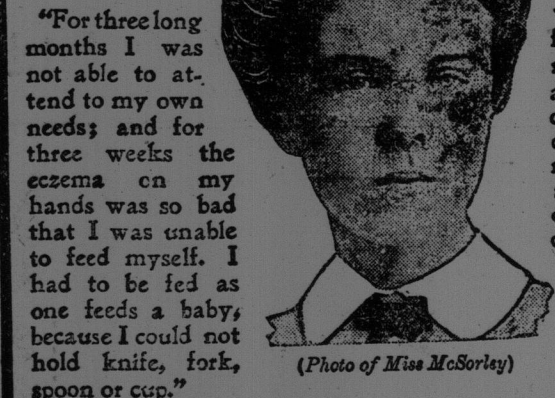


SIX

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16 1910

ECZEMA



"For three long months I was not able to attend to my own needs, and for three weeks the eczema on my hands was so bad that I was unable to feed myself. I had to be fed as one feeds a baby, because I could not hold knife, fork, spoon or cup."

were soon in a foul condition, and my finger nails, all except two, fell off. During the different stages of my trouble, I sought the advice of three different doctors and received treatment, but although getting slight relief at first, there was no cure. Amputation was at one time thought necessary, but the timely introduction of Zam-Buk prevented this fearful ending.

"Zam-Buk was recommended by a friend and we bought a supply. The first few applications gave me a little ease, but it was not until I had continued with it for some time that I felt a decided improvement. After that my cure went on quickly. Zam-Buk did what everything else had failed to do. Now my hands and arms are quite freed from the terrible eczema."

HOW ZAM-BUK IS SUPERIOR

Zam-Buk is entirely different to other balms, and as superior as it is different. Most balms are nine-tenths animal oil or fat. Zam-Buk has a trace of animal fat in it. Most balms contain mineral coloring matter. Zam-Buk is absolutely white. Many balms contain poisonous ingredients. Zam-Buk does not. Zam-Buk is actually more powerful antiseptic than carbolic acid. Yes it does, instead of causing smarting when put on a wound.

ZAM-BUK'S MANY USES

Zam-Buk heals more quickly than any other known preparation: eczema, ulcers, piles, bad leg, rashes, ringworm, festering sores, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, stiffened, poisoned wounds, face and lip sores, chapped hands, cold sores, etc. Best balm for baby's skin sores! Used as an embrocation, it cures rheumatism, eczema, etc. All druggists and stores sell boxes, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

am-Buk
EVERY HOME NEEDS IT

FIRST SEA LORD HAS EASY CHAIRS ALL THROWN OUT

St. Arthur Wilson Will Make Visitors Stand Who Want to See Him.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—Although he may have no taste for administrative work, as he himself declares, Admiral Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson, R. N., who has just succeeded Admiral Fisher, some friend of King Edward, as first sea lord, has opened his period of control with a novel reform. On first entering as ruler of the King's navy his elegant rooms at the admiralty, overlooking St. James Park, Admiral Wilson found a large number of big, comfortable chairs arranged about his private office. He called in the old butler who acts as his messenger. "Take all these chairs out except mine," he ordered. "Leave one, Sir Arthur?" ventured the messenger as he came to the last one. "Not even one," returned the first lord emphatically. "I don't want people settling down here for long talks. If they stand they will be braver in their communications and just as pithy as possible."

The old messenger is said to have bowed, and then hurried outside as quickly as he could, so as to relieve himself with a long, soft whistle. In recent times there has been hardly any else than long talks at the British admiralty. Admiral Wilson was the first commander-in-chief of the home and channel fleets after their garrison during one of the many German scares England has suffered from, and was then appointed commander of the fleet. He accepted the office of first sea lord under the Liberal government with a view to putting an end to the protracted internecine war in the navy between the Fisheries and the anti-Fisheries. Which is the real enemy of the efficiency of the whole service. Now that he has taken office under the Liberals, the "dingo" newspapers are criticizing Admiral Wilson freely. They appear to have forgotten that it was they who were enjoining him as the one truly great man in the navy. They did the same in the case of Admiral Fisher in similar circumstances. "No, no," replied the real estate man. "Think I'll join an athletic club. I need the exercise."

FREE UNTIL CURED



No man need be weak, no man need suffer from the loss of that vitality which makes life worth living. He can be made strong, magnetic, forceful and light-hearted, confident of his power both in business and society, free from spells of despondency, nervousness, headache and brain wanderings. I have a certain cure for Nervous Debility, Varicose Veins, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, in my world-famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belt with Electric Sash-cum-cure, and I will give it absolutely free until a cure is effected. Now can I do this? For two reasons. I have the certain knowledge that my Belt will cure, and I have confidence enough in mankind to wait for my money until I prove it. This is what every doctor should do, but I am the only one who has a remedy that will stand such a crucial test. For 40 years I have been curing thousands every year, and have made a tremendous success doing business on this basis. NOT ONE PENNY IN ADVANCE OR ON DEPOSIT, and if I fail it costs you nothing whatever. All I ask leave you to be the judge, and will take your word for results, or for cash I give full wholesale discount. Forty years' continuous success has brought forth many imitations. Beware of them. You can try the original, the standard of the world. Free until cured, then pay for it. Call or send for one today, also my two illustrated books giving full information free, sealed, by mail.

DR. E. F. SANDEN
140 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Office Hours, 9 to 6. Saturdays until 4 p. m.

HUMAN LIVES THE STAKE OF SMUGGLERS

Thrilling Experiences on the Russian Frontier

For Jews it is a Crime to Enter the Country and a Capital Offence to Leave It—How They Succeed.

(M. J. Landa, in the London "Jewish World.")

Life is a contraband in Russia; to live is a crime, for it is an outrage to wish to enter the country is a crime. Wherefore, one of the great industries of the country is the carrying over practically the whole length of its frontier, the smuggling of human beings. But as this sounds when heard of here, its full horror only strikes one when actually upon the frontier. Perhaps the most astounding thing about it is that it is by no means an accidental sort of business, but a highly organized traffic, carried on, not secretly, but with the full confidence and even the assistance of the officials. This, however, does not make it easier for the frontier officials are treacherous not only to their clients, but to one another also. It is easy to understand that under these circumstances it is a highly exciting sport—with human beings as the quarry.

Before I entered Russia, I met several smuggling "agents," one a jolly rubicund German, who had once operated at Mysłowitz, a famous smuggling center, for it is at this place that the German, the Russian and the Austrian empires meet. He had a system of finger signalling with the frontier sentries, every one of whom was practically in his pay, and of his mystic also meant something, and the particular way a sentry carried his gun was a warning of some kind. "Many a time," he said, "I have taken a piece of paper from my pocket, have winked at the officials, and the thing has been stamped as if it were a passport."

With interruptions for hearty laughter, he described how he had once engineered a group of refugees across by challenging the garrison to a drinking contest.

"They tried to make me—mel—drunk on brandy—that was a great joke," he said, "but when I called for beer on top of it—ha! ha—I actually was able to let one or two of the refugees have a peep at the beautiful moon shining under the table."

Somewhere, I gathered, got into trouble over the adventure. But not many are of a humorous character, and it was when I was on the Russian side that I realized that the smuggling of souls is no joke. I spent the better part of a day at a frontier town, and after dark had set in. I was about something of the process. The town itself is about a couple of miles distant from the stout wooden barrier and the huge cross for the land of the Tsar. "Holy Russia!" exclaimed the frontier. Midway between the gateway and the town, but on the road, is the station, and when the sun has set it is as eerie bit of country that leads out of Russia into Germany. A few straggling cottages only add to the desolation, and I wondered as I passed them who were the folk who were to exist in them when but at a little distance away the lights of Germany glimmered so tantalizingly.

Along that road on a market day smuggling is brisk. A long procession of lumbering carts passes the barrier. But the carters' companions include refugees, who mutter to themselves the names they have given for the occasion, so that their memory should not fail them at the crucial moment. There are sentries and officers not bribed, they would note that the carters are accompanied each time by a different "wife" and "son."

Loggins has to be carefully concealed under potatoes or other produce, and none of the cart has a duck containing a boy.

Things, however, do not always go smoothly. The officials have a habit of turning "masty," or forgetting, or of remembering too much, and then the smuggler himself has to be on his toes. There is one way out as a rule—money; and it is not an uncommon thing for an unprincipled and greedy official to hatch a little plot for the purpose of frightening the clients into disgorging a few extra rubles.

Most agents, however, are honest with those who entrust their lives to them, and they take considerable risks. The tending of the frontier tickets which are issued to those living near the border, has to be done with tact. And when it is necessary to adopt the last desperate resource, that of splitting refugees across at dead of night, the danger is great.

I realized that as I saw the bare fields bordering on the terrible line, and I tried to picture to myself the trembling figures—women and children among them sometimes—creeping and creeping silently along, afraid almost to breathe. What a relief it must be to get "over" without a contraband. But at present, the agent in figure of a sentry may spring into view, or his harsh voice may break the death-like stillness of the night. Worst of all, he may speak with his rifle.

There is a red line on Russia's frontier, and Jewish blood has filtered deep into the soil. The crime of trying to leave or enter the country without permission is punishable by instant death at the hands of any reckless sentry. Sometimes the rifle is fired in sheer devilment. The sentry has probably not shared in the bribe to the extent which he thinks he should have done.

I hear stories of the sufferings of those captured while trying to smuggle over the frontier. Rough justice is meted out by the officials. Fines are imposed not according to any scale or rule, but based on the amount found in possession of each emigrant. If the penalty exacted is not more than half of his money the emigrant thinks himself lucky.

Frequently all the money found on the emigrant is taken, and with front-hand cruelty, the officials delight in being severe on women who travel with little children.

And then, after being terrorized and bespoiled, the emigrants are not al-

PREFERS PRISON TO AN APOLOGY

Editor Stands by Charge Against Viscount's Son

Hon. F. W. Manners-Sutton, Partner in Religious Publishing House, Sues for Libel.

(LONDON, Feb. 15.—The trial of the libel action of the Hon. Frederick Manners-Sutton, son of Viscount Canterbury, and the senior partner in a religious publishing concern, against T. W. H. Crossland, sub-editor of the Academy and author of "The Unspeakable Scot," and Lord Alfred Douglas, editor of the Academy, was resumed in the Old Bailey today.

PLAINTIFF ALLEGES BLACKMAIL. According to the story, Lord Alfred Douglas sent Mr. Crossland to Manners-Sutton to secure a loan of £2,500 to carry on the Academy. The plaintiff in the present action declined to advance the money. Thereupon, it is alleged, the defendants in their magazine published a series of defamatory articles and paragraphs, in which it was asserted among other things that Manners-Sutton, the head of a highly disreputable publishing firm, was connected with another concern which issued objectionable works. These articles also intimated that there were incidents in the plaintiff's life which reflected the greatest discredit upon him.

Manners-Sutton admitted that he and Lord Douglas had visited a flat at Buckingham Gate. Afterward, in order to avoid a scandal, the plaintiff testified, he paid \$5,000. Cross-examination, Manners-Sutton denied that the firm of publishers in which he was a shareholder printed indecent books. He said he believed the alleged libel in the Academy were printed for the purpose of getting money from him.

Manners-Sutton again took the stand when this case was called. He was subjected to a keen cross-examination, which was directed chiefly to prove that he was the owner of a disreputable house, and was practically a person of immoral character.

Counsel for the defence, in opening for his clients, said that Manners-Sutton frequently boasted of his profits and said that he was a millionaire. He denied that he had offered to apologize to the plaintiff. He said he had, he said, nothing to do with the alleged libel in the present proceedings. At this point the case was adjourned.

Last evening in the Natural History Museum, the fifth lecture in the popular series of lectures by Mr. W. H. Mowatt, who took for his subject, "The drug collector at work." Mr. Mowatt, who is a well known authority on our best and most successful chemists, gave details as to the methods of a similar institution at Sarren, in the Canton of Oswald.

A correspondent of a Lausanne paper states that he was passing through Sarren, when he saw a number of men, dressed in dark blue clothes with white stripes, walking about the village, smoking and joking. Others were seated in a cafe, and some were working in a laundry-mans, carrying bricks for the construction of a new building. To his astonishment the correspondent found that the men were convicts from the cantonal prison close by.

These convicts are permitted to leave the prison early in the morning and find work around Sarren, or walk about the country until nightfall, when they return of their own accord to the prison. They are unaccompanied by wardens, and there is nothing to prevent their escaping, but they are far too comfortable to think of relinquishing their quarters, for they have as much liberty as other men, and are, moreover, fed and lodged for nothing.

The money earned by these convicts who choose to work is spent as they like. One convict, who is employed as a gardener by a local magistrate, sends his monthly salary to his wife and children. Two or three convicts "escapades" some weeks ago, but they eventually returned to the prison in a half-famished condition, and after being severely reprimanded they were allowed to return to their apartments.

J. GORDON VANWART
DISCOVERED DROWNED

Father Recovers Word of Accident at Port au Prince.

A letter which they received yesterday from the son of a prominent North End family that their eldest son lies buried in a West Indian island, having met a sudden death several days ago, without their knowledge.

J. Gordon Vanwart, son of J. R. Vanwart of 33 Albert Street, the proprietor of a Bridge Street grocery, was drowned from the schooner Rothsay at Port au Prince, Hayti, and was buried on the island of revolutionaries fame.

He had sailed from New York on Feb. 1st with his uncle, Capt. J. W. Phillips, of Main Street, who commands the large three-masted New York schooner Rothsay, which was remarked upon while here last summer as one of the finest vessels of her kind afloat. The Rothsay was last heard from here when she cleared from Wilmington, Del., ten days ago.

Young Vanwart was taking his watch on deck during the night when the accident responsible for his death occurred. In some way unknown to those on board the vessel, he fell overboard, and had been drowned an hour or more before his absence was known to his shipmates. When the mate came on deck, he found the young man missing. It was surmised that he had fallen overboard, and his body was grappled for in the morning with all too much success.

KICK REGISTER.

"His restaurant is very, very, very popular."

"Good service?"

"No; quite the contrary. But he has put in a machine for registering kicks on."

"Lady of the House (just returned)—Poor Polly; all about as long!"

"Parrot (reversely)—Give me a stick of whites."

"There's a Reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

CANADA AND GERMANY REACH AN AGREEMENT

Famous Surtax is a Thing of the Past

Announcement Made by Fielding Previous to Adjournment—Agreement Reached Yesterday.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The tariff war between Germany and Canada which has been in progress since November, 1903, involving on the part of Germany the penalizing of Canada by the placing of all products of Canada on the maximum German tariff list and on the part of Canada the placing of a surtax of 25 per cent against imports from Germany is a thing of the past. Germany has agreed to withdraw the tariff relations between the two countries in force having been placed on the same footing as they were previous to the imposition of the surtax.

Just prior to the adjournment of the Commons tonight, Hon. Mr. Fielding presented copies of an agreement entered into today between Dr. Karl Leig, Imperial German consul for Canada representing the German government, and the minister of finance on behalf of the Canadian government providing that on and after March 1, 1910, Canada shall withdraw the surtax against Germany in return for the admission by Germany of practically all Canadian products now marketable in that country at the German conventional tariff or minimum rate.

This agreement is a provisional one and the question of the general convention for the regulation of commercial relations between Germany and Canada is deferred for consideration at a time which may be found mutually convenient. In case such commercial convention is not agreed upon within a reasonable time then existing tariffs in force having two months' notice of termination the present agreement.

While the new agreement does not permit all Canadian products to be admitted into Germany at the latter's conventional tariff, including such commodities as wheat, corn, oats, fruits, timber, live stock, meats, leather, pulp, canned foods, footwear and hides.

WHERE PRISON LIFE BECOMES A LUXURY

Convicts at Sarren, Switzerland, Have Better Time Than "Free" Citizens.

Prison life in Switzerland is a luxury instead of a punishment, says the London Express. The comic opera all at Sarren, where the inmates do as they please, has only recently been suppressed by the Bernese authorities, yet details are published today of a similar institution at Sarren, in the Canton of Oswald.

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Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

the Tea that satisfies

YOUR DECISION IS FINAL

THERE is no appeal for me from your decision—Union Blend Tea has to stand or fall on your judgment. Yet, such absolute confidence have I that it is all I claim—that it is better than other teas, that I am not only willing but anxious to have my words put to the test. If you are disappointed, I can never expect you to buy again—but I'll take the risk. Won't you try a single pound—or even a half pound—if you prefer?

Do wish I could make you realize with this advertisement why personal selection of fine, tender young tea sprouts—high grown, mind you,—means to the quality of the tea. Selected fresh at the very spot where they are grown, my expert blenders devote their entire time in producing what Canada delights in—UNION BLEND TEA—rich, fragrant and sustaining. With thirty years' experience I don't honestly know how UNION BLEND TEA could possibly be improved. And when Union Blend comes to you, you get with it the tea-ness in it—a hermetically sealed packet, a perfect guarantee and atmospheric changes. Look for my picture on the end of the packet—that is your guarantee of quality. Make your own tea-cup convince you.

40¢

Union Blend one pound packets—the pound packets only—contain coupons that are worth money. But this is only an advertisement—the tea itself is worth the price, fully.

W. E. HOWARD, D. P. A. C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALL POINTS EAST TO ALL POINTS WEST

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ST. JOHN TO MONTREAL

Week Days and Sundays

9 40

MINUTES

W. E. HOWARD, D. P. A. C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

TENDER

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender—Railway, Nelson to Chatham" will be received up to and including Tuesday, March 15, 1910, for the construction of a line of railway between Nelson and Chatham, N. B., a distance of 225 miles.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Station Master's office, Chatham, N. B., and at the Chief Engineer's office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.

A. W. CAMPBELL, Chairman, Government Railways Managing Board, Ottawa, February 8th, 1910. 11-2-26

Silent Salesman

Order now from A. E. HAMILTON, Woodworker and avoid spring rush

66 Erin St. Phone 211

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