hours when he was gladdened by the sound of a bucket striking the ground. In another moment the well bucket was lowered and filled. Bert would have climbed the rod connecting it with the balance pole, but his strength had gone out of him. So when the bucket came to the surface of the water he emptied it and held on to it for an ascent, doing what he could to lighten it by clutching here and there the circling wall.

When he reached the well house there was a shriek, and down he went again to the bottom. A girl, instead of drawing up a bucket of water, had drawn up a man, and the discovery was a great shock to her. She ran away from the well house, but presently, curiosity getting the better of her fright, she turned and looked back. There was the well, the bucket hanging over it, and silence.

It occurred to her that the man had returned to the bottom, and a man at the bottom of a well was not necessarily an object of terror. Then she realized the man's position. Lastly, she went back to the well house and, without daring to look over, called out: "Who's there?"

Bert knew a little French and replied: "Anglais soldat" (English soldier).

This helped matters amazingly. The girl was a Belgian and knew that the English were fighting for her country. Bert asked her in a mixture of French and English to lower the bucket and help him out. She did not understand him, but common sense suggested that this be done and done quickly. Down went the bucket again. Bert took hold of it and with difficulty was raised to the surface. Once there he took the precaution to catch hold of a support so that he would not go down a third time.

He was a pitiable spectacle, drenched and chilled as he was; indeed, just the object to excite the sympathy of a woman. She helped him out of the well house, and after she had assured him by French, English and pantomime that there were no German soldiers very near, he started with her to

## NO ALUM



the house as fast as he was able, lest some enemy might see him, for there was the boom of cannon all about him.

At the house was a woman—the girl's mother—and several children. The men of the household were all fighting for Belgium. After a few words of explanation the girl went to a cupboard and brought out a bottle. It was only wine, but Bert made up for its want of strength by drinking it all. Then the girl brought out some bread and cheese—there was no meat in Belgium—and the soldier consumed it ravenously. Meanwhile the mother lit a fire on the hearth, and by its warmth his clothes were dried, though after other clothes that belonged to the men of the family were provided for him.

Bert did not feel very secure, for he was within the German lines and Germans were liable to come to the house at any moment. He was taken to the parter, where a mattress was placed on the floor behind a pile of discarded furniture, and on this bed he spent the night. In the morning he was at a loss to know whether to put on his khaki uniform or the citizen's clothes that had been provided for him. If he wore his uniform he would be recognized for a soldier; if he wore the citizen's clothes, though he might the better escape attention, if known to be an enemy he would be shot for a spy. He concluded to take the latter risk, and if confronted by enemies undertake to pass himself off for a member of the family that harbored him.

Several days passed without any Germans entering the house or Bert's seeing any chance whatever to go back to the British lines. During those few days he learned more French than he had ever learned before, though he had studied it in school. The girl who had rescued him—Jeanne was her name—he found very attractive. She resembled a Dutch girl, having light hair and complexion, with a rose in each cheek.

One day some German soldiers, stragglers, came to the house and demanded something to eat. But Jeanne saw them coming, and Bert escaped to the garret.

He finally got into trouble through politeness. Water was needed, and since Jeanne was not on hand to get it Bert insisted on going to the well for it. While drawing the water several German officers entered the grounds. It was too late to take to flight, and Bert decided to stand his ground. The officers approached him, and one of them asked for a drink of water. Bert accommodated him, trying the while to fix his own mind on something else than the frightful danger he was running, in order that he might preserve his equanimity.

One of the Germans spoke French and asked him what so lusty a fellow was doing at home when there was war in the land. Bert replied that he was the only man on the premises and had just married a young wife, who would not let him go. He gave this reason knowing that all the world sympathizes with a young married couple.

"Perhaps something of the wedding feast is left," said the officer, "and we may be favored with a bite."

"There can be no wedding feasts in this country now," replied Bert, "but such as we have we will give you."

He led the way to the house. Jeanne had reappeared, and she and her mother, seeing what had happened, pulled themselves together for any part they might be expected to play.

"Ach," said one officer to another in German on seeing Jeanne, "one can't blame the fellow for staying at home with such a pretty bride as that!"

The German and French languages are both spoken in Belgium, and Jeanne understood perfectly what he said, and since he looked from Bert to her she knew that he referred to them. She blushed, which under the circumstances was the most natural thing for her to do. Besides, she inferred that she was to play the part of Bert's bride. She brought out the best there was in the larder—it was not much—and there was plenty of wine in the cellar.

The officers had evidently been on short rations, for they ate all that was set before them and drank one bottle

of wine after another till they were quite mellow. Then Jeanne said to them:

"Herr officers, I have a request to make of you."

"What is that, pretty one?"

"I was obliged to be married without a trousseau. That is a terrible thing for a bride. Will you give me a pass to go to Paris to buy one?"

"Certainly you shall have a pass."

"One thing more I have to ask—that my husband be permitted to go with me."

"Ach! That is a different matter."

"Do you think a bride just married would consent to leave her husband? If he cannot go with me I will not go at all."

The officers discussed the matter between them, Jeanne persisting in her request till finally one of the officers, who seemed to have the highest rank and had drunk the most wine declared that so pretty a bride who had entertained them so well should have any boon she asked, and, calling for the two to go through the lines. Then, demanding a kiss of the bride, which was granted, he led the rest away.

Bert and Jeanne were left alone together. Bert stood looking at her with an expression of gratitude mingled with admiration. She had been playing the part of his wife and by so doing had prevented his being shot for a spy.

"My life is yours," said Bert. "Do with it as you will."

She dropped her eyes to the ground. Bert took her hand in his, and the two stood mute, she with averted face. Presently he said:

"I am a soldier, and if I succeed in reaching the British lines I must serve out my term of enlistment. When that ends, if I still live and I can get back here, I will come to you. My home is in that far country America, which you have heard about, and it has been so protected by oceans that there has been little or no war there. If I return there and you will go with me I will take you. In that case we will make a reality of what has been a pretense."

The response to this was more effective than if it had been spoken in words. Jeanne turned toward him, and her head sank on his breast.

Miller's Worm Powders will not only expel worms from the system, but will induce healthful conditions of the system under which worms can no longer thrive.

Worms keep a child in a continual state of restlessness and pain, and there can be no comfort for the little one until the cause of suffering be removed, which can be easily done by the use of these powders, than which there is nothing more effective.

Surmounting a Crisis.

Edward Everett Hale used to tell with a rueful smile a story of his boyhood, when, like other boys, he occasionally mislaid some of his belongings. His gloves in particular had a strange way of disappearing one at a time. At last his mother, by way of assisting his memory, sent him out one day with a red cotton glove on one hand and a white glove on the other. Even at this painful crisis, however, his wits helped him.

"I held one hand in front of me and one behind my back," said Dr. Hale, "and it seemed to me that people coming toward me would think I had on a pair of white gloves, while those behind would think I wore a pair of bright red ones."

How the Butterfly is Protected.

The brilliant coloring on the wings of some kinds of butterflies is a bitter tasting pigment, which to a certain extent protects those species from being eaten by their foes. Frogs will try to eat sulphur butterflies and after tasting them will promptly reject them. The brilliant colors may be produced in order to advertise the nauseous taste as well as to aid the butterfly in attracting a mate of its own kind.—Westminster Gazette.

The Quarrel.

Greene—My wife and I quarreled last night for the first time in years. Browne—What about? Greene—She thought the reason we had never done so before was due to her generous nature, and I thought it was mine.—Exchange.

The Way of It.

She—Why is it that wives were never allowed to make their wills? He—Didn't have to. All I ever knew had 'em ready made.

Quite Different.

Flatbush—Did you say he was working for the government now? Benson—No—Why not? I said he had a government job.

The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world.—Pope

For years' Mother Graves' Worm exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

## WHY SUFFER WITH BACKACHE, KIDNEYS OR RHEUMATISM NOW?

Letter Tells of Long-looked-for Prescription.

Dear Readers—If I can do any good in the world for others, I wish to do it, and I feel that it is my duty to write about the wonderful results I received from the use of "Anuric." I was suffering from kidney and bladder troubles, scalding urine, backache and rheumatism, and feet and ankles swelled so that at times I could not walk without assistance. Had taken several different kinds of kidney remedies but all failed. I sent for a box of Dr. Pierce's newest discovery, "Anuric," which I received by mail in tablet form. I soon got better and am convinced that this popular new medicine is good. I wish to recommend it to my neighbors and everybody suffering from such troubles.

Mrs. M. J. SARGENT.

Note: You've all undoubtedly heard of the famous Dr. Pierce and his well-known medicines. Well, this prescription is one that has been successfully used for many years by the physicians and specialists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for kidney complaints, and diseases arising from disorders of the kidneys and bladder, such as backache, weak back, rheumatism, dropsy, congestion of the kidneys, inflammation of the bladder, scalding urine, and urinary troubles.

Up to this time, "Anuric" has not been on sale to the public, but by the persuasion of many patients and the increased demand for this wonderful healing Tablet, Doctor Pierce has finally decided to put it into the stores, or send 10 cents for large trial package or 30 cents for full treatment.

Simply ask for Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets. There can be no imitation. Every package of "Anuric" is sure to be Dr. Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the ever-famous friend to ailing women, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, proven by years to be the greatest general tonic and reconstructer for any one, besides being the best blood-maker known.

## CHINESE PUNISHMENTS.

Flogging is Common, and Rank Does Not Protect an Offender.

Chinese lawgivers are not troubled with any sentimental scruples on the subject of flogging. Even a criminal condemned to death is given a preliminary thrashing instead of, as with us, being treated with sympathy and consideration until the hour of doom. Another feature of Chinese justice, so far as the lash is concerned, is its strict impartiality.

Highborn offenders are flogged as relentlessly as criminals of the lower orders. The back of many a silken robe of dignity has been scored with the leather thongs of the whips wielded by sturdy Chinese officials, whose duty it has been to lay on the lash heavily, regardless of the rank of the victim, on pain of being flogged themselves.

The Chinese legal code prescribes the lash for many offenses so trivial that in Europe they would be quite outside the scope of the law. Not all of the enactments are enforced nowadays, but we may quote two of them as quaint examples. Fifty lashes were ordered to be given to any merchant or tradesman offering for sale goods not of the quality they are represented to be, while self glorification is discouraged by a law that any military man who raises a monument to himself for deeds of heroism which he has never performed is to receive 100 lashes.—Pearson's Weekly.

## The Gaelic A B C.

Every letter in the Gaelic alphabet is represented by a tree. The alphabet of today consists of eighteen letters—in ancient Gaelic seventeen—and now, as of old, all the letters with the exception of g, t, and u, which stand for ivy, furze and heather, are called after trees.

The Gaelic A B C of today runs: Ailm, beite, coll, dur, eagh, fearn, gath, huath, iogh, iuis, mulin, nuim, oiv, peith, ruis, suil, teine, ur, which is equivalent to saying elm, birch, hazel, oak, aspen, alder, ivy, whitethorn, lew, rowan or quicken, vine, ash, spindle tree, pine, elder, willow, furze, heath.

In the ancient Gaelic alphabet the letter h (the heath or whitethorn) does not exist. The alphabet is called the beith-iuis-nuin, because b, i, n and n o b a b c are its first three letters.

## New Setting For an Old House.

Many an old house has been allowed to pass into a state of disrepair and finally has been torn down to make place for a more modern building, merely because the owner has not been able to see in the old building a possibility for the attainment of attractiveness and charm by means of a new setting. The rarest gem in a battered setting can hardly show its value. Put it in platinum and gold, modern in cut, and the same gem is a glory to its owner. Provide the old house with nature's setting in the form of judicious planting, together with tasteful garden arrangement and a pergola, and straightway it is given a new lease of beauty.—L. G. Hoyt in Countryside Magazine.

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

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