


HEAD, ARMS AND LEGS COVERED WITH ECZEMA



Mrs. L. Elliott, of 41 Henry St., St. Catharines, Ont., says: "My little daughter Gladys, 4 years of age, was badly troubled from infancy with eczema on the back of her head, under her hair, the joints of her arms and on the back of her legs. This terrible disease first broke out on the side of her head in the form of a red rash and pimples which, if rubbed or scratched, sent forth a watery substance, and which later spread to the back of her head, joints of her arms and back of limbs. This proved a rather obstinate case and the child suffered intensely from itching and pain and was very restless and peevish. We tried all kinds of preparations, soaps, etc., but failed to bring about a cure. At last a friend who had been using Zam-Buk for small sores and wounds gave me a portion of her box to try. This seemed so good and showed such an improvement so I bought a supply, and through perseverance in using, the disease was soon checked and finally cured. I feel very grateful for the cure Zam-Buk has brought about."

LITTLE GLADYS ELLIOTT.
Zam-Buk cures cuts, burns, chapped hands, cold sores, itch, ulcers, eczema, running sores, catarrh, piles, bad legs, abscesses and all diseases of the skin. Of all druggists and stores, etc., or post-paid upon receipt of price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Good also for rheumatism, neuritis, etc., when well rubbed in.

Zam-Buk

FREE BOX.
Cut out this coupon and send with 10c stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for daily free sample box. 45c

Our Scotch Corner

A Fellow-Feeling.
A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over-feeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with an impassioned cry, "Oh, doggie, doggie, and div ye live wi' your uncle tae, that ye are sae thin!"

A Paribus Compliment.
In the parish of Urr, Dumfriesshire, on one of those great sacramental occasions more customary in the days of our forefathers, than now, some of the assistants invited were eminent ministers in Edinburgh. Dr. Scott, of St. Michael's, Dumfries, was the only local one who was asked, and he was, in his own sphere, very popular as a preacher. A brother clergyman, complimenting him upon the honor of being so invited, the old bald-headed divine modestly replied, "Gude bless you, man, what can I do? They are a' han' wailed this time; I need never show face among them. 'Ye're quite mistaken'—he was the soothing encouragement, "tak' your Resurrection (a well-known service used for such occasions by him), an' I'll lay my lug ye'll beat every clute o' them." The doctor did as suggested, and exerted himself to the utmost, and it appears he did not exert himself in vain. A batch of old women on their way home after the conclusion of the services, were overheard discussing the merits of the several preachers who had that day addressed them from the text. "Leeze me abune a'," said one of the company, who had waxed warm in the discussion, "for you could clear-headed (bald) man that said, 'Raphael sings an' Gabriel strikes his golden harp, an' the angels call their wings wi' joy.' O but it was gran' it put me in min' o' our gaeze at Dumfries when they can turn their necks to the south an' their wings when they see the rain's comin' after lang drooth."

A Gran' Balance.
The Rev. Wattie Dunlop, as he was familiarly called, was one day having tea with one of his parishioners, and kept incessantly praising the "haam," and stating that "Mrs. Dunlop at home was as fond o' haam like that, as I was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of a ham. "It's unco kin' o' ye, unco kin', but I'll nae pit ye to the trouble; I'll just tak' it home on the horse afore me." When on leaving, he mounted, and the ham was put into a sack, some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. His inventive genius soon cut the Gordian-knot. "I think, mistress, a cheese in the ether en' wad mak' a gran' balance." The hint was immediately acted on, and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

Norman Macleod.
A Glasgow dissenting minister was once asked to come to a house in the High street, and pray with a man who was thought to be at the point of death. He knew by the name and address given that the people were not connected with his congregation. Still, he went off at once, as desired. When he had read and prayed—having previously noted how tidy everything looked about the room, and being puzzled by the thought of a family of such respectable appearance having no church connection—he turned to the wife and mother of the household,

and asked if they were not connected with any Christian body in the city. "Oh, ay," she replied, "we're members o' the Barony." "You are members o' the Barony. Then why didn't you call in Dr. Macleod to pray for your husband, instead of sending for me?" "Oh, sir," exclaimed the matron, with uplifted hands, "it's a dangerous case o' typhus, an' we wadna think o' riskin' Norman!"

A Suitable Chaplain.
For many years the Baptist community of Dumfries was presided over by brothers David Dewar and James Inglis. Brother David was a plain, honest, straightforward man, who never hesitated to express his convictions, however unpopular they might be. In 1880, being elected a member of the Prison Board, he was called upon to give his vote in the choice of a chaplain from the licentiates of the Established Kirk. The party who had gained the confidence of the Board had proved rather an indifferent preacher in a charge to which he had previously been appointed; and on David being asked to signify his assent to the choice of the Board, he said, "Weel, I've no objections to the man, for I understand he has preached a kirk toon (empty) already, and if he be as successful in the jail, he'll maybe preach it vacant as weel."

Bannockburn.
A splenic Englishman said to a Scottish peasant, something of a wag, that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the other, Scotch, replied, "Tastes differ; I've tak' ye to a place, no' far frae Stirling, whaur thirty thousand o' yer countrymen has been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet."

Mending Their Ways.
The Rev. Mr. M. of Bathgate, came up to a street-pavior one day, and addressed him. "Eh, John, what's this you're at?" "Oh! I'm mending the ways o' Bathgate." "Ah, John, I've long been tryin' to mend the ways o' Bathgate, an' they're no' soeol yet." "Weel, Mr. M., if you had tried my plan, and come down to your knees, ye wad maybe ha' come mair speed!"

Longevity.
John Gordon, who died near Turf, Aberdeenshire, early in the century, attained the remarkable age of 132 years. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighboring inn of Turf were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs. Wallace, to the cottage of the patriarch, where they would see (she used to say) the oldest man in Aberdeenshire—ay, or in the world. Among the visitors, one day about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable-looking man employed in knitting hose with, "So, my old friend, can you come to knit at your advanced period of life?" One hundred and thirty-two, it truly a rare age. "Deil's F the man, it will be my grandfather ye're seeking—I'm only seventy-three—ye'll find him round the corner o' the house." On turning round the corner the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man; I doubt not but you have experienced some very long life." The course of your very long life, "What's your will, sir," inquired the

person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "Oh, ye'll be wanting my father, I reckon—he's i' the yaard there." The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busied engaged in digging potatoes, and humming the ballad of the "Battle of Harlaw." "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you, indeed they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one at your advanced age." "It is," replied John, "but I'm thankful that I'm able for't, as the laddies, pur things, are no vera stout now."

A Cheerful Prospect.
A lady advanced in age and in a declining state of health, went, by the advice of the physician, Dr. Hunter (who relates the anecdote), to take lodgings in a village near the metropolis. She agreed for a suite of rooms, and coming down stairs observed that the balustrades were much out of repair. "These," said the physician, "are the balustrades. I can think of coming to live here." "Oh, no, madam," replied the landlady, "that would answer no purpose, as the undertaker's men in bringing down the coffin would break them again immediately."

Refusing Notice to Quit.
Mr. Erskine, of Dun, had an old retainer, under whose language and unreasonable assumption he had long groaned. He had almost determined to bear it no longer, when, walking out with his man, on crossing a field, the master exclaimed, "There's a hare." Andrew looked at the place, and, crossing the field, he said, "What a big lee, it's a canny." The master, quite angry now, plainly told the domestic that they must part. But the tried servant of forty years, not dreaming of the possibility of his dismissal, innocently asked, "Ay, sir, where ye gaun?" "I'm sure ye're best at home." An example of a similar fixedness of tenure in an old servant was afforded in an anecdote of an old coachman long in the service of a noble lady, and who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last the lady fairly gave him notice to quit, and told him he must go. The only satisfaction she got was the quiet answer, "Na, na, my lady; I drive ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial."

Wull Soiers.
There was a certain "Daft Wull Soiers," who was a privileged haunter of Eglinton Castle and grounds. He was discovered by the Earl one day taking a near cut and crossing a fence in the demesne. The Earl called out, "Come back, sir, that's not the road." "Do ye ken," said Wull, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replied his lordship. "Weel, hoo the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

MOTHERS FEE SAFE WITH BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Mother's Own Tablets say that they feel safe when they have this medicine in the house, as they are a never-failing cure for the ills of babyhood and childhood. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate. It is always safe. Good for the new born babe or well grown child. Mrs. Alfred Suddard, Haldimand, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation, vomiting and restlessness, and have found them a splendid medicine. In my experience, one or two tablets can equal the Tablets for little ones. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

HOUSE WITHOUT A CHIMNEY.

A house of concrete!
A house without a chimney!
A house with plenty of artificial light and heat yet without a bit of fire. No coal; no ashes; no soot; no dangerous gases.
Such is the ideal Twentieth-Century Home which Mr. F. M. Sinsbaugh has just completed for his comfort at Carrollton, Illinois. While this wonderful residence is now the first of its kind in the world, it is, perhaps, a good example of what the average American home will be in a few years from now when both wood and coal have become too expensive for common use. Wood is now too scarce and high in price for common building material and the time is already here when, for economy's sake, architects and contractors are figuring to construct all buildings of steel and concrete. As the supply of coal diminishes the cost is advancing so that everything possible is being done to husband the supply and see that none of the precious stored heat is wasted. Electricity, generated by water power, is even now taking the place of coal as a source of power, and the time is surely coming when it will rank first as a source of heat.

Mr. Sinsbaugh's Model Twentieth-Century Home is 34 x 30 feet, two storeys high, with attic and basement and has eight rooms on the two main floors. While Edison's idea of a concrete house to be poured in one big mould was not carried out, yet the principal building material was concrete. The foundation and walls are of concrete blocks. The concrete was mixed and moulded into the building blocks as required. There was not waste of building material. The floors are of wood and the interior is finished in plaster and oak. Such a house requires very little wood. The style of architecture is of the plain, substantial mission type. This idea is carried throughout the interior as well. The building is fronted by a large porch 8 x 32 feet. This concrete and wood finished house cost less than \$3,500.

The interior is roomy and comfortable. On the left of the entrance hall is the parlor, and on the right the library; back of the latter is located the dining room, connected by a pantry to the kitchen. The house is illuminated with electric lights. The chandeliers and lighting fixtures are of hard wood and stained glass, producing a very beautiful effect. Perhaps the most novel feature about this wonderful residence is the fact that it is heated by steam from a central station. There is no noisy, dusty furnace in the basement demanding daily attention, and tender care all the long winter months. Instead, the steam which usually goes to waste about small electric light plants is carried to the house by underground pipes. The steam pipe

Try all the Flaked Corn Foods and then eat for breakfast

KORN-KIKKS

5¢

You will never eat any other corn food. It contains all the nutriment in the choicest white corn combined with barley-malt. A food that makes the blood tingle with new life and energy. Delicious in flavor. Crisp, tasty, snappy. Ready-to-serve. The only Malted Corn Flakes with cream or milk. At your grocer's.

enters the house in the basement and the steam is carried to the rooms just the same as from an ordinary furnace. The rooms are heated with steam radiators. Of course some special arrangement had to be supplied to furnish hot water for the bath room. Near the ceiling in the bath room is located a water tank which is kept constantly hot by a number of small pipes, through which a continuous flow of hot steam is maintained. This tank supplies hot water for the bath and to the wash bowls located in two of the upstairs bedrooms. The house is also wired for electric heat in case anything should happen to the steam heating system.

When it is remembered that there are no fires, about this modern dwelling the visitor begins to wonder how the meals are cooked. No steel range is visible in the neat kitchen, and when the sooty gas stove glares black and threatening from the side walls. The principle articles of furniture seems to be an oak sideboard—or something that looks as though it might be a sideboard with suitable wires and plugs. A turn of a switch and the electric teakettle is singing over the invisible heat. With the same ease the frying pan, cereal cooker, griddle, broiler, vegetable cooker, etc., are making ready to do their share of the work of preparing a meal. Beside the cabinet sits the electric oven wherein the heat is so economized and concentrated that the choicest roast can be prepared in less time than it usually takes to start a slow coal fire. The other electric kitchen devices, including the electric flatiron, are used in the same clean, simple and economical manner. There is no sweating heat in the kitchen, no soot, no ashes, no dirt, no hot fires for ironing days; no lugging of heavy scuttles of coal from the basement.

In fact so easily and conveniently are the meals cooked that the coffee, tea and toast are prepared right on the dining room table. The electric coffee percolator, at the turn of a switch, prepares the coffee while the cereal is being eaten and the toast is ready with the coffee. The cost of cooking the meals by electricity in this home is estimated at less than \$3.50 a month for a family of five persons.

By utilizing the waste steam from the electric light plant the cost of heating the house in cold weather is reduced to a minimum. Besides it saves caring for a dirty furnace and handling coal and ashes. The room

that a furnace and coal bin ordinarily take up can be used for other purposes. With special meter rates for electric heating the cost of cooking the various meals is no more than it would be if coal or gas was used and the cleanliness, convenience and healthfulness of electricity is worth more than money can buy.

The greatest inventor and genius in the world has predicted that the house of the near future will be made entirely of concrete, cast in a mould. Scientists have predicted that the home of the future will have no chimney or fire. These ideas are all incorporated in Mr. Sinsbaugh's Twentieth-Century Home.

THE BEAUTY AGE.

Romance Has No Visible Part in Milady's Latest Locket.

An absolutely plain round gold locket is one of the most popular presents of the moment. It is not large; all personal odds and ends, such as chain trinkets, watches and chateaux are noticeably smaller now than formerly.

Do not imagine, either, that there is a romantic element in the gift. It is not intended to carry a photograph or miniature, neither have our elegants returned to the old-fashioned plan of wearing a lock of beloved hair in such an ornament.

Nothing more exalted than feminine vanity is to be gratified by this innocent-looking little trinket, when opened will be found to contain the tiniest of powder puffs, a perfectly adequate affair, though so small, and a mirror of like limited but practical dimensions. The locket is worn dangling from the long neck-chain, or is fastened with a fob safety pin at the waist.

The Bane of the Race.
The one disease that destroys thousands is constipation. Cure it now, today—this you can do with Dr. Hamilton's pills, easy to take, no gripe, sure relief. Try Dr. Hamilton's pills yourself, 25c per box.

Busy Fire Fighters.
An alarm of fire was given about 7 o'clock Monday morning. It was soon learned that the fire was at the home of Fred Manlove, in the First ward. There are no less than five Manlove families in town and all of them were visited in the confusion following the giving of the alarm—Fairfield Republican.

The test of time has only served to strengthen the public confidence in "Salsola" tea. The tea that quality made famous. Sold by grocers everywhere in the Dominion in sealed lead packets only; never sold in bulk.

The Daily Fashion Hint.



Blue pongee trimmed with black silk and vest of white linen, hat in black with pompadour ribbon.

Fun for Times Readers

Additional Particulars.
Marco Bozzaris was cheering his band. "Strike, till the last armed foe expires! Strike, for your altars and your fires!" "Strike, till the last armed foe expires!" "Strike for the green graves of your sires!" "Out!" yelled the rooters. A few minutes later, as the publisher score attests, Marco himself, after making a hit that cleared the bases and won the game, died gloriously at the home plate.

Everything Lovely.
"What is it that ails the politics of your city?" asked the intelligent foreigner, who was investigating conditions in New York. "Alas! It's Nothing," answered the Tammanyite, astonished at the question. "Ain't we on top? By George, sir, we've got the dinky reformers right where we want them!"



AN EXCEPTION.
Evelyn—Some of our proverbs are so ridiculous. For instance, "Where ignorance is bliss." Ethel—What's the matter now? Evelyn—Why, you know, Fred gave me an engagement ring last week, and I simply can't find out how much it cost him.

Shop Talk Barred.
Friend (at wedding)—Where are you going to spend your honeymoon, dear? Blushing Bride—"Sir! You mustn't let my husband hear you ask that question. Don't you know he's a beekeeper?"

Applying the Final Test.
"Doctor," asked the patient, whose eyes had been undergoing treatment for a period of six months or more, "do you think they're all right now?" "Yes," said the oculist; "I think I can assure you, Mr. Pinchnick, that your eyes are cured. But there is one more test I should like to apply. See if you can read that at a distance of twelve or fourteen inches without blinking." Whereupon he laid his bill before him.

Literature's Narrow Escape.
With the fire of genius flashing in his eye, Riemzi raised his voice, and his magnificent exordium rang out: "I come not here to talk—" "The hook! The hook!" yelled the galleries. "He didn't come here to talk, and he's talking. Give him the hook!" Instantly the long handled implement shot out from the wings and Riemzi, howling and protesting, was jerked from the stage.

Later, however, he secured leave to print, and his address, as every school-boy knows was given to the public in full.

Promising Outlook.
"It's a curious fact," observed the doctor, "that the Japanese are trying to increase their stature. They find that

REFRIGERATING TABLOIDS.
Sterilization Plays an Important Part in Preserving Process.

A means of preserving perishable and delicate foodstuffs by means of refrigerating tabloids was recently described in the scientific section of The Record and many inquiries regarding the process have since been received. Though these tabloids are a substitute for ice, the process is not so much one of refrigeration as sterilization. It is, however, a certain means of preservation, since the edibles to be safeguarded have their surfaces impregnated with sterilizing fumes arising from the combustion of a patent carbon pastille in an air-tight chamber.

The scope of the idea, which is already in extensive use on the Continent of Europe, is to afford a cheaper, handier, and more hygienic method of protecting perishable and delicate foodstuffs than that afforded by the use of ice. It is asserted, with apparent truth, that the fumes which constitute the sterilizing agent exercise no deleterious effects whatever upon the meat, vegetables, fruit or liquids they are intended to preserve. And added to the economy of space and labor attained by the use of the tabloids, there is a great saving in cost.

Very Quarrelsome Neighbors.
Names of the parties are Corns and Toes; both were unhappy till the trouble was mediated by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Any corn goes out of business in 24 hours if "Putnam's" is applied. Try it.

The Cynical Bachelor rises to remark that married life is frequently one grand, sweet song; but with the husband playing the accompaniment. Wigwag—So you admit that there was one time in your life when you really wanted the earth. Wigwag—Yes; when I was seasick, a thousand miles from land.

their bodies are long enough and they are making a systematic effort now to increase the length of their legs. "Yes," said the professor; "I see that the mikado is pulling their legs for a bigger navy."

If Anybody Should Ask.
Archie—Pahdon me, but did you evah notice what laige feet Mr. Stockman has? Miss Capsicum—I think I've never noticed that—but I have observed that he wears a man's size hat.

A Circus Wish.
A potato I would wish to be. On one day of the year, And if you like I'll tell you why, For you must think it queer.

Cause and Effect.
First Coad—Ever notice how gran' Prof. McGoozle always is? Second Coad—Yes, but there's nothing strange about that. He does all his thinking in the dead languages.

A Terrible Mishap.
"An awful accident happened at our house last night." "What was it, for goodness sake?" "Ma's house cleaning, and so she served supper in the kitchen. Pa got a hold of a dish of soft soap, and thought it was jelly, and now ma ain't speaking to him at all."

What Hurts.
"I hate to call on a girl," said Tom, "who can't do anything but indulge in small talk." "Yes," replied the wise Dick, "especially if what she has to say is a very short 'no.'"—Washington Herald.

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