

## HERE'S A SECRET

If you want to cure that skin disease of yours, you can only do so by using an ointment so refined as to be capable of penetrating to the root of the disease. Zam-Buk is capable of doing this, whereas ordinary ointments remain on the surface skin.

Besides its wonderful power of penetration, Zam-Buk is such a strong germicide that germs cannot live where Zam-Buk is applied. Thus, all germs, both on the surface and in the underlying tissues, are destroyed. Then the herbal essences, of which Zam-Buk is composed, promote the growth of new tissue, and a complete and permanent cure is the result.

Prove it for yourself. All drug-gists, 50c. box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

# ZAMBUK

## CENTRAL Business College

STRAFFORD, ONT.

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If you take a course with us. The demand upon us for trained help is many times the number graduating. Students are entering each week. You may enter at any time. Write at once for our free catalogue of Commercial, Shorthand or Telegraphy department.

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Nut like flavor a sweetness that you look for.

A crisp thin crust that has flavor.

A nice, white, well-risen loaf, that retains its flavor for days, and cuts without crumbling.

Every slice not only a delight, but a source of vitality, alive with the matchless nutrition of Manitoba's richest wheat.

Bread that ensures ready and complete digestion.

TRY A LOAF

## Lovell's Bakery

### Veterinary Surgeon.

J. McILLIQUIDDY  
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ONTARIO LAND SURVEYOR  
AND CIVIL ENGINEER.

Box 200. STRATHROY, ONTARIO

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### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

#### TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST

Accommodation, 75.....8 44 a.m.  
Chicago Express, 3.....12 13 p.m.  
Accommodation, 83.....6 44 p.m.

GOING EAST

Accommodation, 80.....7 43 a.m.  
New York Express, 6.....11 16 a.m.  
New York Express, 2.....3 05 p.m.  
Accommodation, 112.....5 16 p.m.

C. Vail, Agent, Watford

## HIS MONUMENT

It Was One to the Living, Not the Dead

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Old Charlie's life began with the coming of the children's mission to the shore. Eighty birthdays or more had he known on this same sandy beach.

Then one day when the tempting odor of his favorite ginger cookies filled the air Charlie's real life began. It was a group of romping Fresh Air mission children who attracted his attention. They were drawn to his place, no doubt, by that same delicious odor. Charlie's glance was forbidding. "Now, look a-her," he commanded. "You scamper. Don't come a-trackin' up my steps!" But one little maiden lingered unafraid. Beneath a shock of fair curls her witching eyes looked up at him.

"If you please," she said, "I would like three cookies." Charlie chuckled. "Three!" he exclaimed. "I want them," the little girl told him, "for the Borinsky children. They have never had any cookies." Behind their spokesman the Borinsky children waited hopefully.

"Land!" said Charlie. (It was his one exclamation, but he brought forth a plate heaped generously.) "No, thank you," the unusual young person remarked. "I did not ask for the cookies for myself." Grinning widely, old Charlie watched her down the sands.

"There's a nery one," he murmured delightedly. "Spunky, too." The next morning she was back again, this time bearing in her arms a white bedraggled kitten. Uninvited, she confidently walked inside, appropriating Charlie's own big chair. "You'll keep the kitten, please," she said; "it cried last night all around the mission, and they would not let it in."

"Land!" ejaculated the old man. "Do you think I want to take keer of a cat?"

"You will," answered Miss Goldilocks. She smiled winsomely. "I like you," she said. Charlie took up the kitten, something unaccountably stirring in his breast. "You can come here and see it," he told her, "as often as the mission folks'll let you." He paused perplexed. "You ain't like the rest of 'em," said Charlie. "How'd you come to get here?"

"Mother thought it best," the child replied in her pretty, precise way. "It is hot and crowded in the city, where we live, and we had not money to pay for country. You see"—she raised grievous eyes to his—"our daddy went and left us."

"Left a little thing like you?" said Charlie. But he added in quick encouragement, "He'll be comin' back again." The child shook her head. "He can't, mother says, because he's broken his leg. 'Sho!" said Charlie slowly. "That's so—if mother told you." "And," continued the child, "mother has to work very hard to keep us both, so she cannot go away to find father. But if I stay here long enough perhaps she can save money to go. Then we will all be happy again. We were so happy! That's why they call me Joy."

"Joy!" whispered old Charlie. For a moment his roughened hand rested upon the curly head. "It's a good name," he said. Suddenly Joy leaned forward. "Couldn't you go to find father?" she asked.

Charlie smiled. "Mebbe," he said, "mebbe, some day."

When he had finished reading his paper that evening Charlie drew forth in the lamplight an old tin box. Pains-takingly he made a record of the savings within and added his evening's toll. Then, with furrowed brow, he bent to study a map and a drawing which had for him never failing interest and charm. The map was the plan of a nearby cemetery, the drawing that of a tall marble tombstone. In this uncertain life old Charlie had lived and labored unrecognized it was his one dream and determination to leave a mark after death. Here his name should be pointed out to future generations, the resting place of Charles Jaffray—Charles James Jaffray. And so, gloating one morning over his little store, Joy, coming to visit her kitten, found him.

"What's it for?" she asked in her straight, childish way. And, delighting at last in a confidant, old Charlie told her.

"That," said Joy softly, "will be beautiful, and I shall come to place flowers about your monument."

When upon a never forgotten day Joy brought her mother to visit him

## GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

CAUTION: BEFORE OPENING—FULL DIRECTIONS GIVEN ON CAN.

W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONT.

Charlie thought at first that two children were coming together across the sands, so young and sweet and fair was the mother of Joy. Looking up with the same frank smile, she thanked him for his care of her daughter.

"Land," said the pleased old man, "that want nothing! Reckon"—he smiled—"reckon Joy's my first love. She was telling me about her father," he went on, lowering his voice—"how he went away and didn't come back. I'm real sorry. Seems you put her off lettin' on he'd broke his leg."

"But it's true!" cried the mother of Joy, her cheeks flaming and her eyes aglow. "He is the finest man in the world, Joy's father, the best. We should not have married on so little money. Our people told us so. But we did"—she tossed her head defiantly—"and we were happy, so happy, until the accident. It was an automobile, and it injured his hip. At the hospital they could do little, and oh, the suffering!" The girl covered her face, but soon her voice rang clear again. "Even then I could have managed had he trusted me. He was brought home from the hospital to spend his life in a wheeled chair. But I found a position, and it was good. After hours there was extra typing. Joy alone seemed to suffer, needing more care than I could give. So I decided to put love before pride—to send her here with those good people for the summer. Then, sitting there all day alone, her father reasoned wrongly. 'A double burden is more than even willing hands can bear,' he wrote. I found the cruel self sacrificing note when I came home at night, and he was gone. He would have good care, he assured me. But the place where he was going should be kept secret that I might not come to break his determination. Always I would have news of him, and he would hear of me. But until some easier way might be opened my husband would efface himself for my sake. Letters came, many and often, all dated from New York. How he had managed to get there I could not know."

In silent sympathy old Charlie reached over and touched the little mother's hand.

"And does it," asked the child at evening, "take so many dollars to buy a tombstone?" Charlie was counting the money back into the box, his fingers moving shakily. He nodded. "Reckon you'll have to take keer of your cat for a day or two, Joy," he said. "I've got to go into town."

"Oh," she cried, her eyes wide and shining, "are you going to find my papa now? you said 'some day, mebbe.'" Charlie's horny palm closed in promise over the little soft one. "If I kin," he answered simply.

From hospital to hospital went the bent old figure, and then Charlie turned into the broad gateway of the place of his last hope. New York, he felt sure, was not the true hiding place of the crippled father. Letters might be forwarded from there in order to keep from the loved one the humiliating fact of the home city "poor farm." And Charlie found that he was right. His sharp old eyes soon sought out the wheel chair even in its secluded corner. A young man, lifting his head in quick alarm at a stranger's approach, dropped it again at sight of the seaman's bent figure.

"How do?" said Charlie pleasantly. "Pretty tiresome, I reckon, a-settin' round all day. Been like this long?" The young man nodded brusquely.

"And they ain't no cure?"

"None." The word was shortly spoken. Sympathy, deep and true, shone in every line of Charlie's wrinkled face. The sick man, regarding him quietly, smiled in sudden friendliness. "Unless," he added, "I were rich; then there might be a chance."

"Sho!" Charlie was interested. "How's that?"

"There's a clever old customer, an Austrian surgeon, who sometimes fixes up a job like me. He's in New York now, but it would take more money than I'll have in all my crippled life just to bring him to look me over."

"Land!" murmured Charlie softly. "That's too bad!"

The young man laughed. "Oh, well," he said, "don't you worry about it."

"Too bad," Charlie repeated as he

shuffled down the long corridor to the doctor's door.

"Come in," called a brisk voice, and old Charlie entered the attending physician's office.

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Joy was waiting for him when he returned at evening—waiting upon his doorstep in the early twilight, the white kitten in her arms.

"You didn't find my daddy," she sighed resignedly. "But 'maybe' another day you'll bring him back to me."

"Mebbe," said old Charlie.

When the little mother came again upon visiting day she hurried eagerly across the sands with Joy.

"Listen, kind friend," she called, and waved aloft a letter. "It is from my husband." She paused breathlessly. "Such wonderful news. I must share it with you. He feared to write too hopefully, yet could not keep his hope from me. Some great Austrian surgeon has consented to take his case—to operate there in New York. The doctors have arranged everything. If the operation is successful my husband will walk again." The girl's voice sang. Charlie turned reverently from the radiance of her eyes.

"An' then you'll be happy?" he asked.

There was a subdued eagerness in the question.

"Happy!" She breathed the word tremulously.

"Reckon," said Charlie slowly, "that's real livin'—makin' folks happy."

It was Joy who finally told him the great news. "How daddy had been sent to New York, where a great surgeon, like the wizard in a fairy tale, made broken limbs straight and strong. 'And soon," said Joy, nestling close in the old man's arms, "my daddy will walk home again. But I'll come to see you after because I love you so, and—and I'll be sorry when you have your monument."

"As for that monument," said Charlie, "I've changed my mind. Reckoned it'd be better to rejoice in a livin' monument here than to have a piece o' marble when I'm dead."

"I'll bring you flowers," murmured the child sleepily. Old Charlie gazed tenderly down upon the little head against his breast. Over his rugged features came a look of great content.

"Reckon, dearie," he said, "you're a-b'fin'g in me flowers right now."

FANCY CHEESE.

How Club and Cream Cheese May Easily Be Made in the Home.

To Make "Club Cheese."—Secure a piece of good-flavored, well-ripened Cheddar cheese. Remove the rind, cut the cheese in pieces and put it through the meat grinder. It is better to put it through the grinder at least twice, and when putting it through the second time add two level tablespoonfuls of butter for each pound of cheese. Next add cream, allowing a quarter of a cupful per pound of cheese and mix it in thoroughly. The amounts of butter and cream may be varied to suit conditions, such as dryness of the cheese and the purpose for which it is wanted. Butter or cream alone may be used if preferred. Some add to their club cheese a small amount of some condiment such as mustard or cayenne pepper. If any additions are made care should be exercised in the mixing in order that it may be evenly distributed throughout the whole mass. This cheese may be packed in small jars, or else put up in small blocks and wrapped in parchment paper or tinfoil. Keep it in a cool place. This cheese makes a tasty sandwich filling and is liked for school lunches.

Cream Cheese.—We will now give simple directions for making what we call Cream cheese. A bowl or small basin is a suitable vessel in which to make a small quantity, but those wishing to make larger amounts will find enamelled pails very satisfactory. To 1 quart of thin cream at a temperature of 70 to 80 degrees (depending on the temperature of the room) add 1 teaspoonful of good-flavored, sour skim-milk or buttermilk. To this add 5 drops of rennet extract diluted in a tablespoonful of cold water. Stir well, cover, and leave undisturbed for about four hours or until a nice, soft curd has formed. Spread a square of heavy white cotton over a bowl, carefully ladle the curd into it, tie the corners of the cloth together and hang it up to drain, placing the bowl beneath to receive the whey. The next morning open the cloth and with a knife scrape the thickened cream from the cloth to assist in the draining. Hang it up again, and when it has drained well and become fairly firm remove it from the heavy cloth and place it on a piece of thin muslin or cheesecloth and carefully mix in about a level teaspoonful of salt (vary the salt to suit the taste). Fold the cloth over the cheese and place it between two pieces of board and put a small weight on top for pressure. As soon as it is sufficiently drained it is ready to be put up in small blocks suitable for the table.

## Had Terrible Pains in Kidneys and Back.

Dear Mr. Editor—I want to write you about "Anuric." I was very sick, could hardly be up; I was in bed most of the time. Had terrible pains in my kidneys and back, so much so that I had to scream sometimes when I was sitting down and wanted to get up, the pain was so great. I had tried a well-known kidney medicine but it didn't help me. I heard of Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets so I thought I would try them. I took only one box of the Tablets, and my back is now free from pain and I can work and take care of my family. I feel I cannot say enough for this medicine. Sincerely, Mrs. Wm. Keller.

NOTE: This "Anuric" is adapted especially 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. The physicians and specialists at Dr. Pierce's great Institution, at Buffalo, N. Y., have thoroughly tested this prescription and have been with one accord successful in eradicating these troubles, and in most cases absolutely curing the diseased kidneys.

Patients having once used "Anuric" at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, have repeatedly sent back for more. Such a demand has been created that Dr. Pierce has decided to put "Anuric" in the drug stores of this country, in a ready-to-use form. If not obtainable send one dime by mail to Dr. Pierce for trial package or 50 cents for full treatment.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a blood cleanser and alterative that starts the liver and stomach into vigorous action. It thus assists the body to make rich, red blood, which feeds the heart, nerves, brain and organs of the body. You feel clean, strong and strenuous.

The Dead in India.

Three distinct methods of disposing of the dead are in vogue in India. While the Mohammedans inter the dead, the Hindus prefer to throw the bodies into the purifying waters of the Ganges, and even now there are constant infractions of the severe regulations framed to suppress this dangerous practice. The form of funeral adopted by the Parsees is that of simply exposing their dead at a great altitude to the scavenging services of crows and vultures.

The Way He Excused Her.

It is said that a French ambassador at Vienna once bitterly complained to Metternich of the tongue lashing he had received from the wife of that great diplomatist. Metternich sighed, then shrugged his shoulders as one who should say, "Well, what are we to do about it?" Finally he observed: "My dear friend, I loved the young lady; I married her; I continue to cherish her with the same affection as before, but remember this—I had nothing to do with her scolding or bringing up!"

Gait of the Gorilla.

The gorilla has not only a crouching habit, but he walks on all four of his legs and has the motion of most quadrupeds, using his right arm and left leg at the same time, and alternates with the left arm and right leg. It is not exactly a walk or a trot, but a kind of ambling gait, while the chimpanzee uses his arms as crutches, but lifts one foot from the ground a little in advance of the other. He does not place the palm of the hand on the ground, but uses the back of the fingers from the second joint.

There's This Difference.

When a woman buys a hat and meets another woman:

"How do you like this hat, dear?"

"Lovely, simply lovely. You have such good taste." (Later "Of all the hats I ever saw that's the worst.")

When a man buys a hat and meets another man:

"How'd you like the hat, Mike? Classy eh?"

"Say, is that a hat? Who stung you?"

The Trouble.

"Confound the luck!" growled the visitor. "Here's this front door been freshly painted!"

"Yes," said his friend from a safe distance. "It is hard luck. Any one to look at you can see you have been up against it."

White Elephants.

So called white elephants are light gray in color. The lightest ever seen in Siam was one brought over to Bangkok by a European circus, but the rains fell and the paint came off.

Contradictory.

"Poetry is an ascent to the heights."

"That's what I think. Yet when you start to write it people say you have dropped into verse."

No love is placed on a solid base which is not governed by reason as well as by the heart.—O'Reil.