

A War Correspondent

Grateful to Zam-Buk

Tells how a Scratch led to Blood-Poisoning and what followed that!

WHEN our Canadian troops were fighting the Boers in South Africa, we read reports of their various engagements from the pen of the famous war correspondent, Mr. Frank Scudamore. Mr. Scudamore is well known for his exposures of the Armenian Atrocities, and his vivid word-pictures during the wars of Turkey and the Sudan Campaigns, prior to his writings during the Boer War. He has passed unscathed through twenty-nine battles, but came near meeting death at home through a mere scratch! Zam-Buk, the great herbal balm, saved him; and in gratitude, and the hope that his experience may lead others to a means of relief in time of suffering, he tells how Zam-Buk released him from the terrible agonies of blood-poisoning.

Mr. Scudamore writes:—"I have experienced the extraordinary benefits which come from the use of Zam-Buk, and desire not to keep the knowledge thereof to myself, but to make it known to any others who may be suffering as I suffered.

"Some time ago, after escaping the dangers to which one is exposed in the hazardous trade of war, I fell a victim to an evil—the evil of blood-poisoning—just as deadly in peace at home. The blood-poisoning started owing to the poisonous dye in some underclothing penetrating a small scratch or sore. I was treated by doctors in the usual way, and told to hope for the best, but the inflammation, pain, and swelling did not appear to be relieved by their treatment. Ulcers broke out on my foot and limbs and for some time it was quite impossible for me to put my foot to the ground, or get about.

"On my left leg, below the knee, I had seventeen deep holes, into any one of which I could have put my thumb, while I had no fewer than fourteen similar ulcers on the right leg.

"Worn out with pain and lack of sleep, I yielded in despair at last to the advice of a friend that I should try Zam-Buk, of which my friend gave the highest accounts. I applied this herbal balm to the sores and ulcers changing the dressings frequently. For a week I persevered with the Zam-Buk treatment, leaving off all else. At the end of that time the pain and inflammation had gone, and the skin, which had before so obstinately refused to heal, was now growing beautifully. I persevered with the treatment, and the benefit increased, until in the end the blood-poisoning was cured, the ulcers cleansed and healed, and new healthy skin covered the previously diseased places.

"What impressed me most about Zam-Buk was the immediate relief it gave from the burning pain. It seemed to bring ease immediately it was put on, and then the cleansing and healing process went on painlessly."

Frank Scudamore

LESSONS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND HOMES
ALL MOTHERS SHOULD REMEMBER

That every scratch, every cut, every sore, every open wound, every skin-disease is liable to turn to blood-poisoning. The air is full of poison germs, which, falling on to sores and wounds, may set up festering and blood-poisoning. How important, then, that Zam-Buk (which is science's latest and best protector against blood-poisoning, as well as the finest healer) should be kept handy in every home!

Zam-Buk operates in an absolutely unique manner. When first applied to a sore or wound its antiseptic power comes into operation. Painlessly, yet effectively, it attacks all disease germs and bacilli that are in the wound. Then its healing essence penetrates the injured cells and stimulates the lung tissue to build up new cells. At the same moment, therefore, there is a defensive (against disease germs) and a constructive process going on all over the region to which Zam-Buk has been applied. This is the way Zam-Buk heals and cures all skin diseases and injuries.

WHAT ZAM-BUK CURES.

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for piles, bad leg, ulcers, abscesses, cold sores, open wounds, sore hands, line chafes, inflamed patches, chaps, frost bite, blood-poisoning, scalp sores, cuts, burns, bruises, and all skin injuries and diseases. Well rubbed in it also cures rheumatism, sciatica, etc.

All druggists and stores sell at 50c box, or post free from sole Newfoundland agents, T. McMurdo & Co., St. John's.

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FRANK SCUDAMORE
FROM A PHOTO
TAKEN IN THE SUDAN.

Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER X.
THE SHADOW OF THE PAST
(continued)

"Not in the least," said the Count, quietly. "We have simply been keeping each other company till you came home. And now," he smiled, as if most indulgently, "I am sorry to say that Miss Merriam had a little disappointment of a kind which you and I can sympathize with, Dora. Mr. Cheriton was to have been here this afternoon." He smiled again, and looked into Mrs. Markham's face lovingly as he carried her hand to his lips, and then turning, opened the door for Dessie to go away. Better news to-morrow, Miss Merriam, he said, as she went out; and the ex-

pression of his voice, the emphasis of the name, and the phrase he chooses, were all understood by the miserable girl as she ran upstairs, her grief half-choking her.

Mrs. Markham stared after her in astonishment, and then turned to her lover to put her feelings into words.

"Are you sure you haven't been saying anything to upset her, Godefroi?" she asked. "I've never known her take such a fit into her head before. 'She's generally so cool and self-reserved about Mr. Cheriton. I've often wondered, indeed, whether she really loves him very deeply."

"Do you mean that if we were apart, and you expected me to come to you—as I would at your slightest nod—and I was to telegraph, 'I cannot come,' that you would just toss that pretty head and point these ruby lips—kissing them—and say, 'Let him come, or let him stay away, it is all one to me?' Is that what you would do?"

She was clinging to him, looking up into his face, and she sighed and then smiled, coaxingly as she asked: "And if I were to? And if you got to know it—would it make you very unhappy Godefroi?"

He smiled down into her eyes before he answered, and taking her face in his hands, held it upturned to him.

"If I thought you could ever grow indifferent to me, not caring whether I were with you or away, Dora," he answered, slowly, as if with deep feeling, "I should not care to live. I cannot bear to think of it, my dear." And he stooped and kissed her again, passionately. Then he held her at

arm's length, still looking lovingly into her face. "And to think, sweetheart, that we have been so long in the world and have been able to live without the exquisite delight of this mutual love of ours. Ah! what a life we will have together in the future. What revenge we will take upon the past! How happy we will be. I wish we were married, Dora. I hate this study of the conventions—this waiting."

His tender tone and passionate kisses thrilled her.

"It shall be when you will," she answered submissively.

"Do you know why I wish it? Come, and sit down; I'll tell you. Of course, it's only a stupid lover's fears, but the feeling has been haunting me all day, and I said to myself, 'I will tell my sweetheart.' Do you know, Dora, I have the thought that love is never love until each can tell the other the littleness and weakness that make up half of one's life. This is a weakness."

"I can never think of weakness in connection with you, Godefroi. You always seem to me so strong, so self-

liant, so resolute—but I shall love to hear of a weakness," she laughed in sheer childish happiness.

"It was only a dream of mine. Something last night must have made me very thoughtful. I walked to my hotel, and went straight to my room and to bed and I dreamt! as vividly as only one with my imagination can dream. First, the sun was shining in a land that seemed all gold, and you and I were walking hand in hand on the shore of a sea, silver calm; and the air seemed soft with the sweetness of peace and love. Then came a change. It was still day, but the sun was setting, and we were on a road hard and stony, leading over a barren plain to the gates of a city that frowned on us from ahead. And we toiled over the rough way, each full of love for the other, each helping, cheering, hoping—till as we came close to the gates of the city, the red sun sank suddenly, the air turned dark, and when we passed the gates, they closed with a heavy clang behind us, and the night fell chill and clinging. Then turning I saw on the gates the words in letters of dull, menacing lead—'Who enter, part,' and I seemed to grasp in a moment the meaning of all—we were to part."

He paused, and drew her closer to him as he continued:—

"I took you in my arms then, and hid your face on my breast, that you might not see what was written, and I turning, I went back to the gate and struck it, and strove with all my force to open it. But what came of my efforts was a waste of strength and a mocking laugh. I turned again, and holding you that you might not hear the sound, I fled with you along the road into the middle of the city. Then suddenly there was a gapping, giving, jering crowd at our heels and on all sides of us; out running me because I carried you. And they turned to point and laugh, and utter sneers at us because we loved each other and were to part. And then—ah, Dora, I can feel them now—long, bony fingers, and strong skeleton arms seized and held me, and though I struggled till I thought my heart would burst in my frenzy, they tore you away, and I saw you borne away till you were lost in the distance, and a sense of the awfulness of solitude, of a life to be passed without the warmth of your touch, your smile, kisses, your love, came upon me and overwhelmed me with misery. I knew then, my darling, what it would be to me to lose you; and when I woke it was with the terrible dread on me that the dream was one of those strange warnings that the mortals have, omens of coming calamity. But it shall not be, shall it? Tell me, sweetheart, nothing shall ever part us."

"Nothing, Godefroi; nothing on earth if I can help it. If you wish it I will marry you to-morrow." She clung to him and kissed him, and made him

Sluggish Liver Action

Causes indigestion, constipation and bilious headache—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills the cure.

"Sluggish liver has been my trouble," writes Mrs. I. P. Smith, Paris, Ont. "and I have been greatly benefited by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I have taken medicines from several good doctors, but none ever did me the same amount of good as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I could not keep up and do my work if I did not use these pills when the bilious spells come on, and I have recommended them to many."

"Dr. Chase's medicines were about the only kind that came into my father's house 40 or 50 years ago, and they were always satisfactory."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prompt, definite and direct in their action on the liver, kidneys and bowels, and are therefore the most effective treatment obtainable for biliousness, indigestion and constipation. 25 cents a box, 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

renews and sustains the strength of weak, failing babies; pale, delicate children; tired, nervous women and feeble, aged people. It contains no alcohol, no drug, no harmful ingredient whatever; it builds up and strengthens the young as well as the old.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Neuralgia and Sciatica

Caused great suffering for 25 years. Nothing effective until Dr. Chase's Medicines were used.

"It affords me pleasure to speak favorably of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills," writes Mr. W. T. Collins, Morpeth, Ont. "I had been a sufferer for 25 years from sciatica, lumbago and neuralgia and tried nearly all the remedies advertised without one particle of benefit until I began the use of Dr. Chase's medicines. Before I had finished two boxes of the Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills I noticed considerable benefit in my condition. I have so much confidence in these medicines that I have recommended them to dozens of my friends."

In severe cases of this nature the combined use of these medicines brings results which are both surprising and satisfactory. The Kidney-Liver Pills regulate the action of kidneys, liver and bowels, while the Nerve Food enriches the blood and builds up the nervous system. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Trial by Jury.

Trial by jury is itself on trial. Few of its admirers would say that it was a first-rate truth-finding instrument. The fascination which it once had for foreign countries is gone; they will, speaking generally, have nothing to do with it in civil matters, and distrust it in criminal. But it is probable that some of the obstacles to its success are due to our preserving antiquated machinery, some parts of which might well be scrapped and others slightly renovated.—From the London Times.

Bran water made by adding four table-spoonfuls of bran to a quart of water is said to be the best thing in which to wash fine silk hose. Soap is apt to rot them.



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