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"Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-lives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising.

I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-lives', and I know now what I have not known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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FORMERLY OF NAPLES OFFICE—Main Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kelly. Phone 124. Residence—Ontario street, opposite Mr. A. McDonald's. Night calls phone 138.

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GRADUATE of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, and the University of Toronto. Only the Latest and Most Approved Appliances and Methods used. Special attention to Crown and Bridge Work. Office—Over Dr. Kelly's Surgery, MAIN ST.—WATFORD.

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Among 39 candidates at the last medical examination in Tokio, Japan, 27 were women.

British troops now hold the front on the Asiago Plateau in Italy, where their patrols have won a success.

British pilots drop ten tons of bombs and fire a great many rounds on German troops and transport on the battlefield.

Tokio issues declaration that landing of men at Russian far eastern port has purely local object of maintaining order.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain, in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

A Widow's Birdshot

By C. B. Lewis

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One summer's afternoon a woman sat at a country crossroads. She had been there about fifteen minutes. Had she been a man there is no telling what she would have said, but being a woman, and a widow at that, she had to be content with saying:

"Drat such a neighborhood to goshen."

Half a mile away on the lowland was a farmer's wife chasing a goose, while on the left hand, looking over the roadside fence with one eye half closed, was an old lame horse. The farmer's wife and the goose were too far away. But the widow was shaking her face at the horse and getting ready to tell him what she thought of a crossroads without a guidepost when a man driving a horse and buggy appeared half a mile down the Hillsdale road.

It was Hezelkak, widower, and he was in no hurry to get married again. Neither was his aged equine in a hurry. To prove that he wasn't, he stopped every two or three minutes to see if he could reach a horsefly. These sudden stoppings threatened to send the driver over the dashboard, but they did not break the tune he was whistling.

Nearer and nearer the crossroads came Hezelkak with his ancient rig as the widow watched him, and while he was twenty rods away, she muttered:

"He looks like a half fool, but maybe he knows enough to answer a plain question."

"Whom?" exclaimed Hezelkak, as he came opposite. "Are you waiting here for anybody?"

"I should think I was!" snapped the widow. "I have been waiting about two hours for some one to come along and tell me in the name of old Aunt Hanner why there isn't a guidepost at these crossroads."

"Madam, my name is Hezelkak Williams," said the man as he approached her horse and brought his hand down upon his neck with a vigorous swat and killed a horsefly.

"And mine is Sarah Blackwell, but what has that got to do with it?"

"Well, madam, I am a widower, you see."

"And I am a widow, but that isn't answering my question as to why there isn't a guidepost here to direct strangers. It seems to be the most shiftless county in the state."

"The county is all right," he smiled. "I have been living here more than twenty years, and I vow I have nailed a new guidepost up here every year."

"But what has become of them?" was her irritable demand. "Are you going to tell me that this horse looking over the fence has eaten them up as fast as planted?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't. They are pulled up by the roots whenever a young man around here gets hilarious and goes buggy riding with his girl. If there was a guidepost here, which we both can see there ain't, what town would you look for?"

"Why, Beres, of course."

"Oh, Lord, woman, Beres has been in front of your nose and only three miles away all the time you have been sitting here. So you are going to Beres, eh? I have lived there myself since it was a town of four hundred people, and if you follow me you won't lose your way. I heard the other day that a woman from Ryefield was thinking of buying the Clitton place. It don't happen by any chance that you are the woman?"

"Yes, it happens by a good many chances that I am. I have bought the place and am now on my way over for it."

"Shoo! That's right next door to me, and I am glad of it."

It is needless to say that in due time both safely arrived in Beres, and while the widow went about closing the transaction, and making ready to move over from Ryefield the following week, Hezelkak turned his old horse into the pasture and went in to supper to astonish his housekeeper by saying:

"Well, Betsy, I have seen my second wife this afternoon."

"Was that the woman driving the buggy behind yours as you came along?"

"That's the one. How did you like her looks?"

"I don't know whether she will ever be your second wife or not. I don't think it will be for you to have all the say about it."

"When the widow arrived next week

with her household effects, she found Hezelkak had done something for her which he had never done for himself. He had mowed the grass in the front yard, cut down all the weeds and burdocks and thereby made a great improvement around the place. He was also on hand when the goods arrived to help unload and carry them in.

When the widow arrived she was very much pleased, and said:

"Why, Mr. Williams, you certainly must be a good man."

"But you see, you are a widder, Mrs. Blackwell, and widders have a hard time of it."

It was after three or four weeks during which time Hezelkak had continued to play the part of a good Samaritan, that he sat down on the rail fence at the back of his garden and had a muse with himself:

"Darn fine woman; darn fine!" he began.

"Up with the lark in the morning, and working like a beaver all day."

"Makes the best hot biscuits and custard pie of any woman in Stone county."

The widower pulled a silver from the rail and chewed at it for a while and then continued:

"Hezelkak, you want a wife. You are a slow old poke and you want some one to hustle you up. You haven't made a dollar in five years and you won't in the next five unless somebody gets you out of bed before the dew is off the grass."

"I can't say that I am so madly in love with the Widow Blackwell as to want to jump over a precipice for her sake, providing there was a precipice within fifty miles of here, nor to drown myself in a lake, providing there was anything bigger than a duck-pond within a day's walk of Beres."

"I like and admire her mighty dang well, however, and if I can get her feeling the same way toward me love will come, and so will matrimony. Hezelkak, you have got to do a little conspiring."

Hezelkak kept up this thinking for a long week and then finally got a plot. He went over to the widow one morning and asked: "Widow Blackwell, did you hear any strange noises around last night?"

"No, I don't think I did," was the reply.

"Some one was sure sneaking around our place last night," he continued. "I have found my spade and hoe gone this morning. Have you missed any of your tools?"

"Why, no. But let me see? Yes, the ax and the long-handled shovel are gone. There surely must have been a thief around here last night."

"I don't only heard him, but I saw him," said Hezelkak in very solemn tones. "From the back door I saw him jump the garden fence, but I didn't yell at him for fear of arousing you."

"My stars! How dare a thief come around here?"

"Widow, there are more thieves around Beres than any other town in the state—and far worse than thieves."

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I mean robbers—burglars! I might as well tell you the honest truth. It is dangerous for a widow to live alone in this town. I should have told you so the day we first met, but you had bought the place and it was no use to say anything to steer you. And so I figured that I could take care of us both. I have been doing that right along, but last night they got the better of me."

"Mr. Williams," said the widow in anxious tones, "do you mean to tell me that I am in danger of robbers and burglars?"

"Not with me around," he replied. "Unless I sleep sounder than you do I shall be up and down a dozen times through the night, and the next fellow that appears will find me and my gun handy. If you have reason to believe that some unwhung villain is prowling around don't take the chances of going to a door or a window. You can be sure that Hezelkak Williams is on deck looking out for the unprotected."

The Widow Blackwell bought fifty chickens and half of them were stolen within a month. She bought a pig, and but for its own sharp squeals it would have been lifted from the pen and carried off. On several nights after midnight her cow was milked dry by the marauder. Some one stole her wash tub and boiler and even carried off the family mop from the woodshed.

There was a secret which the widow had not confided to Hezelkak, and that was that she also was the owner of a shotgun left her by her late lamented. When the thefts continued and Hezelkak failed to bring down any game, she loaded that gun with fine birdshot and for three nights running she sat by her bedroom window with the deadly weapon across her knees. On the third night she saw a man moving about her grounds, and without giving any warning she aimed in his direction and pulled the trigger.

The report of the gun was quelled by yells, which she recognized as the

private property of Hezelkak Williams. Two minutes later she was kneeling beside him. He was not dead but his plot was. He had conspired with himself to make her believe that a husband was badly needed around her house for her protection. He owned up to it like a man, and after taking the matter under consideration for a few months, or until the last of the bird shot had worked its way out of his anatomy, she said to him one evening:

"Well, Hezelkak, I was not plotting to get a husband, but I am not that mean to fill a man with birdshot and then refuse to marry him."

Ridiculous.

Luella saw the circus for the first time and sat through the performance as primly as if at church.

"What was the matter?" her uncle asked the little lady later.

"Why, the clowns," she explained. "I could hardly keep from laughing at them."—Everybody's.

Between Girls.

Connie—I shall not marry a man unless he is my exact opposite.

Cissie—You will never find so perfect a being as that.

HARE HAS SNOWSHOES.

Nature Has Provided White Rabbit With Protective Coloring.

The well-known hare of the east and north—the Northern hare (L. Americanus), the so-called "white rabbit," is good game in his proper season, and he possesses the great advantage over the "jack" of being also good eating. Child of the snow that he is, he makes his home in the wilds, fearing neither piling drift nor biting blast. He loves the unbroken forest, the snarls of tangled thickets, the twisted wreck of the tornado, the dusk of swamps, soundless beneath lonely hills. This hare, like the ptarmigan, furnishes a beautiful example of nature's loving provision for the welfare and safety of her feeble children of the north.

In summer the ptarmigan wears a mottled coat which admirably blends with the prevailing tints of the hatched rocks of its home. Upon the approach of winter the bird's plumage gradually turns white, while a growth of hair-like feathers upon its legs and feet thickens until it forms the snowshoe foot—the best possible thing to support the bird upon snow and to protect its feet from frost.

The hare, lacking wings, requires better protection, and nature attends to it. The prevailing color during summer is a greyish brown, which is the most inconspicuous of tints among roots, shrubs and the various surroundings of the breeding season. The hare's special gifts, without which he would speedily succumb to various foes, including foxes, requires better protection, and nature attends to it. The prevailing color during summer is a greyish brown, which is the most inconspicuous of tints among roots, shrubs and the various surroundings of the breeding season.

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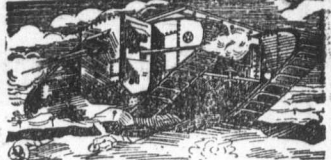
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This tonic, in liquid or tablet form, is just what you need this spring to give you vim, vigor and vitality. At the lag end of a hard winter, no wonder you feel "run-down," blue, out of sorts. Try this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's. Don't wait! To-day is the day to begin! A little "pep," and you laugh and live.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—"Several years ago, when convalescing after a serious illness, I took a half dozen bottles each of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription as tonics. I cannot praise these medicines too highly for the benefit I received—my health was completely restored. I always take pleasure in recommending these two of Dr. Pierce's remedies."—MRS. FLORENCE LOGAN, 33 Beach Street.

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Raccoon meat was served at a banquet in Port Elgin lately.

Auctioneer J. F. ELLIOT. Licensed Auctioneer For the County of Lambton.

Prompt attention to all orders, reasonable terms. Orders may be left at the Guide-Advocate office.

ROLL C

Men Fr and Vici The

27TH REGT Thos L. Swift, rep 15th, 1915 Bury C. Binks L. Gunn Newell, 1 F. C. N. Newell Alf Woodward, 10 Sid Welsh M. Blondel R. W. Bailey R. A. Johnston C. Manning F. Phelps E. W. Smith J. Ward, killed in F. Wakelin, D. C. M. H. Whitsett

PRINCESS P. Gerald H. Brown 18TH C. W. Barnes Edmund Watson J. Burns C. Blunt S. P. Shanks

2ND DIVISION Lorne Lucas Chas. Potter

33RD Percy Mitchell, die Lloyd Howden Geo. Fountain, killed Gordon H. Patten Hospital, London