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then Zam-Buk
cured me for \$1.

If you are
suffering from any form
of skin disease or injury, read this!

Mr. Arthur Fairbank, of 547 Lansdowne Ave., Toronto, is the speaker, and he says: "A bad eruption on my forehead quickly spread until it covered my scalp with foul and painful sores. I went to a doctor who treated me for it. Still the sores spread until almost the whole of my head was affected. As the doctor's treatment did me very little good, I left it off and tried various home remedies.

"Then I tried blood mixtures, but not one of them did me any good. I was by that time in a shocking condition, and as a last resource I went to a skin specialist. He treated me for a period and it cost me over \$50, but the sores got no better. They would itch and burn at times until I was nearly mad. I must have spent over \$100 on useless remedies, when one day a friend asked me why I had not tried Zam-Buk, and gave me a little. That little bit of Zam-Buk did me more good than all the long treatment I had had from doctors and specialists. I immediately sent for a supply of the ointment. Very soon I began to see and feel a great difference in the sores, and finally Zam-Buk cured me at a trifling cost. If I had got it at first it would have saved me dollars, and hours and hours of pain."

For all forms of skin diseases, ulcers, abscesses, eczema, ring-worm, blood-poisoning, etc., Zam-Buk is a sure cure. It also heals old wounds, cuts, burns, bruises, cold sores, chaps, and cures piles. All druggists and stores at 50c. box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse substitutes and imitations.

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Send this coupon and 1c. stamp and name of this paper to ZAM-BUK CO., Toronto, and we will mail free trial box.

Zam-Buk
EVERY HOME NEEDS IT

THE DUCK'S REWARD.

Something dreadful has happened, and all through the fairy queen's garden little groups of fairies might have been seen talking excitedly or wandering mournfully about, while in the palace the queen herself was surrounded by her wisest counsellors, who with grave faces were discussing a very serious matter.

The queen had lost her magic wand. "Tell us once more how your majesty came to drop it," said the oldest counsellor.

"I was rowing across the lake," replied the queen, "when I saw a black goome swimming through the water beside my boat, and as I leaned over the side I felt my wand slip from my hand."

"It seems to me," said the youngest counsellor, "that all you have to do is to send one of the fish in the lake after it."

"There are only tiny gold fish there," answered the queen, "and now that my wand is gone it may be two days before a large fish can be summoned, and my wand must be recovered, for if it is out of my hand twenty-four hours the gnomes will get it and I and all that I possess will be in their power, and the poor fairy broke down and wept."

"Listen," said the wisest counsellor, "we will call all the birds and animals of the garden together and to the one which will volunteer to go there shall be a liberal reward; it must of course be one of these two, for we all know that no fairy could live in the lake a minute."

When all were assembled the queen told them what dreadful things might happen to them if the wand was not recovered very soon.

Coughs, Colds BRONCHITIS

If there is an ailment in the throat or chest, it is surely essential that the remedy be conveyed direct to the affected part. It is because the healing vapor of Catarrhozone is breathed into the sore, irritated throat and bronchial tubes, because its balsamic fumes kill the germs and destroy the cause of the trouble. These are the reasons why Catarrhozone never yet failed to cure a genuine case of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, or Throat Trouble.

The wonderfully soothing vapor of Catarrhozone instantly reaches the furthest recesses of the lungs, produces a healing, curative effect that is impossible with a tablet or liquid, which goes merely to the stomach, and falls entirely to help the throat or lungs.

To permanently cure your winter ills, your coughs, sneezing, and Catarrh, by all means use a tried and proven remedy like Catarrhozone. But beware of the substitutor and imitator. Look for Catarrhozone only. 50c and \$1. at all dealers.

Catarrhozone
Just Breathe It

But none of the animals volunteered to go, and the birds hesitated until at last a duck said that he would rather drown than see their beloved queen in such distress.

"First, said he, 'I must oil my feathers, so the water will not hurt them.' This done, he stepped into the lake, while he floated, still he was not able to move about; at this time a duck's feet were like a chicken's, so they were no good as paddles, and the water held his wings against his body. Waddling back to the shore he called for some straw and wet clay, which he mixed together and plastered on his feet, and this he found would do for paddles.

Soon he was in the middle of the lake and through the clear water he could see the wand as it lay far below him. Down dived the duck straight through the water and picking up the wand in his bill he came again to the surface and paddled swiftly back to the shore, where a crowd of happy fairies stood ready to greet him.

"What reward do you desire?" asked the grateful queen.

"I think," said the duck slowly, as he picked the clay and straw from his feet, "that swimming is better than flying, and I should like always to be able to paddle about the lake."

At that the queen waved her wand and the duck became as we see it now, web footed. At least that's what Mary H. Philbrick declares, who tells this story in "The Advance." If you believe in fairy stories at all, you will believe this.

Wooden Cloth

(Boston Advertiser)

Celebration and rejoicing are expected to follow the appearance of cloth made from wood. Why does not appear. Probably it is not as good as cloth made, or made possible, by the silkworm, the sheep, the goat, the camel, the flax bark, or the cotton boll. Perhaps it is cheaper. If it is, it will make paper dearer. Paper making uses all the pulp wood that can be brought to gether, already. Must the pulp supply be split, and part of it be diverted to dresses, Overcoats, mittens and socks. There was a time when it was thought an accomplishment merely to make a youngster's trousers from father's of neckties from a shirt waist or aprons from a summer muslin etc. Once some made a dress from glass. Asbestos has been tried. In far off countries grass heads and furs, etc have been tried. But in general common straightforward cloth has been popular and durable. If wood in its place is to be adopted it should be applied where it would be most serviceable and suitable—say as bosoms of dress shirts—the only kind that would not puff out like a ball loon; or to the knees of trousers to prevent tagginess. Specially applied wood clothing might be popular Shredded and masquerading as its betters it may be abhorred.

THE STORY OF THE PUSSY WILLOWS

There was once a great city in Asia, which was built so long ago that its name has been forgotten. Its inhabitants were very fond of cats, and great numbers of them were all about the city. The people believed that cats were sacred animals, and, therefore, they fed them well and treated them kindly.

When the city had grown very old a great flood came, which covered all the earth. The cats and kittens could not live in the water, so they tried to find trees into which they could climb and keep dry. The old cats remembered that there was a forest of big trees on a mountain a long distance away, and started for it on the run. The little kittens started, too, but they soon grew tired of trying to run through the mud, so when they reached some tall willow trees beside a river they climbed up and nestled in the forks of the branches close to the trunks. Each kitten rolled itself into a ball, with its head between its paws, and went to sleep.

It rained and rained until the earth was covered with water, and only the tree tops remained above the surface. As the wind drove the waves back and forth they struck against the tree trunks and splashed a thick coating of sticky mud over the kittens till nothing but little brown balls could be seen along the branches.

After a while it stopped raining and the sun shone again, drying the mud until it cracked open and revealed the kittens underneath. Soon they awakened and pushed out of the mud shells, and all along the branches where the brown balls of mud had been shone the smooth, furry balls of yellow and white and gray.

And now we call certain willows 'pussy willows' in memory of the little kittens of the ancient city and of the way they weathered the great flood.—Selected.

IN MEMORY OF ADDISON

LONDON, March 1.—Nearly all of the literary and journalistic societies of the United Kingdom are observing in some manner the two hundredth anniversary of the first issue of Addison's Spectator, which, though it flourished for so short a time, exerted a commanding and permanent influence upon both literature and journalism and left a distinct mark upon the manners and morals of its generation. The Spectator as a daily lasted only from March 1, 1711, to Dec 6, 1712. It was revived as a tri-weekly two years later, but only eighty numbers were issued.

A DAILY THOUGHT

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face,
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not, if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

TO WHITEN HANDKERCHIEFS

To whiten handkerchiefs which have become discolored through careless washing, dissolve some pipe clay in warm water and leave them to soak in the solution all night. Next, day wash and boil the handkerchiefs in the usual manner and they will be wonderfully improved in appearance.

YOUR AD. IN THIS SPACE

Would be read by thousands of people throughout the country every week. See that you secure it before the other fellow.

"DISPATCH" Ads bring big profits to the Advertiser. Get our rates.

'The Sign of the White Horse

Look Anyway

When in our streets and you will see a Harness that came from our shop

Ask Anybody

If that Harness they got from us was all right, it's not we want to know. We give a guarantee with every harness we sell. If they were not true, we wouldn't do that, would we?

FRANK L. ATHERTON,

Harness Maker and Dealer,

MAIN STREET,

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COMPANY, LIMITED,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, School Desks, Sheathing, Flooring and House Finish of all kinds

We employ a first-class Turner, and make a specialty of Church, Store and Verandah work. Call and see our stock or write for prices before purchasing. All orders promptly attended to.

Just imported, a consignment of No. 1 White Wood. Clapboards for sale.

Hard Pine Flooring and Finish.

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The Bubonic Plague

Will Europe be swept by the plague ravaging China, as Europe of the Middle Ages was swept by the black plague? It is not impossible that this may happen. The plague is the most fatal of all maladies to which man is now subjected, the fatalities in Hong Kong reaching 80 per cent, and in European cases 30 per cent. The breath of the victim suffices to carry the germs of disease and the plague spreads with frightful rapidity, the whole Province of Kharbin in China having been infected in three weeks. From that point streams of Chinese laborers, fleeing from the terror, have carried the plague southward into Mongolia. The germs of the disease have already affected rats and rabbits on the eastern coast of England and a few deaths of human beings have occurred.

"I am sorry to be critical my dear," said Mr Lambkin, "but this pie is not the kind that mother used to make—not by a long shot."

"It's too bad, Henry," said Mrs Lambkin amiably, "I don't know what to do about it. Perhaps you'd better ring her up on the 'phone and tell her. She set it over this afternoon."—Harper's Weekly.

A REAL FATHER IN ISREAL

With the wholly unparalleled record of having in one lifetime founded no less than 156 newspapers, both daily and weekly, in the middle West John S. Harper was gathered to his fathers last week, in Bloomington, Ill., says the Springfield Republican. One hundred and fifty-six papers, some still alive, are a good deal to be responsible for at the last judgment but the late Mr Harper kept at the work down almost to his latest years. His period of greatest productivity however was before printing machinery white paper, and other supplies became expensive. When he could move from town to town on the frontier and load upon a mule's back the entire office outfit, it was more play to found three or four papers a year. A few of the journals he started in that style are still in existence and flourishing, such as the Freeport (Ill.) Journal. Mr Harper was born in Kentucky, and he began his unique newspaper career in the office of George D. Prentice, celebrated before the civil war as the editor of the Louisville Journal.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heats the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.