

Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Freemont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GODDARD, 225 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

North Haven, Conn.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health after everything else had failed when passing through change of life. There is nothing like it to overcome the trying symptoms."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISABELLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

In Such Cases

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has the greatest record for the greatest good

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BASKET ON A STRING

One of Italy's War Appliances That Does Fine Work.

"Jolly good work I call that," said a visiting British officer characterized an exploit of the Italians in the course of which—in lieu of any other way of doing it—they had shot the end of a cable from a gun across a flood-swollen river and thus made it possible to rig up a teleferica for rushing over some badly needed reinforcements.

The Italians' conduct of their Alpine campaign must remain a classic of mountain warfare—something which has never been approached in the past and may never be equalled in the future.

Perhaps the most spectacular exploit ever carried out from a teleferica was that by which a troublesome nest of Austrian machine gunners were cleared off one of the pinnacles of the great M. Massif in the fall of 1916. The situation was irritating enough for the Italians even when the activities of the enemy were confined only to observation, but when he took to bringing up a machine gun and peppering—almost from its rear—the headquarters of an Alpini battalion which held an important pass 3,000 feet below, it became well-nigh intolerable. What happened was related to me some months later when I asked the major of this battalion how it chanced that the roof of the officers' mess in which we were dining was armored with sheets of steel.

"Against machine-gun bullets," was the reply; "there was a time—of accursed memory—in which he used to bring a gun out on a little splinter of rock, not 1,500 metres from here in an air line, and spray the whole of our little terrace with 'dum-dums.'"

"We were working day and night," he continued, "to excavate a gun cavern, the fire from which would make that troublesome position untenable for the Austrians. In the meantime we had to stick it out as best we could. At this juncture Captain X. came in.

"What is to prevent my rigging up a machine gun in a teleferica basket," he said, "covering it with myself and a man to help—under a piece of canvas as if it was an ordinary load of gear, letting it be run down until I am well in the rear of the Austrians, and turning loose?"

"If I hadn't been seeing more or less red myself, and if our position had not become really serious, I would probably never have listened to the mad proposal. As it was, I entered into it heart and soul. We reckoned the slope of the cable, and hung the platform of the machine gun at an angle which would make it easy to elevate and range on the Austrian position above. Then—as a happy afterthought—we bent a sheet of bullet-proof steel for a shield on the exposed side, erected a low platform on which the gun would rest securely and—the first and last armored teleferica was complete.

"We had to do a bit of 'trimming' to put her on an even keel, after which she rode smoothly and evenly. With X. and his assistant crouched low on either side of the gun, and a black tarpaulin thrown loosely over the whole, she looked like an ordinary load of junk going down for repairs. When X. 'unmasked' and opened up we could even follow the line of brown dust spurts on the face of the cliff as the bullets ranged upward toward their mark. And that was about all there was to it. The fire of the two Austrian machine guns ceased instantly, and never resumed. Probably the gunners were killed before they had a chance even to turn round their guns and reply to the sudden attack from the air."

—Lewis R. Freeman in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Bobby's Idea.

In a family where Bobby, the eight-year-old, was an intense admirer of his father, a dyspeptic diet came to dinner.

When the duck was being carved the father said to the visitor: "What part do you prefer?"

"I never eat duck, thank you," came the reply.

The hostess had some cold roast chicken brought in and offered.

"No, thank you," said the man, "I never eat chicken."

Some cold roast beef was next brought in.

"No, thank you, I never eat roast beef," came the reply.

By this time the host was visibly nonplussed what next to offer his guest. Bobby was quick to see it. His temper had risen at what he considered a slight upon his father.

"I say, papa," burst in the boy, with a glare at the dyspeptic, "perhaps the old idiot would like to suck an egg."

Criticizes Tirpitz.

In the current number of the Prussische Jahrbucher, Prof. Hans Delbrück, German historian, accuses Admiral von Tirpitz of lack of foresight during his term of office in the matter of construction of submarines.

"Von Tirpitz," he says, "and even during the war hindered the construction of new submarines, in the belief that the few he had consented to build were sufficient to beat the British in a few months." Delbrück calls upon the Reichstag to order an investigation into von Tirpitz's naval policy.

WRONG BOTTLE AGAIN!

Mr. Thomas Wade, of Alma, N.B., accidentally applied some acid to a sore leg, thinking the bottle contained liniment. Writing of the effect, he says:

"The acid burned deep into my flesh and set up poisoning, causing me intense pain. I really thought I should lose my leg, but a friend advised me to try Zam-Buk. I did so, and the effect was marvellous! Zam-Buk very quickly ended the pain and drew out the poison. Eventually it completely healed the sore place."

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PHONE 39

Listen to German Pastors!

Pastor G. Graub: "Our troops are assured of their mission, and they recognize clearly, too, that the truest compassion lies in taking the sternest measures, in order to bring the war itself to an early close."

Pastor W. Lehmann: "We are beginning slowly, humbly, and yet with a deep gladness, to divine God's intentions. It may sound proud, my friends, but we are conscious that it is also in all humbleness that we say it: the German soul is God's; it shall and will rule over mankind."

Pastor J. Rump: "From all sides testimonies are flowing in as to the noble manner in which our troops conduct the war."

Pastor H. Francke: "Germany is precisely—who would venture to deny it?—the representative of the highest morality, of the purest humanity, of the most chastened Christianity. He, therefore, who fights for its maintenance, its victory, fights for the highest blessings of humanity itself, and for the human progress. Its defeat, its decline, would mean a falling back to the worst barbarism."

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Pastor D. Baumgarten: "We are not only compelled to accept the war that is forced upon us but are even compelled to carry on this war with a cruelty, a ruthlessness, an employment of every imaginable device unknown in any previous war. 'Whoever cannot prevail upon himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the Lusitania—whoever cannot conquer his sense of the gigantic cruelty (unheuer Grausamkeit) to unnumbered innocent victims—and give himself up to honest delight at this victorious exploit of German defensive power—him we judge to be no true German."

Take it Home

We presume that many people think the newspaper men are persistent duns, as they keep reiterating, "look at the label on your paper," "move up the date," "you are back on your subscription," "pay what you owe," "pay up," "pay us." Now let a farmer or business man place himself in a similar business position and see if he would not do the same. Suppose the farmer raises a crop of two thousand bushels of wheat and his neighbor should buy a bushel, and the price was two dollars or less, and the neighbor says, "I will pay you the sum in a few days." As the farmer doesn't want to be small in the matter of small things, he says "all right." Another comes in the same way until the whole of the two thousand bushels are gone out to the two thousand different persons. No one purchaser concerns himself about it, and, of course, that could not help him any. He does not realize that the farmer has frittered away his crop of wheat in little dribs, and that he is seriously embarrassed in his business, because his debtors treat it as a small matter. But if all would pay him promptly, which they could do as well as not, it would enable him to carry on his business without difficulty. The above comparison is too true of the difficulties that a newspaper man has to contend with.

From Old Subscribers

Mr. Ben Parker, of Edmonton, in renewing his subscription to the Guide-Advocate says:—

"Thrashing in the Edmonton district is now in full swing. The wheat was hurt by the July frost but is running along about twenty bushels per acre. On Saturday last I helped a farmer thresh oats which went one hundred bushels per acre. We hope that if the wheat does not make the money it was hoped to do in the spring, that oats as a substitute will help out."

Complete in itself, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

At the rate Hun prisoners are being taken, it will soon be a puzzle to know which side Germany is on.

Toronto Telegram: "What became of your Swedish cook?" "Oh, she got her Irish up and took French leave."

Providence Journal: "The good faith of any discussion," Mr. Wilson says, "would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers immediately to withdraw their forces everywhere from invaded territory." If it was necessary for Bulgaria to retire from the lands she has over-run, it is certainly necessary for the chief partner in the conspiracy of crime to yield up her plunder.

If there is one curse above another that the Great War Veterans' Association should remove it is the post-card manufacturers and lithographers who exploit returned cripples in order to get rid of their cheap wares on a sympathetic public. It is not only an outrage on the heroes, but on the people as well.

Sam Bailey has sold his farm of 100 acres, on the 8th., Plympton, to Wm. Trotter, of Brooke, for \$7000. Mr. Trotter will take possession April 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey will go Forest to reside.

Start the Rhine Whine!

--- Buy Victory Bonds!