# SPRING Skin Troubles

Mothers who have used Zam-Buk know how it cures Spring Skin Troubles in Children or Adults. Mothers who have *not* yet tried it should note these facts:—Zam-Buk was unknown ten years ago, yet such is its merit that to-day it has become the standard salve in the homes of four continents! Zam-Buk is purely herbal; contains no poisonous colouring matter; is used by leading medical men; used in the British Army and Navy; used by all best fitted to know the needs of the skin. Make it your family balm!

Mr. J. C. Bates, of Burks Falls (Ont.), says:—"Zam-Buk cured my three children, who were all broken out in sores to such an extent that it was pitiable to see them. These sores had defied all remedies previously applied, but I am glad to say Zam-Buk healed them."

Miss S. G. Hamilton, of Alliston (Ont.), says:—"My face and hands were one mass of pimples and blotches. These would itch, and when rubbed, broke out into sores. Whenever I put water near the affected parts it caused a stinging sensation and much pain—just as if I had been scalded. Nothing that I applied seemed to do me any good until I tried Zam-Buk. That gave me relief, and a few weeks of the Zam-Buk treatment resulted in a perfect cure."

*Zam-Buk cures pimples, skin eruptions, cuts, burns, bruises, piles, festering sores, ulcers, blood-poisoning, eczema, ringworm, bad leg, diseased ankles, and all skin diseases and injuries. Rubbed well into the parts affected, it cures neuralgia, rheumatism, and sciatica. All Druggists and Stores sell at 50c. box, three for $1.25, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.*

Zam-Buk


# TORONTO MYSTERY HAS NEW TURN

## Believed Recent Murder in the Hydro Yards Was to Destroy Evidence.

## TO COVER STEALINGS

### On Theory "Dead Men Tell No Tales" —Slaying Deliberately Planned.

Toronto, April 10. — As the police proceed with their investigation into the Rosenthal murder, the motive of robbery seems to lose importance. Every clue has been followed by men specially detailed on the case, assisted by all the other available men in the detective department, but so far little progress has been made. Dunkelman, the second victim of the thugs, who is in the General Hospital, is recovering, and is expected to be in a condition to make a statement soon. This the police are waiting for, to help them in the partial investigations they have already made.

One thing that is puzzling the police is the fact that Rosenthal should be the man murdered. He had no money and had not had any for some considerable time, so why, they ask, should he be murdered. As far as is known, Dunkelman had only about $60 in his possession when he went to the hydro-electric yards, and it is apparent that the men responsible for the murder intended to do him to death as well as his friend Rosenthal. But it does not seem likely that men would lure two men, one with $60, and the other without a cent, to a lonely place, for the purpose of robbery, and the police seem to have abandoned that hypothesis.

**Much Copper Stolen.**

There is a motive, however, behind the terrible tragedy. It is known that no little quantity of copper wire had been disposed of to second-hand dealers. The police have ascertained that certain men formerly in the employ of the hydro-electric people sold stolen copper to second-hand men under cover of darkness. It is also known that men were discharged because they were suspected of thefts, and there is a suspicion that Rosenthal and Dunkelman might have gone to interview them on the night of the tragedy.

The police will not say what they believe to be the motive, but they have received information that the men who had been selling the stolen stuff feared that they might soon be called to task for it, as they became aware that the hydro-electric authorities had been making a secret investigation. Two men who did know about the selling of the copper were Rosenthal and Dunkelman, and there is no doubt that they were feared.

The police said that they had followed every clue in trying to ascertain whether the murderous assaults had been made with the intention of destroying evidence, but had been rewarded by little success.

**Reward Is Offered.**

A reward of $500 will be offered for the arrest of the murderers, $300 being granted by the Provincial Government, and $200 by the city. The reward was decided on yesterday afternoon at the meeting of the police commissioners, after the Attorney-General had been consulted. At the same meeting of the commissioners when the murder came up for discussion, a strong suggestion was made that police dogs be purchased, as they had proved most valuable in other cities. The murder of Rosenthal was deplored by the commissioners, but it was only seen fit to offer a reward of $200.


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For driving or motoring—as for a hundred other outdoor enjoyments—you will be glad of your Pen-Angle Sweater Coat on windy days and chilly evenings. For, though they feel so fleecy to the touch and set so lightly on the body, they are warmth-giving indeed. Knit by the Pen-Angle process, from wools of the choicest; these useful garments possess a smartness and style not known to the usual knit coat. And they retain their shapely lines, because they are carefully shaped to fit snug to the figure. That shape stays in them because it is knit into them - the Pen-Angle way.

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CONTROLLER C. H. GODFREY, candidate for the Reform party of Montreal, elected at a special election in Montreal by a large majority.

# THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Bob Hampton of Placer" etc.

"I am not, as you naturally supposed, a Chilean, but a native of North America. My name is Stephens. I was in Valparaiso also under most unpleasant circumstances, seeking vainly to escape from the country, and hounded by the secret police because of my connection lately with a revolutionary movement along the Bolivian frontier. The merits of that affair need not now be discussed, but I had become involved in it through certain business connections, and had attained Valparaiso after my hardship, seeking escape by sea. There I discovered every avenue closed against me, and was reduced to a desperate plight. I was hiding from the Government authorities when I risked almost certain discovery—last evening. A little later—after you left the hotel—a man whom I was led to believe represented the Peruvian Government, approached me with a strange proposition which, however, promised immediate release from my dangerous predicament, and likewise a suitable reward for the successful performance of a certain service. I was, as you may easily conceive, in a state of mind to grasp at straws. I am a sailor, and the particular duty required of me was to be performed upon the sea. I was asked to assume the position of a Peruvian naval captain, incapacitated by sudden illness, in the surprise and capture of a Chilean war vessel, the steam yacht Esmeralda, then supposed to be lying at anchor, poorly guarded, in the outer harbor off the Government docks. The crew for this warlike enterprise had already been selected, and the plans fully developed by others; all I was expected to do was to assume command and execute them. For that purpose I was presented with a Peruvian naval commission."

My glance wandered from the motionless woman fronting me in such white silence to Celeste, who had sunk back upon the bed, her blue eyes staring at me across the brass rail, evidently experiencing difficulty in translating my rapid English speech.

"I had enjoyed but little opportunity of examining the particular vessel we were thus employed to capture, as I dared not leave the hotel except after nightfall," I continued more slowly. "Yet I knew her place of anchorage, and that she was a steam yacht of some seven hundred tons burden, schooner-rigged, with lines promising great speed. Otherwise I relied entirely upon the knowledge of the officers under me. We boarded what I believed to be the Esmeralda soon after midnight, overcame the small harbor watch with little difficulty, captured the engine room, and, by holding a gun at his ear, persuaded the engineer to operate his machinery in our service. The very audacity of the attempt brought comparatively easy success. The patriotic celebration in the city favored us greatly, as it left the roadstead almost totally unguarded, and we succeeded in getting safely out to sea unobserved. The main cabin had been secured by my orders when we first arrived aboard, and I came below just now, after all danger seemed far astern, to learn if any officers were hidden away here. I had examined all the other state rooms, finding them empty, and at last opened this door in my quest. Not until I saw you did I in the slightest realize that we were on board the wrong vessel, or that we were engaged in anything except an honorable adventure of war."

That the hasty details of my story both startled her and impressed her with its truth, was evident enough, yet her lips curled with contempt, and her eyes remained unbelieving.

"How many men accompanied you?"

"A crew of twenty, with two officers."

"Peruvians, I presume?"

"No, madame," reluctantly, "a hotchpotch dragged from the Seven Seas."

Her expressive face darkened, her fingers clenching again nervously about the chair-back.

"And you really expect me to believe that preposterous tale!" she burst forth, indignation shattering all ordinary bonds of speech. "You must, indeed, think very highly of my intelligence. You—why, you are a sea-robber, a pirate!"

My cheeks ushed to the harsh words. I could feel the surge of blood, yet I met her gaze quietly.

"I have told you the exact truth, Lady Darlington, as I promised," I returned, seeking to speak calmly, "without any real hope that you would believe. Yet I want you to try. It is all bad enough as it stands, without endeavoring to make it appear worse."

She leaned slightly forward, clearly impressed to some extent by the gravity of my manner.

"Then prove it?"

"How?"

"By steaming directly back to Valparaiso, and delivering up this stolen vessel to its lawful owners."

"That sounds simple enough, but do you realize what my probable fate would be?"

She clasped her hands tightly, pressing them against her breast.

"What do I care!" the contempt in her voice grown bitter. "You have done the evil, by your own confession; now you should pay the price. You have just told me a very pretty story to account for an act of crime. You profess sorrow, and claim to be an honorable man. Very well, now prove it by the only means in your power. You rescued me once from insult, and I hold the remembrance of that act in your favor. Prove yourself worthy a woman's respect by making amends for this wrong. Take the Sea Queen back now, before it is forever too late, and all I can do, or that my husband can accomplish, shall be done to save you from punishment. Prove to me that your words are not false."

I hesitated, doubt and suspicion rendering me totally incapable of clear thinking before her insistent demand. Her face grew whiter as she marked my silence.

"So you—you lied, then!" the cruel words faltered from between her lips almost unconsciously.

"No, I spoke truth," I answered, gripping myself sternly, "but I question my power."

"Your power? Why, you just informed me you were in command."

I advanced a step forward, my manner respectful enough, yet she half shrank back from my approach and brought the protection of the chair between us.

"Perhaps I may never succeed in making you clearly comprehend my present position," I said soberly, "yet I intend to try, because, in truth, I need your assistance as greatly as you need mine. Twenty minutes ago, Lady Darlington, it was true I believed myself to be in absolute command of this vessel. Now I gravely suspect whether I may not be a mere puppet, helpless in the hands of others. I do not know this, but it appears probable. As I have already endeavored to explain, it was comparatively easy for me to mistake this yacht for the Esmeralda. They are very much alike, and I had enjoyed no opportunity for closely observing either. But it is impossible for me to conceive how the others of my party could have innocently made such an error. What project they may have had in mind I cannot even guess, but I believe now the Sea Queen was deliberately captured, and that I have been decoyed into the leadership of an act of piracy. If so, then I am only one man pitted against twenty. What I may accomplish I have at present no means of knowing. I must see the others, endeavor to discover their secret purpose, and learn whether or not I possess any real authority on board. Lady Darlington, do you at least comprehend what I mean? Do I make it clear to you that I am in a position scarcely less perilous than your own?"

With lips parted and hands clenched over her heaving breast, she stood silent, apparently deeply aroused by my earnest appeal, yet totally unable to repose full confidence in me. Yet her very hesitancy was to me an encouragement.

"You certainly have every reason to doubt me at present, madame," I urged with increased confidence, "yet I mean to prove myself worthy your trust by deeds rather than words. Will you consent to do as I wish, at least for the moment?"

She did not appear to know what she had better do or say, her glance wandering in uncertainty from my face to the questioning eyes of the maid. The latter leaned forward with some eagerness.

"Surely it is best to say oui, madame; ze man has ze look honorable," her hands gesticulating despair. "An' on ze whole ship zere was no one else to help us."

"As you say, Celeste, there is no choice," and Lady Darlington's gray eyes again sought mine reluctantly. "I sincerely desire to repose complete confidence in you, to believe you worthy. What is it you wish us to do?"

I was struck by the sudden lifelessness of her tone, yet this was no time for me to relinquish my purpose.

"Merely to remain where you are, beyond the observation of others, until I can ascertain the exact truth of our situation. So soon as I learn this, I shall return with the information. Will you accede to this?"

She bowed her head slightly, in silent acquiescence, and, still facing them both, I backed out of the room and closed the door.

(To Be Continued.)

**WONG APPOINTED.**

Washington, April 9.—Theodore Wong, commissioner of Chinese education, has been appointed as the delegate of the Chinese Red Cross Society to the ninth International Red Cross conference to be held here in May. China had never before been represented at the international conference, which occurs every five years.

Fanny Crosby, the hymn-writer, celebrated her ninety-second birthday March 24. Though blind from childhood, her life has been a happy one. "I never fret, never worry, never think disagreeable thoughts nor find fault with any one or anything," she is reported as saying. Needless to say, her hymns do not reflect the sombre side of the old theology.

# A WOMAN'S WISH

## What Juliette Metzger Would Like to Have.

If a woman could have one wish granted, for the benefit of other women, it would be that all sickly, run-down women might be well and strong again.

Miss Juliette Metzger, of New York, says "I was in bad health for about a year, on account of my blood being poor and thin. A short time ago I began to take Vinol and it strengthened and built me up right from the start. I now feel strong and well again, and wish that every weak, run-down women knew what Vinol would do for her."

Poor blood—that's the whole trouble with millions of pale, weak, run-down people, and our delicious cod liver and iron remedy without oil, Vinol, is just what they need to make their blood as pure as a healthy baby's.

We guarantee that Vinol will build you up and make you strong—if it does not we pay back your money. Now is the time to make your blood right, so get your Vinol today. Anderson & Nelles, Druggists, also W. T. Strong, Druggist, London, Ont.

# THOUSANDS COMING IN

## Great Influx of Foreigners By Way of Portland, Maine.

Ottawa, April 10.—To judge from the extremely heavy immigration traffic for Canada, which continues to arrive via the United States port of Portland, Maine, it would appear as if that port had been temporarily annexed by Canada for her own use.

Steamer after steamer for months past has unloaded record numbers of immigrants, of whom all but a fraction were destined to Canada.

All previous records for passengers landed by any individual steamer were broken on Thursday last, when the steamship Zeeland, from Rotterdam, specially charterer by the White Star Dominion Line, in conjunction with the Red Star Line, landed no fewer than 1,559 passengers, and, astonishing as the proportion may seem, no fewer than 1,557 of these were bound for Canada.

In order to cope with the constantly increasing business at Portland, Maine, the Grand Trunk Company has recently decided to commence at once the erection of a much larger and improved immigration shed at that port.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## A Letter From Girls Employed in a Factory.

To the Editor of The Advertiser.

We are very much surprised that the Methodist Ministerial Association has so little to do as to spend the time discussing the factory girl problem, something they apparently do not understand. We know that the smallest wage paid here is $4.80 per week for inexperienced girls, but girls with a few weeks' experience earn from $9.00 to $11.00 per week. You might ask, why do we work in a factory? Because we know when our day's work is done, because we work nine hours and are paid for ten, because we are treated as equals when ever occasion is made for any status to be decided upon. They say we spend our nights upon the streets. But where would their prayer meetings and young people's meetings be if it wasn't for the factory girls, for domestics have no time for such things, as master's dinner has to be served at seven and dishes cleaned after? Perhaps if the churches were made more attractive and our wants met as well as they usually are in the factory, the Methodist Ministerial Association would have more to do than to waste their time over hearsay. Perhaps it would be well for them to spend the next session in going through some factory, as we have nothing to hide and are not ashamed of our positions.

Signed by the girls employed at the McCormick Manufacturing Co.

**JUST RIGHT FOR YOU.**

No other cereal food is so widely liked as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. Its flavor pleases everybody. Order a ten-cent package from your grocer today.

**STRATHROY.**

Strathroy, April 9. — The special meetings conducted by Dr. Sam Lutterell in the Baptist Church, are to be continued this week.

Evangelistic meetings are held every evening in the Methodist Church.

Mr. Zavitz, of Wallaceburg, is visiting his brother, N. L. Zavitz.


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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING


SCENE OF HOTEL TRAGEDY IN MONTREAL.

Savoy House, in a room of which three brothers named Chapman were shot, two probably fatally, last week. The brothers broke into the room of Carl Hemman, 'cello player in an opera company, and beat Hemman up, alleging that he had affronted a lady of their acquaintance. Then he secured a revolver and shot all three.


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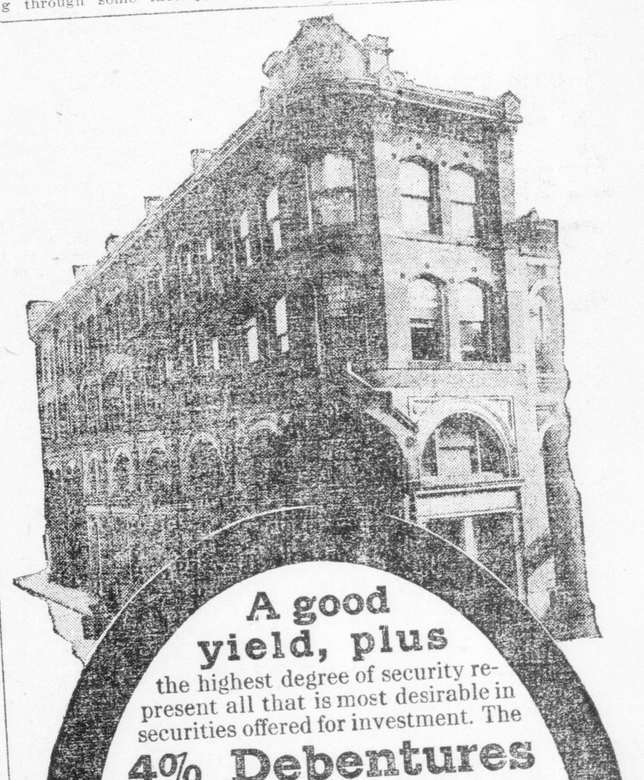

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