

## A CLERGYMAN'S RECOMMENDATION

The Zam-Buk Co.  
Dear Sirs:

Appreciating what your balm has done for me, I should like an opportunity of recommending it to others who may be similarly afflicted. For the last forty years I have had a patch of eczema on my right hand. I tried in every possible way to get rid of it—had treatment from several doctors and tried innumerable remedies, but received no lasting benefit. If a remedy eased it or cured it for a time, it always returned as bad as ever. One of my friends is a great believer in Zam-Buk, so I decided to give it a trial and sent first for a sample. You can imagine my amazement when even this small quantity brought me more relief than anything I had ever before used. I continued the use of Zam-Buk for two weeks, by which time the eczema, although of forty years standing, had entirely disappeared. That was one year ago, and there has been no return of it.

Yours sincerely,

(Name of clergyman, from whom the above letter was received, will be given upon request)

**ZAM-BUK FREE BOX**  
Send this advertisement, name of paper and to whom (see postage) to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for free trial box.

## THE DAILY DOPE

BY THE CUB-EDITOR

As our old readers, who were wont to meet every Saturday night in "The Scrap-Book Column," will see, we have expanded and now intend to offer our brain waves daily, instead of weekly.

We have but one reason to justify this reprehensible conduct. We do not advance the plea that the letters, deputations, telegrams and requisitions of our readers scattered over the face of the earth, calling upon us to make the feature daily at last became so insistent that we were fain to comply; no, we will be truthful. It is solely to gratify our inordinate greed for space—like the Kaiser. Once a week became too tame for us and we determined to branch. There you have it in a nutshell.—The C.—E.

## EXPLANATORY.

For fear that people will be mistaking us for a humorist or a genius in disguise, we wish to make it known that not everything published and to be published in the Dope Column is original to itself. Nothing that does precede our sign, "C.—E." is written originally by and the dope is collected from all corners of the earth, culled and placed ready for some. As all pipes are not alike, of course, some parts will not interest some readers, and we will therefore have to be satisfied if three fourths of our readers enjoy reading the dope column. Anybody coming across a joke, anecdote, quotation or anything interesting is invited to send it to us, and any questions, as in the "Scrap-Book" column, may be asked. Some day we hope to make the other side of the river and are therefore looking ahead. Now, then, please, one at a time!—The C.—E.

## GOOD BY!

Little bank roll, ere we part,  
Let me clasp you to my heart.  
All this year I've clung to you,  
You've been faithful and also true.

Little bank roll, then some day  
Some sweet Jane will come this way  
To this gay and festive spot;  
I'll remain but you will not.  
—Penn State Froth.

## BAD LOSS.

The moths broke into the room of  
Yam Sims one day this week while  
he was out somewhere at work, and  
did considerable damage to his green  
necktie.

## SUCH IS LOVE.

It was glorious spring, but it was

dusty, and the rude wind blew grit in to their faces as the youth and the maid turned the corner.

"Sweetums," he cooed gently, drawing her close to his manly heart, "did you get any in your eyes?"

"Yes, my jewel," she simpered, mopping her optic with a handkerchief which she had extracted from some hiding-place in her attire.

"Ah! in which of your glorious orbs reflecting the light of heaven did that beastly piece of dust intrude?" he questioned fiercely.

"My right," she said; and added, "Sweetheart, did you get any in your eyes?"

"Yes, my dove," he responded, while he mopped away at his eye with the same handkerchief which she had used.

"How sweet," she exclaimed, "and yours was the right eye, too?"

"Yes, light of my life!"

"Adolphus," she whispered, rapturously, "do you think I could have part of the same grain of dust?"

"I hope so!" he answered, fervently. "Wouldn't it be lovely, honey?" she whispered.

"Glorious!" he breathed. And the wind moaned in agony, the cats and dogs howled, and the signboard of the Frog and Flying Machine opposite fell with a crash to the pavement.

## A "BOBS" STORY.

At Pietermaritzburg Lord Roberts reviewed a cadet corps and some school-children and procured a whole holiday for the lucky youngsters, just before he left South Africa. While passing up and down the ranks, he noticed a little girl in the crowd who was vainly endeavouring to get a "snap-shot" of him with a small hand-camera. He stopped; had her brought forward, and, much to her delight, gave her a special "sitting."

## HIS AMBITION REALIZED.

President Wilson wanted to be a sailor when he was a boy, he told the crew of the George Washington on his latest trip across the Atlantic. He has come near to achieving his ambition during the past year or so.

## ONE FOR SIR ORACLE!

What would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable object? Another problem minus a solution. It couldn't occur. If there is such a thing as an irresistible force, the whole conception of immovability falls to the ground—and vice versa.

IT WOULD SEEM SO.—It was an American politician in New York, who cried the other night from the tail-board of a dray: "If we remain silent the people will not hear our heart-rending cries."

## A CLOSE SHAVE!

Jackson came tripping merrily in to his tiny hall one day, and almost spoiled his manly beauty by tripping over someone's shoes left lying about. "Whose ferry boats are those in the hall?" he asked later when he entered the drawing room. "Ferry boats?" cried his mother-in-law angrily. "Why, those are my shoes!" "My dear, good ma," said Jackson hurriedly, "who said ferry boats? You misunderstood. Fairy boots, you know—fairy boots!" and then he wiped the sweat from his brow.

A girl of sixteen can say, "All my life," in a more impressive way than can an old man of eighty.

How is "Ski-ing" Pronounced? Not sky-ing, but shee-ing.

## HAS BEEN TRIED.

The policy of putting to death defeated kings and generals has had as thorough a trial as any policy in history and has proved utterly futile to prevent wars. Any conqueror has it in his power to destroy his victims; to have the power and to refrain from using it is a much greater triumph to which the world only slowly attained.—Springfield Republican.

## A HOUSING PROBLEM STORY.

The housing problem is acute. (That's news, isn't it?) A crowd of suburbanites had clubbed together and bought a big house so that they could all have a roof over their heads.

The man who earned out the house-buying and the apportioning of its space was evidently out to make money. When the "settling in" began he was visited by a protesting crowd. "Look here," said the spokesman of the party, "it's bad enough to have one room curtained off into four for four families. Though we didn't expect that, we can stand it, but you're not going to give permission to the family in the corner near the door to keep lodgers!"

HORRIBLE!—There are about a hundred varieties of mosquitoes in the world.

## HIS LITTLE ANGEL.

An Eastern paragrapher says the most pathetic thing is to hear a 21-year-old boy call his father "papa." Maybe, but we want to enter as a close competitor the 98-pound husband who refers to his 200-pound wife as "his little angel."

Robert Herrick once said he could live on rosebuds and cherries if they were served by the woman he loved. That may be; but our guess is that Herrick never put his assertion into practice—or we'd have a contradiction on record.

A famous explorer declares that all lions are "left-handed." He has noticed that whenever one of these beasts desires to strike a blow it always uses the left paw.

[Evidently the explorer was not the one at whom the beast in question made the blow. If he was our opinion is that he wouldn't take notice of which paw was used. Binoculars are surely very handy, nowadays.—C.—E.]

## AUTHORS FOR IMAGINATIVE STUFF.

Servant: "A newspaper reporter wishes to see you, sir."  
Famous Author: "Did you tell him I was hoarse and could not speak?"  
"Yes, sir; but he said he would only ask questions which you could answer by a nod or a shake of the head."  
"Then tell him I have a stiff neck."

## SPEAKING OF CHINK CHECKS—

Customer: "By mistake I left my Chinese laundry check in here this morning."  
Prescription Clerk in Drug Store—"That explains it."  
Customer: "Explains what?"  
Prescription Clerk in Drug Store—"I've been trying to fill that confounded thing all morning."

## OF COURSE!

The teacher was giving the class a natural history lecture on Australia. "There is one animal," she said, "none of you have mentioned. It does not stand up on its legs all the time. It does not walk like other animals,

but takes funny little skips. What is it?"  
And the class yelled with one voice: "Charlie Chaplin."

And now, sweet friend, we wish you God-den until to-morrow. You will be sure to find us here, doing business at the old stand and our prognostication (a mouth-filling word, that) is that you and we are going to get along alright. Listen to what we say and set at naught the ravings of irresponsibles and all will be well.—The C.—E.

## How Detectives Catch Murderers.

The Wonderful Resources of Scotland Yard.

The number of murders in the country which have remained unsolved lately has made the authorities realize that unless an expert is called in at once, many a murder may remain unsolved through lack of training on the part of the local police.

The famous detectives of Scotland Yard, who of course have many murders to deal with each year, and are the greatest experts in tracking criminals in the world, have had no right up to the present to investigate a big murder in Sheffield, for instance. They are only called in by the local police when the latter are baffled, and that is often weeks after the murder has been committed, and valuable clues and time have been lost.

Now, however, in all cases which are likely to be complicated, a Scotland Yard man will be on the spot at once, and fewer murders than ever will escape the scaffold.

The real detective and the detective of fiction are as like one another as chalk and cheese. The Scotland Yard expert relies upon hard work and organization. The Criminal Investigation Department, in fact, is so successful in the great majority of cases it handles, because it is organized just the same way as a big business is organized.

## Scotland Yard's Black Museum.

There are close on seven hundred detectives attached to Scotland Yard, and each man is trained and taught the ins and outs of criminals and their methods. Many of these detectives, of course, specialise, some on jewel robberies, others on murders, others on pocket picking, and so on, but each one is prepared in an emergency to tackle any jobs which come along.

To Scotland Yard there is always available a number of experts who give advice on any subject wanted, experts in handwriting, in wounds, poisons, ink, and even tobacco ashes. All the big police stations are linked up by private telephones, as well as by a private tape machine. Every man in the detective force is especially picked and tested before being put in charge of even the smallest crime. Every one has some special accomplishment, most of them know at least one foreign language, and all have to pass severe examinations for promotion.

Part of the most useful training of a detective is that in which he visits the Black Museum, that grim private exhibition at Scotland Yard, where can be seen the instruments which have been used in big burglaries, the tiny clues which have brought murderers to the gallows, and the thousand and one things which reveal the methods of criminals of all countries. There, for example, are two enlarged

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Only a limited quantity now showing in our west window.

## THE NEW STYLED TAMS.

New Tams are made of velvet and come in shades of BROWN, NAVY, TAUPPE and BLACK.

Styldom recognizes a wide variety of new effects, that every type of figure has a selection of pleasingly suitable models. We have never shown such charmingly pretty and exceedingly becoming TAMS before. Their rich elegance of material and making give them a desired attractive effect. The

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## T. J. EDENS,

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(Next to Custom House.)

100 Cases Extra Sifted  
EARLY JUNE PEAS,  
2 lb. tins.

Selling less than the price of common ordinary peas. Get some, while they last.

CALIFORNIA ORANGES—  
Medium . . . . . 60c. doz.  
Extra Large . . . . . 80c. doz.  
GRAPE FRUIT.  
GRAVESTONE APPLES.  
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MOTT'S COOKING CHOCOLATE  
MOTT'S ELITE CHOCOLATE.

**10 lbs. Onions  
45c.**

SWANSDOWN FLOUR.  
ROASTED PEANUTS.  
PANCAKE FLOUR.  
CAL HONEY in Glass.  
SKIPPER SARDINES.

## T. J. EDENS.

151 Duckworth Street.

ments of finger prints, and in a glass case a black mask. They are the clues which brought the brothers Stratton to the scaffold in 1905 for the murder of an old couple at Deptford. In a glass case are shown forged notes, coiners' implements and spurious coins, and plaster moulds, and in other parts of the museum are firearms and other weapons, all of which have some grim tale of violence associated with them.

Each of these exhibits is an object lesson in itself to the budding detective, and each helps him to realise how the famous detectives of former days worked on their cases and brought their men to book.

## Detectives Don't Often Fail.

Attached to the Yard is a special staff of expert photographers always on duty. When any big murder is committed one of these experts is sent to the scene of the crime, and photographs are taken of the room or place in which it was committed from various angles, and from these photographs, when necessary, a model is constructed for use at the trial, or to help the detectives engaged on the case to reconstruct the actual murder.

Finger print experts carefully examine any weapon used by the murderer, or anything he is likely to have handled, from glasses to door knobs, in order to find his finger prints. The history of the dead man and the movements of all his associates are investigated by a few trained experts in an extraordinarily short time. Often in a few hours what seems an utterly baffling mystery is well on the way to solution when the reports from the various detectives are handed in and pieced together by the detective in charge of the case.

Scotland Yard doesn't believe in

leaving anything to chance. That's why so few murderers escape once the C.I.D. is on their track. And of the few who do escape being brought to trial, practically all are known to the Yard, but unfortunately moral certainty of guilt and legal proof are two different things.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Humor of the Country.

An Irish laborer, whose answers on his direct examination were rather discursive, was asked by the cross-examining counsel, "Now, my good man, isn't all this that you have been telling to my friend here only a hypothesis?" Witness—"Well, if your honor says so, I suppose it was." Counsel—"Come, sir, do you know what a hypothesis is?" Witness—"Well, now, I think I do." Counsel—"Then tell me what it is." Witness—"Well, now, I think it's some part of the inside of a pig, but I'm not exactly shure what part it is."

## The Shrewdness of Satan

A husband was remonstrating with his young wife for her extravagance in buying another new dress. "I really think Satan must be at hand when you women see a pretty gown," he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid he was this time, dear," she meekly admitted.  
"Then you should have said to him, 'Get thee behind me.'"  
"I did, Jack, dear. That was the trouble. I said, 'Get thee behind me Satan,' and he did, but he whispered over my shoulder, 'It fits you beautifully in the back.' And I simply had to take it then."—Exchange.

## The Appealing Factor.

(The only son's engagement had just been announced.)  
Sir—Absolutely no class!  
Ma—Why, that girl lives in Farog! Auntie—She's going to be fat.  
Uncle—Bow-legged, that's what she is.  
First Cousin—She ought to have more cash.  
Second Cousin—Can't see her for dust—she's stuck up.  
Son (thoughtfully)—Well, there's one good thing about her.  
Chorus—What's that?  
Son—She hasn't a relative on earth.  
aP—Grab her, my boy, grab her—Yale Record.

bread and simplifies labor.  
The high stool in the kitchen should never be forgotten.  
Cheese soup is much more nutritious than any other kind.  
Some form of salad should go with any kind of hot chicken.

## Children's School Shoes!

CHILDREN'S  
NATURAL  
SHOES



In our Children's Shoe Department stock of Skuffer Boots in Lace and Cl. Colate and Tan Calf Leather. Sole and wedge heel on wide room School Boot for boys or girls at our from \$3.10 to \$4. according to size.

## Parker &amp; Monro THE SHOE ME

## Capt. Kean's Defence.

OPEN LETTER TO ST. BARRE ELECTORS.

After Evening Telegram.  
Dear Sir.—The latest piece of knavery in the Evening Advocate of the inst., affords me an opportunity of sending broadcast in the district of St. Barre an open letter to deprecate myself against the oft repeated efforts of W. F. Coaker to saddle the name of the Newfoundland disaster on me. To lend strength to his argument he makes it appear that I was tried and condemned by the Supreme Court. Nothing is further from the truth, as I shall show before I am through.

On three different occasions I went to Court against W. F. Coaker for certain false and libelous charges which he made against me, and in each case a verdict was given in my favor by twelve jurymen of my country. The first charge was made on April 21st, 1915, which contained the following that "when I was master of the 'Wolf' some twenty years before the date, I took out of that ship two barrels of pork and replaced it by two barrels of beef, which came from a starving Government bull." I immediately took action against Coaker for damages, and a verdict was given in my favor for five hundred dollars, and Coaker had to pay his lawyers and all Court expenses as well. And although Coaker sent two circular letters all over the country as far as the Union existed, begging and entreating some one to come and give evidence against me, not one man could be found to come, and his Solicitor tried to persuade the Court that the charge was not libelous, but should be treated as a joke. Not only that, Mr. Editor, but what was generally known before I went into Court, I had an apology from W. F. Coaker, which was treated strictly confidential by us, and would be now had not Coaker admitted it in the Mail and Advocate, which of course makes it public property; and to show the people of St. Barre what reliance can be placed on that which emanates from the pen of W. F. Coaker, and what value he sets on another man's character, I am asking you to print the apology which I hold in my possession:

"On April 21, 1914, the Daily Mail published an anonymous letter under the caption, 'Fits Capt. Kean Hard.' In the course of the letter the following words were used: 'I wonder whether he can tell the public about whether two barrels of pork were taken out of the Wolf once at Pool's Island and replaced by two barrels of beef which came from a starving Government bull. Of course Abraham don't know anything about such stories, why should he?' 'On the 22nd of April, 1914, Capt. Abraham Kean began a libel action in respect of these words, alleging that they accused him of dishonesty. A defence was in due course placed on

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