



Sample Boxes Free!!!

This exceptional offer is made for the purpose of introducing Zam-Buk, the famous herbal healing balm. Zam-Buk is the favorite household salve and ointment in England, Canada and the leading countries of the world. Its production is only possible by a unique combination of the wisdom of the ancients and the latest scientific knowledge; and wherever it has been introduced, so superior is its healing power that it has quickly become the leading balm. The reasons for this triumph of science are simple and few.

Taking a lesson from the ancients, the proprietors of Zam-Buk first of all decided that the ideal balm must be purely herbal and contain not the slightest trace of rancid animal fats or poisonous minerals.

Zam-Buk is therefore made solely from rich and pure essences obtained from certain rare medicinal herbs. These juices and extracts are prepared and refined by ingenious scientific processes and then so skillfully blended that a unique, effective, and yet perfectly natural skin-healer is secured.

Zam-Buk has an affinity for the human skin such as no ordinary ointment or liniment can possess. Besides soothing pain and allaying irritation, it possesses high antiseptic qualities, and solves the problem of always having handy at home or at one's work an ever-ready and reliable "first-aid." As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or a scratch, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their pain. Mothers should note this.

Again. As soon as this wonderful preparation is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the microscopic cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that they undergo rapid changes; and new healthy tissue is formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's secret of healing. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why the cures worked by Zam-Buk are permanent. They are real "foundation" cures.

WHAT ZAM-BUK CURES.

Zam-Buk will be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bites, ulcers, eczema, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, salt rheum, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, salt cracks, open sores, sore hands, lice chafes and skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores; sell at 50c box or post free from sole Newfoundland Agents, T. McMurdo & Co., St. John's.

SOME NEWFOUNDLAND PEOPLE WHO HAVE PROVED ZAM-BUK.

Many Newfoundland people have written to the proprietors grateful messages, after having been cured by Zam-Buk. The following are examples of these:

ECZEMA CURED.

FOR 8 YEARS EVERYTHING PROVED USELESS. ZAM-BUK CURED.

Mrs. C. Buffett, of Burgeo, Newfoundland, writes: "I am glad to inform you that I have found Zam-Buk a cure for eczema. My son was troubled with this disease on his face for eight years, and tried several ointments, medicines, and salves, but to no effect. I saw a report about Zam-Buk and determined to try it, so I obtained two boxes of this balm. After using one box, only, my son's face was very much better and Zam-Buk has now worked a complete cure. I strongly recommend it as a cure for eczema and allied diseases, and with pleasure grant you the privilege of using my name in connection with this cure."

PILES CURED.

12 YEARS OF SUFFERING ENDED.

Mrs. A. E. Gardner, of Catlins, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, says: "In my case your Zam-Buk has effected a wonderful cure. For twelve years I have been troubled with blind, bleeding and protruding piles, and have been using various kinds of ointments, etc., but never came across anything to equal Zam-Buk. You are at liberty to do what you will with these remarks, and that they may be the means of helping those who are suffering from piles to try Zam-Buk, is the wish of one who has found relief."

SEVEN YEARS OF SKIN DISEASE.

ENDED BY ZAM-BUK.

The value of Zam-Buk in long-standing cases of skin disease is illustrated by the experience of Mrs. William Young, of Lobster Cove Head, Newfoundland. She writes: "I am glad to be able to report that Zam-Buk has completely cured me of eczema from which I had suffered for seven years. During that time remedies of all kinds and the treatment of several doctors had failed to do me any good. Zam-Buk has worked a complete cure. I have now introduced it to two other persons; in one case a skin disease of twelve years' standing, which has baffled doctors for that length of time. Up to the present, in this case, also, Zam-Buk has given every satisfaction. In the other case it is yet too early to report. Zam-Buk will always be our household remedy here."

MINISTER TESTED ZAM-BUK.

READ HIS DELIBERATE OPINION.

Rev. P. F. Laugel, "The Masses" Camp, Ont., writes: "Some considerable time ago I began using Zam-Buk with a view to testing it thoroughly. I am troubled with eczema, which is always worse in the winter and seems to leave me about spring. I tried Zam-Buk immediately my hands started to break out, and am pleased to say that it healed the disease, which is more than I can say for anything I have ever before tried. We now have Zam-Buk in the home continuously. The children use it for scratches, cuts, and any skin injury of disease, and I carry a small sample box in my pocket. This is a Scotchman's opinion; it has taken a good while to convince him, but he wanted to make sure of Zam-Buk's merits before endorsing it. It is well worth recommending."

Zam-Buk

THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

TEST ZAM-BUK AT OUR EXPENSE!

Be sure are we that once you try Zam-Buk you will adopt it as your family salve that we offer you a trial box at our expense. To obtain this, cut out this coupon and mail it with one cent stamp (to pay return postage) and full name and address. Mark your letter "Sample" and mail it to our sole agents for Newfoundland, T. McMurdo & Co., St. John's.

The Anarchist's Wife.

A Parisian Story.

"My daughter, you must leave him," and the little priest spoke determinedly as he looked down upon the pretty girlish face, upturned now, as Joan Anateau remained upon her knees before the gilt cross over the little table.

"I cannot, father; I cannot!" she still replied, her face blanched by her great grief, but showing no signs of surrender.

"Every day you remain with that man you peril your immortal soul," urged Father Pierre. "Now that he is in prison, you can enter a convent and be sure of your future reward."

Joan shook her head sadly.

"Father, you have always taught me that a wife must remain with her husband. That is the marriage vow."

"The Church grants absolution in certain cases, and it never was intended that a woman should be led to perdition by a man. Separate yourself from the wicked, lest in time you become as they."

And the girl's great grave eyes lighted up with hope as she felt the possibilities of that great grave love of her heart reawakening the spring, which now seemed to have dried up for all but her, in the heart of her husband Oscar.

"A greater love than yours failed to save him," answered the priest, gravely, "and until that divine love has touched his heart again he must be avoided as one possessed by Satan. Avoid temptations, and shun the devil; by remaining with him, you do neither. I cannot grant you absolution again until you have obeyed me, child. You are now foolishly casting from you the prize of salvation, and too late you may find it impossible to escape the fires of hell."

The girl sprang to her feet now, her cheeks flushed, her head thrown back, a beautiful picture, but one from which his reverence shrank almost aghast.

"Father!" she cried—and there was a ring of contempt in her voice—"my husband was right when he said that the church was for children. You tempt me with the prize, and try to frighten me with your hell as though I were a child, to be bribed with sweets, and whipped if I did not obey. I feel in my heart that my duty is by my husband's side, and when he comes out of prison I shall be waiting at the gates for him. If Oscar is doomed to perdition, as you

say, he loves me, and I will ask the Holy Mother to pity us, and to help me by my love to lead him aright; but I hope to be with him here and hereafter, wherever the good Lord may decide we must go. You, father, do not understand such love as mine is, love that would, sooner face the terrors of hell hand in hand with him than receive a prize in which he had no share! I know that you will not bless me now, father, but think kindly of me still, if you can, and then, turning again to the little shrine, Joan crossed herself, and, bowing reverently to the priest, left the sacred building.

"Poor child," sighed the father, as she shut the door, "she is more tainted than I thought. I should have insisted on a separation earlier. It was he who spoke just now, not she! Mother of Mercy! open her eyes! and the worthy man, falling upon his knees, prayed for the wife of Oscar Anateau, the Anarchist and infidel."

The Anarchist stepped from out the prison walls a free man. None of his associates were there to meet him, none knew the time when he would be released; and although he spoke at the meetings of the Brotherhood, he had no friends among the many who applauded the threats he uttered against society, and for speaking which he had just undergone a period of imprisonment. He looked round, dazed somewhat, like one coming from the night into the noise and bustle and light of noonday. Then a young girl sprang forward, and

with a mingled sob and cry of joy, clasped him in her arms, while he strained her to his breast.

"My Joan! My wife!" was all he could say at first; and then, seeing a small crowd gathering, some of whom were beginning to threaten the Anarchist—who was well known to many—he led Joan away, and hailing a cab, drove to their squalid rooms in a low quarter of the city; for the Anarchist was not to find lodgings elsewhere but amid the haunts of criminals.

"And how did you find out the time when I was to be discharged?" Oscar asked, as soon as the cab moved on, followed by the hoots of the onlookers.

"I waited for you," was the simple reply, but one which told him, were the information wanting, of her great love.

She had waited by the prison gates for the past three weeks from dawn to evening, ready to be the first to greet him.

Oscar Anateau was unlike the popular idea of an Anarchist. He was a well-set-up, military-looking man, who had served with distinction in the Army, and since he had left it he had proved a good honest worker, and clever at his trade, which was that of an engineer. When he had married Joan he had saved a little money, and she had her small dot, and married life began happily enough

with them. He used to go to church with her sometimes, and to confession. Politics be never troubled his head about; his wife was his world, and he did not look further.

But when he had been married two years, one of the partners in the great engineering firm where he was employed raised up a man to be foreman who was known as a bully. This man—Black Michael he was nicknamed—was as soon as he obtained power, became the tyrant of the works. If he took a dislike to any man, the poor fellow was discharged at a moment's notice, without a character, and left to starve. Good workmanship was no security; he was fickle in his likes and dislikes, and no man in his department knew from one week to another how long he would stay on.

So a number of them, headed by Oscar Anateau, whose kind heart was inflamed at the injustice done, waited on the partners, and begged them to intercede. But these gentlemen chose to uphold the bully. They even went further, and discharged all the hands forming the deputation.

A riot on a small scale, followed by a lock-out was the result, and Oscar saw men hungering, and women and children pining to death; and after a vain appeal to the capitalists he began to speak publicly against them.

Then all the employers closed the workshops against the locked-out men. Some went to the bad, some died, and Oscar's kind heart became hardened—but never to his Joan. He listened to the lectures of the Atheists, and refused to believe in a Deity because he had seen helpless men and women die of cruel starvation; and at length he joined the extreme Anarchist section, and openly preached war against capitalist.

Rash Judgment.

What's the cause of rash judgments? The first cause is that perversity so common in this world and in one sense it is the least unworthy of an upright mind. The world knows and esteems itself at its just value; it knows that in the life of workings appearances are often most deceitful when they look best, and therefore it finds a difficulty in believing in virtue.

But this general reason of the depravity of the world will not justify a Christian in tarnishing his neighbor's reputation when he has no good reason for believing in the existence of evil. I may think that the world is a sea of corruption, and I should not be far wrong.

Still, I may not extend this conclusion to any individual in particular without proof. But where the world is most liable to grave and continual errors is when it seeks to judge the virtuous, applying to them this general rule which the corruption of the world

has introduced into a perverted state of society.

The world does not know, or rather it malignantly feigns not to know, that in spite of the corruption of the age, there does exist a race of men for whom virtue is not a vain word, but who habitually make justice, goodness, and holiness the rule of their conduct, even although some passing defects, from which no one is exempt, may be pointed out in their lives. But these defects do not by any means authorize us in condemning and tarnishing the whole of an irreproachable life, nor in conceiving evil suspicions of the most virtuous actions.—Mgr. Landriot, Archbishop of Rheims.

EUROPEAN AGENCY.

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The E



dare say how many wouldn't believe me. Truly, I can't make. Write an article and had form for a girl. Why, that seems to be asked to write it is often hot in the stomach, or that it is man to murder his... Can there really be land who does not chew gum in public? Take a girl who has home training and has ever seen another girl by checking her own hair itself she usually seems to be surely that she is her that she is pleasant habit. Perhaps it is right and this is to be brought to...

Women's

There is one man in more women's secret country. These are the secrets of soft R. V. Pierce in the That few of these expectations is proved all women treated altogether cured. cases treated were that record applies lion women, in a and entitles Dr. P. specialists in the Every sick woman charge. All replies any printing or advertisement, to Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S

Males vs

Fads and Fashions

A new sleeve of a sewed plainly into the seams a little toward the creases a bit below, in a three-quarter turned cuff.

Already quite fads and fashions for spring and summer, fuchs and large collars that round the front, deepening shoulders in the back. The long talked of an accepted fact. However, topping a shoulder to a high mounting on the shaped giraffe effect. New white blouses signed to wear with show a bit of blue...

One Pill for Constipation.

Pills? Then s