

NORTH END BAKERY AND ICE CREAM PARLOR

OUR Bread, Cakes, etc., are noted for being strictly first class.

FRUITS of all kinds in season, Imported and Domestic.

CANNED FRUITS, full line, fresh and reliable.

ICE CREAM, cream soda and summer drinks.

OUR choice cigars are preferred by smokers.

WEDDING CAKES in the very best of style.

S. E. THOMPSON,
NORTH END BAKERY.
SOCIETIES.



CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS
Organized and Incorporated 1879
Head Office: Brantford, Ont.

NO ORDER EXCELS IT IN Economy of Management Selection of Territory Low Cost of Insurance to Members Promptness in payment of Claims

PROGRESSIVE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

PROTECTION AT MINIMUM COST

RESERVE FUND, DECEMBER 1, 1910

Insurance \$3,254,304.55
Sick and Funeral Ben't 205,436.89

Total \$3,459,741.44
MEMBERSHIP OVER 75,000.

Court Lorne, No. 17, Watford,
meets second and fourth Monday in each month. Visiting Brethren Invited.
J. E. Collier, F. Sec. J. H. Hume, R. Sec.
A. D. Hone, C. Ranger.

FOR SALE.

WHAT up-to-date two story brick house on the corner of Huron and McGeorge streets, with large hall and dining room downstairs, with fireplace, large kitchen, pantry and bathroom, four large bedrooms with closets, full basement with furnace. Hard and soft water indoors, back and front stairs. A nice variety of fruit, well drained, cement walks inside and outside. Will be sold reasonable or exchanged for farm property. Too large for present owner. Apply to
G. H. WYNN, on the premises. 3m
Watford, April 7th, 1911.

FARM FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale that desirable situated farm known as the east half of Lot 19, Con. 4, S. 2, R. 1, W. 1, Watford, consisting of 100 acres. On the premises are a large frame house, large barn with basement, stable, cement floors, water inside, situated on a good gravel road half mile from Watford, convenient to both church and school. For further particulars apply to the proprietor.
W. C. PEACOCK, High River, Alta.,
or D. A. RAMSAY, Watford, Ont. m34-3m

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STAGE LINES.

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES Watford Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11.30 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3.45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. C. BARNES, Prop't.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES Watford at 9 a.m. Reaching Watford at 10.10 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3.45 p.m. Passenger and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. WILIAM EVANS, Prop't.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST
Accommodation, 27 8 44 a.m.
Accommodation, 29 2 45 a.m.
Chicago Express, 5 9 37 p.m.
GOING EAST
Ontario Limited, 48 7 46 a.m.
Accommodation, 28 12 36 p.m.
New York Express, 2 3 00 p.m.
Accommodation, 30 5 16 p.m.
C. VAIL, Agent, Watford.

SOUR RISINGS FROM STOMACH

Those Who Experience Fullness and Pain After Meals, Stomach Disorders, and Indigestion, Should Read Below.

"When I was working around the farm last winter I had an attack of inflammation," writes Mr. E. P. Dawkins, of Port Richmond. "I was weak for a long time, but well enough to work until spring. But something went wrong with my bowels, for I had to use salts or physic all the time. My stomach kept sour, and always after eating there was pain and fullness, and all the symptoms of intestinal indigestion. Nothing helped me until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Instead of hurting, like other pills, they acted very mildly, and seemed to heal the bowels. I did not require large doses to get results with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I feel so glad that I have found a mild yet certain remedy. Today I am well—no pain, no sour stomach, a good appetite, able to digest anything. This is a whole lot of good for one medicine to do, and I can say Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the best pills, and my letter, I am sure, proves it." Refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butter-nut, sold in yellow boxes, 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure the Stomach

LITTLE ALICE

She Afforded a Crown Man Delightful Entertainment

By LLOYD WILLIAMS
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Bixby was one of those fellows who think that the young men of America should take an interest in politics. He was a shrewd man—we all think ourselves shrewd—and could "see through a millstone" as well as any one. He believed in the Machiavellian type of diplomacy and prided himself upon being able to conceal his meaning by his words as well as the great diplomat himself. He was ambitious, and ambitious men are liable to overtax their strength. At any rate, Bixby overtaxed his and was ordered to go away by himself into the country and live the simple life of a domestic animal. That is, he was to eat and sleep and not think.

He chose a farmhouse. The season was not propitious, for the summer and part of autumn had passed, and the days were short. Bixby received the morning papers from the city by 11 o'clock, and between breakfast and their receipt he walked. It was all very well for his doctor to tell him that he must do nothing. Everybody knows that Satan provides work for idle hands to do. So long as he was busy he lived as innocent a life as any man of his acquaintance. Just as soon as he ceased to work he got into mischief.

Chance furnished an opportunity. One morning he started out for his constitutional. It was a cold, lowering day and spitting snow. Nevertheless Bixby craved exercise and enjoyed stepping out at a brisk pace. He had not gone far before he saw a girl coming in the opposite direction. When she passed him he knew at once that

ECZEMA IS CURABLE

In Every Case Where Our Remedy Fails It Is Supplied Free of all Cost.

In making this statement we back it up with our promise that if our remedy does not substantiate our claim in every particular, we will without question or quibble return every cent you paid us for it. We take all the risk—you take none.

We strongly recommend Rexall Eczema Ointment, which possesses remarkable cleansing, antiseptic, germicidal soothing and healing qualities. It is a grayish-white emollient, with a pleasant odor, and very clean for use. The first application produces a refreshing sense of relief, and it quickly subsides and overcomes the inflammation, irritation and discharge when present.

It is intended to be applied with a piece of muslin or linen, or it may be applied and allowed to dry in. It affords very prompt relief for pimples, blotches, discolorations, ringworm, acne, tetter, barbers' itch, ulcers, insect bites, nettle rash, hives, sores and wounds.

Rexall Eczema Ointment relieves itching and irritation of the feet. It is ideal for the treatment of children who are tormented with itching, burning and disfiguring skin diseases. Try a box at our risk. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. Remember, it is only sold at our store—The Rexall Store.

J. W. McLAREN, WATFORD.

like himself, she was not country born and bred. Her dress coming only to the tops of her boots left Bixby in doubt whether she had yet emerged from young girlhood or whether she had adopted a short skirt for walking. In passing Bixby she lowered her eyes with that modesty one expects to find either in young girls or in eminently correct ladies.

The next morning Bixby took his constitutional at the same hour and on the same road. He had no idea of meeting the girl he had met the day before. Indeed, he had quite forgotten her. Passing over a crest and looking ahead, he saw a farmhouse, and at the same moment a door was opened and a woman came out and took the road toward Bixby. She had not come very far before he recognized the girl he had met the day before. She was now carrying some books under her arm.

"Schoolgirl," remarked Bixby to himself. Bixby had just turned thirty-five, and if his thoughts the day before had inclined to a possible relief from the tedium of his exile with this girl the discovery that she was a schoolgirl put the idea quite out of his head. He permitted his eyes to dwell upon her for the moment during which he was passing her, and she, as before, lowered hers.

The next afternoon Bixby was out rambling—indeed, he had nothing to do but ramble—when it occurred to him that he would like a glass of milk. At the moment he espied in the distance the house from which he had seen the schoolgirl emerge the day before. The natural consequence of wanting the milk and seeing the house at the same time was a thought that he might see the girl. In telling the story he never speaks of this last thought, leaving one to suppose that the two first contingencies alone resulted in his going there.

On reaching the place he opened the gate, went deliberately up the walk and rapped on the door. A woman opened it, and Bixby asked if he might beg a glass of milk. His request was granted, and he was invited into the living room to wait while the woman brought the milk. At a table, with books—presumably school-books—before her, was the girl.

Bixby took a seat. The girl did not look up, but kept on with what she was doing, evidently studying. The woman was some time bringing the milk, and, since it was embarrassing to sit in the same room with a person without speaking, Bixby concluded to make a remark.

"Are there good schools near here?" he asked.

"No, not very good schools, I believe. But I don't know anything about them. I don't go to school here."

Bixby was too well bred to ask where she did go to school. He remarked upon the beautiful country round about and how he enjoyed walking.

The girl told him that walking in cold weather was her delight, but she couldn't take as long walks as she would like because it was not considered safe for her to go alone. Then Bixby told her why he had come to the country, that he had nothing to do all day and if her father and mother would permit her to go with him it would give him great pleasure. To this she replied that her father and mother were not there and there was no one to prevent her doing what she liked. Bixby considered this tantamount to accepting his invitation and said he would probably be coming past the farmhouse the next morning. If he did so he would stop and take her along. To this she replied that she would walk his way and they might meet on the road.

About this time the woman came in with the milk, set it down on the table and went out. Bixby drank it, conversing with the girl the while. He gave her every opportunity to explain why she was there and tell him all about herself, but whether she did not understand his hints or was singularly reticent for one so young, anyway she failed to enlighten him. When he took his leave she arose from her seat, and Bixby noticed that she was pretty nearly as tall as he was. But Bixby was not a large man, and the girl seemed to be large for her age. Some girls get their growth by fourteen, and Bixby concluded this was one of that kind.

The next morning was delightful, not a cloud in the sky and the air dry and cold. Bixby started for his walk and felt as if he would rather run. There was ice in the little ditches beside the road, and, being fresh frozen and glassy, it afforded especially good slides for boys and girls. Looking ahead, he saw the girl he was to meet sliding on one of these stretches of ice. Indeed, she slid on every one she came to. When Bixby came up to her her cheeks were aglow. She looked very pretty. "She'll make a stunner," remarked Bixby to himself, "when she is a few years older."

After the greetings Bixby told her that if they were to walk together they must know each other's names. He said he was Mr. Bixby, and she said

her name was Alice. He asked her "Alice what?" and she said Alice Middleton.

"Well, Alice," he said, "what do you study at school?"

"What do I study? Why, I study—oh, don't let's talk about school work! Let's talk about the hills and the valleys and the trees. It must be very beautiful here in summer. I can picture it as it will be in April, when the leaves are budding and on the forest trees is that delicate pale shade of green that we see only about ten days in the whole year. And I can fancy the melodious piping of some bird away up in the highest branches as if it came down from heaven. Do you remember how beautifully Coleridge describes the sounds in his 'Ancient Mariner'?"

"Around, around flew each sweet sound, Then darted to the sun. Slowly the sounds came back again, Now mixed, now one by one."

"Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky, I heard the skylark sing. Sometimes all little birds that are—How they seem to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargon!"

"And now 'twas like all instruments, Now like a lonely flute. And now it is an angel's song That makes the heavens be mute."

"Good gracious," exclaimed Bixby, "where did you learn that?"

"Where did I learn it?" she hesitated, then added, "Why in our English literature course, to be sure!"

"You have a high poetic sense."

"You mean a musical sense."

She began to imitate a bird with a voice that astonished Bixby, and when an echo came back from a neighboring hill it seemed to him that she had really been answered by a nightingale. Bixby stopped stock still with a look of astonishment on his face. The girl burst into a laugh.

There were neither miles nor hours in that walk—at least not for Bixby. He had been bored by women—highly educated women, too—and here was a girl scarcely in her teens whose gift of appreciation enabled her to keep holding up before him pictures, giving each the peculiar coloring of her own individual vision. Finally they came to the farmhouse.

"Will you walk with me tomorrow?" asked Bixby.

"I'm sorry I can't; I go away in the morning."

"What?"

Bixby spoke the word as if some one had told him that he would be shot at daylight.

"Give me your full name and address in the city," she added; "there's something I wish to send you."

"When?"

"After your return."

Bixby gave her his card with his address on it, and she ran into the house.

The next morning the weather changed for Bixby. The country seemed uninhabitable. He stood it for two days longer, then went back to town.

A few days after his return he received tickets to an opera. There was no reason that he knew for any one to send him complimentary tickets, and he supposed these had been sent through mistake. He concluded to use one of them.

What was his astonishment to see in the prima donna the "little girl" Alice, though this was not her stage name. She looked about twenty-two years old. She saw Bixby, gave him a smile and sent him an invitation to visit her between the acts. When he saw her she explained that she had been resting away from everybody preparatory to a long engagement. It was not her fault that he had taken her for a schoolgirl. She wore her dresses short for convenience in tramping and had permitted him to remain in error.

Bixby has given up business and is following an opera troupe. It is needless to say that little Alice is the attraction for him. Although it is not yet a year since he first met her in the country, it seems to him that she has grown to be ten years older than she was then. She tells him she's not a year older and, considering the age he then took her to be, must grow for four or five years before she will be marriageable. He says he will follow her if necessary till she reaches her second childhood.

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T. B. Taylor & Sons guarantee Parisian Sage to cure dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair or money back, and sell it for only 50 cents a large bottle. It puts vitality into the hair and gives it a radiant luster.

It is the favorite hair dressing of refined women because it so quickly refreshes the scalp and not being sticky or greasy is delightful to use.

A man who has spent much time upon the sea tells us that sea dreams are very, very rare. He attributes dreams to dry air. He says that sailors, on going to bed on land for the first time in months, will sprinkle cans of water about their beds in order to scare away night visions.

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