

SHE HAD THIS SORE FOR FOUR LONG YEARS!

Now Zam-Buk Has Healed It

You can't equal Zam-Buk for sores of all kinds, whether recent or of long standing. That is the opinion of Mrs. Wilson, of 110 Wickson Ave., Toronto. Mrs. Wilson says:

"About four years ago a sore spot appeared on the right side of my face, just about the angle of the jaw. This spot increased in size until it became about half an inch in diameter, and very troublesome. I went to a doctor, from whom at different times during fifteen years I had received treatment, but the ointment I got did not have any good effect on the sore. I had it cauterized, tried poultices and all kinds of salves, but it was no good, and this continued for four years. A sample of Zam-Buk was one day left at our house, and I used it.

"Although the quantity was so small, it seemed to do me some good, so I purchased from Mr. Bauld, Druggist, Scollard and Yonge Streets, a supply of Zam-Buk. Each box did me more and more good, and to my delight, before I had been using Zam-Buk three weeks, I saw that it was going to heal the sore. In less than a month it was healed! It has now been healed for almost a year, and at the present time the only trace of it is a small patch of skin a little whiter than the surrounding tissue. If Zam-Buk can heal a sore of this kind, which had defied all treatment for four years, I am sure it must be a thing needed in scores of homes."

Try Zam-Buk for eczema, ulcers, sores, bad leg, varicose ulcers, skin eruptions, face spots, baby's rashes, inflamed places, piles, blood-poisoning and all skin injuries and diseases. See all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse "just as goods" and imitations.

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The Horseman

DID YOU ever in your career own a game performer or a confirmed gold-briker? If you are a horseman you won't need to be told the difference that the designations imply. If you are not, we will say for your benefit that the strictest interpretation is that a game performer is one that races creditably and finishes well whenever his owner wants him to. A gold-briker is one that you have invested all your savings in and then quite absolutely and coldly whenever first money is whispered in his ear. You will notice that there is a proviso in the definition of the opposite types that involves the owners' and drivers' wishes. For if you are gifted with the regulation amount of observation you have undoubtedly viewed races in which horses of unquestioned gameness have failed miserably in the stretch with their drivers apparently trying all known means, physical, spiritual and otherwise to land their charges in front. And when the heat was over and everyone had quit chewing his cigar, you would often hear: "That gentleman who was in that slipper customer; he wasn't trying to win."

Perhaps in some particular cases the driver wasn't threatened with nervous breakdown from over-exertion. In others he was just as surely giving his mount all the tonics that he had in his cabinet of first money producers. It is human to err, and more human to criticize everyone but ourselves. And it is distinctly human and typically American to put ourselves on the back and swell up because we have "discovered" a job in a race.

But all this is neither here nor beyond. Our two definitions are taken from the latest turf dictionary, which before it becomes infallible, must have the unqualified approval of the National Order of Stable Mechanics. And the swipec should know. Season after season he travels with all manners and forms of the horse kind. Their life is his life, their habits, dispositions, peculiarities constantly before him. With them he labors incessantly, and intelligently as the vast majority of his kind are, he distinguishes the desirable and undesirable qualities early and unerringly.

It is for every man who loves a horse to give some time in life to indulge his brain in the extravagant fancy of a get-rich-quick career with some coming sensational performer. Have you not in some dream and cold winter time felt the enticements of the track, the lure of the racing scenes, and feasted your mind upon the glory of the winner and the emoluments that winning carried? With your feet tilted high, your pipe bringing soothing feelings to your mind, you looked out across the frozen fields to the invisible summertime so filled with promise of pleasures. You had for long years been the admirer of the harness horse and attended race meetings—many of them. But now there came to you an overwhelming desire to get closer to the game, to own a trotter—perhaps to drive one. In that twilight vision, you saw all the bright, alluring features—none of the disappointing ones. A grand going trotter or pacer, sensational speed, winning races, cashing checks. You saw it all. And when you had awakened from your reverie, it was with a fixed determination to buy a racing prospect.

Maybe you fell for the clever manipulation of an unprincipled dealer eager to unload an animal that had often been proven a counterfeiter. Perhaps you bought of an honest person who represented the horse just as he knew him. If the latter was the case you may have realized some of your dreams—some of them. For it is written that not all horses live up to the good reputation that precedes a change in ownership. Place the blame where you will, driver, horse, swipec, judges, tracks, or any of the innumerable and often time inconceivable items contained in the excuse book. The nag that raced so bravely and well for the other fellow may be a rank counterfeiter in your hands, unnatural as it may seem and exceptional as it may be.

Whichever one of these cases you fell into your dreams were a disappointment. For horse-racing, at its best, never gives up the combination to the safe wherein lies the gold, without unceasing toil and most strenuous effort. The winning of all its glamour and paid none too liberally for the work involved in winning. When you made your first start with your new trotter, you had gained a good conception of the work entailed in shaping a horse for the races. But as you gradually became accustomed to the disappointments and restraints that you are trainer as well as owner, you felt that a mere first money would be sufficient in your opening race. And of this you felt confident for your horse had shown plenty of speed and no inclination to break in his work. So it was pretty disappointing, wasn't it, when your noble racer attempted to jump his shadow down on the first turn where the horses were thick and racing furious. But it wouldn't have been nearly so bad if in making the aforesaid jump he had found room to jump

throne. Here in brief is the story Naundorff told:

He said that as he lay ill in prison, in 1795, a pauper's imbecile son was carried into the cell in his place. This second lad either died or was killed. Naundorff was drugged, put in a coffin and exhibited to the authorities. Then he was secretly spirited away by friends and the coffin was filled with stones and interred. He was ten years old at that time. The conspirators who had rescued the child took him to Venice. There, enemies kidnaped him and shut him up in Strasbourg fortress. Later he was moved by night to a dungeon somewhere—a place infested by "rats as large as rabbits." He stayed there four years, was again rescued, arrested by the French as a spy, finally escaped from jail and made his way to Germany. In Berlin he went to work as a watchmaker at No. 22 Schutzenstrasse; he called himself "Charles William Naundorff."

So much for his own account. It was not until 1824 that he set up any sort of formal claim to the French crown. Then, so plausibly did he plead his own case that he soon gathered around him a number of followers. He moved to Holland and married. The Dutch government believed in him—no other European power did—and allowed him to call himself "Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Normandy, a King of France," "Comte d'Herisson, the noted historian, wrote a book in after years declaring Naundorff was the lost Dauphin. Naundorff's backers said their leader had convinced the Pope of his royal identity. Roman authorities retorted that the only documents in the Vatican bearing on the case was a Papal "brief" denouncing Naundorff as an impostor.

In 1842 Naundorff died, after publishing a pamphlet entitled "Story of the Dauphin's Misfortunes." His tomb at Delft, Holland, was inscribed: "Here lies Louis XVII, Duke of Normandy, King of France." But the fight for recognition was carried on by his son Charles. In 1851 the suit was brought to trial in the French courts, the famous Jules Favre acting as counsel for Charles Naundorff. But the pretender lost his case. In 1874 the affair came to trial again with the same result. Charles died in Holland in 1889, to the last calling himself "King Charles XI of France." His son, John Naundorff—a Paris wine merchant—then assumed the title of "King John IV," and gathered about him a ludicrous little court. By that time the ancient pretense had become so absurd that even the watchful French police refused to take any notice of the matter.

INSECTS IN COAL

DISCOVERIES in the coal-mines of central France have furnished by far the greatest advance that has ever been made in our knowledge of the insects which inhabited the world millions of years, as geologists believe, before the time when man made his appearance upon the earth. In that wonderful age when the carboniferous plants, whose remains constitute the coals of today, were alive and flourishing, the air and the soil were animated by the presence of flies, grasshoppers, cockroaches, dragonflies, spiders, locusts, and scores of other species which exist but slightly changed at the present time. But the insects of those remote times attained a gigantic size, some of the dragonflies measuring two feet from tip to tip of their expanded wings. The remains of these insects have been marvellously preserved in the strata of coal and rock.

PINEAPPLE CLOTH

IN the search for fibres that may be used in cloth-making it has been suggested that the pineapple plant might be pressed into service. Pineapple leaves contain silk-like fibres which can be divided into exceedingly thin filaments and then spun into threads. In Eastern countries delicate fabrics, as light almost as cobwebs, have been made of this material. But as yet no good process of producing the fibres in commercial quantities has been discovered.

Storyettes

MISS PRIM—I want a husband who will be easily pleased.

TEACHER—Jimmy, you look very pale this morning. Are you ill?

SHE'S going on the stage. "Is that so? She can't sing, and I never saw her act."

THE JUDGE—Did you arrest this chauffeur for speeding?

HONEY, I can't find a retraction of that story about your sister's elopement with the Chinese cook after poisoning her husband and forging her father's name to a \$50,000 check!

JOHN—John, whispered Mrs. Gidgely, nudging her husband. "What is it?" he sleepily asked.

DURING the French Revolution a thief and a marquis jolted in a tumbril side by side through the wild streets of Paris on the way to the guillotine, while a venerable priest tried to console their terrible last ride with moral reflections.

IT was with a good deal of confidence that he walked up to the magistrate's desk, notwithstanding the fact that a policeman had a firm hold on both sleeves. He waited quietly till one of the policemen had made the accusation of "drunk and disorderly," and then asked Magistrate Scott if he might speak.

ON one occasion when Mr. Gladstone was announced to speak in Manchester the hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very high, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience, and the mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed.

DO you think a college education helps a man in business? "Sure, I've had two college boys workin' for me durin' the last year, and I was afraid to discharge either one of 'em for fear they'd find fault with my grammar when I done it."

SAID a nervous lady to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh, no," was the complacent reply; " anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."

ASSEMBLYMAN John C. Hackett of New York recently told this story in a speech: "I was up in Rockland County last summer and there was a banquet given at a country hotel. All the farmers were there and all the village characters. I was asked to make a speech. 'Now, I said, with the usual apologetic manner, 'it is not fair to you for the toastmaster to ask me to speak. I am notorious as the worst public speaker in the State of New York. My reputation extends from one end of the State to the other. I have no rival whatever when it comes—' I was interrupted by a lanky, ill-clad individual, who had stuck too close to the beer pitcher. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I take 'ception to what this here man says. He ain't the worst public speaker in the State. I am. Yoh all know it, an' I want it made a matter of record that I took 'ception.' 'Well, my friend,' said I, 'suppose we leave it to the guests. You sit down while I say my piece and then I'll sit down and let you give a demonstration.' The fellow agreed, and I went on. 'S all gone far when he got up again. 'S all right,' said he, 'you win; needn't go no further.'"

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THE BUCK-EYE VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 22

Conflicting Evidence

The Chairman of the Railway Commission, Judge Mabey, was once explaining the intricacies of evidence to a complainant before the Commission. "Usually, in conflicting evidence," he said, "one statement is far more probable than the other, so that we can decide easily which to believe. "It is like the boy and the house hunter. "A house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy: "My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached cottages. How far are they from here?" "Twenty minutes' walk," the boy replied. "Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the house hunter, "Nonsense! The advertisement says five!" "Well," said the boy, "you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement; but I ain't tryin' to make no sale." "That sounds like a knock for advertising; but it's not. What would the man do in such a case? He'd TEST THE EVIDENCE FOR HIMSELF. That is where the value of conscientious advertising proves itself. If we are telling the truth about BUCK-EYE, we need have no fear as to the result of your test of its quality. Remember, my friend, that the sale of one cigar to you means a profit to us of practically nothing, that was all we could hope for, we couldn't afford to pay for this advertisement. Our aim is your continued custom, which we believe will follow after our first sale to you. That being the case we invite you to test the BUCK-EYE for yourself. The accumulated acquisition of knowledge is wisdom. A knowledge of the BUCK-EYE cigar is essential to the connoisseur in tobacco. The BUCK-EYE costs ten cents. This conclusion is inevitable. You buy a BUCK-EYE. Thousands, like you, have bought BUCK-EYES, and GOT THE HABIT. Why not you? Test the BUCK-EYE for Yourself