

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1910

## BAD LEG FOR 60 Years

OLD LADY'S SENSATIONAL  
TESTIMONY TO ZAM-BUK.

Here is strong proof of how Zam-Buk cures long-standing sores, or chronic wounds. Mrs. J. Minnett, of 192 Thurston Ave., Providence, Rhode Island, says:

"When a child of eight I was bitten on the leg by a dog. The wound never healed up soundly, and I have suffered with an ulcerated leg for over 60 years. At one time, I was an in-patient at the East Suffolk Hospital for a long period, and for three years I was in and out of hospitals with it. I was continually in pain, and the sore would not heal, but continued to discharge.

"Twelve months ago I came out here to my daughter, and as soon as she saw how bad the leg was she sent for a doctor. He gave me some ointment, but it did me no good. Doctors said my leg would never be healed.

"One day my youngest daughter brought home a box of Zam-Buk and induced me to try it. With the first application I seemed to find ease. I kept on with the Zam-Buk treatment, and soon saw that the wound was getting better. I persevered, and to cut a long story short, Zam-Buk healed up the sore! It is marvellous to think that, after suffering for sixty years, Zam-Buk has been able to heal the wound."

Zam-Buk is superior because it is nature's own healer, composed entirely of pure herbal essences. For eczema, ulcers, cold sores, chaps, abscesses, piles, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, rashes, etc., it is unequalled. All druggists and stores 50c box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

### Zam-Buk

EVERY HOME NEEDS IT

## THE WEB OF THE GOLDEN SPIDER

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

Author of "Joan of the Alley," etc.

### CHAPTER VI—(Continued)

"The devil you say," snapped Danbury.

"I did not say it, sir."

"I wanted to take this gentleman in."

"However, we will go to the den."

Danbury led the way through a series of rooms to a smaller room which opened upon the green lawn. It was furnished in mahogany with plenty of large, leather-bottomed chairs and a huge sofa. The walls were decorated with designs of yachts and pictures of dogs. This room evidently was shut off from the main study by the folding doors which were partly concealed by a large tapestry. Danbury poured out a stiff drink of brandy and insisted upon Wilson's swallowing it, which he did after considerable chafing.

"Now," said Danbury, "you lie down while John is getting some clothes together, and I'll just slip into the next room and see what my queer friend wants."

Wilson stretched himself out and gave himself up to the warm influx of life which came with the stimulation from the drink. Found after some time he was to be lifted from his weary legs and clouded from his dulled brain. He would soon be able to go back now. He felt a new need for the sight of her, for the touch of her warm fingers, for the smile of good fellowship from her dark eyes.

In these last few hours he felt that he had grown wonderfully in his intimacy with her and that this was a year ago. Now he learned that his life was not a dream, but a reality.

"Yes, you and your heathen army, and your good English, and your golden idol."

"I object to your use of the word 'heathen,'" the other replied sharply.

Wilson started from his couch, now genuinely interested. But the two had apparently been moving as if in a dream, and the conversation was going on, for their voices died down until they became but a hum.

He fell back again, and before he had time to ponder further Danbury hurried in with a suit of clothes over his arm.

"Here," he cried excitedly, "try on these. I must be off again in a hurry. I didn't mean to keep you waiting so long, but we'll make up the time in the next chapter."

He tossed out a soft felt hat and blue serge suit. Wilson struggled into the clothes. Save the trousers were a bit short, the things fitted well enough. At any rate, he looked more respectable than in a lounging robe. The latter he cast aside as he did so something fell from it. It was a roll of parchment. Wilson had forgotten all about it, and now thrust it in an inside pocket. He would give it back to Sorez, for very possibly it was of some value. He had not thought of it since it had rolled out of the hollow image. Danbury led the way out the door as soon as Wilson had finished dressing. The latter felt in one of the vest pockets and drew out a ten dollar bill. He started from Danbury to the money.

"Tuck it away, man, tuck it away," said Danbury. "I can't tell you."

"Don't. Don't want to hear it. By the way, you'd better make a note of the location of this house in case you need to find me again. Three hundred and forty Bellevue, remember it? Here, take my card and write it down."

It took them twenty minutes to reach the foot of Beacon street, and here Wilson asked him to stop.

"I've got to begin my hunt from here. I wish I could make you understand how more than grateful I am."

"Don't waste the time. Here's wishing you luck and let me know how you come out, will you?"

He rushed forth his hand and Wilson grasped it.

"Well, along, old man. Good luck again."

He spoke to the chauffeur. In less than a minute Wilson was alone again on the street where he had stood the night before.

CHAPTER VII.

The Game Continues.

It was almost dark, which made night hours since Wilson was carried out on the house. He had less than four hours

voice of the other. There was some quality in it that made him start. He could not analyze it, but it had a haunting note as though it went back somewhere in his own past. It made him—without any intention—overbearing the burden of the talk—sit up and listen. It was decidedly the voice of an older man—perhaps a foreigner. But, if things were so, a foreigner who had lived long in this country, for the accent consisted of a scarcely perceptible blur. He spoke very slowly and with a cold deliberation that was unpleasant. It was a judge might pronounce sentence of death. It was unemotional and forbidding. Yet there were little catches in it that reminded Wilson of some other voice which he could not place.

"My friend," came the voice more distinctly, as though the voice had risen and now faced the closed doors between the two rooms, "my friend, the interests of these are truly different from yours; you serve sentiment; I, justice and revenge. Yet we shall each receive our reward in the same battle." He paused a moment. Then he added:

"A bit odd, isn't it, that such interests as yours and mine should focus at a point ten thousand miles from here?"

"Odd? It's weird! But I'm getting used to such things. I picked up a chap this morning whose name I wouldn't have believed a year ago. Now I've learned that most anything is possible—even you."

"Yes, you and your heathen army, and your good English, and your golden idol."

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deep and only the slight nourishment he had received at the hospital since he and the girl dined at midnight, yet he was now fairly strong. His head felt sore and bruised, but the pain of the blinding ache which so weakened him in the morning. An auster life together with the rugged constitution he inherited from his Puritan ancestors was now standing him in good stead. He turned into the narrow street which ran along the water front, the rear of the Beacon Street house and began his search for the gate which had admitted him to so many unforeseen complications. The river which had raged so furiously in the dark was now as mild and blue as the sky above. A few clouds, all that were left of the threatening storm of the morning, scudded before a westerly breeze. It was a fair June day—every house flooded with sunshine until, however humble, it looked for the moment like a sultan's palace. The path before him was no longer a blind alley leading from danger into danger.

He found that nearly a third of the houses were closed for the summer, and that of these at least one half had small doors leading into fenced courtyards in the rear. There was not a single mark by which he might identify that one which he had battered down. He had only forced the lock so that the door when held closed again would show no sign of having been touched. The path before him was no longer a blind alley leading from danger into danger.

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