



"His Master's Choice."

UNION JACK TOBACCO

One pipeful means—
many more. Try it!

When Wright Was Wrong.

L. Tobias Wright, retired grocer, was like his name—always right. He was invariably accurate, did the correct thing at the precisely proper time, and did it in the best possible way—at least that was his opinion.

"I'm Wright by name, and right by nature," he would say, unconscious that the remark was not strictly original; and if this estimation of his personal worth was not shared by many people, whose fault was it? Certainly not that of Tobias, for he was fond of proclaiming his own excellence both in season and out, and few ventured to contradict him—to his face.

It would be unreasonable to expect that two paragons could dwell under

one roof, hence it is almost necessary to state that Mary, the life-partner of the immaculate Tobias, although equally right by name, was not considered to share her husband's superiority.

The third member of the establishment could not, of course, even hope to do so, but he must be mentioned in order to complete the introduction. This was Whitefoot, the little brown horse that for years past had served Tobias with cheerfulness and zeal, drawing the grocery-cart on business occasions, and the lighter "tax-cart" on the rare holidays that our hero allowed himself.

So much by way of preface! Now please behold the wedded pair at breakfast one morning, and allow me to inform you that the subject of discussion is Wright's proposal to sell Whitefoot.

"Don't sell Whitefoot, Tobias," pleads meek Mrs. Wright. "He is such a good little pony, and now we have left the shop, his work will be lighter than before."

"I tell you, Mary, I've made up my mind to sell him, and sell him I certainly shall," says Tobias, in what he intends to be a tone of finality.

But patient Mary makes another, and last, attempt on behalf of Whitefoot. She remembers how well he had galloped that night, when, with her baby-boy in her arms, she had driven to the doctor's house, in the vain endeavor to save the small sprig of humanity, who was her first and last contribution to the population of the country.

"Don't sell him, Tobias," she reiterates. "He reminds me so much of little Toby. Whenever I go to the stable, I seem to see the little fellow stretching out his arms to pat old Whitefoot's head."

"All the more reason for selling the animal," asserts Tobias, gruffly. (Can it be that his voice is affected by the thought of the son who had come so late, and made so short a stay?) "Day-dreams are dangerous," he continues, clearing his throat. "So I tell you straight that I shall sell the horse at the first opportunity, if only to cure you of such sentimental nonsense." With this final dictum he rose from his chair, and stomped out of the room, to show the immutability of his decision.

"I wish he'd be guided by me," sighed poor Mary, thus left alone. But the idea was so preposterous that she herself wondered how it had ever arisen in her mind. Perhaps it was the long-dormant instinct of motherhood that awakened in her for a second or two, and for this brief period made her capable of uttering a sentiment of her own.

Meanwhile Tobias had gone to the stable—a little lean-to building at the back of the house. "Get up," he said, roughly, opening the door, and Whitefoot, a brown pony with a white stocking, obediently moved on one side, to allow his master to enter, and untie the halter.

"Back out," was the next command and the pony stepped back into the yard, where Tobias began its daily toilet, accompanying his efforts by the hissing sound that seems inseparable from such a performance.

"Ow much for the 'oss, mister?" said a voice, and, turning round, Tobias saw a gipsy-like man leaning over the gate, and watching his operations.

"What's that to you?" he asked, snappily.

"Nothin'," answered the man, laconically, in no wise perturbed by Mr. Wright's want of suavity; "I only thought as how you might be wanting to sell 'im."

"Why, do you want to buy a horse?" the stranger nodded; he was too busy chewing a straw to be able to speak just then.

"How much will you give?" queried Tobias, not altogether uninfluenced by the desire to show Mary how quickly he could carry out his plans when once he had made up his mind. "That depends," answered the dark-skinned one, cautiously, unthanking the gate and stepping into

the yard. "Let me 'ave a closer look at 'im, mister." He rubbed his hands up and down the pony's legs, looked into its mouth and flicked his fingers in front of its eyes; then said:

"I'll swop yer eight yellow-boys for 'im, guv'nor."

"No, you won't," said Tobias. "That's not enough; the pony is worth ten pounds any day."

"E's getting on in years," asserted the other. "But, to make a deal, I'll split the difference, and give you nine quid."

"Done," said Tobias. And the pony's new owner, extracting a dirty wash-leather bag from some obscure portion of his greasy-looking apparel, proceeded to count out nine golden sovereigns.

Then, from another aperture, he produced a piece of cord and a halter, and, adjusting this round poor Whitefoot's head, led the animal away.

Time passes, and for the next few mornings Tobias found plenty of employment outdoors. Then, having leisurely taken up the geranium from the flower beds at the side of the house, and prepared the soil for the reception of bulbs, dug the last batch of potatoes from the kitchen garden, and cleared the weeds from the paths, the old man began to feel the hours hang heavy on his hands.

One day he astonished Mary by offering to take her for a walk, but when she had prepared herself for the occasion, their wanderings proved very limited, for Tobias had not walked far for years, and the unwanted exertion told ungratefully upon him.

Another day he went to Beverton by the public motor-car; but the roads were fearfully dusty, and for more than half the distance they travelled in the wake of a powerful electric-fan, so that Mr. Wright realized, for the first time as it seemed to him, how much his outdoor man could carry and absorb of the raw material from which all flesh is made.

"Hang it, Mary," he said, in a tone of wrath, when he arrived home that evening, "I really must invest in another pony. It is a pity to let the stable stand empty, and there is a lot of hay left that nobody seems to want."

This was a change of front; but Mary made no comment. Still she could not help inquiring:

"Didn't you enjoy your trip, Tobias?"

"No, I didn't," snapped her husband; "nor did anybody else. What pleasure could be expected from a ride in an evil-smelling, rattling tin-kettle, with all the dust in creation settling on us in clouds? Enjoy it? Ugh!"

Then, with a snort, Mr. Wright whisked off his coat, and, placing his head beneath the tap in the kitchen, proceeded to wash away that portion of the British Empire which—in the shape of dust—had so unwillingly brought home with him.

II.

The annual fair at Beverton was due the following week, and as the opening day of this famous event was always signalled by a great sale of horses, Tobias determined that he would journey thither; not to join in the frivolities of the roundabouts or shooting galleries, but to purchase another pony.

'Twas in vain that Mary besought her husband to let Farmer Jones select an animal for him. Didn't Tobias know all the points of a horse and wasn't he capable of managing his own affairs? So, when the grey lay came, Mr. Wright, set forth, in a dusty motor-car this time, but in the seat of the aforesaid Farmer Jones's gig.

The good farmer had business of the other side of Beverton, and would wait for Tobias at the "Green Man," on his return journey.

On the occasion of Tobias's visit, the pleasure portion of the fair greatly exceeded its usual limits, so the horse-sale was perforce accommodated in an adjoining field.

Tobias arrived at Beverton early in the morning, and had a good look round before the sale commenced.

In the pleasure-fair many of the showmen were still occupied in the erection of their booths; quack-medicine vendors were unpacking their wares; the big tent of the wild-beast show resembled a partially-inflated balloon; and the ladies of the shooting-galleries, with hair in curling-plins, were busily polishing their antiquated rifles in preparation for the expected crowds.

In the horse-fair grounds things were looking brisker.

The entrance to the field was already boggy with the numerous feet and boots that had passed through. Little groups of countrymen were standing about, some in charge of horses, others obviously out for a day's holiday; and everywhere to be seen the long faces and tight leggings that are the unmistakable signs of the "horsey" man.

Now and then the ringing of a bell announced that an auctioneer was about to commence operations, and with keen interest Tobias, at length



TRY THAT
JUST ONCE!

If you have any sore place—ulcer, eczema, burn, cut or cold sore, be well advised! Try Zam-Buk.

Druggists sell more Zam-Buk than any other salve.

Their profit on it is no greater than on others—is less than on many. Do you think Zam-Buk would be so much more widely used than any other salve if it were not so much better?

Sentiment and advertising might make first sales, but only QUALITY can produce repeat orders.

More and more Zam-Buk is being sold every month, because the quality is there.

How about the children's sores and skin troubles? Don't you think they deserve the best remedy you can get?

That's Zam-Buk.

50c. all druggists and stores. Write Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for free sample, and send this advertisement.

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

elbowed his way through a crowd that had gathered round one of these worthies.

The vendor stood upon an upturned four-wheeled wagon, and appeared to be doing a brisk trade.

"Give him a show, Tom," he cried, as his man brought up a tall, raw-boned horse, which hung its head wearily, as if, like the old woman in the epitaph, it "always was tired."

Thus admonished, Tom led the horse to a little distance, and then, running quickly back, made the poor beast exhibit a brief semblance of activity.

Tobias watched the ensuing sale with admiration, and when several other animals had been disposed of, he felt that he had gained a wrinkle or two anent the buying and selling of horses.

Wandering to a quiet corner of the field, he listened with amusement to the adroit phrases of Ephraim Tonks, a Quaker from a neighbouring village, who was busily trying to persuade a callow-looking youth to purchase a thick-set grey pony.

"Are you sure he will pull well?" Tobias heard the young man inquire.

"Friend," replied Ephraim, impressively, "I tell thee, thou wilt be delighted when thou seest him pull."

And Mr. Wright could testify that this was verbally correct, for the pony was well known to him, as

"The Only Cure for Piles"

Writes Mr. Taylor in Telling His Experience With Dr. Chase's Ointment.



Mr. M. Taylor.

Because Dr. Chase's Ointment brings almost immediate relief from the dreadful itching, burning, stinging sensations of piles, it is well worth the attention of everyone suffering from this annoying disease.

In most cases, even after years of standing, Dr. Chase's Ointment makes a thorough and lasting cure of itching, bleeding and protruding piles.

Mr. Maxwell Taylor, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes: "To all sufferers from piles in any form I would recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the only cure. Over a year ago while in Boston, I became afflicted with a dreadful itching. I went to a doctor, who gave me some ointment, which made me no better. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and by the use of two boxes I was entirely cured. You may publish this statement in order that other sufferers may profit by my experience."

Dr. Chase's Ointment can better prove its value by the relief it affords than by all the words we could use in its praise. 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

lazy, stubborn animal that would not work.

It was getting dusk when Tobias, still unsuited with a horse, made a pause before a group of little Welsh ponies that, with heads pushed close together, were desperately resisting all efforts to separate them.

(Continued on 7th page)

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY
THERAPION No. 1
in a remarkably short time, often a few days only, cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.
THERAPION No. 2
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.
THERAPION No. 3
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.
THERAPION No. 4
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.
THERAPION No. 5
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.
THERAPION No. 6
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.
THERAPION No. 7
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.
THERAPION No. 8
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.
THERAPION No. 9
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.
THERAPION No. 10
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, etc.

New Novels, Magazines,

Fashion Journals and Papers.

A New Book by

Harold Bindloss, The Wastral, 59 and 70c.

Ridgwell Cullum, The Golden Woman, 50 and 70c.

G. Barr McCutcheon, Mary Mid-thorne, 50 and 70c.

Robert Hugh Benson (Fourth Edition), Come Rack, Come Rope, 50 and 70c.

Mrs. Culson Kernahan, The Mystery of Merve Hall, 50 and 70c.

L. T. Meade, The Great Lord Mascreene, 50 and 70c.

Max Pemberton, White Motley, 50 and 70c.

Ethel M. Dell, The Knave of Diamonds, 50 and 70c. (She wrote The Way of an Eagle.)

We have also a few copies of that wonderful novel, "The Day That Changed the World."

Have you seen the ten new titles in The Home University Library that are just out, all ten are good, come in and look through the seven books that make up this almost indispensable Library.

The new Magazines are:—The Grand, Royal, Pearson's, Cassell's, Fry's, English, New, Macgill, Munsey and Cosmopolitan.

The new Fashion Journals are:—All Weldon's, Harrison's, Leech's and the Young Ladies' Journal.

See Them at

DICKS & Co., Ltd.

Fairbanks' Morse Engines ARE THE BEST.

Per SS. "Stephano,"

Bananas, Pears, Florida Oranges, Table Apples, Blue Point Oysters, New York Turkeys & Chicken, New York Corned Beef, Carrots, Parsnips,

JAMES STOTT.

Lots of Beautiful, Glossy Hair, No Dandruff—25c. 'Danderine.'

HAIR COMING OUT!—IF DRY, BRITTLE, THIN OR YOUR SCALP ITCHES AND IS FULL OF DANDRUFF—USE "DANDERINE."

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of Dandruff or a loose or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you will actually see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. A little Danderine will immediately double the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small

strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health. Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove to yourself tonight—now—that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—thats all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.

Asthma Catarrh
WHOOPING COUGHS SPASMODIC CROUP
BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1875

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without dosing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, soothes the inflamed, irritated lining of the throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Creosolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a BOON to sufferers from Asthma. Send for postal for descriptive booklet.

ALL DRUGGISTS
Vapo-Cresolene
ANTISEPTIC VAPOR
TABLETS for the relief of
coughs, colds, and
asthma. Effective and simple.
Use by day or night.
Vapo-Cresolene Co.
61 Cortland St., N.Y.
Licensing Sales Building
Montreal, Can.