

# 15 YEARS SUFFERING FROM PILES

MR. J. McEWEN, of Dundas, Ont., writes: "For fifteen years I suffered with piles, and could get no permanent cure until I tried Zam-Buk. After having given Zam-Buk a fair trial I found I was getting better; and in the end it cured me completely."

MR. JAMES RUDDY, of Killaloe, Ont., says: "I suffered greatly from piles. The pain from these, as anyone who suffers from them will know, was at times almost unbearable. I tried first one remedy and then another, but all without effect. The piles still continued as bad as ever. I heard about Zam-Buk and commenced with the treatment. To my great joy, after perseverance I obtained relief from the agonizing pain of the piles. Having been cured by Zam-Buk I heartily recommend the balm to all sufferers from piles."

### WHY ZAM-BUK IS SO SUPERIOR.

An eminent scientist said, the other day, that the most wonderful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam-Buk. As soon as a single thin layer of Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or a sore, such injury is insured against blood poisoning.

Then again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk.

Again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are permanent.

### WHAT ZAM-BUK CURES

For eczema, blood-poisoning, piles, ulcers, sores, abscesses, varicose ulcers, bad leg, cold sores, chapped hands, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin injuries and diseases, Zam-Buk is without equal. 50¢ box, all druggists and stores, or post free, Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse imitations.

**FREE BOX**  
Send this coupon (value of paper) and 1 cent stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for free box. (15¢.)

# ZAM-BUK

ADDRESS ALL APPLICATIONS FOR SAMPLES AND RETAIL ORDERS TO T. McMURDO & CO., ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

## Love a Conqueror OR WEDDED AT LAST

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Do I? Then I will not. Tell me of yourself. You were so long a time a wanderer that you must have brought home many a story and narrative."

"Nothing likely to interest you much," he said, quietly. "I am not a good raconteur, you know."

"You used not to be," she answered; and there was a little embarrassed pause, during which the thoughts of both wandered back to the past. The old sweet, bitter past which lay cold and dead between them now. "Ruby tells me that you often go to them," she said presently.

"Yes, they are very good in wishing to have me, and it gives me great pleasure."

"Oswald is greatly improved?"

"Yes. He is a young man to have the responsibility of a wife and family," said Guy, smiling. "But he is very happy. In his case at least Shakespeare is proved in the wrong when he said a young man married is a young man marred."

"I suppose there are exceptions to every rule," rejoined Shirley. "They are happy enough."

"Yes; theirs is my, beautiful ideal of what a home should be," Guy said.

## NEARLY DIED OF STONE IN THE BLADDER

### GIN PILLS SAVED HIM

513 JAMES ST., HAMILTON, ONT.  
"Five years ago, I was taken down with what the doctors called inflammation of the bladder—intense pains in back and loins, and difficulty in urinating, and the attacks, which became more frequent, amounted to unbearable agony. I became so weak that I could not walk across the floor."

My wife read in the papers about GIN PILLS and sent for a box. From the very first, I felt that GIN PILLS were doing me good. The pain was relieved at once and the attacks were less frequent."

In six weeks, the Stone in the bladder came away. When I recall how I suffered and how now I am healthy and able to work, I cannot express myself strongly enough when I speak of what GIN PILLS have done for me."  
JOHN HERRMAN, 175 GIN PILLS are sold at 50¢ a box—6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your dealer does not handle them. Sample box free if you write us, mentioning this paper. Money back, if GIN PILLS do not give satisfaction. National Drug & Chem. Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

then, very gently and gravely, bending forward a little toward her as she sat, her rich velvet dress falling around her, her little jewelled hands lying idly in her lap, he added, "Why is not yours a happy home, Shirley?"

"Mine," she exclaimed in agitated tones—"mine! How can it be?"

"Why should it not be?"

"Can you ask?" she said, with passionate reproach flashing into her lustrous eyes.

"Yes, I ask you," he answered, in the same gentle manner. "I am an old friend, and you must give me a friend's privileges. Why are you no happy in your home, Shirley?"

"How can I be happy? How could I be happy—trapped, betrayed as I was into a marriage in which there is neither love nor respect?" she asked passionately. "Are you forgetting what is past, Guy? Are you—"

"I am forgetting nothing," he said gently still. "Is it likely that I should? But your husband loves you, and—"

"Loves me!" she echoed wildly. "I prefer hate to such a love as that!"

"Hush—oh, hush, my child!" Guy cried earnestly. "It breaks my heart to hear you speak so bitterly. Dear is it possible that during all this time you have not forgiven your husband the wrong he did you in the past, that you have cherished anger and hatred and malice in your heart against him?"

"I have not forgiven him," she said passionately—"I never will forgive him! He has no right to expect it. How can I forgive him?" she went on rising and restlessly clasping and unclasping her little hands. "When I think—oh, when I think, I feel as if I must go mad with the recollection of my wrongs! Can you guess what my life has been," she asked, turning to Guy, who had risen also, with a look of intense pain on his grave face, "forced to live in outward concord with a man whom I despise and detest and abhor, forced to bear his touch, his caress, his kiss? It has been horrible, beyond all words—beyond description. Oh, Guy, let me tell you! All these years I have borne my sorrow in silence because there was no one whom I could trust, whom I could speak to, and it has seemed sometimes as if my heart must burst with its load of anguish."

"Shirley," he said brokenly, his face white as death, his hands trembling at the passion and desolation of her manner. "I cannot hear you; it is not right."

"Ah, let me tell you!" she entreat-

ed, looking up at him with earnest, childlike trust. "I do not often give way thus; but it will be such a comfort to tell you! Sometimes it has seemed as if my brain must burst, my temples throb so, and I am obliged to smile and go into society not to let people guess. Oh, if I were not so strong that I might die! Or if I could kill him—if I could kill him!" "Shirley!"

The gentle pained voice, the touch of his hand upon her hot trembling fingers, the expression of the dark gray eyes which looked at her with such sorrow and pain, brought tears and she bowed her head upon her hands, weeping passionately and unrestrainedly and he did not try to stop the bitter tears—they could not fail to ease the overcharged heart and throbbing brain. But how hard—how terribly hard—it was then to keep his promise to his uncle Guy Stuart knew. He paced up and down the beautiful room, not daring to trust himself to look at the bowed drooping figure, trying to shut his ears to the broken, heart-rending sobs—but in vain. His hands were clenched until the nails almost entered the flesh, and he ground his teeth in a fury to which no words could have vent.

He loved her so madly, he pitied her with such an intense pity, he longed with such a heartfelt longing to be able to console and comfort her. Were there no means by which he could deliver her from this bondage? Was there no road which led to peace at least, if not to happiness? And, look which way he might, he could distinguish none save through the paths of sin and crime and dishonor. And must such paths be trodden? Did he love her well enough or did he love her too well for that?

### CHAPTER XXIX.

"Did you ever see anything more lovely?" asked Lucie Grey softly, as her grey eyes—such frank kindly grey eyes they were, inspiring trust and confidence—eyes that were fitting windows to the gentle and honest soul which made the Vicar of Easton's eldest daughter so justly beloved in his parish—strayed over the lovely seascape lying before her, which the sun was flooding with a rich golden light and haze that gave it a yet more wondrous beauty than Nature had already bestowed upon it.

The Vivar's three daughters had been spending a luxurious half-holiday on the cliffs, and had enjoyed it to the utmost. It was not often that their busy lives gave them leisure for dreaming away a few hours among the rocks, for Mr. Grey's living was not a very remunerative one, and his family was large, so that Lucie and Ada, and even bright little Bessie, his third daughter, although she was not yet sixteen, found plenty to do in assisting their delicate mo-

ther in her household labors; teaching the little ones, helping their father in his parish work, mothers' meetings and district visiting, coal, blanket, and clothing clubs, penny-readings and Sunday school teaching being a few of their multifarious duties.

Perhaps it was its rarity which always makes a holiday seem such a thoroughly enjoyable day to these girls. Any one coming upon them as they lingered upon the rocks would have seen a picture of perfect and innocent enjoyment.

Lucie had been sketching; but she had put aside her drawing materials now, and was letting her eyes rest with delight on the scene before her—the calm smiling sea with the golden haze upon it, the blue sky overhead, the coast—such a coast as only Devon and Cornwall can boast—stretching far on either side in abrupt outlines and undulations, and the quaint little town of Easton itself, lying in the hollow formed, as it were, by a break in the long lines of cliff which had left a chasm. Behind them the cliffs rose rugged and bold, and far and wide the coast stretched in points and headlands and bays and crescents, with here and there a space far down on the cliff side which had been cleared for building, or where some wealthy person had erected a charming summer residence in sight of the sea and shore.

Easton itself, with its one long, quaint, irregular street, ran in a scattered manner down to the very beach itself, the sea almost washing the bases of some of the houses. The harbor was a small but picturesque one, and it gave refuge to the fishermen by which the fishing population obtained their living from the deep waters. The Grey girls loved the quaint little town dearly; they had not time to feel its dullness and monotony; and the deep love of nature which they had imbibed from their father made the scenery around—a constant delight to them.

### The Best Cough Syrup is Easily Made at Home

Costs Little and Acts Quickly. Money Refunded If It Fails.

This recipe makes 16 ounces of cough syrup, and saves you about \$2.00 as compared with ordinary cough remedies. It stops obstinate coughs—even whooping cough—in a hurry, and is splendid for sore lungs, asthma, croup, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. Tastes good.

This takes right hold of a cough and gives almost instant relief. It stimulates the appetite, and is slightly laxative—both excellent features.

Pinex, as perhaps you know, is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, rich in gualac and the other natural healing pine elements.

No other preparation will do the work of Pinex in this recipe, although strained honey can be used instead of the sugar syrup, if desired.

Thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada now use this Pinex recipe. The Pinex has been often imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equaled. Its low cost and quick results have made it immensely popular.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

ther in her household labors; teaching the little ones, helping their father in his parish work, mothers' meetings and district visiting, coal, blanket, and clothing clubs, penny-readings and Sunday school teaching being a few of their multifarious duties.

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(To be Continued.)

## TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can. — "I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."—Mrs. FRANK EMBLEY, 308 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

### The Other Case.

Beatrice, Neb. — "Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."—Mrs. R. B. CHILDS, Beatrice, Neb.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

### 9804. — A SIMPLE BUT STYLISH GOWN.



Ladies' Costume.

Gray woolen poplin with trimming of green satin and fancy buttons, is here portrayed. The skirt is finished with a girde of the satin. The blouse waist is closed at the side and may be worn without the chemise. The close fitting sleeve has a neat cuff. The new plaid or checked suitings would lend themselves nicely for this style, which is also desirable for velvet, corduroy, pongee, prunella, serge or broad cloth. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to an address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

### 9810. — A BECOMING YOUTHFUL DESIGN.



Costume for Misses and Small Women, with or without Chemisette.

This model was used for a simple party frock of blue crepe de chine. Brocaded silk in Persian tones forms the girde, while shadow lace and net frills add a neat touch to neck and sleeve finish. The design is suitable for serge, albatross or cashmere. It will also lend itself equally well to velvet, charmeuse or satin. The drop shoulder and yoke effect are good style features. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 16 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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