

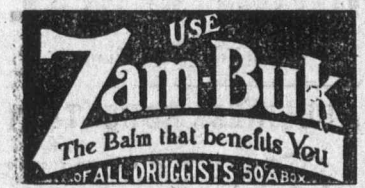
**DOCTORS SAID 'CUT OFF'**  
**ZAM-BUK SAVES A FAMOUS ODD-FELLOW'S FINGER**

The person who permits operation for any poisoned wound, or sore, or abscess, or ulcer, without first trying Zam-Buk, would have good cause for regret after reading such a sensational incident as to what follows:

Mr. Wm. C. Edwards, P.D.C.R.A.O.F. P. G. M.L.O.O.F., and P.P.O.A. Shepherds one of the most widely known men in friendly society circles. It is possible to meet, in the subject and here is his experience, interviewed at his home in Peter St., Toronto, he said:—"In January of last year I cut the middle finger of my left hand severely and blood poison set in. The wound was so very painful that I could not use the whole hand, which began to swell and inflame. I consulted one of the leading doctors of Toronto and for two months I was under his care. The wound got no better, and one day the doctor said, 'Edwards, the only thing I can do with this finger is, take it off. It can never be cured.' This was not very pleasant news, and at that time the agony from the wound was terrible and the swelling and inflammation extended right up the arm. I went to see another doctor and was under his treatment for some weeks. He then told me that all he could do for me was to cut open the whole finger and scrape the bone, which he said had become diseased through the blood poisoning. I went away to think when I would have the operation, and met a friend who, hearing the details, said, 'Try Zam-Buk before you have it taken off.' I did so. I bathed the wound and applied some of the balm, and that night I got a little sleep. Next morning the wound began to bleed, whereas, before it had only discharged pus. That was a good sign, so I went on with the Zam-Buk. It seemed to soothe it and draw the scum out completely away. Within a few days I could do away with the sling in which I had carried the hand, and in a few weeks time there was not a trace of the wound to be seen. To day my finger is as sound as a bell, whereas, had I not used Zam-Buk, I should have been a finger less. I paid over \$9 in doctors' fees, and when I think of the trifling cost of Zam-Buk I am amazed at its wonderful value. My experience should help other sufferers, so I do not mind you stating the facts."

**What Zam-Buk Cures**  
For all poisoned wounds, chronic sores, ulcers and abscesses, Zam-Buk is especially suitable because of its high antiseptic powers. If you have a wound or sore which has defied all ointment and salves, it is a case for Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk also cures eczema, itch, scalp sores, ringworms, blotches on the face and body, chapped places, cold sores, piles and enlarged veins. As an embrocation it cures rheumatism and sciatica, and rubbed over the chest relieves the tightness due to severe colds. All stores and druggists sell it at 50 cents a box, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 4 boxes for \$2.00.

**FREE BOX**—Send one cent stamp and name and date of this paper and dainty sample box will be mailed you.



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**WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES**  
Arcona at 9 a. m. Wabesch at 10.10 a. m.  
Return leaves Watford at 11.30 a. m. Returning  
Leaves Watford at 3.45 p. m. Passengers and freight  
conveyed on res. chas. cars, D. M. Ross, Prop't.

**WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES**  
Arcona at 9 a. m. Wabesch at 10.10 a. m.  
Returning leaves Watford at 3.45 p. m. Passengers  
and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—THOS.  
WILSON

—of—  
**Noblest Birth**  
By Honore Willis  
Copyright, 1905, by C. H. Sutcliffe

Harvell lay in the bottom of his canoe. The canoe was tied a few feet out from the shore, and the river, deep, powerful and mysterious, tugged at the frail little craft. But Harvell did not heed the call. The darkness was deep, yet luminous, with the promise of an early moon, and the night wind that swept from shoreward was sweet and heavy with the fragrance of blooming rushes.

Harvell stared upward at the stars, every sense as keenly alive to the beauty of the scene as if mind and heart had not been given over for days to the problem which he had thrown himself into the canoe to solve. Finally he stirred restlessly and said aloud:

"No. It's no use. I can't do it. She is too fine and thoroughbred for a great, common born chap like me to marry."



"MARGARET" HE CRIED.  
And—no, even if she should be willing, which is an insane thought on my part, I've no right to let her sacrifice herself. I'll stay until tomorrow and then plead business and disappear."

There was a little stir near the pier, as of the underbrush, then a woman's voice, sweetly clear and sweet:

"Let's sit here and wait for the moon to rise. The bungalow is so close and hot tonight."

Harvell caught his breath. It was she. The voice that replied he recognized as that of his married sister, who was chaperoning the bungalow party. "You haven't been yourself at all, Margaret, during the entire week."

"I know it, Agnes." The voice, with its tired note, was very touching, and Harvell stirred restlessly. "I'm useless to myself and every one else—every one else," she repeated, as if to herself.

"Oh, nonsense! Peggy, you are too fine and wholesome to talk so. I wish—Agnes stopped as if not daring to go on.

Margaret's voice continued: "I want you to help me to steal off tonight, Agnes. I want to go home, and I may joint the Westburgs and go to Paris. The stage goes down at 9 and I am going to catch it and steal off without a word to any one. Please, Agnes."

The perspiration started to Harvell's face as he strained his ears to catch Agnes' reply. When it came he gasped:

"Sometimes I think brother Paul is a fool!"

Margaret's voice was stern. "Agnes, I wish you would never mention Paul Harvell's name to me. I—But her voice was growing too faint for the man in the canoe to distinguish her words, strive as he would.

"They've started back to the bungalow," he thought. "I am a cad to have listened even thus much. But, anyhow, I've lived up to the adage. I wonder why I'm a fool!"

Suddenly a realizing sense of Margaret's words came to him. She was going away, going within an hour, and all that he had been feeling for a year was unsaid. For a moment his stern resolve of the early evening was forgotten. Then he sat erect, every muscle tense with stress of feeling.

"It's better so," he said bitterly. "It's my business to begin to forget, if she never wants to hear my name again." He looked off toward the bank, then gave a startled exclamation. The pier had disappeared. His canoe was floating rapidly down stream, while his paddle was safely locked in the boat-house.

"I must be almost on the rapids," he thought. With the thought the boat turned the bend that had shut off the sound of the falls and the canoe was

in the whirlpool. To swim was out of the question, for in the river here was a mass of jagged rocks hidden in seething water. Almost instantly the canoe was broken and capsized. Harvell, dazed and bruised, clung to a projecting rock that had wrecked him. Fight as he would with all the force of his wonderful physique, he was dashed again and again upon the stones. Yet as he fought he was conscious of only one thought:

"I must get there. I must have just one word with Margaret before she goes."

Then he gave a cry of remembrance. He, with the other men of the camping party, had been planning a footbridge across the rapids. The week before with infinite toil they had laid a single line of heavy planks on the projecting rocks from shore to shore. They were not yet fastened in any way, their heavy weight serving to balance them fairly well on the stones. The darkness, not yet lighted by the moon, concealed the planks, but clinging desperately with one hand Harvell felt about with the other and by rare good luck found a plank, wet and slippery with spray, on a neighboring rock. With infinite toil he raised himself out of the water inch by inch until at last he crouched on the great stone and felt the teetering plank.

Then on hands and knees he started for the shore. Blinded by sprays, the planks half turning so that he could only pause, struggling with rigid muscles for balance, Harvell crawled along the foot wide planks. And with each pause came new discouragement. Margaret would surely be gone. In a panic of haste he slipped and fought his way, now half in the boiling water, half on the slimy rocks, toward again on the plankway, gaining toward his goal foot by foot. At last one final spring, and he felt again the solid earth beneath him. Without thought of his dripping clothing he started on his half mile run through the woods to the bungalow.

"If the moon would only come up!" he thought as he tore his way through the heavy underbrush. "If—if only I am not too late! I am going to tell her anyhow, just to prove to her that I am a fool. I suppose—Oh, here is the stage road!"

On up the sandy road, his clothes half dry with his rapid pace, then with the great edge of the summer moon peering over the top of the pines, he perceived a dim figure standing by the roadside. The figure shrank back a little at the sight of the man storming up the road. Harvell passed.

"Margaret!" he cried.

"Yes," answered quietly the sweet, clear voice that never failed to thrill him.

"Margaret, why do you go?" Margaret, too surprised by his sudden appearance to be startled by his knowledge of her movements, made no reply.

"Because," Harvell plunged on, "I annoy you with attention, because I hang on your every word and glance, because I am an ordinary chap with no ancestors, and you are the personification of culture and delicacy—is that it, Margaret?"

"You have no right to speak that way, Paul," said Margaret, in her quiet voice.

"No, but isn't that true?" persisted Harvell. The moon was well above the treetops now. By its light he could see the look of pride with which Margaret drew herself up.

"So you think me a snob? You know me well indeed!"

"Know you," replied Harvell miserably—"no, I know nothing, except that I love you and that I can never hope to marry you."

There was a long pause. The summer night was very fair around them. The girl before him seemed to Harvell a part of the wonder of the night.

"You think, then," said Margaret, "that I am too brainless to admire your fine mind, your splendid physique? Being, you say, well born, I must be a snob."

Harvell drew a long breath. "Margaret," he said, "will you marry me? Will you say yes, Margaret?"

"Not until I have told you," answered the low voice, "that I was born and bred in poverty in the mountains of Tennessee, that I am finely born only as every American is finely born, and I am proud of it."

The sound of stagecoach wheels came up the road, but already the two figures were far up the path that led to the bungalow.

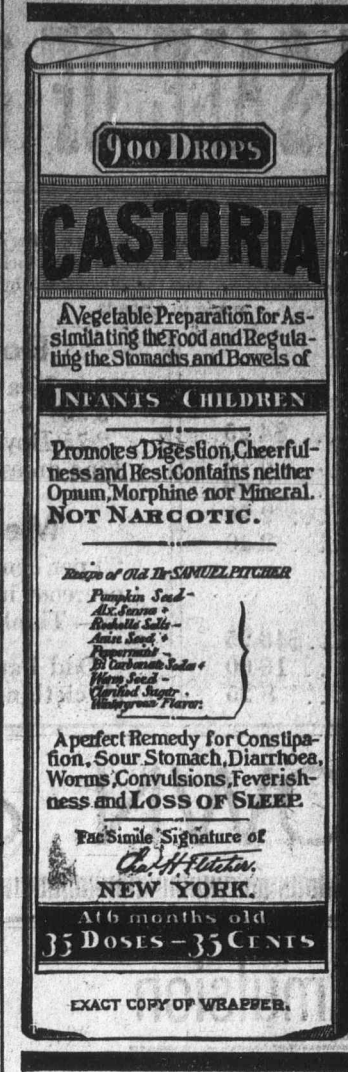
**Her Suggestion.**

Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week. Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.

**Superfluities.**

Mrs. Knecker—Does your husband ever complain if his buttons are missing? Mrs. Becker—No; he has to fasten so many of mine that he wouldn't have time for his own, anyway.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors and let every year find you a better man.—Franklin.



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