OPERATION AVOIDED EXPERIENCE OF MISS MERKLEY

She Was Told That an Operation Was Inevitable. How She Escaped It.

When a physician tells a woman suf-fering with serious feminine trouble that operation is necessary, the very table strikes terror to her heart, and our hospitals are full of women coming for just such operations.



There are cases where an operation There are cases where an operation is the only resource, but when one considers the great number of cases of menacing female troubles cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after physicians have advised operations, no woman should submit to one without first trying the Vegetable Compound and writing Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is free. Miss Margret Merkley, of 275 Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"Loss of strength, extreme nervousness, shooting pains through the pelvic organs, bearing-down pains and cramps compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor, after making an examination said I had a female trouble and ulceration and advised an operation. To this I strongly objected and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The ulceration quickly healed, all the bad symptoms disappeared and I am once more strong, vigorous and well."

Female troubles are steadily on the Female troubles are steadily on the increase among women. If the monthly periods are very painful, or too frequent and excessive—if you have pain or swelling low down in the left side, bearing-down pains, don't neglect yourself: try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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The mixture is composed of harmless vegetable ingredients which can be purchased at any good drug store.

hased at any good drug store,

and mixed at home.

Anyone suffering from any of these afflictions will no doubt be pleased to learn of so simple and highly recommended remedy.

STACE LINES.

TFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES rwick Village every morning except Sirg Witford at 11.80 a, m., Return ford at 3.45 p. m. Passengers and frein reasons. Se terms, D. M. Ross, Pop'i

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se Elya's se Chaperon

By Virginia Leila Wentz

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Mrs. James Dix was looking out across the Rue de Rivoli at the morning's brightness of the Tuileries gar dens when the boy in the hotel lift brought her a cablegram.

It was a message from her lord and master in Chicago declaring that her immediate presence was required. At once all the brightness faded out of the Tuileries, for the frivolous gayety of Paris had been especially attractive to this portly, easy going, good natured

"But, mother, you'll have to go alone. It'll be a whole month before my singing lessons are finished, you know, broke in Elya, who was having her flaxen hair shampooed by a real Parisian hairdresser.

Mrs. Dix clasped her ring bedecked pudgy hands. She always clasped her hands when she agreed about anything "You'll have to have a chaperon, of course, dear," she added. "Now, who can we get on such a little notice?"

There was silence for a moment, while the deft fingers of the hairdresser ran through the flaxen hair with a soothing touch, Then Elya's girlish voice sounded in a delightful treble:

"Oh, mother! I know the very per She's terribly nice and awfully ladylike" (Elya always emphasized her adverbs and used indiscriminate ones at that), "and she's an American, and that's the best of all-ouch!" In her eagerness she'd turned her head a bit too suddenly, and some soap had got in her sapphire eyes.

"Oh, I know who you mean," helped out Mrs. Dix, while her daughter struggled with the soap. "You mean Miss Clemmens, the governess to that little English boy who died last week? Yes, she's looking for another engagement that's true. And she certainly is a lady.

So Miss Dorothy Clemmens of New York was engaged to chaperon Elya Dix for a month in Paris and then bring her back to America.

To console herself for her mother's departure, Elya had Miss Clemmens secure tickets for that night's opera. She sat in a box in her young beauty set off by a \$200 Paquin gown and se renely allowed the audience to stare.

Already she was learning that the mission of the beauty is to support modistes and to be stared at. Behind her, robed in some soft, inexpensive gray stuff, with a narrow white lace collar, sat her chaperon.

The opera was "Siegfried," the scherzo of Wagner's great symphony, as Lavignac has called it. Upon Miss Clemmens' music parched soul (she'd' not heard an opera for over a year) it fell like gracious dew and fetched a sweet refreshment. When the orchestra tells the mood of Siegfried in the second act, feeling the first fret of awakened passion, her eyes shone like stars, her lips parted slightly, and just at that juncture a man in the audience caught her perfect profile as she leaned slightly forward.

That same look, downward and side wise and smiling! That exquisite head in its cloud of wavy dark hair! Paul Demarest brushed away the years that had blurred it all, and then suddenly he remembered. Yes, he remembered. Oh, it was so long ago, so many years

And she was in the same box with that gay little butterfly, that American flirt, Elya Dix. Bless Elya Dix! It was the first time he had ever felt grateful to her. He would make his way to her

box at the end of the second act. "Why, Mr. Demarest! I'm awfully glad to see you — I honestly am! Thought you'd forgotten me. And I'm all alone now - mother sailed unexpectedly for home this morning-and I'm all alone now," Elya greeted him in her young untamed effusiveness as

he entered the box. "All alone?" he questioned gravely. "Well, there's Miss Clemmens here, my chaperon. By the way, she's an American too. Miss Clemmens, Mr. Demarest. You've heard mother speak of him, I'm sure. Oh, here come Dickie Marston and Bob Sawyer! How terribly jolly!" Elya reached out her daintily gloved hand to greet two

newcomers They were of the aggressive type. these two English chaps, and in a few seconds Demarest made his way to

Miss Clemmens in the rear. "Do you know, Miss Clemmens," he began curiously, "the last time I saw you you wore your hair in two braids, and I wrote a poem and dedicated it to

the curls at the end." His voice and mouth were grave, but there was a smiling gleam in his eyes. Miss Clemmens glanced rather blankly from beneath her heavy lashes at this man well under forty.

"I think," she began, with a calm dignity befitting her position—but just

then, on the very second word of reproval, a flash of understanding radiated over her tired, lovely face. "Yousurely you're not Prince Paul?"

"The very same-princess." Paul Demarest bowed very low. "But-but why Demarest"- pursued Miss Clemmens, with puzzled uncer-

tainty. "A grand-uncle over here without any closer issue left me his money and estates, providing I'd take his name in the bargain. I took them all." The light raillery in the voice changed to seriousness. "But I'd have known you, princess, if you went by any name un-

"For pity's sake!" dimpled she. Then she added with a wistful dignity: "But I must have changed a deal since then.

That was nearly twelve years ago "I don't see the changes," said he gallantly. "To me you're just the

same." But, oh, how tired she looked-his gay, light hearted little princess! And how he longed to fold her protectingly

in his arms! The wide divergence in that moment between what this man wished to do and what he did do stands for civilization. "Do you remember those glorious sails we used to have on Long Island sound?" he asked constrainedly, picking up the fan which she had dropped.

Remember? The Parisian opera house and the hum of chattering voices faded away. In their place came the big, blue sound covered with white sails, and no voice save that of "Prince Paul" teaching her the "Marseillaise" in French. Oh, what a voice he had! And the salt spray was again on her tanned cheek, the wind blowing through her

hair-"Once upon a time," began Paul Demarest, "there was a young chap with a lot of ideals and ambitions and that sort o' thing who went to spend a summer in a quiet little place on Long Island. It seemed absurdly, irritatingly quiet to him until he met-a princess. She didn't wear a crown, except her glorious dark hair, whose thick tendrils the wind was always blowing awry, and she wasn't followed about by a court chamberlain, but she had the dearest, most loving father I ever knew. Well, the prince was quite five years younger than the man, but they read together and sang together and sailed together, and when he was suddenly called away to France he purposed course back one day when he was an independent person and ciarming the little princess. He didn't get back as quickly as he had When he did, he found that hoped. she had flown, and he could find no

trace of her." When the low, mesmeric voice had finished, Dorothy Clemmens looked up with startled eyes. The lambent flame in them met an answering flash in his. "Father died the year I graduated," she said unsteadily. "We had to give up our old home, and ever since I've been putting what little learning I'd gained to use-'teaching the young mind,' etc. Incidentally now I'm chaperoning, as you see." She gave a vague, graceful little motion with her slim hand, which included Elya, the two

English chappies and part of the stage. "Back in that little spot on Long Island," went on her companion eagerly, "the sea is just as blue as ever, I'm sure. And the white sails are there, and-don't you think, princess, if we

went back we might find fairyland?" Just here the orchestra took up the superb stretto of "The Decision of Love," and there was the general stir in the house of people getting ready for

the third act. When at the end of the month Elya Dix sailed for America, Miss Dorothy Clemmens sailed with her as Paul Demarest's flancee

"But isn't it terribly funny, mother," said Elya as she unpacked her Parisian finery, "to think of my coming back from gay Paris quite unengaged and my chaperon with a prize on her string?"

And Mrs. James Dix clasped her ring bedecked, plump hands in acquiesence.

Lincoln's Mental Powers.

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline It was after his return from congress, when he had long been acknowledged one of the foremost lawyers of the state, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning and set himself like a schoolboy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid, and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had when a boy. He was al-ways interested in mechanical principles and their workings and in May, 1849, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi river experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the patent office when he

med his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture,—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

Growth In Rest.

Growth is predominantly a function of rest. Work is chiefly an energy expending and tearing down process. Rest following work is chiefly a building up and growing process. Work may furnish the conditions under which subsequent growth may occur, but in itself it is destructive. By work we do things in the world, but we do not grow by work. We grow during rest. Rest is not the only condition of growth, but it is one of the essential conditions. The best work that most of us do is not begun in our offices or at our desks, but when we are wandering in the woods or sitting quietly with undirected thoughts. From somewhere at such times there flash into our minds those ideas that direct and control our lives, visions of how to do that which previously had seemed impossible, new aspirations, hopes and desires. Work is the process of realization. The careful balance and the great ideas come largely during quiet and without being sought. The man who never takes time to do nothing will hardly do great things. He will hardly have epoch making ideas or stimulating ideas.-World's Work.

Andrew Jackson's Education During each winter for two or three years after he had reached the age of seven Andrew Jackson was sent to the old field school of a Mr. Branch. After this he attended the select school which a Presbyterian preacher, the Rev. Dr. David Humphreys, taught in the Waxhaw settlement. He appears to have been going to this higher school in the spring of 1780, when the inroad of Tarleton created a panic in that portion of the Carolinas. At some later period of his youth he is said to have attended the old Queen college or seminary at Charlotte a couple of terms, but the

time is not definitely known. As to education, therefore, it may be safely stated that Andrew Jackson enjoyed much more than the ordinary advantage of a backwoods boys of his time. At the age of ten he had become so good a reader that he was often chosen to read the newspaper to the assembled neighbors, and he remembered with pride in after years that he had thus had the honor of "reading out loud" the Declaration of Independence upon its arrival in the Waxhaws. For lad of ten this was, indeed, some thing to remember with honest pride.-Thomas E. Watson in Watson's Jeffer sonian Magazine.

Recently a wearied looking little mother, carrying a small baby, boarded a street car and took a seat next to two men who were earnestly engageq in conversation. Neither of the men was very handsome, and it must have required considerable nerve on their part to hand out their photographs among their friends unless the pictures had been previously retouched with sandpaper. In a few minutes the baby began to cry with a reliable yelp that could be heard above the din of the street babble for half a block, and, with a grouchy glance at the youngster, one of the men arose and peevish ly remarked to his pal:

"I think we had better sit over here, Jim. This ungallant act plainly embar-

rassed the little mother, but she was equal to the occasion. "It won't do a bit of good to change

your seats, gentlemen," said she in a finely sarcastic voice. "The baby can see you quite as plainly over there as

A Dying Glass.

In the glass collection at the Museum of Art in Dresden, Germany, there is a large drinking cup which stands apart from all other art objects under a heavy glass cover. It is of Dutch workmanship, and the inscriptions and style show that it was made early in the eighteenth century. The vessel is remarkable because it is known in the museum, says a Berlin paper, "as having consumption which can be communicated to other objects of glass. On that account it is isolated. There are remedies against this glass disease, which is usually developed because of defects in the glass mixture, but these have not been applied to the Dutch vessel in order that the progress of the

wasting disease may be observed." A Big Calculation In Water. The ocean, sea and lake surface of our planet is estimated at something like 145,000,000 square miles, with an average depth of 12,000 feet, and is calculated to contain not less than 3,270,600,000,000,000 tons of water. The rivers of the earth are estimated to have a flow sufficient to cover thirty-six cubic miles of the above area each day. Now, if all the oceans were suddenly dried and the rivers could keep up their present rate of flow, which, of course, they could not with out ocean evaporation, it would take 3.500 years to refill the basin.



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> Volunteer, etc., IN THE STUD-SEASON 1907 The One That Wins.

CANADA'S CHAMPION ROAD STALLION WALNUT MANOR

son of Lord of the Manor and Grandson

Winner of first prize at London Western Fair 1904, Winner of first prize at London Western Fair 1905, winner of first prize and sweepstakes at Toronto 1906 Winner of first prize and sweepstakes at Toronto 1906

DESCRIPTION OF

Canada's Champion Road Stallion. Canada's Champion Road Stallion.

Walkut Manok is one of the handsomest trotting bred stallions in Canada, His sire, Lord of the Manor, is a sweepstake winner three times in London, three times in Tornoto, Orange County Horse Show, N. Y., and Madison Square Garden. Hisgrandsire, Mambrino King, was the most handsome horse in the world. Prosteus, the sire of his dam, was a sweepstake winner at London and Tornoto. It is no wonder that Walnut Manor is a horse of such grand style and beauty.

Walnut Manok, is a dark brown stallion, standersh handsome horse in the standard stand

PEDIGREE.

WALNUT MANOR, sire. Lord of the Manor, sire of John Martin 2.23, and Lord Reta 2.184, and full-brother to lady of the Manor 2.044, the world's exchampion pacing mare, which record she held for five years; the by Mambrino King, the sire of 80 in the 2.30 1 tst, and the dams of 70 in the 2.30 1 ist, he by Mambrino Patchen, he by Mambrino Chiti, he by Mambrino Paymaster, late Dam—Netty M., by Prosteus, full brother to-Romaine (destroyed by fire), showed his ability to-trot in 2.10.

2nd Dam—Maggie R., dam of Nettie D., trial 2.189 by Chicago Volunteer (2611), sire of Bawley 2.224, 10-PEDIGREE.

-Maggie R., dam of Nettie D., trial 2.19

2nd Dam—Maggie R., dam of Nettie D., trial 2.19by Chicago Volunteer (25b), sire of Sawley 2.224, 10in 2.30, he by Volunteer (5b), sire of St., Julian 2.10½,
he by Hambletonian 10.
3rd Dam—Nellie R., dam of Fusilier 2.50, a threeyear-old by Tempest, sire of Fution 2.28, by Royan B.
George (9), sire of Toronto Chief 2.244, and S in 2.304th Dam—Dollie, by imported Sir Layton Sykes,
5th Dam—Lady McQueen, by Grey Mcssenger, by
imported Messenger.

RABITE

ROUTE.

TUESDAY—Will be at the Revere House, Alvipston, for noon; thence to his own stable for night, where he will remain until Saturday. SATURDAY—Will be at the Roche House, Watford, until night; thence to his own stable.

TERMS.

TERMS.

To insure a mare with foal \$10, payable 1st Jan., 1908. All mares must be in a healthy condition, otherwise not accepted. Mares must be returned regularly to the horse. Parties disposing of their mares before foaling time will be held responsible. All accidents to mares at owner's risk. No second-

D. G. MADDOCK, - WALNUT, ONTARIO.

The Jews and the Bible.

The bible of the Jews is not more imortant than are the Jews of the bible portant than are the jews of the bible— the two must forever remain inseparable. There are so called Jews who have no longer a bible, and we fail to see why we should regard them as such and why they should continue to allow themselves to be called Jews. Thus speaks the Jewish voice editorially.

A Store House for Poisons

You may not think so, but that's what you become when the kidneys are affected. These organs cleanse the body; they are the filters that remove from the blood the waste matter that acts like deadly poison on the vitality and health of the aystem. Dr. Hamilton's Pills stimulate the kidneys, exalformenting matter from the howels, repel fermenting matter from the bowels, restore the liver and stimulate all excretory and secretory organs. This enables the and secretory organs. This enables the blood to quickly replenish itself and estab-lishes perfect health. No medicine does such lasting good as Dr. Hamilton's Man-drake and Butternut Pills, 25c at all deal-

WHERE ARE THE FLIES.

Welcome Absence of the Pest so-Far This Year.

"Do you notice the almost total absence house flies this season?" said a con-

"Do you notice the almost total absence of house flies this sgason?" said a confectioner as he passed around his counters seeing that everything had been straightened up after the big holiday business. "Why other years at this time," continued he, "we would have to use every possible means to keep down the pest. Screen doors and windows, sticky flypaper, or fly poison, all are almost unnecessary this year so far."
"How do you account for it?" were

"How do you account for it?" was-"I don't know unless it was the cold off. It so the cold weather was a blessing in disguise to us, for flies mean a big loss every year."

Like a New Disease.

New to the man who never had corns is the pain relieved by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Old corns and new ones cured quickly by "Putnam's" Sold eyerywhere.