

PILES

Nothing known to Science is better for this painful ailment than Zam-Buk. It reduces inflammation, stops bleeding, ends the agony. Easily applied and cleanly. Why go on suffering? Why not try it? Read the following cures.

Some Proofs of Zam-Buk's Power.

MR. THOMAS J. HOGAN, Champion Clog Dancer of Canada, 115 1/2 Champlain Street, Montreal, writes:—
"For some time past I have been troubled with Piles, but this year I suffered so much that I was obliged to cancel a number of engagements. I tried all the so-called remedies that were recommended, but they seemed to do me no good. Having been advised to try Zam-Buk, I purchased a fifty-cent box and after applying it a few times I felt marked relief. I continued with the Zam-Buk treatment and the relief was extended into a permanent cure."

M. C. WILLIAM KENTY, of Upper Nine Mile River, Hants Co., N. S., says:—
"I suffered terribly from Piles, the pain at times being almost unbearable. I tried various ointments, but all failed to do me the slightest good. I was tired of trying remedies when I heard of Zam-Buk. I thought it as a last resource I would give this a trial. I procured a supply, and after a very short time Zam-Buk effected what several other ointments and medicines had failed to effect—a complete cure."

Zam-Buk also cures ECZEMA, BLOOD POISON, ULCERS, COLD SORES, CRAPPED HANDS, SCALP SORES, CUTS, FURUNCS, BRUISES, EGGS AND ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS AND DISTASTES. All druggists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, post free for price. Refuse harmful substitutes.

FREE BOX

Send this coupon, name of paper, and its stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and receive trial box.



Address all applications for samples and retail orders to T. MURDOCH & CO., St. John's, Nfld.

ALL FOR RICHES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A QUIET HOME.

With the ready tact of race, Jane had adapted herself to the kitchen work, and a bright coal fire glowed in the stove. Hot tea stood on the table, and a covered dish filled with delicious toast formed a nice repast. After tea Jane washed the dishes and made tidy the kitchen, while the brother and sister went into the sitting room to attempt something for Minnie.

"We will first get her some hot tea, and then cover her with blankets until she perspires," said Christopher, with the air of a physician.

Minnie was put into bed, thoroughly dosed with herb tea, and the blankets piled upon the bed until she perspired profusely.

After that she slept, and her breathing became more soft and regular.

"There's nothing like taking a fever in season," said the lawyer contentedly.

"Now, you go to bed, Christy, and I'll stay up," urged Mrs. Grant.

"Now, I'll tell you how it is: I'm confounded sleepy, but I haven't the heart to go to a night's rest and leave you setting up. I'll share the watch with you, sis," replied the brother.

"No, no, you go to bed at once, Jane will sleep upon the lounge down in the sitting room and attend to the

baby, and I will draw this deep chair before the fire and be ready to awake at the first motion of my patient. Go now, before you awake her," interrupted Mrs. Grant.

"What if you insist upon it, I suppose I must."

She smiled, and before the reply that came to her lips was uttered, a ring at the doorbell.

Mrs. Grant entered the sitting room while her brother answered the summons at the door.

The newcomer was an old man with long white hair and bent form. He stepped into the entry when the door was closed, and looking cautiously around him, asked:

"Are we all alone?"

"What do you want at this time of night, sir, and why do you come into my house in this abrupt manner?" indignantly asked the lawyer.

A few whispered words sent the young lawyer, pale and weak, staggering against the wall.

"That's so. An' if you don't believe me come to my house and see for yourself!" exclaimed the man, in a low tone.

"Can it be possible? Can it be? Wait here a few moments and I'll go with you," returned the lawyer.

"I'd rather come in where it is warm. I have rode a long way in the cold," replied the old man.

"I ask pardon. Your extraordinary news has completely upset me. Come into the sitting room, where a good fire will warm you up a little."

They entered the sitting room, and Mrs. Grant gave a quick start as she saw the face of the old man. She had evidently met this man before, although he did not recognize her. "Cannot you give this man a cup of hot tea and a bite of something to eat?" asked Lawyer Mellen of his sister.

Jane arose to obey the request, and as soon as she had left the room, Lawyer Mellen said:

"This is Mrs. Grant, Major Grant's widow, Mr. Lowe."

Mrs. Grant bowed, and the old man looked curiously at her from under his long, shaggy eyebrows. Then he turned an inquiring glance upon the lawyer, who shook his head.

In another moment Jane entered the room with a tray upon which a cup of hot tea, a plate of cold ham, and another of biscuits stood.

The stranger partook of this with a relish, and by the time that he had finished the repast, Lawyer Mellen stood ready to go with him.

"I am called away upon urgent business, and I may not return until to-morrow, if I Minnie is no better in the morning send for Dr. Gladdell at once. Do not mention my absence to-night. Good night, sister. I may have good news for you when I return," he added meaningly.

His tone of voice and the glad, hopeful light in his eyes sent a thrill of joyful apprehension to the weary heart of Mrs. Grant.

"What could he have meant?" she said, after she had closed and locked the front door.

"My dear mistress, I can read all this at a glance. Mr. Mellen has been taking steps to gain possession of your little boy. I mean the one that Mrs. Whitney gave you and then took away again. Depend upon it, he will return with that child. How easy for him to send a man to the house at Laurel Glade. This man would climb in at a window, secure the child, and take it to some safe place. Then he would come to the lawyer and tell him that the boy was safe, and the lawyer would go away with him. To-morrow morning your brother will return with your child. It is one great stroke of policy. One great triumph. Let me congratulate you upon regaining your boy!" cried the excited Frenchwoman.

Mrs. Grant turned suddenly toward her, saying:

"How much of this affair do you know, Jane?"

"I know nothing," protested the maid, clasping her hands and rolling her eyes. "I am as close as the grave, my lady. No secret ever escaped me. When you first went out to me this lawyer I thought you were like many another woman, and he was your lover. But I misjudged you. I could not help learning that he was your brother. I learned, too, that you went to visit your father's death when the carriage left you in New York, but that is all I know."

Mrs. Grant put her hand to her head. It was humiliating to know that so much of her secret was in this woman's possession. She felt that it was better to trust her with the whole than to allow herself to be watched and suspected continually until the whole was discovered by her. So she replied:

"There is a long story connected with this affair, Jane. If I were sure that you would not betray me to the world—"

"Tell me anything, my lady. I am closer than the grave. I may be able to help you."

"The child is my own, Jane, and it was stolen from me when he was but a few days old."

"Holy mother! A woman's own child stolen from her, and nobody willing to restore it to her! My lady, I will walk back from here to Laurel Glade. I will bring your boy to his mother's arms. Poor mother! I could not help hearing you when you were talking with Lawyer Mellen, one day, and from what I heard you say, I knew that the boy was your child. But that was all I heard."

Mrs. Grant remembered hearing a smothered cough when she had been talking in her own room with Christy, about little Frankie, and she readily inferred that Jane had listened. She waited a moment before she asked:

"Is there anything about my history that you do not know? If there is, I may as well tell you all. You will always serve me, I hope, and I shall depend upon your promise to keep my secret."

"I take my solemn oath I will be close as the grave," protested the woman.

"Then you know all?" continued Mrs. Grant.

"All but the time between your leaving the old house in the woods and Major Grant's finding you," was the cool reply.

"I will tell you that, and then there will be no need of your seeking further information. When I left the old house I had money. I went South at once, and took rooms in a hotel in Savannah. A man by the name of St. Clair happened to arrive at the hotel upon the same day, and it was said that he was my brother. I never spoke with him, however. You know the manner in which I was first met by Major Grant?"

"Yes; he saved your life," replied the woman.

"Then you know all?"

"Yes; and I will always keep the secret locked in my breast. None shall learn of me," said Jane, crossing herself.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WITH THE DEAD.

After the body of Major Grant had been put into the tomb and the new mourners had returned home, the old sexton lingered about the place.

There was a feeling of unrest about his heart, and his mind kept reverting to the dampness observed upon the brow of the dead man when the coffin had been screwed down.

At last the old sexton determined to visit the tomb and see for himself if the major was truly dead.

Accordingly, when the night came on, he took his lantern and hiding it under his cloak, repaired to the churchyard.

He saw the floating of a dark form before the white tombstones as he neared the place, and crept cautiously onward, until he stood by the great gates. Following the wall, the sexton felt his way slowly and carefully until he arrived opposite the spot where the tomb stood. Here he paused to listen.

There was surely some person at work upon the heavy iron door. No sound came to the ears of the listener, and no ray of light warned him, but an indescribable something assured him that human hands were busy there.

Suddenly a sharp "click" fell upon his ear. Whether it was the sound of a pistol, or a key in the lock of the outer gate, the man could not determine; but he crept silently over the wall, and as near the tomb as he dared go, for fear of disturbing the intruders, whoever they might be.

When he was within a few yards of the tomb he heard a distinct whisper. It seemed to the excited imagination of the old man to come from the depths of the earth, and it was borne distinctly to his ears.

To be continued.

Lord Lonsdale Offers to Pay.

London, Nov. 9.—Lord Lonsdale has offered to pay the expenses of the defence in the test case to be brought in the Birmingham courts to prevent Jem Driscoll and Owen Moran from fighting for the lightweight championship of England. Summonses have been issued against the two fighters, who are charged with contemplating a breach of the peace.

Cure Your Catarrh Now!

Take it in hand at once. Remember—if you keep on neglecting Catarrh, later on it's sure to mean danger—disease—perhaps Death itself.

It's a horribly loathsome disease—Catarrh. It makes you an object of disgust to your friends—though they're usually too kind to tell you so. As a matter of fact you're hawking and spitting and constant nose-blowing fairly madden them. They turn away nauseated by your foul, fetid breath. Such things hurt you tremendously, not only home but also with outsiders—with people you meet in daily life.

But Catarrh is more than a loathsome trouble—it's a fearfully dangerous one. People make a terrible mistake in seeing "Only Catarrh" in the name of "Only Catarrh"—it's CONSUMPTION if you don't stop it in time. Once the minute, abnormally active and poisonous Catarrh germs get a foothold in the lung, there's no hope whatever for you. You are doomed to a Consumptive's grave—there's no escaping it.

DR. BOVEL'S MENTHOL INHALER removes the cause instead of palliating the symptoms and increasing the abnormal condition of the respiratory and digestive organs.

It will positively and permanently cure most cases in a few weeks. It relieves pain and irritability and in an incredibly short while absorbs and dries up all discharges.

Dr. Bovel's Home Remedies are sold by all dealers. Ask for them. If not obtainable through your dealer within a reasonable time, send 25c (in stamps) to us for any article you require. Bovel Mfg. Co., St. John's, Nfld.

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1st Prize, \$50.00 in Cash - 3rd Prize, \$35.00 in Cash
2nd Prize, \$40.00 in Cash - 4th Prize, \$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes, each \$10.00 in Cash.

Herewith will be found the picture of a stylishly dressed lady. Around her figure are revealed the faces of her eight daughters. Can you find their eight faces? If so, mark the faces with an X. Cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words, "I have found the eight faces and marked them."



Write the above words plainly and neatly, as both writing and neatness will be considered in this contest, in case of ties.

Should you not happen to be a neat writer, point out this advertisement to some friend of yours who can

We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail, telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over One Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of Cash Prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest. Below will be found the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarr'd from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of Prize-Winners in Recent Contests

- | | | | |
|--|---------|--|---------|
| Mrs. W. A. C. Orr, 225 Gannett St., Winnipeg... | \$50.00 | Miss Mary Cochrane, 114 Preston St., Ottawa... | \$50.00 |
| Mrs. E. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke... | 50.00 | Mrs. G. H. Benson, 33 Hargrave St., Winnipeg... | 50.00 |
| Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlemagne, Que... | 50.00 | Mr. Thos. Blakey, 88 Huntley St., Toronto... | 50.00 |
| Mr. Alphonse Drouin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa... | 50.00 | Miss Mary Lamb, 22 Spencer St., St. John's, Nfld... | 50.00 |
| Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arbraska, Que... | 50.00 | Miss E. A. Kennedy, 46 Railway St., Hamilton... | 50.00 |
| Mrs. E. McMillan, 435 Medland St., Toronto... | 50.00 | Mr. Jules Vasconcelles, Goulais River, Ont... | 50.00 |
| Miss I. E. Benjamin, 125 Hughson, Hamilton... | 40.00 | Mrs. E. H. Dunnett, 200 Hughson St., Hamilton... | 50.00 |
| Miss H. C. Powell, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont... | 40.00 | Mr. W. C. Mason, 2475 Hutchinson St., Montreal... | 50.00 |
| Mrs. Andrew Johnson, Box 102, Roblin, Man... | 40.00 | Mrs. H. W. Healey, Box 171, Ingersoll, Ont... | 50.00 |
| Mr. Norman Robinson, Milford Haven, Ont... | 40.00 | Mr. Jno. M. Sullivan, Duckworth St., St. John's, Nfld... | 50.00 |
| Mr. Thos. Humphries, Coopers & Sons, St. John's... | 40.00 | Mr. E. Bugden, Merry Meeting, St. John's, Nfld... | 50.00 |
| Mr. P. A. Ferguson, 223 James Ave., Winnipeg... | 40.00 | Mr. Wm. Sage, 56 Colonial St., St. John's, Nfld... | 50.00 |
| Mrs. J. B. Girouard, 629 Maisonneuve, Montreal... | 35.00 | Mr. John W. Marshall, Ayer & Sons, St. John's... | 50.00 |
| Mrs. A. Ferguson, 39 Stobart Block, Winnipeg... | 35.00 | Miss Bride Power, Freshwater Road, St. John's... | 50.00 |
| Mrs. F. E. Chadwick, 624 Spadina Ave., Toronto... | 35.00 | Mr. Frederick Jacobs, C. O. Knowling, St. John's... | 50.00 |
| Mr. R. B. Strange, 300 Rockland Rd., St. John's, N. B. | 35.00 | Mr. Herbert Mews, Kennies Rd., St. John's... | 50.00 |

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Flower Store Bulletin.

This Week. The Week's Specialty—Fine, Fresh, New Season's Lettuce. Carnations and Chrysanthemums, in great variety.

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