

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1907.

NATURE'S OWN GREAT SKIN HEALER.



Ancient Greece and Rome will always be remembered for the fine types of manhood found on their battlefields and in their arenas, but perhaps these manly men themselves will be most remembered because of the valuable custom they bequeathed to later ages of healing sore and injured places on their bodies by the external application of secret balms or salves. The charioteers, gladiators and wrestlers seldom emerged from their contests without some severe bruise or gaping wound; and to anoint each injury carefully with their favorite balm was an indispensable part of the day's programme. If we go back in history we find that this external rubbing has prevailed right from the earliest times and the only explanation of its survival, amidst so many changes in science, seems to lie in the fact that the external use of salves and balms is dictated to us by Nature herself. Our own instinct tells us to rub a part that hurts; and in Zam-Buk the ideal substance to apply to an injured or diseased surface is universally believed to have been found at last. The objection to ointments, salves, liniments and embrocations has hitherto been that they are imperfect in their action and frequently contain quantities of rancid animal fat and mineral products of a harmful nature. Now, Zam-Buk is entirely free from any of these objections. It is compounded from the finest herbal balms and essences and is absolutely devoid of all trace of animal or mineral substance.

Whoever watches the healing of a wound or sore with Zam-Buk is face to face with one of Nature's greatest wonders. The healing process thus set in motion is nothing but a phenomenon of regeneration—a natural process of replacing destroyed tissues by new ones. The anti-septic substances contained in Zam-Buk first attack and kill the microbes or germs that are the cause of inflammation, of disease, and then the healing ingredients proceed to build up new tissue to replace that which has been damaged or lost. New cells appear like a builder extending a new row of houses; the whole of the wounded area is gradually overlapped and soon it is difficult to tell where the injury has been, so perfect and complete is the growth of new skin.

Zam-Buk is a household necessity. For skin disease or injuries in home, factory, field or workshop, Zam-Buk can be confidently recommended as well as for its general efficacy as for its wholesomeness. Its power and purity.

ZAM-BUK CURES

Cuts, burns, bruises, caldés, sore or chapped hands, eczema, disfiguring spots, blood poisoning, encrustations, scabs, obstinate sores, running wounds, inflammation, peeling or scalding skin, scurf, sore-heads and backs, bad leg, erysipelas, piles, psoriasis, scalp diseases, abscesses, boils, ringworm, chilblains, stiffness, etc. Rubbed well on the chest in cases of colds, chills, etc., it gives greatest relief.

Obtainable from all druggists and stores, at 50c. per box, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price, 3 boxes for \$1.50.

Sensational Illustration of ZAM-BUK'S Power. Sailed Round the World Seeking a Cure.

Following are the details of one of the most interesting and, at the same time, most sensational cures of skin disease ever reported and cure again the credit goes to Zam-Buk, the great herbal balm.

Mr. H. Wright, of Trezeves, Cape Breton, is the man. He says:—In August, 1902, while being shaved I sustained a cut on my face just under the left ear. It was then a salver and on the eye of a voyage. Soon after we sailed, blood poison set in and I found that sores were spreading all along the side of my head.

The poison ran along like a creeping ivy plant under the skin and at intervals sending up an ulcer which discharged. I was soon in a terrible state! The steward, and everybody with a knowledge of the medicine chest, tried their best, but the ulcers and sores would not heal.

I tried doctors in New Orleans where we first touched at—no cure. From there to Hamburg, Germany—no cure. Then to North Shields, England—no cure. Back again to Canada, still suffering and trying all sorts of things in vain. I was treated at the leading skin hospitals, but the sores did not close, no matter how treated. From there I went to Cardiff, and while there a friend said, "You can still be cured! Try Zam-Buk!" I hardly believed it possible, but I took a supply of Zam-Buk on board, as we were sailing for Canada that night. The sores were at that time so terribly painful that I could hardly bear to touch them. I anointed them with Zam-Buk and kept on applying it regularly.

In a few days the sores showed signs of healing. Zam-Buk seemed to take out all the severe skin poison. By the time we reached Montreal, to my amazement and delight, every one of the sores were closed. Today my skin is sound and healthy. I am cured completely and I owe it to Zam-Buk. I am therefore, enthusiastic in my praise of this great balm.

TEST ZAM-BUK AT OUR COST.

A good thing pleads its own case, and we are willing to let you try Zam-Buk first at our expense because once used you will always keep it in the house. Send this coupon and 1c. stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and free trial box will be mailed you.

St. John Evening Times, October 1st, 1907.



"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOEMES

(Continued)

"How do you know, mother?"

"He mentioned, dear, that he would be coming."

"But why, after all, every day?"

"Is that displeasing to you, dear?"

"It seems superfluous."

"That compels me to suggest to you, Vi, that the coming today is of some special importance."

"And why, pray?"

"Can you not guess?"

The girl stood up; she walked restlessly to the window and back before she cried: "Mother! mother! Have you not had experience enough of the curse of men? Her great eyes rested gloomily on the older woman's face. There was a beautiful hereditary mark in the pair, but seldom have more diverse souls been pent within similar tabernacles."

"Don't speak so recklessly, dear," said the old lady. "You had the best of fathers. There are good men, too, in the world, and when a man is good, he is better than any woman."

"It may be so, God knows. I hope it is so. But is Mr. Van Hupfeldt one of these fabulous beings?" It has not struck me."

"These Violet, don't imagine that I desire to influence you in the slightest degree," said Mrs. Mordaunt. "I merely wish to hint to you what, in fact, you can't be blind to, that Mr. Van Hupfeldt's inclinations are fixed on you, and that he will probably give expression to them today. On Saturday he approached me on the subject, beseeching me with great warmth to hold out to him hopes which, of course, I could not hold out, yet which I did not feel authorized wholly to destroy. At any rate, I was persuaded upon to promise him a fair field for his enterprise today."

"Oh, mother! Really, this is irritating of you!" cried Violet, letting fall with a clatter a spoon she had lifted off the table.

"But I don't see it. Why so?"

"It sounds so light-minded, at your years!"

"As if I was one of the two parties concerned!" laughed Mrs. Mordaunt with a certain maternal complacency. She knew, or thought she knew, her wayward daughter. With a little tact the most suitable marriage could be arranged.

"No," admitted Violet, angry at the weakness of her defense. "but you allow yourself to be drawn into having a hand in what is called a love-affair because it is an event, and it was not fair to Mr. Van Hupfeldt, since you knew quite well beforehand what would be the result."

"Well, well," purred Mrs. Mordaunt good-humoredly, looking down to stroke the top of her lap, a nervous little animal which one might have wrapped in

a handkerchief. "I will say no more. If the thought of allowing myself to be held up to you has occurred to me, you understand for whose good I gave it a moment's entertainment. Marriage, of course, is a change of life, and for girls whose minds have been overshadowed by sorrow, it may not be altogether a bad thing."

"But there is usually some selection in the matter, I think, some pretence of preference for one above others. Just marriage by itself hardly seems a goal."

"Yes, love is good, dear—more knows better than I—but better marriage without love, than love without marriage," muttered Mrs. Mordaunt, suddenly shaken.

"And better still life with neither, it seems to me; and best of all, the end of life, and goodbye to it all, mother."

"Vi, Vi sh-h-h, dear!" Mrs. Mordaunt was so genuinely shocked that her daughter swung the talk back into its personal channel.

"Still, I will not see this man. Tell him when he comes that I will not see him. He has held out to me hopes which he has done nothing to fulfil."

"What hopes, dear?"

"You may be well know; hopes as to—Gwen, then."

"Twice he has hinted to me that he knows some one who knew the man named Straus; that he would succeed in finding the Straus; that all was quite, quite well; and that he did not despair of finding the trace of the whereabouts of the child. He had no right to say such things, if he had not some real grounds for believing that he would do as he hinted. It is two months ago now since he last spoke in this way down at Rigsworth, and he has not referred to it since, though he has several times been alone with me. I believe that he only said it because he fancied that whatever man held out such hopes to me would be likely to find me pliant to his wishes. I won't see him today."

"Oh, he said that, did he—that all was quite well, that he might be able to find . . . But he must have meant it, since he said it."

"I doubt now that he meant it. Who knows where he is not in league with the enemies of her who was cast helpless to the wolves—"

"Escape your lips! Mr. Van Hupfeldt—a man of standing and position, presented to us by Lord Vanstone, and moving in the highest circles! Oh, beware, dear, lest sorrow warp the gentler instincts of your nature, and by the sadness of the countenance the heart be not made better! Grief is evil, then, indeed when it does not win us into a sweeter mood of charity. I fear, Vi, that you have lost something of your old amiableness since the blow."

"Forgive me, darling!" sobbed Violet, dropping quickly by the side of her mother's chair, with her eyes swimming.

"It has gone deep, this wild wrong. Forgive, forgive! I wish to feel and do right; but I can't. It is the fault of the iron world."

"No, don't cry sweet," murmured Mrs. Mordaunt, kissing her forehead. "It will come right. We must repress all feelings of rebellion and rancour, and pray often, and in the end your good heart will find its way back to its natural sweetness and peace. I myself too frequently give way, and in the end your good heart will pass so insensibly away. We must bear up, and wait and wait, till 'harsh grief pass in time into far music,' as for Mr. Van Hupfeldt, there seems no reason why you

should see him, if you do not wish. But and prone to jump to conclusions. As we grow older we acquire a certain habit of second thoughts. In this instance, no doubt you are right; he could have had no other motive—unless I suppose that there is no one else from whom the note may possibly have come."

At this question Violet stood startled for a moment, panting a little, and somewhat low throated the house. My eyes are gone and I have not had a return of the old trouble since. I wish also to say that "Gin Pills" gave me the first painless passage of urine I had in two years.

JOHN DERRAGH, Winnipeg.

How about you? Haven't you suffered enough without going all over it again this winter? Get Gin Pills now—and cure yourself at home. Mention this paper and we will send you a free sample to try. The Dole Drug Co., Winnipeg. Only 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. 87

It was reported yesterday that the Montreal Colored Cotton Company, which recently acquired the Gibson Mills at St. Mary's, were negotiating for the Cornwall and York mills in St. John. Col. George West Jones, president of the local company, when asked last evening as to that rumor to the same effect were frequently brought to his notice, but were without foundation as the local mills were not for sale.

The Portland Y. M. C. A. opened their gymnasium for the winter last evening by a good basket ball game, the first of the season. The new building has been tastefully repaired and is much improved. The boys are planning a big season's work along athletic lines and judging from last night's play, basket ball has not been forgotten.

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A MODEL IN SKIBO SERGE.

Paris is putting forward fancy mixtures for simple and somewhat dressy tailormades. Among the best of these is a skibo serge, which is a serge weave in Scotch effect, a mélange brown with an invisible stripe or plaid running through it. The illustration is one of the best tailored effects that has come through the customs this fall. The skirt is a simple serge, trimmed about the bottom with braid, each section's trimming being run separately and extending up on the seam a distance of six to twelve inches. The coat is exceptionally smart, the skirt pieces cut with a rather sharp flare, the body portion buttoning over to the waistline is slightly cut away. The braid trimming is cleverly introduced on the coat. The sleeves are seven-eighths length pleated into a deep cuff effect and there is a narrow collar and cuff facing of cream colored broadcloth. The two styles of buttons, a fancy metal button and a black crocheted button assist in the trimming scheme. The color of this model is a dark leaf green. Worn with it is a

grey felt hat with a wide brim and a flat crown the brim turned up in front quite abruptly and toward the edge is a huge soft bow of velvet and a fancy grey quill feather.

The Chamberlain Did a Record Business

For the last day but one on which the 5 per cent discount is granted the Chamberlain's department did a record business yesterday. The total amount paid in was \$94,136.08, being nearly \$40,000 more than on the same day last year. No payments were made after 11 p. m. Since Aug. 6, when the assessment was issued, a total of \$28,610.48 has been received, which is about \$20,000 more than last year's figures.

The total assessment is \$575,000, so that nearly half has already been accounted for. On Oct. 1 last year \$135,000 was paid in by thirty taxpayers anxious to avail themselves of the discount. The office will be open until midnight.

Store open till 8 p. m. Sept. 30, 1907

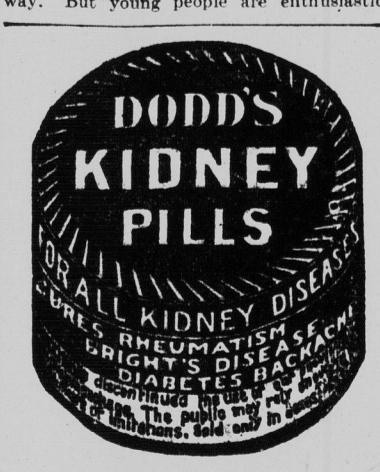
Another Great Monday and Tuesday Sale of Clothing and Underwear.

Men's Black Melton Overcoats Regular \$7.50 Value, now \$5.60

Men's Hewson Tweed Suits Regular \$12 value, now \$9.98

Men's Underwear From 48c. to \$1.75

UNION CLOTHING CO. 26 and 28 Charlotte Street. (Old Y. M. C. A. Building.) ALEX. CORBET, Manager



Free from Alcohol

Since May, 1906, AYER'S Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alternative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best, always. This is our advice. We have no secrets! We publish the formulae of all our preparations. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.