



READ WHAT HE OWES TO

Zam-Buk

Mr. R. C. Burton, a prominent Salvation Army worker, who occupies the proud position of Deputy Band Master at the Temple, Toronto, bears testimony to the great healing power of Zam-Buk balm. He says:—

"Pimples and sores broke out all over my face and neck and notwithstanding all I did to try and cure them they spread. In places the skin was inflamed over big patches and caused me great pain and inconvenience. I was advised to try Zam-Buk and for several days I applied it to the sores anointing it often with the healing balm. It soon began to soothe the pain, and in a short time the sores ceased to be so angry and painful. With perseverance Zam-Buk healed the sores completely and made my skin as smooth and clear as possible. I strongly recommend Zam-Buk to all who suffer from unsightly skin troubles, sores, ulcers, etc. It is a wonderful healer!"

Zam-Buk cures eczema, itch, blood poison, festering, chronic and suppurating sores, burns, cuts, barber's rash, fistula and all skin injuries and diseases. It is also a specific for piles. All druggists and stores 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25. Send 1c. stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for sample box.

First Shining Light in the Colored Church—Ah don't believe in callin' dis heah society de Ladies' Auxiliary. Dat's imitatin' de white folks.

Second Shining Light—Den what will we call it?

First Shining Light—Well, wot's de mattah, wid callin' it de' Colored Supplement?—Judge.

"I've got the finest gardens in this part of the country," boasted the newly-made millionaire. "Right in the center of them is the most expensive sun dial in the world."

"A sun dial is all right during the day," remarked a listener. "It's useless at night."

"Mine isn't," retorted the millionaire proudly. "I've got mine surrounded with electric lights."—Bohemian.

Get acquainted with **Black Watch** the big black plug chewing tobacco. A tremendous favorite everywhere, because of its richness and pleasing flavor.

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Ostend—Pa, what kind of ships are courtships?

Pa—Soft ships, my son.

Ostend—And what kind of ships sail the sea of matrimony?

Pa—Hardships, my son.—Chicago News.

One day Mary, the charwoman, reported for service with a black eye.

"Why, Mary," said her sympathetic mistress, "what a bad eye you have!"

"Yes'm."

"Well, there's one consolation. It might have been worse."

"Yes'm."

"You might have had both of them hurt."

"Yes'm. Or worse'n that; I might not ha' been married at all."—Everybody's Magazine.

They were on their honeymoon and were climbing the Schnupfelgafenspitzen Peak, and she stood above him some twenty feet. "What ho!" he gasped. "What do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long, white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel!"

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "I'll bet it's that blessed hotel bill overtaking us!" And they proceeded onward and upward.—New Haven Register.

"Please, sir, I want three days off, in order to get married."

"You do, eh? Not long since you were laid up three days with the influenza. Why didn't you get married while you had the influenza? Or if you couldn't do that, why didn't you put off having the influenza until you got married, and make one holiday answer both purposes?"

Uncle Morton, an old negro, who had been a slave in the days before the Civil War, was a retainer in the household of an Atlanta family. He was something of a philosopher and a good deal of a diplomat. One day the waitresses, two young mulattoes, were chaffing him.

"Uncle Mo'ton," one of them said, "who do you like best, Belle or me?"

The gray-haired negro looked first at one, then at the other, and said with a tone of indecision:

"It am too tedious to say."

When Mark Twain was married in Elmira in 1870, his father-in-law made him a present of a fine, well-furnished house in Buffalo.

The present came as a surprise. Mark Twain knew nothing of it till, amid a party of relatives and friends, he was shown over the luxurious place. Then, when they told him it was his, tears filled his eyes, and turning to his father-in-law he said, though in a voice that trembled a little:

"Mr. Langdon, whenever you're in Buffalo, if it's as much as twice a year, you are to come right up here and take tea. You can stay all night, too, if you want to, and it shan't cost you a cent."—Washington Star.

Oscar Hammerstein, at a theatrical dinner in New York, told some reminiscences of theatrical deadheads.

"Then there was Blank," said Mr. Hammerstein.

"Blank's impudence was second only to that of a waiter I heard about the other day."

"Look here, waiter," said a guest; "this fish is not cooked properly."

"I know it," said the waiter; "but you told me it was for your wife."

"Well, what of that?" asked the surprised guest.

"Why," said the waiter, "I knew that if the lady was your wife she couldn't be very particular."—New York Tribune.

MUSIC CURE OF DR. FITZHENRY

Dr. Anthony Fitzhenry, the noted nerve specialist, has just made public his new discovery of the power of music as a cure for many ailments to which the human body is subject. Dr. Fitzhenry, when interviewed by a New York newspaper man, said in part:

"We are just beginning to discover what a useful factor music is in the world. We have heard how it can destroy buildings by its vibrations, how it can lull savage beasts into passiveness and a hundred and one other

things, but it is only of quite recent date that I have found out by a series of scientific investigations a new use for it as a cure for many nervous disorders."

"I have taken a quiet, sentimental song on the order of 'As Long as the World Rolls On,' or 'Just Someone' and have soothed the most violent patient within a half an hours time. I have quieted the most morbid and hysterical woman with a comedy song and made her laugh and become cheerful in ten minutes."

"I remember one case that is worth special mention. An Italian anarchist was confined to my care by a brother physician in Paterson, N. J. The subject of my experiment could speak English fairly well, but was absolutely antagonistic to the government, law and order. I started in treating him by having 'The Star Spangled Banner' sung to him and running the gamut of all the patriotic airs and finally ending with Julian Edwards' beautiful and patriotic song, 'My Own United States.'"

"Hardly had the first chorus been finished, when the anarchist jumped to his feet and heartily joined in the chorus. This song was repeated to him for a week, at short intervals, when I discharged him from my sanitarium cured. To-day this former Italian anarchist is one of the most peaceful and law-abiding citizens in Paterson."

Dr. Fitzhenry claims to be able to cure consumption, cancer, small-pox, alcoholic habit, in fact every ailment ailment with the aid of music. He has interested a prominent capitalist in his work and will shortly build a sanitarium somewhere near New York City.

Have You Suspected Your Kidneys as the Cause of Your Trouble

If you have backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, great thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs, then your kidneys are affected.

It is really not difficult to cure kidney trouble in its first stages. All you have to do is give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial.

They are the most effective remedy to be had for all kidney and urinary troubles.

Mrs. Alfred LeBlanc, Black Cape, Que., writes:—I feel it my duty to say a word about your Doan's Kidney Pills. I suffered dreadful pain across my back so bad I could not stoop or bend. After having used two boxes I feel now most completely cured thanks to your pills. I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills.

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

RHEUMATISM.

The Best and Safest Cure for GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, is BLAIR'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS. All Druggists at 40c. and \$1.00 per box.

FREE TO MEN



Until Robust Health, Strength and Vigor is Regained.

Perfect Manhood. The man of courage, of strong heart, iron nerves, good health, self-confidence and undaunted energy. The embodiment of success, popular in every walk of life, respected and esteemed by all. Such is the manly man.

For forty years I have been making strong, vigorous men out of the puniest weaklings. A man comes to me weak, nervous, despondent and discouraged: with Drains, Losses, Impotency, Varicocele, Rheumatism, Lamé Back, Kidney or Stomach Troubles. I give him my world-famed Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with suspensory, absolutely free, to use for two months. Mind you, not one penny in advance or on deposit. A few nights' use convince him that he has found the right remedy. It fills him with new life, joy, vigor and strength, and at the end of the time he is only too glad to pay me for the Belt and to recommend it to his friends.

This is the way I cure men. This is the way thousands every year regain their lost strength, without the slightest risk to themselves, for if I fail it costs you nothing whatever. You pay me only when cured, and in many cases the cost is only \$5.00; or, if you want to pay cash, full wholesale discount.

My great success has brought forth many imitations of my Belt, but my great knowledge, gained by forty years' experience, to guide and advise my patients is mine alone, and is given freely with the Belt. Be sure you get the genuine.

Call to-day and take a Belt along. Or send for one and my two books on Electricity and its medical use, which I send free, sealed, by mail.

DR. C. F. SANDEN

140 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont. Office Hours, 9 to 6; Saturdays until 9 p. m.