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EARTH NOT ALONE

Many Universes Besides Our Own in Space.

Recent Discoveries Have Greatly Expanded Mankind's Knowledge of Astronomy—Now We Know the "Sun Do Move."

The high priests of Babylonia and Egypt, 3000 years and more ago, had a considerable knowledge of astronomy; but, leaving out of question the few thus learned in science, creation to the ancients was a three-story affair, or rather two stories and a cellar, the latter being the abode of the dead, while on the second floor, ornamentally bespangled with stars, dwelt the gods.

Earth, of course, was flat. The sun passed across the heavens once in every 24 hours, and, going under, appeared again in the east next morning. There was also the moon, which had a similar habit; and that was about all there was of the cosmos.

Since then our ideas on the subject have vastly expanded, and now, in view of recent discoveries, they seem destined to expand enormously beyond anything hitherto imagined. We are beginning to grasp the notion of other universes outside of our own—at distances from our own universe well-nigh inconceivable.

Rev. Jasper declared that "the sun do move." He was right. Not only does it revolve on its own axis (as may be plainly seen by the "spots" which travel across its disc), but it is moving in a straight line through space, like a gigantic projectile, at a speed of at least ten miles a second. As it thus moves, the earth and its sister planets, of course, go with it.

Astronomers, in the course of centuries, have actually been able to observe this movement, by the closer gathering of stars in the sun's wake and the widening out of constellations ahead of us—just as might be noticed of trees and houses passed or approached in a railroad train.

All the stars are suns, most of them much bigger than our own solar luminary, and every one of them is traveling at a terrific speed. The so-called Runaway Star (known to astronomers as 1830 Groombridge) is going at a rate of 200 miles a second. What imaginable power could have set all these suns in motion? And why are they all traveling in different directions, apparently? Our own seeming destination is the constellation Lyra.

It is now thought probable that our universe, which we call the Milky Way (we seem to be not far from the center of it) is in reality a vast spiral in form, and that this spiral is revolving, so to speak, in its own plane. Assuming this to be true, the straight line in which our sun appears to travel is actually a curve.

What has led to this belief is observation of other spirals which are now thought to be distant universes, many of them so far away that light from them, traveling 186,000 miles a second, takes something like 10,000,000 years to reach us. Their form plainly shows that they are revolving.

Everything in the cosmos seems to go round and round. The moon travels around the earth, the earth around the sun; and presumably the sun is following an orbit about some center, whether a giant sun or merely a point in space. Our universe (if the theory above outlined be accepted) is whirling a journey of its own about some center, perhaps in concert with other universes.

Space being infinite in extent, it is, when one comes to think of it, absurd for us to imagine that ours is the only universe.

We shall never know. But at least we may claim that our ideas on the subject of creation are expanding.—Kansas City Star.

Women War Workers in Waxworks.

London is collecting in photographs and wax figures a complete record of what women did to help win the war. For the present a part of the record is displayed in the Whitechapel art gallery.

There is the woman ship painter, the tanner, the coke quencher, the stoker, the alrship maker, the munition worker, the farmerette. There is a picture of a woman operating a 100-kilowatt electric engine, and of another driving an electric crane. Women are shown working in gas works, dressing bricks, spreading tar, slewing, gauging burner parts, testing meters, wheeling coke, carrying heavy sacks, and working in naphthalene factories, flour mills and sawmills.

Increase in Foreign Mails.

A comparison of United States mails dispatched to foreign countries by steamers for the first nine months of the last two fiscal years shows that 2,560,043 pounds of letters and post-cards were dispatched in 1920 and 1,794,822 pounds in 1919, or 32.03 per cent increase. In 1920 there were 17,877,424 pounds of prints dispatched and 16,945,543 pounds in 1919, or 2.56 per cent increase. The dispatch of parcel post amounted to 26,458,548 pounds in 1920 and 12,888,722 pounds in 1919, or an increase of 106.25 per cent.

A Fighting Fowl.

"Anybody try to bother your hen-home?" "Not now. I put a parrot in there the other night and a fellow who tried to lift him got his."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Thou hast dived deep into the water, and hast brought up a potsherd.

The poor man turns his cake, and another comes and takes it away. Cast your staff into the air, and it will fall upon its root or heavy end. It is almost impossible to get a light-headed man to see the light.

PAYING FOR WANTON WASTE

Settlers Have Lived to Regret the Ruthless Destruction of Their Black Walnut Trees.

Not many years ago the settlers of the middle West were girdling black walnut trees in order to kill them, the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle observes. They were too lazy to cut them down and took this method to destroy the life of the trees, so that they might plant corn and sow grain among the dead and leafless trees. In some localities mill saws were used for the purpose, even for boarding, floors and clapboards, inside finish and everything that could be made from it; and many a good walnut board has been split up for kindling.

Walnut was then cheap and plentiful. The settlers wanted to clear the land, and no one thought that the timber would become exhausted. Then the forests were full of grand old trees, any one of which would today pay the possessor the purchase price of many acres of land.

Today walnut is hard to find and the price is very high, as is illustrated by the fact that a Maryland farmer recently sold four old walnut stumps for \$1,000—just such stumps as the farmers worked hard to pull and burn to get them out of the way.

Walnut is not alone in its scarcity, but the many purposes for which walnut could be used make it a wood of great value, and now efforts are being made to reforest the denuded lands with black walnut. It is safe to assume that those little trees will be watched with great care until they grow to merchantable size, and then others will be set to replace the cuttings. There will be no more ruthless destruction of the forests, whether it be walnut or any other variety of wood. The people have learned a lesson; a costly one, it is true, but one that will never be forgotten.

The demands for timber are such that all governments are now protecting the forests, and the time is not far distant when the owners of timber and timber lands will be the men to whom the people will take off their hats, and to whom they will even get down upon their knees, so to speak, for timber will be king.

Famous Meeting Places.

Periodical gatherings of men with a common object in view go back to ancient history, for man is gregarious. Likes to meet with his fellows to air his own opinions and to become acquainted with the views of others. It was in England that such meetings were first designated by the name of "club" when wits, writers and actors met "good thoughts to exchange." Should you ever walk along Cheapside in London you will see between Friday street and Bread street the spot where once stood the famous Mermalid tavern, where Ben Jonson founded his club, numbering among its members such great lights as Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher. Brilliant must have been the flashes of wit that scintillated within those walls. There is also the famous White coffee house, a favorite resort of Dryden and other literary men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. When they began to sell "tea in the leaf and drink" in those rendezvous of refreshments, the Englishman must truly have come into his own, for who so devoted to that amber beverage as the sons of John Bull?

A Missed Opportunity.

A mayor of a small Indiana town was making a speech at one of the town school houses. Naturally he was telling of all the accomplishments of his administration. And always after he had told one he turned toward "his wife who was in the audience and said: "My wife will bear me out in what I have just told."

Over and over he repeated his proof; over and over he repeated his rather long drawn out boasts despite his yawning audience. And finally at last he stopped. Then an irrepressible high-school youngster turned to his companion and said in a tone loud enough to be heard by the people in his vicinity, "Gee I'm so tired that I wish his wife had borne him out the first time he suggested it."

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To Make You Smile Point Well Taken Angry Subway User (climbing stairs): "Hey, be careful! You stuck the point of your umbrella in my eye." Cheerful Bimbo: "Not mine, old kid. This is a borrowed umbrella." Strange Coincidence Lawyer: "So you want me to defend you, Rastus? Got any money?" Rastus: "No sub, but ah got me a mule and a few chickens and a hawk." Lawyer: "All right. Let's see. What're you accused of stealing?" Rastus: "Oh, a mule, a few chickens and a hawk." Subtraction Is Distraction Teacher: "In subtracting, you must take things from things of the same denomination. You can't take three apples from four peaches, or two marbles from nine buttons, or anything like that." Giles: "Teacher, couldn't you take three quarts of milk from four cows?" Followed by Silence Exasperated Father: "What a boy you are for asking questions. I'd like to know what would have happened if I'd asked as many questions when I was your age." Young Hophead: "Maybe you'd have been able to answer some of mine." Bargain Hunting Mrs. Newcomb: "I want you to teach my son a foreign language." Language Teacher: "Would you like Polish, Jugoslavonian, Armenian, Czechoslovakian or, perhaps, even Arabic?" Mrs. Newcomb: "Which is the most foreign?" Fowl Tactics Suburbanite: "Thanks for that crate of chickens you sent out, old man, but you ought to have told the dealer. The crate was so frail that they all got out when I was getting 'em at the station and I had to scour the neighborhood for 'em. Even then, I only caught ten." City Friend: "Beh! I only sent six."

Thin Blood Like Skim Milk JUST as milk is a perfect food, so is blood a perfect nourisher of the cells and tissues of the body. But thin, watery blood is like thin, watery milk with the cream skimmed off, and you do not look for much nourishment in skim milk. Impaired heart's action is one of the first results of a weakened condition of the blood. There is shortness of breath, the circulation of the blood is imperfect, you are easily tired and suffer from indigestion. The heart is a tireless and prodigious worker so long as it is supplied with an abundance of pure, rich blood with which to replace its own waste. To overcome this starved condition of the system it is necessary to supply to the blood in condensed and easily assimilated form the elements of nature which go directly to supply the nutritive factor in the blood. These ingredients are found in happy combination in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Gentle though wonderfully potent in action, this restorative treatment feeds the blood, and through the medium of the blood sends new vigor and energy to every cell and tissue of the human body. The heart's action is strengthened and the feelings of fatigue and lassitude disappear. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Three Minute Journeys Where Men Fish With Bows and Arrows. There is no joveller trip to take than the one to Costa Rica, one of the most picturesque countries of Central America. As soon as the traveller arrives at Port Limon, he is indeed in a foreign country. There Spanish is the language and everything seems Spanish. It does not require much time "to take in" Port Limon, and the traveller is glad to leave for the cool temperature and good hotels of San Jose, the capital. This very pretty city is gay with the pleasure-bent excitement of the Spanish. So keenly is amusement appreciated that in this remote country there stands the fifth largest opera house in the world. Costa Rica is the land of coffee and bananas. All of the business and life of San Jose revolve around these crops. If the crops fail, business is crippled, and even the gay spirits of the town are dampened. with their snowy-white blossoms remind one of cherry-blossom time in Japan. These trees are planted in the same grooves as the banana trees, whose tall towering leaves protect the little coffee trees from the hot tropical sun. The aborigines are interesting. They are Indians, and are much the same as when the first Spanish explorers forged their way through this beautiful country. The native Costa Ricans are not very ambitious. Nature makes their living very easy. The women raise the maize, rice and corn which grow like magic in the fertile soil. This gives a lot of spare time to the male members of the family, who spend it hunting and fishing. Fishing tackle is not used by the Indians. When a man takes his bow and arrow and starts on a hunting trip he is ready to fish, too. If he happens on a stream, he stands on the bank, watches until a fish comes near the surface, and shoots it with his arrow. If we would avoid a mischief we must not be very kind and familiar with an evil man. They can find money for mischief when they can find none to buy corn. Thy secret is thy prisoner. If thou let it go thou art a prisoner to it. There is nothing so bad in which there is not something of good.