

THE TORTURES OF RHEUMATISM

Happily Stopped When He Began To Take "Fruit-a-lives"

3 OTTAWA ST., HULL, P. Q.
"For a year, I suffered with Rheumatism, being forced to stay in bed for five months. I tried all kinds of medicine without relief and thought I would never be able to walk again. One day while lying in bed, I read about 'Fruit-a-lives' the great fruit medicine; and it seemed just what I needed, so I decided to try it. The first box helped me, and I took the tablets regularly until every trace of the Rheumatism left me."
LORENZO LEDUC.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

INSURANCE

J. H. HUME.

AGENT FOR
FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES.
Representing
Five Old and Reliable Fire Insurance Companies
If you want your property insured call on J. H. HUME and get his rates.

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CHANTRY FARM

Five nice young roan bull calves for sale. Can also spare a few young ewes; still have a few dorkings and black leghorn cockerels left at prices you can afford to pay. Get into the breeds that will lay when egg prices are high.

ED de GEX, Kerwood P.O.

Small but Potent.—Parselle's Vegetable Pills are small, but they are effective in action. Their fine qualities as a corrector of stomach troubles are known to thousands and they are in constant demand everywhere by those who know what a safe and simple remedy they are. They need no introduction to those acquainted with them, but to those who may not know them they are presented as the best preparation on the market for disorders of the stomach.

Read Guide-Advocate Want Ads.

The Star Trail

By IZOLA FORRESTER

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
If Walt had not been young and trusting he'd never have answered the advertisement, but when you've spent your life in western Nebraska, personally conducting squads of cattle from range to railroad station, and thereafter riding with them and punching them into submission to an all-wise Providence, you're apt to be in a receptive condition for romance. Walt was. From the first day when he found the advertisement he knew the star path his feet must tread. He was sitting on a baggage truck in the cool shadow of the Three Bears express office, peacefully sleeping. Rumty, the agent, laid over his face a copy of the Omaha Eagle. When Walt awakened his glance wandered idly over its want columns. It was down among the "Personals." Walt read it over carefully at first, then carefully looking up once to gaze at the demure but forbidding face behind the telegraph office window. Then he read over the ad again.

Wanted—Young Eastern Widow. Blonde, twenty-four, wishes to correspond with western ranchman, not over thirty. Object matrimony.
He held the newspaper firmly in both hands. There was no reason why he should not answer the appeal. He didn't have a ranch all his own, but Bill and he had been good partners with the Triple Star outfit. The house wasn't so bad—three rooms and a lean-to. He'd fix it up for her, chuck all the old clutter he and Bill had put up with, and send up a load of mail-order honeymoon things for her to make her know she was welcome.

Here Walt took a second look at the unfriendly face at the window, but the girl never turned her head or noticed his existence. Presently he snatched around into the station doorway and leaned over the little partition at the ticket office. Could he have a telegraph blank, please? Cherry did not glance up at all, just passed one to him coldly. He spent half an hour writing his message, took a long drink from the water cooler and handed the telegram to her to count up.
"Send it off any time it's handy," he remarked, trying to be nonchalant also. Cherry ran her pencil over it.

Dear Madam: Seeing your ad in Omaha Eagle I am hereby presenting myself with honorable intentions. Have 732-acre ranch, in partnership with one Bill Owens. No money in bank, but credit hereabouts and with mail-order firms. Height six foot one inch, weight 150. If satisfactory will wire fare, Wameona, Neb.
WALTER K. RAMSDALL.

"Night message?" asked Cherry, pleasantly, as she drew her pencil through "Dear Madam."

Walt resented her air of aloofness and lack of curiosity. He bawled out a pigskin wallet and extracted a yellow bill.

"Send it now and get it there this afternoon. I don't care what it costs. Any corrections to suggest?"

Cherry's blue eyes looked him over slowly, in one sweeping summary of his apparent shortcomings as an ideal suitor, and shook her head gravely, with a certain little curl to her short upper lip. Some months previously she had been courted assiduously by Mr. Ramsdall, and being the only attractive and desirable girl in a radius of forty miles she had failed to take his offer at its proper valuation. Walt waited grimly until she had dispatched the message, then rode away with a new aggressive tilt to his hat and a sinking feeling in his heart at the desperate step he had taken.

In the days of waiting for his answer he haunted the telegraph office. Cherry was likewise postmistress, and Bill warned him of his danger.

"It's just as dangerous hanging around some female you've been once attached to as it is getting measles the second time. I wouldn't put it past Cherry a bit to try and get ahead of the eastern widow and think she's doing something mighty smart."

But Cherry held serenely to her own course of action. Instead of being scornful, she became sympathetic and rather remorseful. When she found Walt poring painfully over a mail-order catalogue that guaranteed to furnish a honeymoon equipment at so much per room she aided him instead of laughing. Walt found himself deferring to her taste in snowflake curtains and golden oak sideboards. It was Cherry who suggested cutting out the phonograph and putting in a studio willow set instead, and a low bookcase. Walt had hesitated over a red velvet set.

"It isn't becoming to blondes," she said thoughtfully.

Walt's gaze traveled to Cherry's brown, short curls and wide, brown eyes, alert as a squirrel's, and for one instant he thought of how she would look surrounded by the studio willow

set. He leaned over the little wooden barrier between them eagerly, forgetting of windows.

"It's awfully good of you to tend to all this stuff for me, Cherry. I'd never thought of that fireless cooker or the washing machine or that line of things. You know there wasn't any real reason why we didn't—well, didn't get married ourselves, only you seemed unwilling."

Cherry's bowed head gave no sign of attention; she was getting the signal for the incoming train on the eastern track.

"Cherry, girl!"—Walt felt all caution leave him suddenly. "I ain't any hand

at delivering speeches, but I can't stand it, seeing you here day after day. You're just the only girl in the world for me."

Cherry swung past him with the mail pouch over her shoulder, laughing softly, her eyes filled with mischief. After the express had passed on, and he carried in the new pouch, he helped her while she sorted the mail, humming to herself, not a love song but one of the range riders' ballads he had taught her.

And suddenly she paused, holding in her hand a letter addressed to Mr. Walter K. Ramsdall. There was also a large and promising catalogue for him. He opened them dubiously, but with a grim determination to his mouth and jaw. Cherry read the letter over his shoulder.

Dear Correspondent: We were much pleased to receive your wire, and would refer you to our catalogue, hoping you may find a suitable object for your affections. Trusting to receive your valued order at an early date, we are,
Sincerely yours,
MEYER & HOBBS.

Walt lifted a baffled face to Cherry, and she laughed.

"I knew you'd get one. Lots of the boys have answered that ad."

"And you let me send that telegram?" he demanded.

"I wanted to have you ride over often, Walt, so I could see you," she whispered. "And I did choose the willow set, you know."

DROP THE TERM "WOODLOT"

Government Authorities Favor the Word "Woodland" When Used in Reference to Farm Forestry.

The increased interest in private forestry, particularly with reference to farm forestry, has brought about the general acceptance of the term "woodland" or "woods" instead of the original one of "woodlot," according to the forest service.

A large proportion of the woodland in the eastern United States is in irregularly shaped tracts, spreading out over ridges, ravines, slopes, swamps, and poor lands, whereas "woodlot" carries the idea of a small-sized, regularly shaped, and, in a large section of the country, fenced tract. When applied to the large or irregularly shaped tracts, it is obvious that the word inadequately describes the conditions. "Woodlot" probably originated in New England and seems fairly well established there. So long as only conditions like those in New England were considered, "woodlot" was accepted as adequate, but in the last few years farm forestry has been developing rapidly throughout the country.

"Woodland" and "woods" are more satisfactory, more expressive, and avoid the possibility of creating confusion in the minds of the people over most sections of the country where the word "woodlots" has never been in local use.

Cleaning Your Plow.

Many plows, even those that have been well covered with oil or axle grease, fail to scour readily when first taken into the field. The following method is being used by many farmers to overcome the inconvenience attending the use of a plow that fails to clean off quickly: The plow is taken to the nearby branch or creek and drawn a few times through the sand or gravel beds that invariably are found along water courses. It usually takes but a few turns to cut off the rust or hardened grease. Under no circumstances does the sand stick to the plow, no matter how rusty it may be; and if the gravel does not contain large stones the plow will not be dulled.

Progressive Finance.

We were curious to see just what Idem's twenty-eight-month-old urchin has about money.

We showed him some pennies and asked him what they were.

"That's money for the organ man," he said.

"That's big money," he said, and then added, "That's Hestia's money."

Hestia being the delightful person who honors our kitchen.

"Then we showed him a one-dollar bill. There was no doubt at all in his mind as to where that belonged.

"Mother's dollar," he said.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FAMOUS STEAMER GONE.

"Dora" Will Be Missed In The Far North.

No more trips to the westward will be made by the Dora, a storied little steamer which for years has braved the bad waters lying off that remote part of Alaska west of Seward, strung out along the mainland, Unalaska, and the Aleutian Islands. The boat has been taken from the westward run and sent to Seattle.

Alaskans will miss the Dora, for during these many years they have come to look to her for almost everything. The hundreds she had carried back and forth will regret to learn of her passing from the run. To the fishermen, prospectors, and natives of the westward, the Dora was the newspaper, the grocery boy, the mail carrier, the supply bearer, and even a Santa Claus. Every year just before Christmas she made it a point to leave Seward in time to get the Christmas mail and packages west before the holiday.

Children of the westward were named after the boat their parents had come to love. It is said there is hardly a town or fishing village on the run that cannot boast of at least one girl christened Dora.

For over thirty-five years the Dora's run has been in northern waters. It has been claimed she operated on the most northerly winter route in the world, the 15th of each month leaving Seward on a 2,200-mile trip to Dutch Harbor, Unimak Pass and other points and back. Once in a while she would venture north into the Bering Sea with supplies.

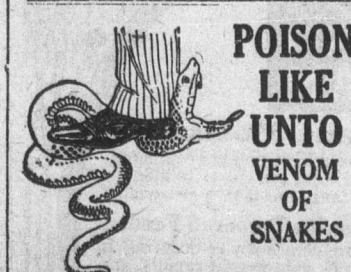
The log of the Dora was one thrilling event after another. Occasionally in the winter she would pull into Seward with ice from her topmast to water-line. Gales drove her ashore scores of times, frequently forced her to run for shelter, but never sent her down. She bore but a few scars of her many battles with the elements.

Once the Dora was lost for eighty days, and nearly the entire world watched the progress of the search for her. It happened in 1906. Gales blew her off her run and carried her south over the Pacific nearly to Honolulu. Ultimately she limped into Puget Sound, after what was said to be one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable experiences of the brave ships of the north Pacific.

When the top of Mt. Katmai, Alaska's great volcano, blew off in 1912 the Dora was calling at villages along Sherikoff Island. She was caught in a smothering cloud of dust and volcanic ash, and in a stygian darkness she fought a gale for two days to get away from danger. Her path was light by lightning and the noise of her engines was drowned by the mountain's roars. Ashes covered her decks and penetrated into every part of her hold.

As a life-saver the Dora had a record higher than any other boat in Western Alaska waters. In 1906 she picked up passengers of the wrecked ship St. Paul, who had been marooned six weeks on Semedi Island. In 1908 she rescued passengers of the cannery ship Columbia, and in 1912 she brought back the men and women from off the wrecked Olympia. In all, she has saved hundreds of lives.

And now the Dora has gone south for good. Her owners, the Alaska Steamship Company, it is said, took her off the westward run when the Government abolished the Alaska mail contracts, one of the big items in the Dora's earnings.



Professor H. Strauss, M.D., of the Royal Charity Hospital, says, "The cause for an attack of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, is supplied by the increase of uric acid in the blood serum, the result of various causes, the most frequent of which is renal. Before an attack, one suffers sometimes from headache, neuralgia, twinges of pain here and there."

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, when the back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you have rheumatic pains or lumbago, gout, sciatica, obtain at your nearest drug store "Anurie" (anti-uric acid).

This is the discovery of Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. "Anurie" is an antidote for this uric acid poisoning and dissolves uric acid in the body much as hot coffee dissolves sugar.

"Anurie" will penetrate into the joints and muscles, and dissolve the poisonous accumulations. It will stamp out toxins.

Montreal, Que.—"I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Anurie (anti-uric acid) enough for what it has done for me. For three months I was under the doctor's care and got no better. I was always complaining of my kidneys. I did not know what to do. I read about Anurie and made up my mind to try it. I have taken two boxes and don't complain any more. I have gained weight and am still gaining. My appetite is great and sleep has come to me. That is what the Anurie Tablets have done for me. I do truly recommend them to those who are suffering the way I did. The tablets are mighty good, though not expensive. Easy to buy, but hard to beat."—T. A. BROWN, 288 Dorchester St. W.

Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Help to Pass the Crisis Safely—Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Can Be Relied Upon.



Urbana, Ill.—"During Change of Life, in addition to its annoying symptoms, I had an attack of grippe which lasted all winter and left me in a weakened condition. I felt at times that I would never be well again. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it did for women passing through the Change of Life, so I told my doctor I would try it. I soon began to gain in strength and the annoying symptoms disappeared and your Vegetable Compound has made me a well, strong woman. I do all my own housework. I cannot recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly to women passing through the Change of Life."—Mrs. FRANK HENSON, 1316 S. Orchard St., Urbana, Ill.

Women who suffer from nervousness, "heat flashes," backache, headaches and "the blues" should try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MEDICAL.

JAMES NEWELL, PH.D., M.D.

L. R. C. P. & S., M. B. M. A., England.
Corner County of Lambton,
Watford, Ont.

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Residence—Front street, one block east of Main street.

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WATFORD, ONT.
FORMERLY OF NAPIER) OFFICE—Main street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kelly. Phone 15 A. Residence—Ontario street, opposite M. A. McDonnell's. Night calls Phone 15 B.

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Formerly of Victoria Hospital, London.

OFFICE—Main street, in office formerly occupied by Dr. Brandon. Day and night calls phone 25.

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OFFICE—Two doors south of the Guide-Advocate office. Residence—Main Street, one door north of Dr. Siddall's office.

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GRADUATE of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, and the University of Toronto. Only the Latest and Most Approved Appliances and Methods used. Special attention to Crown and Bridge Work. Office—Over Dr. Kelly's Surgery, MAIN ST.—WATFORD.

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