



Would Have Been Saved
also five weeks suffering and loss of wages if Mr. C. Oakley of Saskatoon, Sask. had not got Zam-Buk when he first happened, his cut leg. However, experience of Zam-Buk's amazing healing power has opened his eyes. You won't find him with it to-day.

MORAL - Never Be Without Zam-Buk

WESTERN ONTARIO BEST COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Central Business College

Our winter term commences Tuesday, Jan. 4th, and students may register in our Commercial, Shorthand or Telegraph departments at any time.

LONDON BUSINESS COLLEGE
Dundas and Richmond Sts. London, Ontario

Write for information regarding our courses in Bookkeeping and Shorthand. Fall term opened on August 30th.

Increase Your Earning Power by taking a course in the ELLIOTT Business College

Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto. One of the last two students to accept positions commenced one \$22.50 per week and one other over \$100.00 per month.

INSURANCE
J. H. HUME
Agent for FIRE, ACCIDENT and SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES

You want your property insured—call on J. H. HUME and get his rates. VICTORY BONDS AND OTHER GOOD SECURITIES FOR SALE

THE LAMBTON Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company. (Established in 1873)

JOHN W. KINGSTON PRESIDENT
JAMES SMITH VICE-PRESIDENT
ALBERT G. MINIBELLY DIRECTOR

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

Shopping for Aunt Olivia

By FLORENCE MELLISH

(66, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Great Caesar! have I lost that sample?" Harry Beldon stood looking the way of impatient shoppers while he searched his available pockets.

"I have, and Aunt Olivia has got to have that silk this afternoon. It's her only chance to be fitted by Mme. Cyr, or words to that effect. What was that stuff? It wasn't dope; it was something. Are the pitying angels looking down on me now?"

Apparently no angelic pity soothed Harry's perturbed spirit. His distracted gaze rested on a young and graceful figure at the hosiery counter. Two rapid strides and the courage of desperation brought Harry to her side.

"I beg your pardon, madame," he began. She turned with a surprised expression in her lovely eyes. "I don't like to trouble you," he went on with an embarrassed blush.

"You see," Harry tried to explain, with more blushes and increased embarrassment. "I was to get one like it for my aunt."

"It hardly seemed possible that that apple blossom face would assume such a haughty expression or that those exquisite blue eyes could have that frozen stare."

"Really?" was all the beautiful lips could utter, as the young lady turned with intensified interest to the inspection of hosiery. The fluffy blonde was laughing frankly. But Harry is like the president. He has a "stangle track" mind.

"Can you see that lady three counters down—the pretty one? Quick, please, before she goes away!" The tall, severe, middle-aged girl who was selling silks glanced in the direction he indicated.

"My eyesight is fairly good. Yes, I can see her," she answered stonily. "Good! I want four yards of silk just like that gown she is wearing."

"We are out of that shade this morning." "Oh!" he gasped. "Are you sure? You see, it's for my aunt. She's making over something, and I have to get it."

A JAPANESE MARRIAGE

Maiden Never Considers Spinsterhood For a Moment.

With the Canadian girl marriage is quite a free-will affair—she has the right of either marrying or remaining single; she reserves the privilege to choose her husband.

"I know Miss Penelope couldn't object. I'm such an old friend." Miss Jessie laughed brightly. "Perhaps, if you ate her melons, it would be a return of hospitality."

"I should think so. I'm one of Anita Wylie's bridesmaids." "That's great. I'm to be head usher. Rather nice we should meet before the rehearsal, just in an informal way."

"It was rather informal," Miss Galbraith admitted. Her eyes rested on a little tear in the wrapping paper. "But that silk isn't taupe; it's wistaria."

"It's the color of that goods you've bought. I'm afraid you made a mistake." "Mistake? Not me. That fagged-out-looking girl gave me the wrong parcel. Great Caesar!"

"I'm sure they will exchange it for you." He sprang up. "They'll have to. It's for Aunt Olivia. I'm sorry to leave you like this, but you've saved me again. And we'll be sure to meet Friday at the rehearsal."

"By a torrent of eloquence Harry convinced an apathetic salesgirl and a skeptical floor-walker of the mistake and carried his purchase home in triumph."

"It's two shades darker than the sample and satin instead of flannel." Aunt Olivia announced with a "just-as-expected" expression on her resolute face.

"But it's taupe," Harry insisted. "Yes, you did remember so much. Oh, you needn't explain. I know you lost the sample. Perhaps Madame Cyr can make a combination."

"I'm sure she can," said Harry cheerfully. "Much you know about it; but it doesn't matter so much. I've just had word that Anita has sprained her ankle and the wedding is indefinitely postponed."

"Postponed? And won't there be a rehearsal Friday?" "Certainly not. Anita is laid up."

Gunmen Kill Gangster

NEW YORK'S crime wave, which has been as well advertised as other New York productions, and which has promised to be almost a permanent wave, has reached its crest, and now may be expected to subside.

The victims of the gunmen of the American metropolis have been comparatively inconspicuous. But death, as the poets say, loves a shining mark, and as a climax of this carnival of crime one of the most noted citizens has been shot.

He was not one of the most estimable of citizens, but he was known from one end of the country to the other, though not under his baptismal name, which was William Delaney. To announce to New Yorkers that Mr. William Delaney had been shot dead would not create any furor, unless one proceeded to say that when he was found dead he had \$140 and two pairs of eyeglasses in his pocket.

But when it became known that Mr. William Delaney was Monk Eastman, Americans sat up and came to the conclusion that the assassins had gone too far, for Monk Eastman was perhaps the most notorious citizen of New York. Even Canadians have heard his name.

He never reached the bad eminence of Gyp the Blood and Lefty Louis, but for twenty years he was recognized as a sort of uncrowned king of the underworld. It is true that he served two or three terms in jail, but his record on the police blotter is unworthy of his prowess even if it is significant of his influence.

He appears to have been a good soldier, having a contempt of death bred of his long experience as a gangster, and his identity not being known to his comrades he was respected by them. When he returned home and received his honorable discharge his friends appealed to Governor Smith, asking that he should be pardoned for his previous misdemeanors and be reinstated as a free and independent American citizen.

The governor hearkened to the request, and Monk Eastman, announcing that he was through with crime, became a normal American citizen, with full power to vote and serve on juries. Considerable fuss was made over the incident, and several writers drew morals from his career proving that war had a purifying and even ennobling effect.

Monk Eastman got a good job and went to work. He entered a garage, but the surroundings not proving congenial, he got another job as foreman. In this he had a partner, and it is said that Monk and his partner quarreled over the proceeds. Their quarrels usually happened over a bottle of booze, the result being that Monk threatened to kill his partner, which broke up the company.

It seems only too true that he gradually drifted into his old associations, though it is not known that he committed any specific crime since winning the war. It is hinted that he was a bootlegger; it is also hinted that he became a police informer and helped the authorities mark down some of the illicit vendors in drugs. One theory is that he was detected in double crossing his associates and was killed. Another theory is that some new hinged gunman recognizing Monk thought that he might gain a reputation in the underworld by killing him, knowing that Monk, as a reformer, would be unarmed.

Eastman was about fifty years old, and for twenty years past was perhaps the best known desperado in New York City, if not in the world. He had the reputation of being fearless, and early in his career, when taken to the hospital with two or three bullets in his body, he refused to say who had shot him, though it appeared that he could not live. Shortly after his release a couple of rival gangsters were found dead, and it was assumed that Monk had taken his revenge. Time and again after some crime of violence he was arrested, but his political affiliations were so strong that he was released. The police may have been convinced that he was an assassin, but evidence was hard to get, and easily suppressed. He was not an ordinary thief. Violence rather than plunder was valuable. When he met his death he was under the influence either of liquor or of drugs. Otherwise it would have been a difficult and dangerous job to bump him off.

Overcoming a Difficulty. A consulting surgeon tells many amusing stories about the experiences of medical men. It is nothing uncommon, he says, to find a patient to whom a doctor has been called suffering from a disease quite different from that mentioned in the message received by the doctor.

One occasion a certain medical man received a note asking him to come at once to a case of smallpox, but to his surprise on arriving at the patient's bedside, he found that it was merely a case of rheumatism. "This is very plainly not smallpox," he said to the writer of the letter. "Why did you say it was smallpox?" "Well, doctor," replied the man, as he shuffled one foot over the other, "to tell you the truth, we knew it was rheumatism, but there was nobody in the house could spell 'rheumatism,' and we thought 'smallpox' would do just as well until you came, and probably bring you quicker."

CHILDREN

Please Read I See What No Will Do

Berwick, Ont.—ble, and after taking Cam's Vegetable C Medicine all my trouble was made strong. I had been ever since. My baby boy six months old that I would not still be suffering from my rheumatism and myself say that are worth their weight in gold. I recommend them to all my aunts is tall Mrs. NARPLESON of Ontario, Canada.

Among the virtuous ham's Vegetable C to correct sterility. This fact is well demonstrated by the above columns. In many other homes there are now children. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound makes healthy and strong children. If you have the Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound will help you, Pinkham Medicine, Lynn, Mass., for a will be opened, read woman, and held in

JAMES NEWELL L.R.C.P. & S., M.D. Corner Court Street, Watford. Office—Corner Market Street—Front Residence—Front of Main St.

C. W. SAW Phone 13. Watford Office—Main St. R Street, east. Office Hours—8, 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 appointment.

W. G. SIDD WATFORD OFFICE—Next to F. Day and Night call. Office Hours—8, 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 appointment.

D. D. S. TRINITY DENTAL College of Ontario, Toronto. Only the Latest Appliances and methods of Crown and Bridge Work. Office—Opposite Post Office, Watford. Office—Two doors south of Queen's Hotel, Arko St., of each month.

GRADUATE DENTIST of Ontario, Toronto. Only the Latest Appliances and methods of Crown and Bridge Work. Office—Over Dr. Watford.

Veterinary J. McGill Veterinary HONOR GRADUATE Veterinary College, Dentist Diseases of Domestic Animals. Office—Two doors south of Queen's Hotel, Arko St., of each month.

Gordon Hall Licensed A For the County PROMPT attention to terms. Orders may be left at the office.

SHORTHORN C LINCOLN FOR SALE or to half wool and 1 parties that I seventy-five head istered breeding more than six to a grand champion stock and boys. For further apply to ED. DE KERWOOD