

FOR FROSTBITE

there is nothing so soothing and healing as Zam-Buk. This great herbal balm allays inflammation, draws out soreness, and reduces swelling. Those who have once used Zam-Buk for the treatment of winter ailments say they would

USE

no other remedy, as experience proves that nothing can equal Zam-Buk for chapped hands, cold sores, cold cracks and chilblains. It is also invaluable for all skin injuries and diseases. All drug-gists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25. Send 1c. stamp for postage on free trial box.

Zam-Buk

INSURANCE

J. H. HUME.

AGENT FOR
FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES.
Representing
Five Old and Reliable Fire Insurance Companies

you want your property insured, call on J. H. HUME and get his rates.

—ALSO AGENT FOR—
P. R. Telegraph and Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co.
Ticket Agent For C. P. R.—Tickets to all points in Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia

THE LAMBERTON Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
(Established in 1875)

JOHN W. KINGSTON, PRESIDENT
JAMES SMITH, VICE-PRESIDENT
ALBERT G. MINIRALLY, DIRECTOR
THOMAS LITIGOW, DIRECTOR
GUILFORD BUTLER, DIRECTOR
JOHN PETER MCVICAR, DIRECTOR
JOHN COWAN K. C., SOLICITOR
J. F. ELLIOT, FIRE INSPECTOR
ALEX. JAMESON, AUDITOR
P. J. MCLEWEN, SEC. TREASURER
W. G. WILLOUGHBY, MANAGER AND
WATFORD, SEC. TREASURER
PETER MCPHEDRAN, WATFORD P.
Agent for Warwick and Plympton.

All Business Colleges are not alike! Select a School carefully.

ELLIOTT Business College
Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto.

Invites the patronage of all who desire superior training. Get our Catalogue, read our records, then decide. Enter now.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

Winter Term From Jan. 5th

GENYRA Business College
WATFORD, ONT.

Western Ontario's largest and best Commercial School. We give thorough courses and have experienced instructors in Commercial, Short-hand and Telegraphy departments. We assist graduates to positions. Write for our free catalogue. It may interest you.

D. A. MCLACHLAN, Principal.

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.

If Miller's Worm Powders needed the support of testimonials they could be got by the thousands from mothers who know the great virtue of this excellent medicine. But the powders will speak for themselves and in such a way that there can be no question of them. They act speedily and thoroughly, and the child to whom they are administered will show improvement from the first dose.

Still Waters

By ARCHEY CAMERON NEW

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

As usual at the opening of the golf season the spacious, luxurious quarters of the Maryville Country club buzzed with the bass tones of the men and shrilled with the laughter and chatter of the women, many in the "flapper" age. A bright spring sun shone into the big library, fairly screaming, "come out and play" to the group of men reading there.

Jasper Hunt, looking vexedly out of the French window opening on the veranda, suddenly smiled and wheeled around to the others.

"Here comes Bill Hawley now!" he announced happily.

"Darn!" snapped "Case" Summers, who didn't mean it. "That bedlam-maker! And I was just getting to the point where she will—" he flung the magazine aside, stretched himself with a yawn, and stood up.

"Please," requested little Andrew Farber coldly, "less noise."

Cassius Summers regarded him with amusement, muttered something about the morgue being better suited to his (Farber's) tastes, and sauntered toward Hunt. At that moment the windows were flung wide and Bill Hawley, who enjoyed the reputation of being the club's loudest member (yes, he fairly enjoyed it), burst into the room, attired in golf togs, his big chest gleaming white from an open shirt front.

"Hi, everybody!" shouted Bill; then he stood and surveyed them all with a mocking grin. "Hello, old folks! Why the indoor sports? Never get the old calves hard that way." And he slapped his big legs appreciatively. "Come out, Andy," he shouted; "I'll give you four and beat you." Andrew didn't even look up. "Gee, it's frosty in here. I'm going back to my good old sun." Then he turned to Hunt and whispered in his ear:

"Governors' meeting," explained Hunt, answering him. "You know that, didn't you?"

"Guess I did," admitted Hawley, unconcerned. "Same old stuff. You vote for me. Here's my proxy." He tore a leaf off a near-by magazine and scribbled hastily on the edge. "Here, vote for me. I'll give you four and beat you." Andrew didn't even look up. "Gee, it's frosty in here. I'm going back to my good old sun." Then he turned to Hunt and whispered in his ear:

"Governors' meeting," explained Hunt, answering him. "You know that, didn't you?"

"Wait, Billy; just a minute. We've got a surplus in the treasury—collected some matured notes. The money's got to be reinvested."

"Put it in the Victory loan," snapped Hawley, trying to get away; but Jasper held him.

"Darn it, Bill, can't you be reasonable? I tried to talk it over with Andy and he only flapped me a circular and went back to reading again. He's a regular tight-mouthed sphinx."

"Right-fisted old sinner, you mean," muttered Bill, in an undertone. "Only reason he don't open his mouth is 'cause he's got a gold tooth and he's afraid somebody'll touch him for a loan. What's he here for, anyhow—meetin' ain't till six."

Hunt looked at his chum fixedly before replying.

"He's waiting for Ethel!"

"Huh!" grunted Bill, astonished.

"How d'ye know?"

"Took the message to him," answered Hunt. "Ethel's out there now, playing a foursome. She said she wanted to see him—badly, that's the way she put it."

"Damnation!" yelled Billy, starting toward the green; then he stopped. When Hunt caught up to him he was very solemn. "Jazz, tell me—what's up?"

"I dunno. Have a scrap with her?"

"No-o," answered Bill reflectively. "Came near, though. Mary May told me Ethel said I was too noisy—had too much to say—I wasn't dignified like Andy. I told Mary if Ethel wanted to swim in still waters she'd miss a lot of waves."

"Bill!" / Jasper Hunt regarded him with amazement. Why was it these big fellows were such yaps with the women? Anybody with half an eye could see through Mary May—she just hung around Bill Hawley waiting for half a chance to say yes. And Bill had bitten on her jealous story. Of course she'd lost no time in relaying it to Ethel. He laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Bill, will you do me a favor?"

"Sure. How much and how soon?"

"Not that. But I want to ask you to run along home."

"What! And miss this—"

"I mean it," insisted Jasper, persistently. "Why, Bill, you've nearly ruined yourself. Leave it to me, will you? I'll postpone the governors' meeting."

me time to snoop around and find how things are going. Ethel's after me now. She's on some sort of woman's committee for this Victory loan. But Andy thinks we'd better get more turns and make some improvements. Says this other scheme is O. K., though he doesn't know the people in it. They're just neighbors of his in his office building. I'll sound Ethel out and see how she stands. Will you go?"

Billy, for the first time in years, looked at Jasper long and silently, then without a word turned toward the dressing rooms.

Two members of the board of gov-

ernors sat in the quiet little board room, the following Friday and paid no attention to the buzz of the voices around them. One of them, huddled in a big chair, stared moodily out of the window. The other, Jasper Hunt, sitting with his face toward the library, suddenly rose from his chair and left the room, as a finger beckoned to him from the library. There he joined Case Summers and Ethel Mordant, who, still urging secrecy, led him out on the porch to a quiet corner.

"Jazz," Ethel opened the conversation, "how do you stand on voting the club's money?"

Jasper looked at Summers falteringly before replying.

"Of course, Ethel," he began apologetically, "we'd like to oblige you by supporting your cause, but the club needs improvements. Now Andy says—"

"How does Andy know so much about the copper scheme?" Ethel put in quickly.

"He says he don't," admitted Jasper, "but he says it has been recommended to him."

"He's a mean liar!" snapped Ethel indignantly, while Jasper and Summers jumped, astounded at her vehemence. "He not only knows them, but he knows how rotten they are. Remember, Jasper, my message to him last Friday. Well, I made a date with him to have a little talk. I talked Victory loan to him until my gills were blue, and all he said was 'I'm not sure' and 'I'll think it over.' That didn't satisfy me. Then I heard about this mining scheme. So I called to see him at his office yesterday. I opened the subject again, and while I was talking to him the phone rang. He excused himself for a minute, left the office, and I started to snoop."

"Ethel!"

"Oh, not in his desk. Crooks never lay evidence around. But I noticed the door between his and this copper company's office had been used. I tried the door and it opened. I found myself in the inner office of the company—while in the outer office Andy was talking to a man. They said something about the club's money. Then I lit out."

"And he's in with them?" Jasper looked at Summers horrified. "Still waters run deep, don't they?"

"And generally muddy," put in Ethel curtly. "But of course if you've made up your mind—"

"We all haven't," interrupted Jasper with an almost imperceptible wink at Summers. "One of the board's in there now. He's been shouting for your Victory loan ever since I first put it up to him. Of course he's the noisiest member of the club, and the fellows don't pay much attention to him, but Billy's—"

"Got good sense anyhow," she retorted hotly. "And I'll tell him so this minute."

"You'll find him in there now," advised Jasper dryly.

The lone member in the board room, staring moodily out of the window, started as a step sounded on the floor near him, and, without turning, growled, "Jazz, tell me, do you actually think Ethel hates me because she thinks I'm a blatter?"

"Of course if you'd rather ask Jazz—" he heard someone say, and then he jumped to his feet and caught her, smiling, into his arms.

"Not at all!" he yelled delightedly. "No proxy voting in this board room. You've heard the question. All in favor please say aye."

But he cheated. For how could she frame her trembling lips to answer with his own pressed tightly to them?

X-Ray to Detect Age.

X-ray photographs which can be used to detect defects in airplane wood also have been accepted in a law court as proof of a man's age. The case in question was heard before the subordinate judge at Allahabad, who had to decide whether one of the contesting parties was under or over 21 years of age. Diagrams of the elbow joints and knee joints were produced, and two X-ray experts gave evidence that the plates showed that ossification of the inner and outer cartilages had taken place and that they had joined the shafts of the bones. This, it was stated, took place between the ages of 14 and 18, and the experts placed the age of the person concerned as more than 18 and less than 19½ years.

years. Another chess master of Aleppo is that by exposing to their light a good modern violin it will acquire the characteristic tone of a genuine Stradivarius, the action of the rays in a few hours aging the wood by about 60 years.

Slim and Specs.

Slim was talking about a young lady of his acquaintance, and concluded with:

"And, oh, how that girl can tickle the ivories!"

"Some pianiste, is she?" queried Specs, innocently.

"No," chuckled Slim, "she gives scalp massage treatments."

Meeting of Extremes.

"Another thing prohibition has done," said Uncle Bill Bottletop, "is to make the bartenders and temperance lecturers a little more sympathetic."

"For what reason?"

"They have been deprived of employment all at the same time and by the same cause."

He Escaped.

"An' there was me, wit' me rifle an' bay'net an' bombs—all alone 'runner-stan'—when all of a sudden I walks plumb into a whole regiment of big Hunns!"

"Ooo-oh!—what happened?"

"Well—I'm here, ain't I?"—Judea.

GREKKS WANT KORYTZA.

Reasons Why Albania's Claim Is Opposed.

Although the claim, put forward by Greece, that, in the final settlement of the northern Epirus question, the town and sanjak of Korytza shall be ceded to Greece, has support from many sources, perhaps the one that makes most immediate appeal is the geographical one. The Greek claim to Korytza on the basis of race is, of course, quite irrefragable. There is no question with those who know anything about the Christian Epirote that he is a Greek of Greeks; whilst it is a matter of simple record that of the two races inhabiting the sanjak, namely, the Orthodox Greeks and the Mohammedan Albanians, the Orthodox Greeks are in a decided majority.

From a cultural point of view, the ethnological question being settled in favor of Greece, the claims of the Greek are overwhelming. All the culture in the sanjak is Greek culture. Of the seventy-three schools in Korytza, no less than seventy-two are Greek; whilst the one which is Albanian owes its existence and maintenance mainly to the efforts of American missionaries.

It is, however, the "geographic claim" which, other things being equal, is the most striking. From time immemorial, the only road connecting the towns and villages of Epirus with the towns and villages of Serbian Macedonia, as it is to-day, has run through Korytza. Winding in and out amidst the valleys of one of the most mountainous countries in Europe, it finds its way from the Adriatic at Preveza to the Aegean at Salonika. In passing through Korytza, which lies at the apex of the great triangle formed by the Tomaros and the Pindus mountains, this road makes straight for the only gap between the two ranges, namely, that lying between Lake Orchida and Lake Presba. Korytza has no outlet either to the Aegean or to the Adriatic, except along this road. With Albania, to which the United States delegates to the Peace Conference, alone amongst the representatives of the powers, are desirous of uniting the sanjak, it has no communication of any value at all, from a commercial point of view. The only communication of any kind is through the Acroceraunear and Tomaros mountains, by a narrow road running along the banks of the Voiussa river as it forces its way through the pass of Tepeleni. No trade of any importance has ever been carried on over this road, and the people of Korytza have never been accustomed to have much dealing with the people at the other side of the great barrier.

An Albanian Korytza, therefore, must mean the economic deterioration of northern Epirus, artificially cut off from its natural trade outlet eastward. Whilst for Korytza itself, practically isolated as it would be, it could only mean deterioration also. The whole proposal to hand over Korytza to Albania is based on a curious misconception, for which the American missionaries in the sanjak are largely responsible. The contention is that the northern Epirote, inasmuch as he speaks Albanian, is really an Albanian and not a Greek. Now the great mass of the people in northern Epirus are bilingual. They speak an Albanian patois in their homes, but they read and write in Greek, and until the inauguration, some years ago, of a carefully organized propaganda, subsidized by both Austria and Italy, the northern Epirote never thought of himself as anything else but Greek. Such, at any rate, is the Greek claim, and, whatever the rights of the matter may be, the seventy-two Greek schools in Korytza to the one Albanian is alone significant evidence in support of it.

BECOMING VEILS AND STYLES

Face Coverings Bought by Yard and Worn With Small Hat Super-sized Scroll Designs.

For the sort of veil that is bought by the yard and worn with a small hat, the geometric patterns have superseded the scroll designs which have been their popularity. Some excellent designs are composed of hexagonal figures in heavy and thin threads combined. Shades of browns are very much liked, for the day is which women thought that a veil must be either white or black is long since over.

A very practical veil for a woman who is past her first youth is the sort in which the pattern is concentrated on the lower edge to the depth of about three inches. When the veil is well adjusted the accommodating pattern hides either an incipient double chin or a neck which is too thin and beginning to grow wrinkled. If a veil in which a figure is scattered over a plain surface is chosen, care must be taken in adjusting it so that the figure is advantageously placed.

The New Silk.

"Jennee d'Arc" is the name of a new and lovely silk, so called because of its resemblance to chain armor. The fabric is threaded with gold or silver metal and is particularly smart, when made into a vest for the tailcoat suit. This material comes in pastel shades, in navy blue, and in black also.

For Asthma and Catarrh.—It is one of the chief recommendations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that it can be used internally with as much success as it can outwardly. Sufferers from asthma and catarrh will find that the Oil when used according to directions will give immediate relief. Many sufferers from these ailments have found relief in the Oil and have sent testimonials.

In Old Japan.

Inscriptions on a workman's cap or back, stating the occupation and name of employer, are said to be customary in many part of Japan.

The Japanese are very much alike physically. Recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variation, except a couple of inches in height, or twenty pounds in weight.

The Japanese are expert gardeners. They give such individual attention to each blossom that wonderful results are obtained. Native gardeners have been known to help the buds of delicate and choice flowers to open by gently fanning them.

Seven pounds a year is said to be sufficient to enable a man to live in Japan—that is, pay for board and lodging—and many have been known to manage on three pounds a year.

A Japanese auction is a most solemn affair. The purchasers do not call out their bids or nod, but they write their names, together with the amounts they are willing to pay, on slips of paper. Then the slips, having been passed in a box, are looked through, and the articles awarded to the persons who had made the highest offer.

The Japanese festivals number five each year. They are easily remembered: 1st of first month, New Year; 3rd of third month, Feast of Dolls; 5th of fifth month, the Day for the God and Goddess of Love; 9th of ninth month, Feast of Chrysanthemums.

Nature's Mirror

When a woman is well and healthy, there's a sparkle in her eyes, a rose tint in her cheeks, and she has rich red blood. After taking nature's tonic which Dr. Pierce called "Favorite Prescription," there's elasticity in every movement and a spring in her step. Love comes to every woman who has bounding health—but when she is pallid, dull eyed, languid, she has no magnetism nor does she appeal to any man.

SAVED A LIFE

Elmira, Ont.—"I have a very kind feeling for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for it once saved my mother's life. When going through middle age her health failed very fast; she suffered with pain in her head and backache, in fact, she had pains and aches all through her body. She lost weight, was very nervous, would become dizzy and at times faint and fall wherever she chanced to be. This necessitated our watching her all the time, we dared not leave her alone. She was as miserable as one could be and live. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was recommended to her. She took six bottles and was completely restored to good health."—MRS. B. E. UPTON, GROVE, Box 223.