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Old Sandy Helps Cause

By Osborn Jones

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It was not until Randolph Yardley had definitely made up his mind to propose to Henriette that he secretly entertained the wish that Henriette was the kind of suffragist that felt it to be woman's privilege to do the proposing as well as the voting. Henriette was a suffragist, of course, but she wasn't that particular kind of suffragist. Randolph had heard her say so. After she had managed to bring the conversation up to the delicate question of proposing Randolph might easily have done the rest. But Randolph didn't realize how easy this would have been till he was alone the evening after the discussion.

The Saturday afternoon after he had definitely decided to propose he unfortunately did not find Henriette alone. His rival in her attention was the old man-of-all-work, Saunders, known more familiarly as Sandy—though any reference that that name might once have borne to his hair and complexion had ceased to be apparent for Sandy was toothless and his sparse hair was white—surely not a very formidable rival. But any third person is a rival when a man wants to propose, and when Randolph entered her bungalow living room Henriette was kneeling on the floor before a packing case with Sandy at the opposite end.

"So sorry, Randolph," she said with a smile so preoccupied that it was worse than no smile at all; "you'll just have to excuse me while I go on with this case. They're things for the suffrage bazaar. It's to be in a week and I've had to take the chairmanship the last thing."

During the call that afternoon Randolph never once found a turn in the road from which he might have directed his own remarks toward a proposal. The case was soon packed and Sandy shuffled away with it, but Henriette's thoughts were still engrossed with the bazaar. And imagine suddenly skipping from remarks on the fish pond at a suffrage bazaar or fancy tables and lemonade booths to proposals!

Perhaps it was not to be wondered, then, that when Henriette suddenly asked Randolph to promise to "do a certain favor" and to promise before she had told him what it was, he held up his large masculine hand and swore rather foolishly to "do anything in God's world that she wanted him to." What she wanted him to do was to get Mr. Tilden to let the suffragists borrow what was known as the "Tilden mansion" then unoccupied, for their bazaar.

"I'll do what I can, Henriette," Randolph said solemnly, "but it may be very embarrassing for me and for him. You see, he is a client of mine"—Randolph had not been practicing law so long that he did not use this phrasing with some degree of self-satisfaction—"and there is a lawsuit now going on over that house. You see, a year ago, after the Tildens had been out of the house for a year, it was leased by Mr. Hamberger, the brewer. Loads of money, you know, and could perfectly well have paid the rent even though he did decide not to live in the house. Now Tilden is suing Hamberger for the rent and Hamberger makes the claim that the house could never be heated. We tried to settle it out of court, but we couldn't. You wouldn't understand the technicalities, so I shan't bore you with them. But the case is coming up and I'm particularly anxious not to lose out."

Randolph lowered his voice and discussed the case in a way that was not entirely professional. "The fact seems to be that the heating system of the house was all wrong, and you see how it would injure me and Tilden if some 500 or 600 of the most prominent women in town were to go there on a nice cool day, as it is quite likely to be in a week's time, and find out what a barn-like place it is. So, you see, you will be working against my interests if you urge it. Still, I have promised."

"But suppose all those 500 people went there and roasted almost to death? Suppose the temperature there went up to 80 or 90 and all the windows had to be opened—would that help your case?"

Randolph's eyes showed keen interest and for one fleeting moment he forgot that his sole interest in life for the time being was to propose to Henriette. "Why, certainly, that would win the case for me. But—"

"I don't suppose you have taken a good look at the furnace, or that Mr. Tilden has, either," Henriette scolded.

"I can say that we have, little girl," Randolph had never used those words before in addressing Henriette, or any not altogether easy. "You see, we lawyers don't go about things in just that way."

Henriette snorted an expostulation that indicated contempt for lawyers in general, and Randolph's mind went back to the main consideration.

"If you're not busy tonight, let's go investigate that Tilden mansion. If you start right away you can get the keys from Mr. Tilden and be back by seven."

Randolph had risen from his chair, almost eager to be gone, since it was the prerequisite of a solitary ramble

through the old house with Henriette. Surely if he could not manage a proposal under such favorable circumstances he never would be able to do so.

He was just at the door, willing, with the bright prospects for the evening vividly before him, to depart with scarcely a word of farewell.

"I'll get Sandy to go along with us," came Henriette's cheerful contralto. "He knows more about furnaces and things than any man we ever had—and you might buy some candles on your way, for the light will be all turned off, I suppose."

Randolph's roseate dreams had faded away. Even an empty house didn't offer favorable background if the ubiquitous Sandy were to be the third party still.

The trip was taken to the Tilden mansion that night in Henriette's little roadster, with Henriette at the wheel, Randolph at her side and the weakened Sandy sitting at Randolph's feet with his own rough-shod feet protruding to the running board, and in the same guise they returned. The hour spent at the mansion was one in which Randolph found himself chiefly useful in holding lighted candles for the old man or hoisting his light but agile body to peer at pipes and drafts in the rusty, dust-covered heating system that rambled over a good share of the cellar of the old house.

The pipes that conveyed the hot air from the furnace to the upper regions of the house were rusty, but not so much so that drafts in the three main channels for the hot air could not be opened when Sandy applied the sturdy muscles of his thumb and forefinger to that task.

"Now she'll work," Sandy had remarked by way of announcing his triumph. "If you'll order a couple of ton of chestnut coal and a bit of kindling I think I can have enough heat in the old place to make your ice cream sell like hot cakes in February."

The day came, and the ice cream did sell like hot cakes, and even after the lemonade had been so diluted that it was almost innocent of any intimacy with the citrus fruit for which it was named, it sold in such abundance that the proceeds of that table were five times what one would have expected from lemonade. Windows were opened and those who came to buy made fans of sheets of paper they could find. It was a sharp, cold day for autumn and so there was no very great irritation in the voices of complaint that were raised against the excessive heat. At any rate every one who attended the bazaar was strongly impressed with the fact that the Tilden house was endowed with a phenomenal heating apparatus, and scarce a person in town failed to hear something about the excessive heat that had prevailed in the old mansion during the two days and two nights of the suffrage bazaar.

A few days after the bazaar Henriette Beauchamp announced her engagement to Randolph Yardley, and those who knew Henriette as well as those who knew her only for the reputation she bore as an up-and-coming young suffragist explained the fact that the engagement occurred just when it did in this wise:

Henriette had set her cap for Randolph; yes, that is just what they said, and no doubt Randolph had taken a fancy to Henriette, but Randolph was not the kind of young man who would ask a girl to marry him unless he had some idea of how he was going to support her. Henriette knew this, and, if the truth must be told, Henriette had the making of the better lawyer of the two. She knew that Mr. Tilden had put a little work in the young lawyer's way and she knew about that case, against the brewer, Hamberger. So she worked out the whole scheme, planned the suffrage bazaar and everything and got that man Sandy to make the fire that could prove the house could be heated. And, of course, Hamberger's lawyer saw there was no use continuing the suit, and the affair was settled at once. No one cared, for no one had any great love for the brewer. The result was that Tilden gave the young lawyer a fee amounting to half the year's rent that he had recovered, and for that mansion the rent was enormous. More than that, Tilden put all his legal work into the hands of the young lawyer. His future was assured and—well, after that, how could Mr. Yardley do otherwise than he did?

SATIN HATS, SPRING STYLE

Touches of High-Colored Braid and Combinations of Velvet Promise to Be Quite the Vogue.

For early spring wear, according to the bulletin of the Retail Millinery Association of America, the opinion is expressed that satin hats with touches of braid in high colors, or satin hats combined with velvet, will be quite the vogue.

For immediate use white hats are coming to the fore. Sometimes they are of white satin combined with white panne velvet, while others show white satin with facings of black velvet.

White bengaline, a material that has not been used for some time, is coming back into style. It is seen in hats made entirely of this material, as well as in hats that combine bengaline with black velvet facings. All of the bengaline hats seen are tailored effects, and are trimmed with seal fur, balls, pom-poms and bands.

Bustle hats in white panne velvet with gold trimmings are seen, as are white panne velvet shapes, combined with silver cloth and trimmed with small silver flowers.

The bulletin also says that fur and fur combination hats are doing well in the high-priced goods, while in cheaper hats there is a demand for French helmet effects in panne velvet combined with satin in white and colors. Nutria fur is used to decorate the edges.

SCARFS OF TULLE AND BEADS

Flesh Colored Material Affords Attractive Evening Wear as Does Black With Jet.

There are wonderful scarfs of flesh-colored tulle and bead embroidery for evening wear, says a fashion writer, the tulle foundation almost invisible over decolletage save where the folds deepen and the fine traceries of crystal run riot in the border and on the ends.

Black tulle with jet is used for other exquisite scarfs more delicate in effect than those of other seasons, and in some cases both flesh color and black scarfs are so cut that they have a suggestion of deep cape form around back and shoulders, though they have the usual straight wide scarf ends.

For the hair ornaments to be worn with evening toilettes one must choose the thing that is most becoming, but there is a variety from which to choose. The fine jeweled band of flet across the forehead is as popular as ever, but with high-piled hair combs have come into their own again and one sees some extremely effective high coiffures with jeweled combs of Spanish allure. Small jeweled combs often hold the strands of hair, too, after a time of frowning upon such effects, and there are, of course, many audacious egret arrangements, though this sort of thing seems less common with evening coiffure than it is in some seasons.

KIMONO SMOCK OF LINEN



Wonderfully attractive is this deep-rose linen kimono smock. The banding at the bottom and the edging on the pockets are of cut-out work, with yfadescent satin in yellow, green and purple, held in place with a black long and short stitch. Kimono means ease, comfort and a spirit of rest for the wearer if it is the proper kimono. This kimono lives up to the full meaning of the garment.

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SAVING OF FABRIC

Conservation Idea Carried Out by the "Wrapped" Skirt.

New Style Feature Can Only Be Used to Advantage in Connection With Bustle Silhouettes.

Two style features of the season are portrayed in the sketch here shown. One is the "wrapped" skirt and the other is the bustle silhouette. These two are really properly shown together, inasmuch as the "wrapped" skirt without the aid of the bustle flare would be rather too narrow and close ruffled, whereas topped with the bustle a very attractive silhouette is the result.

The "wrapped" skirt is of necessity rather narrow at its hem or lower edge, inasmuch as a section of fabric cut the right length for a skirt is sim-



The "Wrapped" Skirt.

ply draped about the figure and drawn high at the back, where it is tucked in and puffed to form the bustle, with one side of the section of fabric hanging straight to form the skirt proper.

Many of the latest Paris evening gowns feature this skirt, and it accords very well with the government suggestion for fabric conservation. It can only be strongly recommended as part of an evening gown or for a "hostess" gown.

For the gown shown a rich brocade silk was chosen. The bodice, with fullness let in at either side, fastens invisibly in the center back.

A little inside bodice or yoke of tulle fills in the space between the shoulders and the sleeves, elbow length and finished with a deep ruffle, are also of tulle. The front of the bodice is fitted in basque fashion and cut in a little point at the waistline. A little V-shaped vest or yoke of tulle is also let in to the front of the waist, matching the arrangement of the back.

This gown is extremely simple and could be made at home. Its grace and beauty depend upon the care used in arranging the drapery.

To make this gown for the average figure five yards of material 36 inches wide will be required.

SPATS POPULAR FOR WINTER

Gaiters Over Ties and Pumps Were in Pronounced Majority at Horse Show in New York.

Spats are going to be worn again this winter, if indications at the horse show at Madison Square Garden are to be followed, says Women's Wear. Ties and pumps were almost the only types of footwear seen, accompanied in nearly every case by spats.

There were a few laced boots of dark tan with lighter tops, and one young girl wore tan oxford and worsted stockings in a gray heather mixture. Gray, almost bordering on rose taupe, was the keynote of this entire costume, one of the smartest there.

The suit was of gray draystyn; the skirt plain, the coat knee length and gathered in by a loose belt of the material. The small toque was of the same material, with a short visor effect. There was no trimming on either hat or suit, but a taupe fox scarf was thrown across the shoulders.