

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

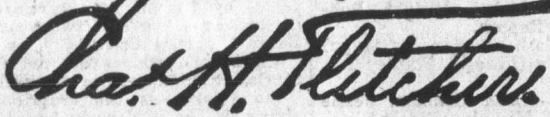
Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

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 Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

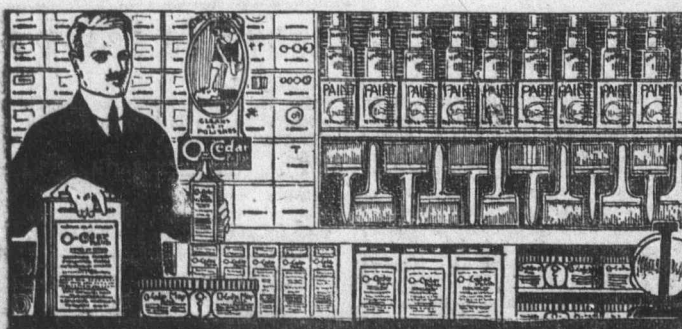
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

SHOES AND RUBBERS

For all the Family

From our splendid big stock of up-to-date Footwear we can fit out the whole family with Shoes and Rubbers, in the proper styles and in sizes to insure long comfort and satisfaction. Our stock is all bought at a Quality Standard but you will find on examination our prices are marked much lower than elsewhere. All we ask is for the opportunity of showing you. Come in today.

W. D. Cameron



Hints from Our Home Brightening Department

It's wonderful what a new coat of paint or varnish will do in brightening up the house. When you decide to freshen up the bathroom or kitchen with a coat of paint, or surprise that scratched chair and table with a sparkling coat of varnish, come in and see us. We have a complete line of paints, varnishes, brushes and everything for brightening up the home.

To keep the floors and furniture bright and glistening, we know of nothing better than the O-Cedar Polish Mop and



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USE THE GUIDE-ADVOCATE "WANT COLUMN"

Office Forms and Stationery at The Guide-Advocate

THE FOOT OF FATE

By DORA MOLLAN

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For the third time since she entered the station Edith Redway's overshoe slipped at the heel. For the third time she stopped to give it an impatient tug. At the instant a little hard bulk of paper bound about by twisted elastic, skidding from under the spinning foot of a passerby, brought up against Edith's offending rubber.

She picked it up. Evidently the paper was wrapped about some small object. Whoever had kicked it her way had passed on. Edith dropped the little parcel into her bag and proceeded to her train.

Sinking into the first vacant seat the girl rested her head against the high plush back and wearily closed her eyes. Two weeks with a grip cold as bed fellow had forced Edith to take a vacation.

The listlessness of convalescence possessed her mind and body. Vagrant thoughts came and went, unpurged to any conclusive end. Cousin Marie, whom Edith was going to visit, would ascribe her sickness to the fact that she didn't wear woollens—she would harp on that. Then the illness itself—doctor's bills and meals in her room—a forfeited summer vacation—no money for week-end outings—an employer who expected an untiring service from his office force as from his typing machines!

The approaching summer would loom dreary enough, Edith decided, were it not that a small park, that quaint old square dedicated to the memory of the man who tradition tells us never uttered a lie, lay within easy walking distance of her rooming house. There were green growing things there, and benches where one might sit and watch the passing.

Associated with that park in Edith's mind was a man—a slender young man with dark, dreamy eyes who often walked there alone. He was not like the park's patron saint. He could tell a lie—had told her one. One sunny Sunday morning he had sat on the bench next to her favorite one. Across the walk a toddling, swarthy speck of humanity, fired by the same spirit that sent a famous compatriot sailing over uncharted seas centuries before, set out from the port of his mother's knee on a voyage of discovery, gleefully tottering to the inevitable fall.

Edith and the dark young man had simultaneously rushed to the rescue—half an instant too late. When the excited parent arrived they were making joint efforts to wipe away the evidences of a bleeding nose. The mother's voluble thanks served as an introduction of a sort, and when they seated themselves again it was upon the same bench. They talked of many things—impersonal mostly. But the man had said he walked in the square every pleasant Sunday morning—he would look forward to seeing her the following week. That was the lie. Two pleasant Sunday mornings had passed and he had not been there.

The conductor, coming for her ticket, interrupted Edith's train of thought. As she took the pasteboard from her bag she noticed the forgotten little package. Slipping the elastic binding, she found it to contain a blue plush jewel box, and in the box reposed a ring—a cameo of extraordinarily delicate pink set simply in gold. It bore the profile of a woman, beautifully chiseled. With an inward exclamation of admiration Edith proceeded to closer examination of the ring.

Some characters, engraved on the inner surface, she deciphered as "C. to E.; 3-2-11-5." Surely that mystic inscription must mean much to some one. Somewhere, that some one was bewailing the loss of the cameo even while she was revelling in its beauty.

On the sheerest impulse Miss Redway dropped the jewel box to the floor and thrust it under the seat with her foot but not before she had glimpsed the name of a well-known firm of jewelers stamped in gold inside the lid.

She tried the ring on every finger and found that it best fitted the third finger of her left hand. Why shouldn't she keep it? The foot of fate had literally kicked it to her. And, anyway, she remembered reading somewhere that beautiful things should belong to those to whom they brought the most enjoyment. It was easy for a rather discouraged, half sick young woman in Edith's place to anaesthetize her conscience.

But anaesthesia is a temporary condition. Edith completely restored under Cousin Marie's motherly care and

on her way home two days earlier than she had anticipated, spurred by the restlessness of the unaccustomedly idle, was sorely conscious of that jewelry firm's name and address.

It met her eyes in the columns of the magazine she tried to read; the wheels of the train pounded out the rhythm of it. The jewelers would be sure to have some record of the person to whom the ring had been sold and who had had it engraved. Surely, not to attempt to trace its ownership through that obvious channel was to steal it; no less. This was Saturday afternoon and too late in the day to do anything about it. But on Monday morning she would give up the ring. Meantime, Edith rejoiced that with a clear conscience she could wear it one more day.

Sunday morning, warm and sunny, advance sample of the best styles in May weather, found Edith Redway strolling toward her favorite bench in the square. And there, looking as candid and trustworthy as if he and truth were one, sat the young man who had lied to her—who had promised and had not come. Stealing herself to ignore him bitterly, Edith was sauntering regally by when he caught sight of her and sprang up, his face alight. It was too genuine; his delight too sincere. The girl yielded to his entreaties to be seated and let him explain.

He had been called away six weeks before, he said, by the almost fatal illness of his mother, and had returned a fortnight ago. He had haunted the square ever since, hoping that she would come. What had happened? Where had she been?

So Edith told him about her own illness and her having to go away, and between them they placed it out that with any luck at all they would have met in the Grand Central, for they must have been there at the same moment on the day of her departure.

It was in the midst of this interesting comparison of data that Edith subconsciously resenting the pressure of too snug lid, drew the glove from her left hand. Her companion halted in the middle of a sentence. "Where did you get the ring?" he asked abruptly.

"It was given to me—by a friend," Edith told the fib desperately. For some vague woman's reason she was impelled to impress this nice young man that she had the sort of friends who would choose such a ring to give her.

But her companion if impressed, was impressed curiously. He glanced sidelong at Edith, at the ring and then straight across the square to the great Washington arch. Also he whistled, low and long and speculatively.

"Do you suppose," he inquired, still gazing across the park, "that the old boy over there on the arch ever told one like that? Honest Injun, where did you find it?"

Instantly Edith's tiny structure of deception collapsed. "I found it in the Grand Central station," she admitted penitently. "Is—it is yours?"

"Oh, no, no," was the hasty rejoinder. "I bought it, though, for a friend. You'll find it marked, 'C. to E.; 3-2-11-5.' The C stands for my name, Chester—Chester Barlow."

"And the E stands, I suppose, for the name of your fiancée?" Edith was carrying it off bravely.

"I hope so, very earnestly. It stands, you see, for Edith—oh, I peeked twice at letters you had been reading, for I had to know. And the numbers stand for the month, the day and the hour when we first met. It's yours. It has always been yours. Will you wear it—dear?"

And Edith is wearing it yet.

Many children die from the assaults of worms, and the first care of mothers should be to see that their infants are free from these pests. A vermifuge that can be depended on is Miller's Worm Powders. They will not only expel worms from the system, but act as a health-giving medicine and a remedy for many of the ailments that beset infants, enfeebling them and endangering their lives.

Police Magistrate Gorman, of Sarnia, has not yet been officially requested by Premier F. C. Drury for an opinion on the Ontario Temperance Act, he announced when interviewed. When the question of the establishment of local dispensaries to supplement the Act was suggested, the Magistrate remarked that it might help, but, he added, that apparently as long as it (liquor) is made those who want it will get it somehow.

The Forest Standard is placing a Linotype typesetting machine in its office. The Guide-Advocate extends congratulations, hoping The Standard will experience the same innumerable joys and thrills we have received from ours in the past few months.

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

Wives and Mothers of Canada

Stamford, Ont.—"I am very enthusiastic in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic for expectant mothers. I have had experience both with the 'Prescription' and without it, and am in a position to know that there is a vast difference. I was never nauseated or sick at all with my 'Prescription' but I was extremely uncomfortable with the others and my suffering was greater when I had not taken the 'Favorite Prescription'. I shall always take pleasure in recommending it to expectant mothers."—MRS. LETA M. PEPPER, 114 Grand St.

COULD NOT SLEEP

Halifax, N. S.—"I was in a run-down, nervous condition for over two years, had been treated by several doctors and only found temporary relief. I could not sleep at night my heart palpitated so, and I was almost afraid to close my eyes. Being persuaded, I wrote and stated my symptoms to the Medical staff at Dr. Pierce's Invalid Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with the 'Favorite Prescription' and the 'Pleasant Pellets'. I did so with the very best results. I could sleep and became my natural self again. I certainly recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to all suffering for they have done for me what doctors failed to do and they have saved me doctor bills, too."—MRS. JOHN HOMANS, Clara Harbor.

Toronto, Ont.—"For over thirty years I have been a user of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I have taken them for liver troubles, biliousness, constipation and sick-headaches and they always gave me the relief wanted. I am sure the 'Pleasant Pellets' have saved me many a sick spell. I can highly recommend them."—MRS. HANNAH BOWNESS, 60 Strang St.

SUITS WITH LARGE POCKETS



An advance style showing a beautiful suit in white pongee, collar and cuffs of black satin, with outstanding pockets lined with black; large buttons and hat to match which is also in black satin under a white crown.

NET AND ORGANDIE IS LIKED

Combination Predicted as Strong Summer Favorite—Dresses of Gingham on Wane.

Combinations of organdie and taffeta continue to be very much approved. Another fabric combination that is being developed for summer is net and organdie. Both white and colored nets are smart for summer frocks and either plain white or colored net may be trimmed with bands or insets of crisp organdie in contrasting color with excellent results. Organdie has the effect of giving a net dress more character than an all net one possesses. Some flowered cotton nets are also among the dainty summer fabrics. They are frequently made up over taffeta in plain color as dance or evening dresses.

Dresses entirely of gingham have not had the demand this season that they enjoyed when they were introduced as novelties two seasons ago. Last summer their lease of life was very uncertain. For the coming summer the most charming gingham dresses are those that employ white organdie in their makeup.

A blue and white or pink and white checked gingham may be made guimpe style, with sleeves and upper bodice of organdie, or organdie and gingham may be combined much as taffeta and organdie are.