

# Chapped Hands



Read MRS. YELLEN'S Experience.

Mrs. Yellen of Portland says:— "I consider it only my duty to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from Zam-Buk. My hands were so sore and cracked that it was agony to put them into water. When I tried to do so they would smart and burn as if I had scalded them. I seemed quite unable to get relief from anything I put on them until I tried Zam-Buk, and the balm succeeded when all else had failed. It closed the big cracks, gave ease, soothed the inflammation, and in a very short time healed my hands completely. I would strongly recommend it to anyone suffering from chapped or cracked hands. It is a

ARE your hands chapped, cracked, or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold, sore, frost bite, chilblains, or a "raw" place which at times makes it agony for you to go about your household duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief and will heal the damaged skin. Anoint the sore places at night, and if it is the hands, wear a pair of old gloves overnight. Zam-Buk's rich healing essences will sink into the wounds, end the smarting, and will quickly heal.

wonderful healer and should be in every home."

Father and Daughter both Cured.

Miss Hattie Bertrand, Galesburg, Ont., writes:—"Zam-Buk is the best balm we have ever used. Every year I am troubled with chapped hands and arms and nothing ever seemed to heal them until I tried Zam-Buk. It is surprising how quickly this balm has healed up the sores and cracks! My father has used it for several ailments and injuries and thinks there is nothing to equal it."

Zam-Buk is excellent for chaps, chilblains, cold sores, sore feet and lips, chaffs, rashes, winter eczema, pity, warts, febrile sores, sore heads and backs, abscesses, pimples, ringworm, etc., cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, sprains. Used as an embrocation it cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. Of all druggists and stores, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Price 50c. a box, 3 for \$1.85. You are warned against the "just as good" preparations which are sometimes offered when Zam-Buk is asked for.

FREE TRIAL BOX.

Send this coupon, name and date of this paper, and a stamp (to cover postage) to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and a Free Trial Box will be mailed you.

## ZAM-BUK

THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

### LEAVE YOUR ORDER EARLY.

For your Winter Suit or Overcoat in order that you may get it filled before the rush of the season's work.

Our special ties are Oxfords and Hewsens Wools, a new line.

## I. M. OTTERSON

## MORSE'S TEAS

MORSE'S TEAS are put up in 1/4 lb. and 1 lb. packages at Halifax by J. E. MORSE & Co. The selling prices are 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c. & 60c. per pound.

There are thousands of people in this country who have been drinking MORSE'S TEA, practically every day of their lives for the last thirty-seven years. Many of them have told us that there is no Tea whose flavour they like so well. They also say that it goes farthest.

J. E. MORSE & CO.

### JUST RECEIVED

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS  
SLEIGHS AND PUNGS  
CALL AND GET MY PRICES BEFORE  
BUYING

### F. B. BISHOP, LAWRENCETOWN

#### SLEIGHS

My sample Sleighs will be here this week. Call and see them and get your choice early.

Prices and Terms to suit all.

JOHN HALL

Lawrencetown, Nov. 19th. 1908

#### Nova Scotia Fire INSURANCE COMPANY.

LOWEST RATES consistent with safety.  
SECURITY FOR POLICY HOLDERS  
\$480,000.00

STRONGLY REINSURED

HEAD OFFICE. HALIFAX  
JOHN PAYZANT. ARTHUR BAILLE.  
PRESIDENT. MANAGER.

F. L. Milner, Agent, Bridgetown

## ORIGINAL STORY

Written For the Monitor Sentinel Prize Competition

### "The Satin Square"

(By Sheila Sweet Carvel.)

When Harry Hudson went to the barn one night after school to see his brother Jack's guinea pigs, (which Jack was training to perform in a show) he found a tin peddler's wagon standing in the middle of the floor.

"Tom Hopkins wanted to leave his team here a while," said Jerome, the hired man. "He seemed in a great hurry, and he acted kind of strange. I don't know but what he's going to have one of them bad spells of his."

Harry inspected the wagon. Some people said Tom Hopkins was a miser, and kept money stowed away in odd places. Harry wondered if there was any of it in the great bags that hung beside the wagon.

"Say, Harry, wouldn't you like to see everything there is in those old bags?" exclaimed Frances May, like an echo of Harry's thoughts.

Frances May was Harry's youngest sister. She had come out to look at the wagon with Sarah Sophia under her arm.

Sarah Sophia was a colored doll, with most fascinating ravelled yarn hair. In spite of her color she was the most popular doll in Sherryfield society.

"Tom Hopkins has beautiful pieces sometimes," added Frances May. "Your father said you kids were ter keep 'way from that horse wagon!"

called Jerome from the other side of the barn.

"Frances May, how late can you keep awake?" asked Harry, in a tone too low to catch even Jack's sharp ears.

"Till a hundred o'clock, if I promise you eyes open," declared Frances May confidently.

"I'll tap at your door tonight after everybody has gone to bed, and you can come with me," said Harry, with an air of delightful mystery.

Frances May was awake when Harry's light tap came. What it had cost her to remain so with two fingers holding up two leaden lids as she sat up straight in bed, no one but Frances May would ever know. It was a generally recognized fact that when Frances May's mind was made up, she was not likely to be overcome by circumstances.

She hurried softly down stairs behind Harry by the light of the great bull's eye lantern, which was itself a fascination.

"We'd better take Jennie's rag bar with us," said Harry, "and then if you wanted to take out pieces that you thought were pretty, you could replace 'em. All Tom Hopkins cares for is weight."

How still it was in the great barn! The heavy breathing of the cattle was the only sound they could hear. It was "creepy" at the best, and now Harry had a guilty feeling that made him start when the barn swallows away up under the eaves mistook the lantern's rays for dawn, and began to twitter, and fairly jump when a mouse scampered across the floor.

Frances May was calm and self-possessed, and dived immediately into the largest bag. She found valuable at once; a doll's hat, which would just fit Rosalind, her best doll, and a string of yellow glass beads which were almost a match for Sarah Sophia's ear-rings.

Harry was finding the adventure rather tame. There was no hidden treasure in the bags.

"Oh, oh! just see what I've found," cried Frances May in a tone of rapture.

Harry looked rather indifferently at a square of white satin somewhat yellowed by age, in one corner of which was embroidered a butterfly in fresh and brilliant colors.

"Just the thing for an apron for Sarah Sophia! She has been suffering for one—not a common one but something really elegant like this—ever since the ice-cream was spilled on her best blue one at Molly's party. I wonder how anything so perfectly lovely happened to be in these rags."

Her raptures were suddenly interrupted by a noise at the barn door. It sounded as if somebody were trying to get in. The children exchanged terrified glances. It was a dreadful thing to be alone in the great barn in the middle of the night, but Harry felt that it would never do for a

boy as he was to be afraid—or, at least, to appear so.

"Keep quiet, Sissy. I'll take care of you," he said, valiantly.

He was afraid that she would make an outcry or run into the house, and he felt that he would rather face anything than be found out. But he did retire to the old cow's stall, pushing his sister in behind him, greatly to the surprise of Clover, who was not accustomed to have her dreams disturbed. The noise had changed to a low, cautious knocking.

"Jerome, Jerome, let me in," called a voice. "I'm Tom Hopkins."

Harry drew a long breath of relief. He had thought of nothing less terrible than tramps or burglars, while Frances May's imagination, excited by her midnight adventure, had conjured up a Huxtermurder stant, and a witch with a wand prepared to turn people into white cats. Harry hastily unlocked the door.

A little, crooked, round-shouldered man, who reminded one of a picture of a brownie, entered. He had a timid, hesitating gait, and an anxious face.

"Sh! Sh! Don't make a noise," said Harry.

"Bless me! you two youngsters all alone here!" said the little man, in great astonishment.

"We came out to look at your rags," said Harry, candidly. "And Frances May has taken out some pretty pieces, but we've put in more than enough to pay."

"Rags was somethin' to me once, but they ain't now!" said Tom Hopkins, shaking his head mournfully.

"Oh, children, I'm in terrible trouble. I'm likely to be took up en minute fer a thief. They're after me—oh, what'll I do?"

"A thief!" exclaimed Harry. "Why what do you mean?"

Tom Hopkins had been their tin-peddler ever since Harry could remember. He had once "naid attention" to Jennie, their hired girl, and Harry and Molly, his sister, younger than they are now, had wept because Jennie refused to marry him. Harry would almost as soon thought of suspecting the minister of anything that wasn't profitable.

"You wouldn't believe it, would you, Harry?" said Tom, brightening a little. "Well, you see, night before last I was stoppin' at the Cattle Fair Hotel over in Ridgetown, and I woke up about four o'clock in the morning, and I felt 'one o' them queer spells in my head comin' on. I have ter get out doors when I feel that way, so I thought I'd start right off. I left the money for my lodgin' on the table and went ter the stable ter harness up. I couldn't find any lantern, but an old broken one that gave a terrible small light. There's races over there this week, and the hotel chock full, and everything in confusion. Says I ter myself as soon as I got started, what has got into my old Dick? The way that wagon rattled over the ground was a caution. When the horse ran up hill as well as down, I knowed 'twasn't my Dick. I'd been and took one of them race horses and left Dick behind!"

"I'd ought ter hev gone right back, of course, but what with bein' scared and dizzy in my head, too, I couldn't. I turned into the loggin' road, and kept on in the woods all day. This mornin' I got up courage to go back; but when I got ter Arlton's Corner there was placards on the trees and fences as long as your arms, sayin':

"One hundred dollars reward for the return of the famous race horse Fabledin, F-a-b-l-e-d-i-n, and the arrest of the thief, supposed to be one Thomas Hopkins, tin-peddler." One Thomas Hopkins! as if everybody didn't know there wasn't two of me! I turned around in a hurry, and I thought I'd run away. That's why I left my team here; but, I declare, I hated to leave my old Dick. He and I has been companions so long! I was hanging around here because I didn't dare go home, when I saw the light and I made up my mind I'd just tell Jerome all about it. But a hundred dollars is an awful temptation ter a man! I don't know, as I kin trust him."

"You can trust me," cried Harry, eagerly. "I'll take the horse to Ridgetown the first thing in the morning—to-morrow's Saturday, and no school—and bring Dick back!"

"Will you, now, and tell 'em where I am, and make it all right? I'd do anything fer you if you would, Harry."

Harry cut his protestations short. He thought he was the one to be grateful for an opportunity to ride a famous race horse. He escorted Frances May into the house (poor Frances May, who, although she had propped herself rigidly upright against the milking stool, had fallen

over in a little heap sound asleep) and then returned to the barn and slept upon the hay, that he might be ready to set out early.

Fabledin was a beautiful horse and he went like a bird. Harry reached the Cattle Fair Hotel before breakfast time. He was very kindly treated, found no difficulty in making people believe Tom Hopkins' story, and before noon he was back, riding Dick in triumph.

Tom Hopkins was anxiously waiting, sitting all humped up on a sack in the barn doorway. His shoulders seemed to straighten and his face to grow as round as a full moon at sight of Dick.

"If ever I hev a chance, I'll do anything fer you," he called out, as he drove off with Dick in high spirits at hearing the familiar rattle of the tin wagon at his heels.

Frances May was waiting for Harry, looking very dejected.

"Oh, Harry, it's the beautifullest apron, but I can't show it even to Bessie and Molly. And Sarah Sophia is invited to a tea party, and I don't dare let her wear it!"

"Of course, you mustn't show it. I don't know what would happen to you for getting up in the middle of the night. What difference does it make what the old doll wears? I wouldn't be such a baby!"

Frances May smothered a great sob. It was evident that sympathy was not to be expected from Harry. The truth is, that Harry was somewhat anxious lest he should be found out through Frances May's indiscretion.

He had always manifested not only an investigating turn of mind but a disregard for the rights of others. He had once punched a hole in a balloon to see what it was made of, and he had taken his aunt's great hall clock to pieces to see whether he could put it together again, and his father had threatened to send him away to school if he meddled again with any one's property. And if there was anything in the world that Harry dreaded, it was to be sent away to school.

"I am so sorry for poor Grandma Holmes!" said Annette, their almost grown-up sister, at the table that night. "She is worrying herself into an illness, because her satin square, which was all ready for her minister's wife's crazy quilt, is lost. It was the last piece of her mother's wedding dress. Just think, great-grandmother Lee's wedding dress!"

Grandma Holmes was only a distant relative of the Hudsons, but she was so many grandmothers and great-grandchildren that everyone called her Grandma.

"Grandma Holmes said she never meant to have the dress cut up," continued Annette, "but Levi wanted his wedding vest made of it, and then Virginia Marsh wanted a table scarf, and then there were only small pieces left, which the relatives begged for pin-cushions. All were gone but this one piece, which Grandma said she wouldn't have parted with for anything, but the minister's wife's quilt, and not for that if she hadn't been going to China as a missionary. It was beautiful thick satin and Carrie Baché had embroidered a butterfly in the square. They think that careless Lizzie of theirs must have swept it up with the rags in the sewing room. What is the matter with Frances May? Her jam is choking her and how pale she is!"

Frances May was choking and pale, too, but she recovered herself by a great effort. What an awful face Harry was making at her! He had once confided to her that he had a spring inside which caused these contortions when he was angry, and if he should get very angry it would wind him up so tightly that he would explode like a bomb-shell.

"The quilt is to be put together Monday afternoon," continued Annette, Frances May having been patted on the back and declared herself quite restored. "Grandma Holmes won't have another piece prepared. She is still searching for that one, and they are afraid it will make her ill or even kill her, she is so old."

Frances May was pale then, but no one was looking except Harry, who didn't take his eyes off her, and showed himself in readiness to "make a face."

Frances May followed him out of doors, when they left the table.

"Oh, Harry, can't we tell and give it back?" she said. "But, oh, dear! I've put a blinding pin of pink cotton on it. I hadn't anything else, and I poked it all up, and sewed it onto Sarah Sophia; for she hasn't a good waist, you know, and everything drops off."

"Then I should think we could give it back!" said Harry, ironically.

"But, oh, Harry, what if poor Grandma Holmes should die! Would we be hung?"

Harry, after a moment's reflection, decided that it would be just as well for Frances May to think so.

"If we're not found out, we shan't be hung anyway!" he said. "See that you keep quiet!"

And off he went to Tom Hopkins' house, leaving Frances May quaking with fear. He found Tom with his rags heaped upon the floor, searching

them over anxiously.

"It ain't here, and I told 'em it wasn't the first time I looked 'em over! It's a little piece of em'brided satin that old lady Holmes is coining out of her mind about. Say, now I forgot that you over-hauled these rags. Did you see anything of a little piece of em'brided satin?"

"Tom," said Harry, solemnly, "you said you would do something for me; now's your chance. Don't ever tell anybody that I meddled with these rags. My father is awful particular about some things."

"Then you did find it?" said Tom. "Frances May found some such rubbish and she made it into doll's rags, and spoiled it. I think," said Harry.

Tom Hopkins sat down on a heap of rags and clasped his crooked knees dejectedly.

"Tin-peddlin' is the wearin'est trade," he said, "folks are always blamin' me for somethin' they've lost. But I'll bear the blame. Harry: I ain't forgot that you helped me out er wuss trouble than this; but I be unlucky!"

Harry thought that he was "on-lucky." Now that he felt sure the secret would be kept, his conscience began to trouble him.

But he was not half so miserable as Frances May. She was so afraid that somebody would see Sarah Sophia's apron that she carried her up to the unfinished attic, where she had never dared to go alone before, and hid her in a cob-webby corner. And that night she dreamed that Grandma Holmes was a witch with a wand and had turned her into a butterfly and Harry was sticking pins into her.

The minister's wife's quilt was being put together Monday afternoon, and half the ladies in the town had gathered together, among them Grandma Holmes, whose sufferings had, perhaps, been exaggerated; for she had not "gone out of her mind."

Into the midst of them suddenly rushed a pale, desperate, little figure, with a throat full of sobs, and threw an old black doll, cob-webby, disheveled, but still adorned with a resplendent apron, into Grandma Holmes' lap. "I found it in the rags, and I didn't know it was anybody's, and I spoiled it; and I didn't dare to tell, and I didn't dare to cut it off, for fear of spoiling it worse; and, oh, I am so sorry!"

Nobody scolded. Everybody blessed and comforted her, and the square of satin was made as good as new and put into the quilt, and Frances May didn't have to tell of Harry at all. But I am glad to say that Harry was manly enough to confess his share of the misdeed; and he was not sent away to school.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A TERRIBLE RECORD.

There is no country of the world that has yet to feel the death-dealing influence or suffer the devastating effects of the earthquake. Its tolls in death have been millions of souls, the financial loss it has wrought is incalculable.

Long before the birth of Christ, history records, there were great upheavals in which cities were utterly demolished and thousands upon thousands killed. Antioch, the capital of Syria, probably, has been the worst individual sufferer from earthquakes.

For four visitations have as many times wrecked the city and slaughtered hosts of its inhabitants. In the last and most terrible of these, 250,000 lives were lost.

There are but three other disasters on record, where the fatalities have been anywhere near as great as this last one at Antioch.

These occurred at Jeddo, Japan, at Pekin and in Sicily. At Jeddo, 200,000 persons are said to have perished, and 100,000 each at Pekin and in Sicily.

In the United States the greatest earthquake disaster was that in 1906 in California, when a great portion of the city of San Francisco was burned. The loss of life in this earthquake has been variously estimated from 500 to 1,000, and the financial loss at nearly a billion dollars.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

### The Stimulus of a Fresh Start

Who does not respond to such an incentive whenever and wherever it comes? The new year, after the weeks and months of the old one have been crowded with mishaps and failures and follies; the new home, where old associations are gone, with their enticing anticipations; the new task, with better adaptation to one's powers and one's hikin—all these things send a thrill of new purpose into the soul that has grown burdened and hopeless under old conditions.

So it often is, so it might much oftener be, when God sends into individual lives some startling providence which causes old things to pass away and all things to become new.

Many a deluge of financial disaster leaves a man bereft, bewildered, and perhaps tempted to despair; but out of the very ruins of an old life there may be built a fairer and better fabric.

For after any such trying or tragic event there may ever be seen, if we will only look for it, the bow of promise.

It is ever present, just as sunlight flashing across raindrops has ever from the earliest dawn of creation, caused the prismatic colors to appear. But men do not always see it; and we all need the clear revelation of the meanings of the Almighty to see the tokens of a sure and sound hope amid the storms of life.

There is a hope which "springs eternal in the human heart," but which is a human instinct rather than a special divine gift. There is a hope which is born only of faith, a confidence which comes "out of the depths," when we have entered them and emerged, conscious of God's presence and guidance at every point of the journey. For the believer in God's fatherly goodness in all things, because he is able to look beyond beginnings to a final goal, the bow of promise ever appears. No mid night can banish the clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness; and where ever his beams shine across the storms of trial and tribulation, the stories of a more than earthly home crown all the conquests of God's mercy.

"Sometimes a light surprises The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who rises With healing in His wings. When comforts are declining He grants the soul again A season of clear shining To cheer it after rain."

CAME NEAR CHOKING TO DEATH

A little boy, the son of Chris. D. Peterson, a well known resident of the village of Jacksonvill, Iowa had a sudden and violent attack of croup. Much thick stringy phlegm came up after giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. Peterson says: "I think he would have choked to death had we not given him this remedy." For sale by W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN; A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

### THEIR HOPE, THE PEOPLE

#### Muskoka's Brave Battle for Needy Consumptives.

It is poor consolation to needy consumptives to say that the Government should make provision for the thousands who suffer and die from tuberculosis in Canada every year.

The Government should do a great deal more than they have yet dreamed of doing. But they are not doing it, and in the meantime twelve thousand die annually in the Dominion, from this dread disease.

As the situation is to-day, what would be the fate of many consumptives in Canada were it not for the two Homes for Consumptives in Muskoka that during the past eleven years, against many odds, have cured for upwards of three thousand patients in the earlier stages of the disease, whilst in the two sister institutions, on the banks of the Humber, those in the more advanced stages are treated.

This work in Muskoka is one of pure philanthropy. From the day the first patient was admitted to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives in April, 1902, not a single applicant has ever been refused admission because of his or her inability to pay.

The Government contribute \$150 per week per patient. The cost of maintenance is \$9.25 a week. The difference in the cost of maintenance of all needy patients has through these years been made up by private philanthropy.

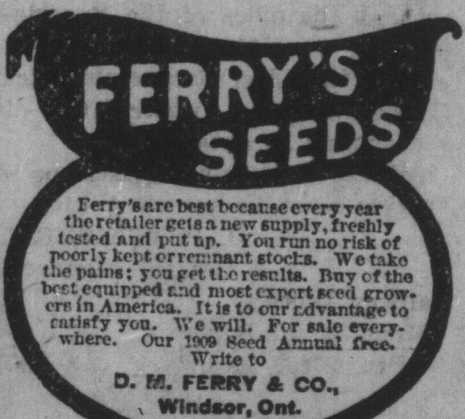
The Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, Mr. J. S. Robertson, 347 King Street West, Toronto, writes us that, with the financial depression of the past year, the funds of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives have suffered greatly. At the commencement of the winter season the Trustees have to face a heavily overdrawn bank account and have many obligations to meet.

Despite these financial worries every applicant is receiving careful consideration and patients are admitted as promptly as beds are made vacant.

All through these years the institution has been maintained, not by any rich endowment, for such does not exist, but by the generous contributions of the masses of the people—the small sums rather than the large ones.

We frankly say that we do not know, in our experience, of a more worthy and deserving charity, and our hope is that the readers of these lines will respond to the appeal that is now made for funds for the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Contributions may be sent to Mr. W. J. Gage, 84 Spadina Ave., Chairman of the Executive Committee, or to J. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.



Ferry's are the best because every year the reputation is new supply, freshly tested and put up. You run no risk of poorly kept or old stock. We take the pains you get to results. Buy of the best equipped and most expert seed growers in America. It is to our advantage to satisfy you. We will. For sale everywhere. Our two seed Annual Free. Write to D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.