

ZAM-BUK
CURED US WHY NOT YOU?

Injury to Foot Healed.
Mr. Joshua Atherton, of 327 Ferguson Ave., Hamilton, says: "While employed with the Ohio Elevator Co. a heavy plank fell and severely crushed my big toe and right foot. The nail had to be removed from the toe when the foot came to dress the injured members. The flesh was terribly bruised, turned very black, and the toe and leg became much swollen and painful. I was laid off work for some eight weeks. The doctor attended regularly at first, but the wounds did not heal. At last I heard of Zam-Buk and began using this ointment. It really seemed to act like magic, cleaning all unsightly matter from the wounds, and drawing out all inflammation, infection and soreness. In two weeks the toe and foot were well again. Zam-Buk is certainly a wonderful healer, and I would not be without a box in the house."

Poisoned Sore Cured.
Mrs. D. S. Green, of Kingston, Ont., writes: "My daughter Hazel sustained a poisonous wound on her heel. She had chilblains and when the skin broke some poison got into the wound and made a terrible place. It was almost impossible to make it heal. For a long time she could not wear a shoe. I tried several things, but there was no trace of improvement. At last a lady friend recommended Zam-Buk. I left off the ordinary salves and applied this herbal ointment to her heel. In a few days the wound was healed, the sore well healed, and she was able to wear shoes. A few days later the wound healed and Hazel was back at school. I shall always keep Zam-Buk handy in the house."

Obstinate Skin Rash Ended.
Mrs. H. Barrett, of 108 Simcoe St., East Hamilton, says: "I was cured by Zam-Buk of an obstinate skin rash which had lashed all previous remedies. This eruption broke out on my face in the form of red pimples and blotches. Various remedies one after another were tried, yet nothing permanently removed this eruption until I used Zam-Buk. After each application of this herbal ointment my skin became clearer, and in a week my face was as smooth and white as before the rash broke out, thanks to Zam-Buk. Since then our home is never without it. For all skin injuries, it is the best. It dissolves Zam-Buk. All druggists and grocery stores sell it. Send the coupon and get free for price. Write to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and receive 1 centrial box. Mention paper."

TEST IT FREE
Send this coupon and get free for price. Write to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and receive 1 centrial box. Mention paper.

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ALL FOR RICHES.

CHAPTER XXX.
"Are You Woman Or Fiend?"

Finding how useless it was for her to attempt to win a thought from Frank Whitney, Mrs. Grant Whitney turned her energies to the task of bringing him to repentance for his insensibility.

She had failed to produce any impression upon him with all her airs and the dresses. To all her menacing words he had been utterly insensible, and in proportion to the indifference of manner toward herself, he was attentive to Mrs. Grant, and this was enough to secure her everlasting hatred. She had noticed the start of surprise with which he received the first introduction to the little boys, who resembled each other more than brothers usually do, and when Frank had asked if they were twins, she replied:

"No, Christy is our child. Frank is a dear little boy whom we adopted soon after our marriage, and we thought it would be pleasing to you if we named him Frank. He is a lovely child."

Frank thanked his brother and his brother's wife for their kind remembrance of him, gave the boy a bright golden eagle, and another to Christy, the white glancing involuntarily from Mrs. Grant's golden hair to that of Frankie, as if inwardly comparing their beauty.

The children had been kept in the nursery most of the time since Frank had come, excepting when they were out with Josephine.

It was part of Mrs. Grant Whitney's plan to keep them out of sight as much as possible. Upon the next day, after her surprising Frank and Mrs. Grant after their confidential conversation, she felt bitter enough to give him a new train of thought to trouble him. So she dismissed Josephine for a day's visit to her mother, and offered to stay in the nursery herself.

Soon after Josephine went away, Mrs. Whitney sent a message to the library for Mr. Frank Whitney to come to the nursery.

Frank and Mrs. Grant were together when the message came. "What can she want?" he was about to ask; but checked himself,

and politely answered: "I will come to the nursery soon."

The servant retired, and shortly afterward Frank went up to the nursery leaving Mrs. Grant to wonder if her sister really meant to tell Frank of his relationship to the child. So great was her anxiety that she went softly up the stairs to a little ante-room connected with the nursery, from which she could overhear all that was said without the possibility of being discovered.

Mrs. Whitney had placed a chair for Frank near the window, and, calling the two boys to her, said:

"I have sent for you to perform a painful duty, but it troubles me to keep from you the knowledge that you ought to possess."

"To what do you allude, Mrs. Whitney?"

"Why do you never call me Belle? We surely might be like brother and sister."

"Let it be Belle, then," he answered pleasantly.

"The sooner you know it all, the better," she went on. "Have you never thought this child to resemble some person of your acquaintance?"

Frank answered candidly: "He certainly looks very much like Mrs. Grant."

"And Mrs. Grant looks like Goldie. Consequently, this child resembles Goldie. Frank, this little boy is her child!"

Frank Whitney's face turned the color of the dead in an instant.

"You have never asked me about her death," she continued. "I have waited for you to do so, hoping to gain an opportunity to tell you this without positively forcing the knowledge upon you. Goldie—"

"I see it all. The child bears the truth of your words upon his face. She died when—"

"When the child was born. At least I have been informed that this was the case."

"Poor little forsaken one! I hope you were kind to her," the man groaned.

"No, we were so harsh to her that we drove her away from home by our unkindness. She lived in the old house in the woods alone for a while, and she was found dead there. For—"

tunately for the child, it was discovered before it was quite dead, and with it a note, giving it to me. This was why I adopted the child so soon after my own marriage. This is why I named him 'Frank,' and adopted him to the family name. He bears his right name, 'Frank Whitney,' and—"

"Hush! Let me think. When was this child born?" said Frank slowly.

After a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Whitney replied:

"He was brought to me upon the twentieth day of May, 18—, and I should think he must have been three weeks old then."

"Enough! I never you buried her as she should have been buried, with respect and love."

"We did not. Think of her disgrace and the disgrace it would have been to us had the facts become known! Everybody thought that she had fallen into the pool when she first went away from home. She was thrown in there after she died."

"Oh, my God! Who must answer for this?" cried the unhappy man. "She was my wife!"

"Mrs. Whitney turned upon him like a tigress.

"Your wife! Ha! ha! ha! About as much as I am! And now you ask who will have to answer for her death and disgrace! Who—who but the man who broke his word to another that he might win the simple child to ruin? Who but you, that pretended to love her, to bring her to shame and death? Who but you, vile monster that you are—who would even now bring disgrace upon your best friend through his idolized wife?"

Frank Whitney sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Stop! Guilty as I may have been in regard to Goldie—guilty as I am in the cause of her death—I deny this. I love and respect my uncle, Major Grant, and I love and respect his wife. She is like a dear sister to me, and no thought of wrong ever came to me in connection with her. Pour out your curses upon my head when you speak of poor little Goldie, but spare Mrs. Grant's name."

"Really!" she sneered; and he continued, resuming his seat:

"Why have you told me this? You must have a purpose."

She smiled as she answered: "I have a purpose. It is to punish you for your base desertion of my sister. She wrote to you, imploring you to return and save her, but you would not stoop to reply."

"As Heaven hears me, Belle, I know nothing of this! Her letter never reached me, and I heard that she was dead. I would have walked through seas of fire to return to her. You know I idolized Goldie."

"Your actions prove it," she answered sarcastically.

"Give me the child. I will take him and devote my whole life to his welfare," cried Frank Whitney, winning the great beads of perspiration from his forehead.

Mrs. Grant, listening intently, heard the cruel answer:

"Never! You murdered my heart when you trampled upon its love and refuse its homage. I knew then that the time would come for revenge. I have your child here. I abuse him; I whip his tender flesh, and cause his little heart to ache every day, you caused my heart to ache then. Through your child will I have my revenge! Go, now! Kneel at Mrs. Grant's feet, clasp her hand, and tell her that you love her, kiss her lips, even—there can be no thought of—"

wrong—but remember, your child shall pay dearly for his father's faults!"
To be continued.

Here and There.

FUNERAL ON WEDNESDAY.—The funeral of the late Andrew Turner will take place at 1 p.m. to-morrow from his late residence, Topsail Road.

LOADED WITH PEBBLES.—The S.S. Ella will finish loading pebbles at Manuels to-morrow. She will be ready to sail on Thursday for Philadelphia.

WILL BE GIVEN A DINNER.—The Methodist College team that won the championship at football will be given a dinner next week as an appreciation of the success achieved.

Big WRESTLING Match, Nov. 20. Nov 10, 51.

MOORED IN THE NARROWS.—Three schooners from the Northward had to anchor in the Narrows last evening being unable to beat in; there was a heavy sea running.

Attention is called to the great Piano and Organ Clearance Sale at CHEESLEY WOODS. All reduced to cost and charges. Sale continues to end of present year.—Nov 22.

MAKING GOOD.—The many friends of Mr. S. G. Forbes, late conductor with the R. N. Co., will be glad to hear that he is doing well out West. By recent letters we learn that he is conductor on one of the C. P. R. trains running west from Moosejaw.

C. C. C.—Those who kindly promised donations to the Fancy Fair and Sale of work to be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next will please send them to the British Hall anytime on Monday or Tuesday forenoon. Nov. 11, 13.

MECHANICS' MEETING.—The Mechanics' Society held their quarterly meeting last evening. The reports showed that the Society is in an excellent financial condition. After some routine business the meeting adjourned.

Mr. James Shelgrove arrived here yesterday by train from Harbor Grace suffering from a dangerous internal complaint and was taken to the Hospital for treatment.

By last night's train—a man came from Placentia ill and was also taken to Hospital.

The C. L. March Co., Ltd. FORCED TO SELL

The C. L. March Co., Ltd. are compelled to sacrifice their entire \$75,000 stock of Dry Goods, Furniture, etc. The Great Sacrifice Sale of the stock takes place, beginning To-Morrow at 9 a.m. Nov. 15. SEE PAGE 4 FOR THE CAUSE OF IT—THE FACTS ABOUT IT AND THE NECESSITY FOR IT.

Yesterday about 30 boys whose ages range from about 12 to 14 years, went on strike at Harvey & Co.'s demanding \$1 per day instead of 80 cents they had been receiving. They generally roll flour from the ships discharging to the piles in which the goods is placed and also handle light packages. The contractors refused the request of the boys who then marched over to the King's Wharf with a banner, and would not go to work unless their demands were complied with. It is to last evening no settlement had been arrived at.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifon, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETTIE BLAIR, Canifon, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, indigestion, nervous prostration, it costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.

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Mrs. Grant, listening intently, heard the cruel answer:

"Never! You murdered my heart when you trampled upon its love and refuse its homage. I knew then that the time would come for revenge. I have your child here. I abuse him; I whip his tender flesh, and cause his little heart to ache every day, you caused my heart to ache then. Through your child will I have my revenge! Go, now! Kneel at Mrs. Grant's feet, clasp her hand, and tell her that you love her, kiss her lips, even—there can be no thought of—"

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Its delicious flavour is obtained by blending together the choicest Oriental fruits and spices.
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The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"God broke our years to hours and days,
That hour and hour and day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong."
—George Kilgile.

The older I grow, the more I am surprised and impressed by finding how wonderfully things straighten out if only you give them time.

We were coming home from a long walk the other day and I was very tired.

At a turn in the road there stretched before us a long, steep hill. The sight of it appalled me. "I am so tired," I fretted.

"How can I ever climb that hill?"

"Wait," said my companion, "don't look at it now, but wait until you are really climbing it—then see how much less of a hill it is than it looks now."

He was right. Half way up the hill I paused and looked behind me—I could hardly see that there was any slope at all.

Aren't all hills that way—even the steepest? They seem appalling when you approach them, but pause half way up and look about you—why, is there really any slope at all?

And over and over again, I've found that the hills of life are just the same. Over and over again, life has taught me that if I will not try to climb the hill before I get to it; if I will not strive to dispose of the difficult problem, the unpleasant complication,

Fads and Fashions.

For a low dressing of the throat Parisiennes are wearing a wide, plaited frill net, malines, lace and sheer lingerie materials.

Some of the new evening gowns show far trimming in the shape of three-inch foot-bands or slightly narrow widths for the tunic edge.

Chiffons showing metallic beaded embroidered and changeable effects are extensively used for draperies and tunics on rich afternoon costumes.

Number of the finer new coats are of velvet, trimmed with fur, fringe, lace, etc., so that they can be used for both street and evening wear.

There is a great deal of talk as to a coming change in the figure—from the present narrow silhouette to the slightly nipped in waist and fuller skirt.

Some of the new lace waists have long sleeves, but many in three-quarter length are shown, especially in those made of the more expensive materials.

Dressy afternoon gowns are made considerably longer than they were last season, many showing the short train effect, while others just sweep the floor.

As the season advances the tendency appears to grow stronger for a succession of narrow pleatings or ruffles on the skirt edge of evening costumes.

There are several charming adaptations of the sailor-shaped hat, the newest having a straight trim, slightly upturned and soft crown indented all around.

Brocaded velvet with a very light background is used for the top loop against very dark velvet in one of the new large-sized bow ties for wear with a stiff collar.

cation, the intricate task before I can do anything other than fret about it. I will find my path comparatively even and simple.

You know how very differently things seem in the middle of the night from what they do in the morning. You wake up in the night, think of your trouble, and it seems quite big enough to engulf all your future happiness. You are sure that there is no possible way in which things can turn out happily.

Then you finally fret yourself to sleep, and when you wake up in the morning you think about that same worry and how very tiny and foolish it looks. You are sure there isn't one chance in a thousand but that it will come out happily and you wonder how you should have fretted about it.

Well, now it seems to me that every life must have middle of the night moods when we get a very disproportionate idea of our troubles.

That's true for all of us.

But, wise people—people who really learn something as they go along—never let themselves forget that the middle of the night mood does see things disproportionately and always manage to remember that pretty soon morning will come, when they will see things in a different light.

Truly, it's wonderful how things will straighten out if you give them time, how gentle the slope will seem when you are actually climbing it, and how beautifully simple the night's puzzle will seem in the morning.

Remember—"We are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer and dare not hoist a sail we can always drift; the current knows the way though we do not."—Emerson.

Ruth Cameron

Sidewalk Sketches.
By H. L. RANN.

THE EDITOR.

Allegorically speaking, the editor is a happy medium between a soup-bone and a port-terhouse steak.

Nobody ever saw a rich editor and on the other hand no one ever encountered an editor who didn't head every subscription paper through a circulation with a donation of four bits and a stub pen. The editor is said to belong to the fourth estate because that is the only kind he ever leaves. He is also one of the most cheerful and overworked prevaricators now passing as legal tender. He has to be. Whenever a girl with a face like a cream puff marries a

point led. Modern machinery does everything but meet the pay roll and pay the hired girl. The editor is the most cultured person in the community. He is the only man in the village who can tell "Barriers Barred away" from "Grant's Memoirs" and go away with it, and as a result he outranks the principal of the High school as a litterateur.

The friends of Mr. Andrew Turner, of Topsail Road, will regret to learn of his sudden death through heart failure at his home yesterday afternoon. He was in his 72nd year, and was highly esteemed by his employees at the Reid Nfld. Co.—with whom he had been working since the railway first opened. Shortly before dinner he quit work complaining of a pain in the heart. Returning home he became worse and died within two hours. Deceased was a well known and highly respected by all who knew him.

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youth who never earned a dime outside of the shooting gallery, the editor has to paint the bride as a radiant vision of blushing beauty and the groom as one of our rising young business men or else disappoint an expectant circle of diligent subscribers. If the editor fails to spread a two column obituary over the death of a prominent citizen who never paid a grocery bill outside of the Justice

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court, he is liable to be waited on by some two-listed relative of the deceased with an injured air and a punch in either hand. It has been libelously reported that the editor's diet is confined mainly to sardine darts and summer squash taken on credit, and he appears to be as resigned to his lot as a man whose wife has gone to the seashore and the only thing that can cause him to change his crepe meteoers, which seem lovelier than ever this season. The crepe de machines may be had with other occupations is a sheriff's sale or an untimely death. Few editors go to the case nowadays and set up their editorials in long primer with a three-

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