

SIX

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 a knife, fork, spoon or cup."



(Photo of Miss McSorley)

So says Miss Violet McSorley, of 75 Gene Street, Sault Ste. Marie, in telling how Zam-Buk cured her of eczema. She adds: "Hands, wrists and arms up to the elbows were covered with eczema. The itching and the soreness were nigh unbearable. As the disease developed, the skin actually peeled off, leaving raw sores. The palms, fingers, backs of my hands and wrists were all in this shocking state, and I was forced to sit in agony all the while. The raw sores

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 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 without any mineral coloring matter. Zam-Buk does not stain. Zam-Buk is actually more powerful antiseptic than any carbolic acid. Yes, it stops, 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, stiffens, 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 (10c box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price).



FIRST SEA LORD HAS EASY CHAIRS ALL THROWN OUT

Sir 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 Wilson, R. N., who has just succeeded Admiral Fisher, close 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 briefer in their communications and just as pointed as possible."

Two men whose offices were on the second floor were on the first floor waiting for an elevator.

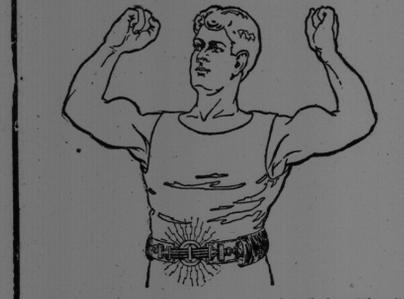
"You're not looking extra well, Lansell," remarked the lawyer.

"No, I'm not," replied the real estate man. "Think I'll join an athletic club. I need the exercise."

"No, too."

Still they waited for the elevator.

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, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, in my world-famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belt with Electric Sarsaparil, and I will give it absolutely free until a cure is effected. How 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 have been curing thousands every year, and have made 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 9 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 Offense to Leave It—How They Succeed.

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

Life is contraband in Russia; to live is to smuggle. To enter the country is a crime. Wherefore, one of the great industries of the world is the carrying over practically the whole length of its frontier, the smuggling of human beings, and as the most successful of these, its full horror only strikes one when actually upon the frontier. Here is the most astounding thing about it: it is that it is by no means an accidental sort of business, but highly organized traffic, carried on, not secretly, but with the full cognizance and even the assistance of the officials. This, however, does not make it easier for the frontier officials, who 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 Myslowitz, 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 signaling with the frontier sentries, every one of whom was practically in his pay, and many of his fingers meant many troubles. The stroking of his beard, or of his mustache 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 the way in which he engineered a group of refugees across by challenging the garrison to a drinking contest.

"They tried to make me—drunk on brandy—that was a great joke," he said, "but when I called for another top of it—ha! ha!—I actually was able to keep at the heated folk smoking under the table."

Sometimes, I gathered, got into trouble over the way in which he carried on a hucoroc 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 post at the road, after the day had set in. I was about something of the process. The town itself is about a couple of miles from the frontier, a stout wooden barrier and the huge cross for the land of the Tsar is "Holy Russia," "Holy Russia," "Holy Russia," and I wondered as I passed them who were the folk who were the "smugglers" of souls, and a little distance away the lights of Germany glimmered so tantalizingly.

There is a red line on Russia's frontier, and a long procession of lumbering carts passes the barrier. But the carters' companions include refugees, who mutter to themselves the names they have been given for the occasion, so that their memory should not fall them at the crucial moment. They are sentries, and officers no armed, they would note that the cart is accompanied each time by a few extra men, and each cart is to be carefully concealed under potatoes or other produce, and some of the cart has a box 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 official to take a little part of the purpose of frightening the clients into smuggling. 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—travelling and creeping silently along, afraid almost to breathe. What a relief it must be to get "over" without a contretemps. But any moment, the siren 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 already dripped 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 of rates, 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-lash cruelty, the officials delight in being severe on women who travel with the children.

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

PREFERS PRISON TO AN APOLOGY

Editor Stands by Charge Against Viscount's Son

Mr. 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 F. 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 ALLIGES BLACKMAIL.

According to the story, Lord Alfred Douglas sent Mr. Crossland to Manchester to secure a loan of £250 to carry on the Academy. The plaintiff in the present action claimed 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 high-class religious publishing firm, was also 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 had any connection with the plaintiff. 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 the case was called for the purpose of being cross-examined, which was directed chiefly to prove that he was owner of a respectable house, and was generally a person of immoral character.

Counsel for the defence, in opening for his clients, said that Manners-Sutton frequently boasted of his profits and disbursements.

Mr. Crossland took the stand at the close of the statement by his counsel. He denied that he had offered to apologize to the plaintiff. He said he had refused to do so, but he had offered to go to jail, if he was found guilty of libel.

At this point the case was adjourned.

Last evening in the Natural History Museum, the fifth lecture in the popular series of lectures on "The History of the World," was given by Mr. Mowatt, who took for his subject, "The Business and the Well-known as one of our best and most successful chemists, yet details are published today 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 man, 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 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 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 those convicts who choose to work can be 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 "escapes" 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.

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 Thierbach, near Zurich, for the inmates did as they pleased, have only recently been suppressed by the Bern authorities, yet details are published today of a similar institution at Sarren, in the Canton of Oswald.

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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 maximum German tariff list and on the part of Canada the placing of the tariff on all products of Germany at the instance of the German government, has been brought to a close by the agreement reached yesterday.

Just prior to the adjournment of Commons tonight, Hon. Mr. Fielding presented copies of an agreement entered into today between Dr. Karl Lohse, 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 either Canada or Germany, if it is deemed desirable, may revert to the existing tariff in force on giving two months' notice of intention to the present agreement.

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

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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. Yes, such absolute confidence have I that it is all I claim—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 the personal selection of fine, tender young tea sprouts—highly grown, mind you—means to the quality of Union Blend Tea. Then I would feel satisfied that the great expense that the great expense of the tea was not in vain. 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 satisfying. With thirty years' practical experience I don't honestly know how UNION BLEND TEA could possibly be improved. And when Union Blend Tea comes to you, you get the tea as it is—in a hermetically sealed package that keeps it pure and unadulterated. Look for my picture on the end of the packet—that is your guarantee of quality. Make your own tea-cup convince you.

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 15th, 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 Railway Managing Board, Ottawa, February 8th, 1910. 11-2-26

Silent Salesman

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

86 Erin St. Phone 211

Meals Table d'hote Breakfast 75c Luncheon 75c Dinner \$1.00

J. GORDON VANWART DISCOVERED DROWNED

Father Recovers Word of Accident at Port au Prince.

A letter which they received yesterday afternoon told a prominent North End family that their eldest son, James Vanwart, had been drowned 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 21 Albert Street, the proprietor of a Bridge Street grocery, was drowned on the schooner Rothsey at Port au Prince, Haiti, and was buried on the island of revolutionary fame.

He had sailed from New York on Feb. 1st with his uncle, Capt. A. W. Phillips, of Main Street, who commands the large three-masted New York schooner Rothsey, which was remarkably upon while here last summer as one of the finest vessels of her kind afloat. The Rothsey 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 grafted for in the morning with all too much success.

Watch the \$50 Prize Contest for Want Ad. Readers on Page 3

MAGAZINE PAMPHLET

Them polar explorers drew it too fine.

How now?

Got back too late for the Christmas number?

GRAPE-NUTS

And cream (chew slowly)

The thorough chewing of the Crisp, nutty granules which Have a delicious flavor Will not only put one right, But give strength of Mind and body For the morning's work.

Try it! "There's a Reason."

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

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