

YES

A few minutes after Zam-Buk is applied to a cut, a burn, a scratch, or any sore place, the pain is stopped. Mothers should never forget this, because it is one reason why Zam-Buk is the best thing for children's injuries. It stops their crying and gives them ease. Right from the instant of application healing begins, and Zam-Buk heals quickly. Note these statements from reliable persons, some of whom you may know.

Baby's Sore Healed.
"My baby girl had a bad sore on her chin, which was very painful, and caused her to be very restless. We put on some Zam-Buk, and in a wonderfully short time it gave her ease. In a few days the sore was completely healed."
Mrs. E. COCKAN,
Yorkton, Sask.

Rusty Nail Pierced Finger.
"I ran a rusty nail under my thumb nail while at work. The pain was terrible and I feared blood-poisoning from the dirty, rusty nail. I melted some Zam-Buk and ran it into the wound, and it stopped the pain almost instantly. It kept away inflammation and in a few days the wound was quite healed."
Mr. A. H. ORR,
Shipley, Ont.

A Bad Burn.
"In moving some wood in the stove, I burned my thumb very badly. In a few minutes it was covered with a big white blister, and the pain was very bad. Zam-Buk was applied, and in quick time it gave me ease."
H. E. JENSEN, Organist, Carman, Man.

Take this Advice:
If you have some sore place, some skin disease, some cut, or burn or ulcer, why continue to suffer pain? Every hour you suffer is an hour wasted. You cannot do your best work in pain; you cannot enjoy your leisure. Zam-Buk saves far more than it costs, by saving you time in this way.
Zam-Buk is a "short-cut" to skin healing. There is nothing which acts so quickly as it so surely. Use it for all skin injuries and diseases, Eczema, Ulcers, Blood Poison, etc., and for Piles. All druggists and stores, 50 cents a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations.

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EVERY HOME NEEDS IT
ADDRESS ALL APPLICATIONS FOR SAMPLES AND RETAIL ORDERS TO T. McMURDO & CO., ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

THE Grand Alliance; OR, Love That Knew No Bounds.

CHAPTER III.

"And I—don't know," answers Sydney, her voice dropping, as it always does when she speaks of her mother, who never gives the younger-born more place in her pursuits than she does in her heart. Then, still swinging softly, she thinks profoundly a minute or two, and the outcome of her meditation is—
"I wish, Taffy, I always lived with you, if papa came every day to see me."

Which says more than she intends, for nurse looks sorry as she answers, "Nay, my pretty. Mr. Alwyn couldn't afford that nowadays!"
"Not afford it! Do I cost so much to keep?"
Nurse is glad of something to laugh at.

"Why, afford to spare you, Miss Sydney, I mean. Your cost ain't much! We wouldn't mind keeping you for nothing."

"Oh, then," says the child, "if I— but she breaks off abruptly, disturbed by the sound of an approaching step. The little gate at the end of the garden path is unlatched, and striding between sweet-williams and Canterbury-bells, up comes a tall, big-framed lad, with reddish-brown curly hair, and eyes over which he draws his darker brows as if to keep the glare of sunshine off.

Sydney ceases swinging to watch, a trifle jealously, as Taffy gets up and joyfully greets this new-comer with—
"Why, Master Bertie, back again from school! Oh, I ask pardon, my old head can't keep up with such a lot of new names; anyhow, back and not grown too proud to come and see me, I declare!"

"Back!" repeats the youth, as he gives her welcoming hands a hearty shake. "Yes, and likely to keep back. But proud!" flinging himself on the

end of the bench under the laburnum "It's a little late in the day for me to set up in that line, I promise you. For, oh, Taffy, do you know we are in a muddle and no mistake!"

Then he leans forward till he brings his face, with the square-chin resting in his large, nervous hand, close to Nurse Taverner's shoulder, and plunges into the story of whatever escapade or veritable trouble he has just hinted at.

Sydney hears nothing of it all, for when, assured that he is a stranger to her, or nearly so, she has just a glimmering notion she has seen him somewhere, in the town perhaps, and that nurse and he want to talk together, she intuitively turns her back upon the pair, and gives her undivided attention to a couple of black-caps chasing each other in and out among the apple-leaves. But presently she started "Good sakes alive!" from the old woman attracts her attention, and she looks round while Taffy says something else, of her apparently, for most certainly it is at her the boy's deep-set eyes flash the wrathful glance she is just in time to catch, as he exclaims passionately.

"An imp of evil! I hate her!"
"Oh, Master Bertie, do hush!" The child's senses, on the alert now, hear her old friend plead, and then she jumps down from her swing, runs off past Mr. Lewis hoeing French beans in his shirt-sleeves, and hides herself and a babyish disposition to cry in a grove of currant-bushes at the furthest corner of the garden.

Somebody says he hates her, and she has never hurt that some one! Why does he hate her—her, when she does so love to be loved? He has called her a dreadful sort of name which she is positive she can't deserve. Will many people treat her like this as she grows older? A fright of the future overtakes her. A great quail of aggrieved injustice sets sobbing and falling under her fading daisy chain, and her sensitive little soul, inured by now to cold neglect, frets sorely at the notion of active unmerited dislike.

In the midst of her distress the intruding origin of it, his conference with Taffy at an end, stalks homeward-bound along the lane outside, and Sydney, no coward howsoever soft-hearted, dries up her tears, peeps at him over the hedge, and arrests his steps before he has passed the bounds of Mr. Lewis's tidy plots.

He is not by any means a grown-up man, she thinks, manhood being identical in her mind, with gray hairs such as her father has, so she has to choose a form of address for him as she climbs over a separating stile; which point settled, she confronts him and demands, with an odd mixture of the imperious and the willful—
"Boy, why do you hate me? Stop and tell me, please."
The lad colors awkwardly, and be-

gins to frown again, but looking from his great height on the exceedingly anxious little face upturned to him, he relents and tries to stave the matter off as a species of joke.
"Oh, that was nothing, little one! Only some of my—my nonsense. Don't you trouble about anything you heard."
"But I must trouble," Sydney persists; "I didn't like it at all. You said I was a—nymph of evil. Why?"
The lad, hard pressed, caught at her blunder.
"I never said you were a 'nymph' of anything."
"Well, something of that sort, you did, indeed; something—unkind!" the great sad eyes again filling with tears.
"But I really never meant to be unkind to you, honor bright I didn't," cried the lad, blinking down at her with very uncertain gaze—truth to tell, he wouldn't be sorry to descend to her level and, for all his five feet ten inches, to let loose some of his private vexations in a good hearty "howl"—but I am awfully bothered, and I—I was angry with some one else, and I didn't think of what I said. That is the truth. So just you forget all you heard."
Sydney sighs, relieved, but not fully satisfied.
"Then you don't hate me?"
"No, no—nonsense! Certainly not." A great breath of growing contentment.
"I am glad," emphatically, "and you won't be cross with me ever any more?"
"Why should I?"
"But you won't?"
"Well, I won't, then."
"Thank you. Now you may go away, boy. Good-bye!"
She slips her threepenny-bit of a sand into one of his huge ones, and makes her farewell with such a glad-ened, altered countenance, that he is smitten with remorse for having vexed such a small innocent thing. So he stoops down and gives her a kiss with a furtive glance about, as if afraid lest a bird on the wing should catch sight of the harmless peacemaker.

"There, run off," he says, lifting her clean over the stile with one sweep of his great strong arms; "go back to Taffy. Or, no, look here," his brows knitting again, "play about first a few minutes. And I say," holding her still by a great hunch of olland frock and red sash, "never you mind if people are cross now and then. Take my advice and don't care about it. Good-bye."

He stops to see her safely traverse Lewis's long garden, and when he has started, turns back once more to watch the dark-haired child passing on through the orchard.
"Poor little thing!" he mutters though his tone of pity is at variance with the scowl that gathers on his

face again; "poor little thing!" and for all the wrath he may be nursing, carries away with him a kindly recollection of the tender-spirited seven-year-old maid, whom, in spite of all he was to owe her, he was never in this world to see again.

CHAPTER IV.
Memory has a trick of placing her pegs so irregularly, especially in the brains of the young, and hanging upon them incidents so detached from their surroundings, that while the afternoon recorded still stands vividly in the foreground of Sydney's young days, its sequence of events faded clean out of mind; perhaps because changes came thick and fast just then.

In point of fact, however, when the child had strayed among the fruit-trees long enough, according to her calculations, to dry off the traces of tears upon her cheeks, and hide these signs of woe from Taffy's sharp eyes; and when she returned through the back door of the cottage, between the wash-tubs on their settles and the wheelbarrow poised for the night on what she called "its hind-legs," to the flag-floored room where tea was mostly ready by this hour, she found indeed, the meal prepared, but, for a wonder, left unguarded, while, taking joyful advantage of this negligence, a marauding puss from a neighboring establishment was seated on the table, and both the natural guardians of these viands were standing fast down the path by the gate, talking to no other than Havens, the Gusswick coachman.

"Papa! Where's papa?" cried Sydney, running forward. "Is he come for me?"
An instant silence fell upon the group. Then nurse, shaking her head at the others, came forward, explaining that Mr. Alwyn hadn't come but "her little miss had" got to go home.

"So come along and let you and me get your things packed up, my deary," said the old woman, in rather a quavering voice ("nurse doesn't like my going," thought the child, and coaxed the old wrinkled hand caressingly); and together the two speedily collected the small wardrobe though Taffy was so absent-minded she had to open the bag half a dozen times for articles well-nigh forgotten. Then she hugged Sydney wonderfully tight, and kept close, though some what trembling, hold of the child as they left the tiny whitewashed sleeping room, not loosing her till she was safely bestowed in her nook by Haven's side, and ready to start.

(To be Continued.)

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