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It cost Strathroy \$837 to have the town treasurer's books audited by the Provincial Auditors' Department.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## Carolyn of the Corners

RUTH BELMORE  
ENDICOTT

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### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### The Journey.

It was certainly a fact that Amanda Parlow immediately usurped some power in the household of the Stags homestead. She ordered Joseph Stagg not to go down to his store that next day. And he did not!

Nor could he attend to business for several days thereafter. He was too stiff and lame and his burns were too painful.

Chet Gormley came up each day for instructions and was exceedingly full of business. A man would have to be very exacting indeed to find fault with the interest the boy displayed in running the store just as his employer desired it to be run.

"I tell you what it is, Carolyn," Chet drawled, in confidence. "I'm mighty sorry Mr. Stagg got hurt like he did. But lemme tell you, it's just givin' me the chance of my life!"

"Why, now says that Mr. Stagg and Miss Mandy Parlow'll git married for sure now!"

"Oh, yes," sighed the little girl. "They'll be married."

"Well, when folks git married they allus go off on a trip. Course, they will. And me—I'll be runnin' the business all by myself. It'll be great! Mr. Stagg will see jest how much value I be to him. Why, it'll be the makin' of me!" cried the optimistic youth.

Yes, Carolyn May heard it on all sides. Everybody was talking about the affair of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda.

Every time she saw her uncle and her "pretty lady" together, the observant child could not but notice that they were utterly wrapped up in each other.

Miss Amanda could not go past the easy chair in which the hardware dealer was enthroned without touching him. He, as bold as a boy, would seize her hand and kiss it.

Love, a mighty, warm, throbbing spirit, had caught them up and swept them away out of themselves—out of their old selves, at least. They had eyes only for each other—thoughts only for each other.

Even a child could see something of this. The absorption of the two made Aunt Rose's remarks very impressive to Carolyn May.

A week of this followed—a week in which the trouble in Carolyn May's heart and brain seethed until it became unbearable. She was convinced that there would soon be no room for her in the big house. She watched Aunt Rose pack her own trunk, and the old lady looked very glum, indeed. She heard whispers of an immediate marriage, here in the house, with Mr. Driggs as the officiating clergyman.

Carolyn May studied things out for herself. Being a child, her conclusions were not always wise ones.

She felt that she might be a stumbling block to the complete happiness of Uncle Joe and Amanda Parlow. They might have to set aside their own desires because of her. She felt vaguely that this must not be.

"I can go home," she repeated over and over to herself.

"Home" was still in the New York city apartment house where she had lived so happily before that day when her father and mother had gone aboard the ill-fated Dunraven.

Their complete loss out of the little girl's life had never become fixed in her mind. It had never seemed a surety—not even after her talks with the sailor, Benjamin Hardy.

Friday afternoon the little girl went to the churchyard and made neat the three little graves and the one long one on the plot which belonged to Aunt Rose Kennedy. She almost burst into tears that evening, too, when she kissed Aunt Rose good night at bedtime. Uncle Joe was down at the Parlow's. He and Mr. Parlow actually smoked their pipes together in harmony on the cottage porch.

Aunt Rose was usually an early riser; but the first person up at The Corners on that Saturday morning was Carolyn May. She was dressed a full hour before the household was usually astir.

She came downstairs very softly, carrying the heavy bag she had brought with her the day she had first come to The Corners. She had her

## THE TORTURES OF RHEUMATISM

### Happily Stopped When He Began To Take "Fruit-a-tives"

8 OTTAWA ST., HULL, P. Q.

"For a year, I suffered with Rheumatism, being forced to stay in bed for five months. I tried all kinds of medicine without relief and thought I would never be able to walk again. One day while lying in bed, I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' the great fruit medicine; and it seemed just what I needed, so I decided to try it.

The first box helped me, and I took the tablets regularly until every trace of the Rheumatism left me."

LORENZO LEDUC.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

purse in her pocket, with all her money in it and she had in the bag most of her necessary possessions.

She washed her face and hands. Her hair was already combed and neatly braided. From the pantry she secured some bread and butter, and, with this in her hand, unlocked the porch door and went out. Prince got up, yawning, and shook himself. She sat on the steps to eat the bread and butter, dividing it with Prince.

"This is such a beautiful place, Prince," she whispered to the mongrel. "We are going to miss it dreadfully, I s'pose. But then—Well, we'll have the park. Only you can't run so free there."

Prince whined. Carolyn May got up and shook the crumbs from her lap. Then she unchained the dog and picked up her bag. Prince pranced about her, glad to get his morning run.

The little girl and the dog went out of the gate and started along the road toward Sunrise Cove.

The houses had all been asleep at The Corners. So was the Parlow cottage when she trudged by. She would have liked to see Miss Amanda, to kiss her just once. But she must not think of that! It brought such a "guppy" feeling into her throat.

Nobody saw Carolyn May and Prince until she reached Main street. Then the sun had risen and a few early persons were astir; but nobody appeared who knew the child or who cared anything about her.

At the railroad station nobody spoke to her, for she bought no ticket. She was not exactly clear in her mind about tickets anyway. She had found the conductor on the train coming up from New York a kind and pleasant man and she decided to do all her business with him.

Had she attempted to buy a ticket of the station agent undoubtedly he would have made some inquiry. As it was, when the train came along Carolyn May, after seeing Prince put into the baggage car, climbed aboard with the help of a brakeman.

"Of course, if he howls awfully," she told the baggage man, who gave her a check without question, "I shall have to go in that car and sit with him."

There were not many people in the car. They steamed away from Sunrise Cove and Carolyn May dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief and told herself to be brave.

The stations were a long way apart and the conductor did not come through for some time. When he did open the door and come into the car Carolyn May started up with a glad cry. It was the very conductor who had been so kind to her on the trip up from New York.

The railroad man knew her at once and shook hands most heartily with her.

"Where are you going, Carolyn May?" he asked.

"All the way with you, sir," she replied.

"To New York?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going home again."

"Then I'll see you later," he said, without asking for her ticket.

The conductor remembered the little girl very well, although he did not remember all the details of her story.

He was very kind to her and brought her satisfying news about Prince in the baggage car. The brakeman was nice, too, and brought her water to drink in a paper cup.

At last the long stretches of streets at right angles with the tracks appeared—paved streets lined with tall apartment houses. This could be nothing but New York city. Her papa had told her long ago that there was no other city like it in the world.

She knew One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and its elevated station. That was not where she had boarded the train going north, when Mr. Price had placed her in the conductor's care, but it was nearer her old home—that she knew. So she told the brakeman

she wanted to get out there and he arranged to have Prince released.

The little girl alighted and got her dog without misadventure. She was down on the street level before the train continued on its journey downtown.

At the Grand Central terminal the conductor was met with a telegram sent from Sunrise Cove by a certain frantic hardware dealer and that tele-



The Brakeman Was Nice, Too, and Brought Her Water in a Paper Cup.

gram told him something about Carolyn May of which he had not thought to ask.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### The Home of Carolyn May.

It was some distance from the railroad station to the block on which Carolyn May Cameron had lived all her life until she had gone to stay with Uncle Joe Stagg. The child knew she could not take the car, for the conductor would not let Prince ride.

She started with the dog on his leash, for he was not muzzled. The bag became heavy very soon, but she staggered along with it uncomplainingly. Her disheveled appearance, with the bag and the dog, gave people who noticed her the impression that Carolyn May had been away, perhaps, for a "fresh-air" vacation, and was now coming home, brown and weary, to her expectant family.

But Carolyn May knew that she was coming home to an empty apartment—no room that echoed with her mother's voice and in which lingered only memories of her father's cheery spirit.

Yet it was the only home, she felt, that was left for her.

She could not blame Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda for forgetting her. Aunt Rose had been quite disturbed, too, since the forest fire. She had given the little girl no hint that provision would be made for her future.

Wearily, Carolyn May traveled through the Harlem streets, shifting the bag from hand to hand, Prince pacing sedately by her side.

"We're getting near home now, Prince," she told him again and again.

She came to the corner near which she had lived so long and Prince suddenly stopped at the screened door of a shop.

"Of course, poor fellow! That's the butcher's," Carolyn May said.

She bought a penny afternoon paper on a news stand and then went into the shop and got a nickel's worth of bones and scraps for the dog. The clerk did not know her, for he was a new man.

They ventured along their block. The children all seemed strange to Carolyn May. But people move so frequently in Harlem that this was not at all queer. She hoped to see Edna or some other little girl with whom she had gone to school. But not until she reached the very house itself did anybody hail her.

"Oh, Carolyn May! Is that you?" A lame boy was looking through the iron fence of the areaway. He was the janitor's son.

"Oh, Johnny! I'm real glad to see you!" cried the little girl. Then she added more slowly, "We—we've come home again—me and Prince."

"You've grown a lot, Carolyn May," said the boy. "My pop and mom's away."

"I'll go up into Edna's flat, then," the weary little girl sighed.

"The Prices have gone away, too. They won't be back till tomorrow sometime."

"Oh!" murmured Carolyn May. "But, say, I can get the keys to your flat. The water's turned on, too. Everything's all right up there, for Mrs. Price she sweeps and dusts it all every once in a while. Shall I get the keys?"

"Oh, if you will, please!" returned the relieved child.

The boy hobbled away, but soon returned with the outer-door key and the key to the apartment itself. Carolyn May took them and thanked him. Then she gladly went in and climbed the two flights to their floor.

She saw nobody and easily let herself into the flat. It had been recently aired and dusted. Every piece of fur-

ture stood just as she remembered it.

"Oh, Prince, it's home!" she whispered. "This is our real, real home! I—I loved 'em all at The Corners; but it wasn't like this here!"

Prince perhaps agreed, but he was too deeply interested in sniffing at the package of meat scraps she had purchased for his supper to reply.

"Well, well, Prince," she said, "you shall have it at once."

Dropping the bag in the private hall, she went into the kitchen and stood on tiptoe to open the door of the closet above the dresser. Securing a plate, she emptied the contents of the paper

into it and set the plate down on the floor.

In spreading out the paper she saw some big-type headlines on the front page:

ROMANCE OF THE GREAT WAR

The Experiences of This Newspaper Man Like Those of a Character in a Novel—Lost for Eight Months in the Desert—At the Mercy of Semi-savage Tribes, Man and Wife Escape at Last to Return in Safety and Health.

His Story Told to Beacon Reporter at Quarantine.

Carolyn May read no further. It did not particularly interest the little girl. Besides, she was very tired—too tired to think of her own supper. Had she read on, however, even her simple mind might have been startled by the following paragraphs printed below the heading of this startling story:

Their wonderful good fortune in escaping from the disaster that overtook the steamer on which they traveled and which was caught between the gunfire of a French battleship and two of a Turkish squadron can only be equaled by the chance which followed. Naturally, as a journalist himself, Mr. Cameron is prepared to tell the details of his remarkable adventure in the columns of the Beacon at a later date.

The boat in which they left the sinking Dunraven was separated in the night and fog from that of the other refugees and was carried by the current far to the south. In fact, they were enveloped by fog until they landed upon a stretch of deserted beach.

There was no town near, nor even an encampment of Arabs. But soon after their disembarkation, and before the officer in command could take means to communicate with any civilized, or semi-civilized, place a party of mounted and armed tribesmen swooped down on the castaways.

These people, being Mohammedans, and having seen the battle the day before between the French and the Turks, considered the castaways enemies and swept them away with them into the desert to a certain oasis, where, for nearly six months Mr. John Lewis Cameron and his wife and the other refugees from the Dunraven were kept without being allowed to communicate with their friends.

Mr. Cameron was on furlough from his paper because of ill health. At the beginning of his captivity he was in a very bad way, indeed, it is said. But the months in the hot, dry atmosphere of the desert have made a new man of him, and he personally cannot hold much more against the Mohammedan tribe that held him a prisoner.

There was more of the wonderful story, but the sleepy little girl had given it no attention whatsoever. Prince had eaten and lain down in his familiar corner. The little girl had gone softly into her own room and made up her bed as she had seen her mother and Mrs. Price make it.

Then she turned on the water in the bathtub and took a bath. It was delightful to have a real tub instead of the galvanized bucket they used at Uncle Joe's.

She put on her nightgown at last, knelt and said her prayer, including that petition she had never left out of it, since that first night she had knelt at Aunt Rose's knee:

"God bless my papa and mamma and bring them safe home."

The faith that moves mountains was in that prayer.

Carolyn May slept the sleep of the wearied if not of the carefree. The noises of the street did not disturb her, not even the passing of the fire department trucks some time after midnight.

Nor did nearer sounds arouse her. She had no knowledge of the fact that a procession of A. D. T. boys and messengers from the railroad company came to ring the bell of the Price's apartment. Later the janitor's family was aroused, but the little lame boy thought it would be better for him to say nothing about having seen Carolyn May and of having given her the keys.

So when in the early morning a taxicab stopped at the street door and a bushy-haired, troubled-looking man got out and helped a woman clad in brown to the sidewalk the janitor had no knowledge of the fact that Carolyn May and Prince were upstairs in the apartment that had been so long empty.

"And the Prices are away," said Uncle Joe in a troubled voice. "What do you think of that, Mandy?"

"Oh, Joe! where could the dear child have gone?"

"I haven't seen her," declared the janitor. "But I can let you into the flat. There's been lots of telegrams to Mr. Price in the night—and they weren't all yours. You're Carolyn May's uncle, ain't you?" asked Mr. Stagg.

(Continued on next page.)