



**ZAM-BUK**  
**SAVED MY**  
**ARM, AND**  
**WOULD HAVE SAVED MY**  
**FINGER IF I HAD USED IT.**

Mr. John Evans of 87 Lawrence St., Halifax, N.S., makes this statement. He says:—“Three years ago I had a sore on my finger, which turned to blood-poisoning. We tried various remedies, but the finger got worse, and we called in a doctor. After two or three days he lanced it, and came every day for three months. My finger and hand were then in a terrible condition. The poison had spread to the palm of the hand, and I was almost frantic with the pain. I called in a second doctor, and after a conference the two doctors decided on an operation. The finger was amputated, but the wound would not heal. The blood poison spread throughout the hand, and along the whole length of my arm. A second operation was performed, and some of the tendons taken out of my hand. Even this did not end the trouble and the wounds left by the operation would not heal. In a short time it was clear that the poison was extending right up my arm, at intervals along which great lumps were raised. This was my condition when I tried Zam-Buk. In three days the pain was reduced so that I could obtain some sleep. Within a fortnight the lumps on my arm had

disappeared. As I continued with the Zam-Buk the open wound on my hand and the stump of my finger began to heal. The doctors all along noted what Zam-Buk was doing, and it was clear to them that Zam-Buk was effecting a cure where their methods had failed. By the time I had used less than a dozen boxes of Zam-Buk my hand was completely healed. I am quite sure Zam-Buk saved my arm.”

**STATEMENT ON OATH**

Mr. Evans has made a sworn statement on oath embodying the above facts before a Commissioner of the Supreme Court.

For all injuries, cuts, burns, &c. and for skin diseases, such as Eczema, Ulcers, Eruptions, use Zam-Buk. Also for Piles. Druggists and Stores, 50c. box or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

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Send this Coupon and 1c. stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and free trial box will be mailed you.

ADDRESS ALL APPLICATIONS FOR SAMPLES AND RETAIL ORDER S TO T. McMurdo, & Co., ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

**Beautiful Cynthia;**

**Victory After Many Defeats.**

CHAPTER X.  
**A FOOL.**

“The dickens I did!” ejaculated Sampson.

“Indeed you did,” said Percy. “But I think you may console yourself with the reflection that no one took any notice; indeed, I doubt whether Mr. Darrel Frayne heard it.”

Sampson heaved a hiccupping sigh and looked somewhat relieved.

“But when you came on here with me,” resumed Percy, “you repeated those threats. You intimated that to use your own words, you or your father held the fortunes of the Fraynes in the hollow of your hand. You said that they were completely ruined, that your father held the mortgages of the estate, and that you could smash them—body and bones.”

I think was your expression—when ever you chose.”

Sampson’s jaw fell; he thrust his clumsy fingers through his red hair until it stood on end, and stared apprehensively at the pale, handsome and now almost stern face opposite him. And he was growing more sober every moment.

“I must have been a fool!” he muttered.

“Most men are, especially when they are drunk,” remarked Percy cynically, and rather to himself than to Sampson. “Now I need scarcely tell you Mr. Burridge, that you have been very indiscreet. I am quite sure that your father, who is a business man, would strongly object to your communicativeness.”

“Rather!” said Sampson, sullenly.

“Quite so. I am not sure that it is not my duty to repeat to Mr. Darrel Frayne what you have said—”

“Here, don’t do that!” protested Sampson hastily.

“Whether I do or do not depends upon you,” said Percy, very gravely. “If I refrain from doing so I must exact a promise from you, Mr. Burridge.”

“What is it?” asked Sampson, with craven eagerness. “I can see I’ve opened my mouth too wide. And to a stranger, too. For—now I’m sober—I’m dashed if I remember you, I don’t believe I’ve ever seen you before. Come to that, who are you?”

“My name is Standish,” said Percy. “I know something of you—but really it doesn’t matter. The point to consider is whether I ought to go to Mr. Frayne and acquaint him with all you have told me.”

“You wouldn’t be so mean?” urged Sampson. “I was half screwed, or I

shouldn’t have said it. When a man’s tight he opens his mouth wide—it’s natural. But I’m sober now, sober as a judge. You wanted me to promise something. What is it?”

Percy leaned forward, inwardly shrinking from the heated, wine-laden breath of his companion.

“I wanted you to promise,” he said impressively, “that you will not call upon Mr. Darrel Frayne, that you will not tell any one what you have told me—”

“You bet your life I don’t!” said Sampson emphatically. “I’ve been an awful fool—I see that now. My governor would be in a fearful way if he knew that I had spouted out all about the Fraynes.”

“So I should imagine,” said Percy sententiously. “Now, Mr. Burridge, we understand each other. Let there be no mistake, please. If you take my advice you will return to Summerleigh, you will keep your mouth shut for the life of him he could not refrain from the coarse taunt, “your conveniently large mouth, closed about the Frayne’s affairs. It will be well if you will drop a hint to your father to the same intent. It is not impossible that I may go down to Summerleigh to see your father. Oh, do not be afraid,” for Sampson’s jaw had fallen again, “I shall not mention your little indiscretion. So far as I am concerned I shall treat your confidences as if they had never been made. You understand? Quite so.”

“I understand,” responded Sampson gratefully, his hand wandering to the champagne bottle, and this time Percy did not stay him. “I’m awfully obliged to you, Mr.— Haven’t got our name yet, I’m mum.”

“Believe me, you had better remain so,” said Percy, gravely.

He took up his opera hat, and, with the courtesy of nods, left the room, the odor and appearance of which had been a torture to his delicate senses.

**CHAPTER XI.**

**PASSION’S SLAVE.**

Darrel and the Northams were fortunate enough to get a box at the Frivolity. It was the only empty one in the huge house, for the Frivolity was doing good business.

Darrel would have much preferred to go home to his rooms, to have smoked a pipe, and to have thought in quiet and solitude of Cynthia. For love was taking full possession of him, and his heart was throbbing with a commingling of emotions, that mixture of hope and fear, of happiness and wistfulness, of the desire to be near the loved one, to listen to her voice, to touch her hand, the sleeve of her dress.

Darrel was young, very young, but the deeper impulses of manhood were stirring within him. It seemed to him that there was no one in the world like her; she was so innocent, so pure and so unaffected, so—true; yes, that was the word—true.

Naturally enough, he compared her

with Lady Alicia, who was leaning back in her chair beside him, so close that her bare, white arm nearly touched his, and he could breathe the subtle perfume of the delicate scent which she alone used.

If he had not met Cynthia again, he might have been moved by the proximity of the beautiful girl who leaned toward him as if unconsciously glancing at him through her long lashes; but Cynthia filled the whole of his horizon; young and inexperienced as he was, he knew that Lady Alicia, notwithstanding her blond and delicate beauty, was compared with Cynthia, as common delf to purest porcelain.

There were moments when he actually forgot the piren at his side. He looked at the stage and watched the gorgeous ballet, in which the Dornmouse was dancing to the frenzied delight of the vast audience.

He could think of nothing but Cynthia; and he forgot the fracas with Sampson Burridge, though the meeting with him had recalled all his old times with Cynthia at Summerleigh.

Who could have guessed that his little playmate, the mischievous tomboy, all legs and wings, would have grown into such a perfect, lovely woman!

The performance at the Frivolity, good and clever as it always is, does not inflict too great a mental strain upon the spectator, and Darrel was free to indulge his reverie.

Lady Alicia scarcely spoke; she knew when to be silent, and Northam was soundly and obviously asleep.

“Is it over?” said Darrel, as the curtain went down for the last time.

“Yes,” said Lady Alicia, with a faint smile. “Awfully good show, isn’t it? Wake Northam, will you? We’ll go and get some supper. That ballet has made me quite hungry.”

They went round to Prince’s, and Darrel to rise to the occasion. He drank two or three glasses of champagne, and succeeded in responding to Lady Alicia’s apparently unforced gaiety. She did her best to fascinate him, and it must be admitted that Lady Alicia’s best in that direction was very good indeed.

She succeeded in enchainning his attention, and provoked him to laughter by some of her sallies, and as they made their way through the still crowded room she wore a radiant smile and the air of a girl full of happiness and contentment, but when she and Northam were alone in the taxicab she dropped back into her corner, the smile left her face, which suddenly grew pale and discontented, and her eyes, as she watched Darrel walking along the pavement, were wistful and moody.

(To be Continued.)

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