

THE WONDERFUL FRUIT MEDICINE

Thousands Owe Health And
Strength To "Fruit-a-lives"

"FRUIT-A-LIVES", the marvellous medicine made from fruit juices — has relieved more cases of Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine. In severe cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Impure Blood, Neuralgia, Chronic Headaches, Chronic Constipation and Indigestion, "Fruit-a-lives" has given unusually effective results. By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-lives" tones up and invigorates the whole system.

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

CENTRAL
Business College
STRAITFORD, ONT.

YOU CAN SECURE A POSITION

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.

D. A. McLACHLAN - PRINCIPAL.

A. D. HONE
Painter and Decorator
WATFORD - ONTARIO

GOOD WORK
PROMPT ATTENTION
REASONABLE PRICES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
RESIDENCE - ST. CLAIR STREET

Here's What You Get
In Lovell's Bread

Not 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. MCGILLIQUDDY
Veterinary Surgeon,

HONOR GRADUATE ONTARIO VETERINARY College, Dentistry a Specialty. All diseases of domestic animals treated on scientific principles. Office—Two doors south of the Guide-Advocate office. Residence—Main Street, one door north of Dr. Brandon's office.

CIVIL ENGINEER.

W. M. MANIGAULT,
ONTARIO LAND SURVEYOR
AND CIVIL ENGINEER,
Box 200, STRATHROY, ONTARIO

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

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

An Episode of Shakedown
City

By F. A. MITCHEL

The wild and woolly west is now a thing of the past. If gun play, public gambling and horse stealing are in vogue in any part of the United States we hear nothing of them. But the probability is that these things have died out before the advance of civilization and the consequent setting up of the church and the schoolhouse.

Before the dawn of this new condition, when all sorts of persons—good, bad and indifferent—were crowding into a country not yet abandoned by the Indian, when every man was expected to look out for his own interests, it is remarkable, in some instances laughable, what small things men would fight about.

In a settlement west of the Missouri river some forty years ago, where there was but one woman to a dozen men among the inhabitants, Cyrus Atkins was out beyond the borders of the town looking for stray cattle when up the road came a woman driving a rattletrap buggy. Whether she was fair to look upon is not a matter of certainty, for any woman not a fright was beautiful in the eyes of men who were constantly looking on their own sex only. Certain it is that this person driving toward the settlement was beautiful in Cyrus Atkins' eyes.

"How do, ma'am," he said, putting his hand to his sombrero.

"How do," was the laconic reply.

"Air you from the settlement?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Any chance for anybody to make a livin' there?"

"Reckon, but a good lookin' woman like you don't need to make a livin'."

All she has to do is to pick out a husband and let him do it for her."

"Suppose the husband can't make a livin' for himself?"

"Then, I reckon, the wife 'ud have to do it for both."

"Jist so."

The woman, who had an independent air about her, whipped up her horse and left Mr. Atkins standing beside the road gaping after her. He was thinking that as soon as she got into the settlement, which was called Shakedown City—all settlements appended the word "city" to their name in that country at that time—she would be surrounded by half the men with offers of marriage. He hesitated whether to go on searching for his cattle or go back at once and put in his application. At that moment he spied one of his lost animals in the distance. This decided him, and he concluded to lose an hour or so in putting in his application for the sake of getting his cattle.

When the woman reached the borders of Shakedown City she encountered Enoch Dollittle.

"Any tavern in the town?" she asked him.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"Tain't much of a place for a good lookin' woman like you to stop at, seein' there's nothin' but men around."

"Well, I reckon I got to stop there, seein' I don't know nobody in the town."

"There's a few married women in Shakedown. I know one of 'em that I reckon'll take you in."

"Where does she live?"

"I'll show you."

Mr. Dollittle walked along beside the buggy to a house where a frowsy woman was washing dishes, and the stranger said she would like accommodations. Since the reply was favorable, the applicant decided to put up there. She said her stay would be short; but, although she was asked the cause of her coming and other questions, she proved close mouthed and gave no satisfactory answers. An hour later Mr. Dollittle was walking down a road leading to some property he had pre-empted when he met Cyrus Atkins driving his cattle home.

"Seen anything," asked Cyrus, "of a good lookin' woman drivin' into town in a buggy?"

"Yes."

"Where did she put up?"

"She was goin' to put up at the tavern, but I tuk her to Mrs. Green's."

"What had you to do with where she put up?"

"What's that to you?"

"A good deal. I'm the first man to see her comin' into town, and if she's goin' to settle yere I've got the first claim on her."

"You don't reckon she'd have such a red headed, slab sided feller as you, do you?"

"I don't propose to give way to a

ROYAL YEAST MAKES PERFECT BREAD

freckled, bowlegged chap like you."

Both men put their hands to their hips, but at the moment Antonio Thibadeaux, who had come from Louisiana, passed by and inquired the cause of the dispute. When duly informed that a new and comely woman had come to town and each of the men proposed to claim her in marriage, Thibadeaux said to them:

"This town ought to be above gunplay in the streets by this time. Yo' no'the'n men are mighty uncivilized in such affal's anyhow. If you two men want to fight about a lady, why don't you do it in a fashion that would do honor to her instead o' mixin' her up in a common shootin' match?"

The rivals were evidently impressed with this view of the case and asked how "them gentlemanly fights" were conducted. Thibadeaux said that he had participated in several, both as principal and second. If they desired it he would be happy to manage a meeting for them.

"Yo' see," he added, "if the lady hears that you have had a street fight about her she'll turn you both down. But if she hears that yo' have fought for her in a gentlemanly way she'll be much flattered, and the man that wins will have a to'able good show."

This settled the matter. Mr. Thibadeaux took charge of the affair entirely, making all necessary arrangements, providing a second for each principal and sending to a neighboring town for a "sawbones." The time appointed was the next morning at 7 o'clock, the place to be where Cy Atkins had met the subject of the dispute. Mr. Thibadeaux said that in Louisiana, where he had picked up his knowledge of the code, it was considered bad taste to talk about such affairs, and they were usually kept secret. In this way a vulgar crowd was avoided, and if the fight was about a lady it was deemed more respectful to her.

A bit of gunplay in the street would not have necessarily called together a crowd, but such a novelty as a duel was sure to do so. It did not get out in Shakedown City that an affair according to the code, arranged by a prominent Louisiana duelist, was to take place, until late the night before the meeting. Consequently the lady who was to be fought for went to bed oblivious to the fact that two men were to meet the next morning at 7 o'clock in mortal combat to decide which should give way to the other in an effort to obtain her favor. Indeed, having looked over Shakedown City and not being pleased with it, she had determined to make an early start the next morning for the place from which she had come.

The secret of the duel was divulged by one of the seconds at the Golden Eagle saloon about midnight, and most of those present organized a small game to last till morning with the intention of adjourning from the sitting to the dueling ground to witness a real high toned shooting match as practiced in the state of Louisiana. Such an affair had never been known in Shakedown, and, though the citizens had heard of the code duello, their knowledge of it was very hazy.

About half past 6 each principal in the coming affair, attended by his second, left his residence and proceeded to the ground. The master of ceremonies was accompanied by the surgeon, a recent medical graduate, who had gone west to establish a practice, but had never seen a gunshot wound in his life. At the same time a crowd emerged from the Golden Eagle saloon and tramped down the road. Arrived at the appointed spot, Mr. Thibadeaux marked off the ground, taking care that neither of the disputants was placed so that the sun would shine in his eyes. He made the distance thirty paces, which, he said, was usual in such affairs. Each man was handed a revolver that had passed inspection by both seconds and stood ready for the signal to fire. Mr. Thibadeaux said that dropping a handkerchief was the most approved method. But there were very few handkerchiefs in the party and they so solled as not to be surely distinguished by the principals. Therefore it was decided to drop a hat.

Meanwhile a horse and buggy was seen emerging from the town, and just as the seconds handed the principals their weapons the vehicle drew up in the road beside the battleground.

"What's goin' on?" asked a woman who was driving.

Mr. Thibadeaux, lifting his sombrero, advanced to her and explained that a duel was about to be fought about a woman.

"What woman?"

"One that came to town yesterday, ma'am."

"Well, what has she got to do with it?"

The matter was briefly explained to her.

During the conversation the principals stood looking at the lady, recognizing her as the person about whom they had quarreled. The crowd, too, turned their faces from the disputants and gaped at her.

"See here, you galoots over there!" she called. "You don't want to fight about me. I got a husband and three children. And if I was single I wouldn't marry either of you. My husband's sick, and Hilton, where we live, is run down. I come over yere to see if there was a better chance to make a livin'. I wouldn't live in the town if you'd give it to me, and I wouldn't marry any man in it if I was single. So there! Git up, Sal!"

And, giving her horse the whip, she passed on down the road.

The duel was called off, all adjourning to the Gold Eagle saloon, where the principals shook hands and called on all present to nominate their pizen. Then Mr. Thibadeaux, calling the crowd's attention by an abem! said:

"Gents, I move that a committee be appointed to go to Hilton and represent to the lady the advantages of this place, which she has turned down, and assure her that if she will remove here with her family she will be taken care of. Since the committee must be provided with funds, I propose a collection."

The proposition resulted in the removal of the family named to Shakedown City, where they were provided for till the husband recovered his health and in time became a prominent citizen of the town.

The presence in Shakedown City of the lady, her husband and her children was a subject for ridicule of her two admirers, and they left the town.

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.

MYSTERY OF A DREAM.

He Heard True When Asleep and Heard True, Too, When Awake.

"In one of the East Indian border wars there was engaged an officer of high repute, the member of an ancient county family," says Mrs. Mayo in "Recollections of Fifty Years." One night the laird, its head, started from his sleep, exclaiming:

"There's the shot that has killed my brother!"

"His wife told him it was but a dream. He must have given an anxious thought to his brother before going to sleep."

"The next day the laird and his wife were in the garden directing their gardeners when the laird suddenly exclaimed:

"Do you hear the bagpipes?"

"No," answered the lady. "I can hear nothing. I am sure there is no sound."

"Strange," said the laird, "for I can even hear what is played. It is 'The Flowers o' the Forest Are A' Wee Aways'."

"A few hours later came the telegram reporting that the brother had been shot down by some border warrior and over his lonely grave the men of his regiment had played the pathetic air whose mysterious echo seemed to have reached the laird."

Blowing Flowers.

When amateurs speak of flowers "blowing" they are not using a mere vulgarism. They are speaking real old English. In the early tongue the verb "blowan" was used to indicate the opening of flowers. Instead of "blow" being a corruption of "bloom" it is the other way about. "Blossom" comes from the same root.

We do not grow the costard apple nowadays, but our forefathers set great store by the sort and bought it eagerly in the streets from the "mongers."

From costard monger to costermonger is a short step. Hawthorn, too, has its interest. The old form of haw was haga, which means hedge. Hawthorn is therefore simply hedge thorn.—London Graphic.

The Age of Quickness.

The modern wife placed two plates with knives, forks, spoons and tumblers on the dining room table and took two paper napkins from a drawer, laying one beside each plate.

Then she lighted the gas stove, opened a can of soup and placed it in a skillet to heat. Next she opened two cans of vegetables and a can of salmon and heated these. She cut six slices of baker's bread and quartered a baker's pie, placing everything on the table, together with butter, salt, pepper and a pitcher of cold water.

"John," she said briskly, "your dinner's ready."

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



Of all overworked women probably the housewife is the hardest worked. She has so much to attend to, with very little help. Her work can be lightened if she knows the value of system and she should try and take a short rest in the daytime. A physician who became famous almost around the world, Doctor Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the specialist in woman's diseases, for many years practiced medicine in a farming district. He there observed the lack of system in the planning of the work.

If it is a headache, a backache, a sensation of irritability or twitching and uncontrollable nervousness, something must be wrong with the head or back, a woman naturally says, but all the time the real trouble very often centers in the organs. In nine cases out of ten the seat of the difficulty is here, and a woman should take rational treatment for its cure. The disorder should be treated steadily and systematically with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

For diseases from which women suffer "Favorite Prescription" is a powerful restorative. During the last fifty years it has banished from the lives of tens of thousands of women the pain, worry, misery and distress caused by these diseases.

If you are a sufferer, get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in liquid or tablet form to-day. Then address Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and get confidential medical advice entirely free.

Wanted to Be Joined Right.

They were going out to dinner, and he had gone into the house from his limousine to get her.

"All ready?" he asked, at the foot of the stairs.

"Almost," came the response from above.

"I've asked a friend to join us. Is it all right?"

"Yes, if it's the minister."

Charity.

She—I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance—and for such a charitable purpose! Her Husband—Yes, indeed! We all feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the worth of our money at the same time.

Sight Unseen.

Head of Firm—How long do you want to be away on your wedding trip?

Hawkins (timidly)—Well, sir—what would you say?

"How do I know? I haven't seen the bride."

Where Speed Doesn't Count.

"Mamma," complained a little one recently, "teacher won't let me sing any more, and I'm the fastest singer in school too."

Quarantined.

Mother (to district health visitor)—I declare to goodness, miss, there ain't no danger of infection. Them children wot's got the measles is at the head of the bed, and them wot ain't is at the foot.

A Child Disease.

An excuse to a Chicago schoolteacher read:

"She was sick she had a head egg and a tooth egg and a ear egg. She could not go to school, she was laying all the time in bed."

Not After the Best.

"She says she wouldn't marry the best man on earth. Plenty of girls say that. Idle talk, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some girls actually mean it. Some of them are looking for wealth."

His Own Boss.

After a man has succeeded in gratifying a long felt desire to be his own boss he is likely to find that he has taken on a burden of responsibility which mars the joy over his success.

Considerate.

"The most considerate wife I ever heard of," said the philosopher, "was a woman who used to date all her letters a week or so ahead to allow her husband time to post them."

A Sure Thing. Bill—Are we downhearted? Tom—No, but I'm fearfully tired. It's nervous exhaustion, I guess. Bill—Well, there's no need to stay tired. Tom. Go and get a box of Takake pills. They'll fix you up. Fifty cents a box at your druggists, or by mail from the Georgian Mfg. Co., Collingwood, Ont. &