

TERRIBLE BURNS HEALED.

SKIN-FORMING TISSUE DESTROYED AND HOSPITAL TREATMENT FAILED. ZAM-BUK THEN WORKED A MIRACLE OF HEALING.

You are fully aware that for burns, cuts, scalds and similar injuries Zam-Buk is admitted to be the surest and quickest cure, and the Zam-Buk treatment is that which soonest eases the pain. Here is a case which proves that even in the most serious of cases the same truth applies. For skin injuries or diseases however serious, however long continued, however painful or unsightly—there is absolutely nothing to equal Zam-Buk. If you have a sore, a burn, a troublesome skin disease, note well this wonderful case.

Mr. Wm. Ball of London (Ont.) says:—"One morning I was preparing my breakfast, and to make the fire burn I threw on a quantity of kerosine oil. This caused a terrific explosion and I was set on fire and burned terribly from the chin to about 6 inches below the breast and across from shoulder to shoulder.

I was removed to the hospital in a very serious condition, and suffering acute pain as you may imagine. The area burned was so extensive and the burning so deep that the particular tissue from which the skin grows appeared to have been destroyed and new skin would not grow. Doctors tried to get over the difficulty by grafting skin on to the burned area from another person. This too proved unavailing and when I was able to leave the hospital and go home the burned portion was still devoid of skin and it was not thought the skin would ever grow again upon it.

When everything else had failed and my case seemed hopeless I heard of Zam-Buk. I was told this balm had wonderful power to cause new healthy skin to grow on injured places and I decided to try it if it would do for such an extreme case as mine. I got a supply of Zam-Buk and persevered with its use. It soon showed traces of doing good; and in a few weeks I found to my delight the skin was beginning to grow on the area which had been so badly burned. Bit by bit Zam-Buk stimulated the injured tissue and new healthy skin began to appear until in a short time the damaged area was once again covered with skin! How grateful I am to Zam-Buk for this effect I cannot fully express, but it has done for me what medical skill—fine as it is—had failed to do. Every person who sustains a burn, a scald, a cut or laceration should try what this wonderful balm can do. I have proved that it is by far the finest healer yet known and I shall always give it hearty recommendation."

WHY ZAM-BUK WAS ABLE TO HEAL.

Sometimes when a severe injury (like an extensive burn or a bad tearing of the flesh) is done to the human body the layer of tissue from which the skin grows is damaged and new skin will not grow. Rare as are these cases, Zam-Buk the great herbal balm, will be found to be effective as in the case reported above. Zam-Buk is a combination of rich herbal essences and juices—not a conglomeration of animal fats mixed up with mineral coloring matter like so many of the ordinary preparations.

Zam-Buk stimulates the cells from which skin arises that is the secret of its success. As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a burn, a patch of eczema, a cut, a crushed limb, or a poisoned wound, three processes start right away! It soothes; it kills all disease germs on or about the wound, thus preventing suppuration and festering; and it starts the healing process.

Ask anybody who has tried it! Send for a sample and prove it yourself! Zam-Buk is the only balm which has become the favorite household remedy in every civilized country where it has been introduced. Such wonderful cases as the one reported above explain why it is so popular. Keep a box in your house.

WHAT YOU SHOULD USE ZAM-BUK FOR.

Wherever there is injury or disease of the skin or adjacent tissue use Zam-Buk. Children's sore heads, ringworm, scabies, itch, yield to it. Eczema, ulcers, bad leg, chronic sores, abscesses, blood poisoning, varicose ulcers, gatherings, all are healed by it. For piles and fistula it is without equal.

Zam-Buk has also great virtue as an embrocation. Rubbed well into the parts affected it cures rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago. Rubbed over the chest it cures the tightness and aching due to cold. Indeed, for almost all household purposes a box of Zam-Buk is as good as a medicine chest! All druggists and stores sell at 50 cents a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 3 for \$1.25.

MAGISTRATE AND SCHOOL COMMISSIONER HEALED.

HAD ECZEMA FOR 20 YEARS

Zam-Buk, by its healing power, has earned the praise of men and women in the highest stations of life. One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam-Buk's favor is Mr. C. E. Sanford of Weston, King's Co., N.S. Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed, throughout the County it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected. Some time back he had occasion to test Zam-Buk, and he says: "I never used anything that gave me such satisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a patch of Eczema on my ankle which had been there for over 20 years. Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had taken Solution of Arsenic, had applied various ointments and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, on the contrary, proved highly satisfactory and cured the ailment. I have also used Zam-Buk for itching Flies, and it has cured them completely also. I take comfort in helping my brother man, and if the publication of my opinion of the healing value of Zam-Buk will lead other sufferers to try it, I should be glad. For the relief of suffering caused by Flies or Skin Diseases, I know of nothing to equal Zam-Buk."

FREE SAMPLE BOX.

Send this coupon, a 1 cent stamp (to pay return postage) and name of this paper to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and you will receive free sample box.



THE AMETHYST CROSS

By Fergus Hume

"No. If I had shown it to Jenny, it would not have mattered. You do not suspect an honest girl like her, I presume."

"Honest girls may yield to the temptation of stealing such a fine ornament as the cross," said Hale, dryly. "However, it may set your mind at rest if I say that I don't suspect Jenny. Had she stolen the cross she would not have had the imagination to upset the room and leave the window open, so as to suggest burglary. But, think again, Walker; did you show the cross to anyone after leaving this garden?"

"No," said George, positively. "I certainly did not—that is, not voluntarily."

"Ah, then someone else did see it," said Hale, with satisfaction and with marked eagerness. "Come, my man, speak up."

"I had almost forgotten," said Walker slowly. "Perhaps the blow on my head made me forget; but I remember now."

"Remember what?" asked Lesbia, as eager as her father.

"That those gypsies saw the cross."

"Gypsies!"

Hale and his daughter glanced at one another.

"Yes, I was walking up the lane to my home, when I passed a gypsy encampment. While doing so I pulled out my handkerchief and the cross—which I had placed in my breast-pocket—fell out. The handkerchief twitched, I suppose. It flashed down on the grass, and the glitter caught the eye of a man lounging near the caravan. He came forward and pointed out where it had fallen; I had not noticed its whereabouts for a moment. By the time I picked it up two or three of the gypsies had gathered round, and saw me restore it to my pocket. Then I thanked the men and went home."

ALL INDIGESTION AND DISTRESS FROM AN UPSET STOMACH WILL GO

ALMOST INSTANT RELIEF IS WAITING FOR ADVERTISER READERS WHO SUFFER FROM STOMACH TROUBLE.

Nothing will remain undigested or sour on your stomach if you will take Diapensin after your meal. This powerful digestive and antacid, though as harmless and pleasant as candy, will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you can eat. Eat what your stomach craves, without the slightest fear of indigestion or that you will be bothered with sour risings, belching, gas on stomach, heartburn, headaches from stomach, nausea, bad breath, water brash or a

feeling like you had swallowed a lump of lead, or other disagreeable miseries. If you will get from your pharmacist a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapensin you could always go to the table with a hearty appetite, and your meals would taste good, because you would know there would be no indigestion or sleepless nights or headaches or stomach misery all the next day; and, besides, you would not need laxatives or liver pills to keep your stomach and bowels clean and fresh. Pape's Diapensin can be obtained from your druggist, and contains more than enough triangles to thoroughly cure the worst dyspeptic. There is nothing better for gas on the stomach or sour odors from the stomach or to cure a stomach headache. You couldn't keep a handier or more useful article in the house.

though, to be sure, every child expects to find its parents above reproach. Perhaps a sixth sense told Lesbia that her father was not all he should be. In no other way could she guess how she came to be so ready as to think ill of him. But up to the present she had suspected him wrongly, and so was pleased.

Hale and young Walker went to the Marlow police office and explained in concert what had happened. The officer in charge of the station heard their tale unmoved, as it was nothing more exciting than a robbery by a vagabond. He went with them personally to Medmenham, and there met the village constable, who presented his report. This did not include any reference to gypsies. His superior—whose name was Parson—questioned him, and learned that the thief or thieves had left no trace behind, and—on this evidence—dismissed the matter.

"I don't care. The mere fact that Walker here was assaulted would have proved to me that the cross was wanted. Since he left it at home the thief would probably have burgled the house. I might have caught him red-handed. Oh, why didn't I come home last evening?"

Mr. Hale was genuinely moved over the loss of the ornament. And yet Lesbia could not think that it was mere sentimental attachment thereto, as having belonged to his dead wife, that made him so downcast. Yet in itself the cross was of comparatively little value. Lesbia's suspicions returned, and again she dismissed them as unworthy. Moreover, if Hale had assaulted George and had committed a burglary he would not be so eager to set the police on the track. Whoever was guilty, he at least must be innocent. Cold as her father was to her, and little affection as she bore him, it was agreeable to find he was honest.

"Yes, I was walking up the lane to my home, when I passed a gypsy encampment. While doing so I pulled out my handkerchief and the cross—which I had placed in my breast-pocket—fell out. The handkerchief twitched, I suppose. It flashed down on the grass, and the glitter caught the eye of a man lounging near the caravan. He came forward and pointed out where it had fallen; I had not noticed its whereabouts for a moment. By the time I picked it up two or three of the gypsies had gathered round, and saw me restore it to my pocket. Then I thanked the men and went home."

"Remember what?" asked Lesbia, as eager as her father.

"That those gypsies saw the cross."

"Gypsies!"

Hale and his daughter glanced at one another.

"Yes, I was walking up the lane to my home, when I passed a gypsy encampment. While doing so I pulled out my handkerchief and the cross—which I had placed in my breast-pocket—fell out. The handkerchief twitched, I suppose. It flashed down on the grass, and the glitter caught the eye of a man lounging near the caravan. He came forward and pointed out where it had fallen; I had not noticed its whereabouts for a moment. By the time I picked it up two or three of the gypsies had gathered round, and saw me restore it to my pocket. Then I thanked the men and went home."

"Remember what?" asked Lesbia, as eager as her father.

"That those gypsies saw the cross."

"Gypsies!"

Hale and his daughter glanced at one another.

"Yes, I was walking up the lane to my home, when I passed a gypsy encampment. While doing so I pulled out my handkerchief and the cross—which I had placed in my breast-pocket—fell out. The handkerchief twitched, I suppose. It flashed down on the grass, and the glitter caught the eye of a man lounging near the caravan. He came forward and pointed out where it had fallen; I had not noticed its whereabouts for a moment. By the time I picked it up two or three of the gypsies had gathered round, and saw me restore it to my pocket. Then I thanked the men and went home."

"Remember what?" asked Lesbia, as eager as her father.

"That those gypsies saw the cross."

"Gypsies!"

and afterwards was in bed in one of the caravans, as was deposed to by his wife. In fact, every member of "this particular tribe—they were mostly Lovels from the New Forest—proved that he or she had nothing to do with either the assault or burglary. Finally, Parson, entirely beaten, departed with the other two men, and the gypsies proceeded to move away in a high state of indignation.

"Do you really think that they are innocent?" asked Hale, who surveyed the procession of outgoing caravans with a frown.

"Yes, I do," said Parson, who was not going to be taught his business by any civilian.

"So do I," struck in Walker. "All the men who saw the cross have accounted for their whereabouts last night. They were not near my mother's house nor across the river on the towing-path."

Hale smiled dryly. He had no opinion of Walker's intelligence, or of that which Mr. Parson possessed. "Rogues and vagabonds—these people are—stand by one another, and will swear to anything to keep one of their number out of jail. I don't put much faith in the various alibis. You should have searched the caravans, officer."

"And the men and women, also, I suppose, sir," said Parson, quietly. "I had no warrant to do so, let me remind you. Even gypsies have their privileges under the English law. Also, if any one of these men were guilty, he could easily have passed the cross to one of the women, or buried it. I might have searched and found nothing, only to lay myself out for a lecture from my superiors."

"Still," began Hale, unwilling to surrender his point of view, "let me remind you, Mr. Parson, that—"

"And let me remind you, sir," broke in the officer stiffly, "that only this ornament you speak of was stolen. If a gypsy had broken into the house he would certainly have taken other things. And, again, no gypsy could have carried Mr. Walker into your parlor, seeing that not one member of the tribe is aware of your existence, much less where your cottage is situated. I am ignorant of that score myself."

Having thus delivered himself with some anger, for the supercilious demeanor of Hale irritated him, Parson strode away. He intimated curtly to the two men, as he turned on his heel, that if he heard anything likely to elucidate the mystery, he would communicate with them. Also he advised them if they found a clue to see him.

Hale laughed at this last request. "I

"I never did, sir. I went to wake him after I found the drawing-room window open, and found that he hadn't been to bed. The room was upset, too, just as you saw it. If I'd known that I was alone in the cottage I should have been scared out of my life; but I thought Mr. George came in late and had gone to bed as usual. I nearly fainted. I can tell you," cried Jenny, tearfully. "Fancy a weak girl like me being left alone with them horrid gypsies down the lane! But I slept through it all and I never saw a thing about it. When I saw the bed-room upset and that Mr. George wasn't there, I called in Quain, the policeman. That's all I know, and if missus does give me notice when she comes back I'd have her know that I'm a respectable girl as doesn't rob anyone."

Jenny had much more to say on the subject, but all to no purpose; so the three men went to the camp. They found the vagrants making preparations to leave, and shortly were in the middle of what promised to be a free fight. The gypsies were most impatient at being accused, and but for a certain awe of the police would certainly have come to blows with those who doubted their honesty. The man who had seen the cross accounted for his movements on the previous night. He was in the village public house until after eleven, he could not have assaulted Walker or the towing-path,

and afterwards was in bed in one of the caravans, as was deposed to by his wife. In fact, every member of "this particular tribe—they were mostly Lovels from the New Forest—proved that he or she had nothing to do with either the assault or burglary. Finally, Parson, entirely beaten, departed with the other two men, and the gypsies proceeded to move away in a high state of indignation.

"Do you really think that they are innocent?" asked Hale, who surveyed the procession of outgoing caravans with a frown.

"Yes, I do," said Parson, who was not going to be taught his business by any civilian.

"So do I," struck in Walker. "All the men who saw the cross have accounted for their whereabouts last night. They were not near my mother's house nor across the river on the towing-path."

Hale smiled dryly. He had no opinion of Walker's intelligence, or of that which Mr. Parson possessed. "Rogues and vagabonds—these people are—stand by one another, and will swear to anything to keep one of their number out of jail. I don't put much faith in the various alibis. You should have searched the caravans, officer."

"And the men and women, also, I suppose, sir," said Parson, quietly. "I had no warrant to do so, let me remind you. Even gypsies have their privileges under the English law. Also, if any one of these men were guilty, he could easily have passed the cross to one of the women, or buried it. I might have searched and found nothing, only to lay myself out for a lecture from my superiors."

"Still," began Hale, unwilling to surrender his point of view, "let me remind you, Mr. Parson, that—"

"And let me remind you, sir," broke in the officer stiffly, "that only this ornament you speak of was stolen. If a gypsy had broken into the house he would certainly have taken other things. And, again, no gypsy could have carried Mr. Walker into your parlor, seeing that not one member of the tribe is aware of your existence, much less where your cottage is situated. I am ignorant of that score myself."

Having thus delivered himself with some anger, for the supercilious demeanor of Hale irritated him, Parson strode away. He intimated curtly to the two men, as he turned on his heel, that if he heard anything likely to elucidate the mystery, he would communicate with them. Also he advised them if they found a clue to see him.

Hale laughed at this last request. "I

"I never did, sir. I went to wake him after I found the drawing-room window open, and found that he hadn't been to bed. The room was upset, too, just as you saw it. If I'd known that I was alone in the cottage I should have been scared out of my life; but I thought Mr. George came in late and had gone to bed as usual. I nearly fainted. I can tell you," cried Jenny, tearfully. "Fancy a weak girl like me being left alone with them horrid gypsies down the lane! But I slept through it all and I never saw a thing about it. When I saw the bed-room upset and that Mr. George wasn't there, I called in Quain, the policeman. That's all I know, and if missus does give me notice when she comes back I'd have her know that I'm a respectable girl as doesn't rob anyone."

Jenny had much more to say on the subject, but all to no purpose; so the three men went to the camp. They found the vagrants making preparations to leave, and shortly were in the middle of what promised to be a free fight. The gypsies were most impatient at being accused, and but for a certain awe of the police would certainly have come to blows with those who doubted their honesty. The man who had seen the cross accounted for his movements on the previous night. He was in the village public house until after eleven, he could not have assaulted Walker or the towing-path,

SAM LLOYD'S PUZZLES.

[Copyright by Sam Lloyd, New York.]

BROKEN-PLATE PUZZLE



Wun Lung tripped on the stairs and broke a round plate into fine pieces. Can you show him how to fit them together again so as to form a perfect circle?

KILLED HIS HALF BROTHER

Detroit Man Confesses to Murder of Relative Over Latter's Wife.

Detroit, Nov. 2. — John Kurka, a teamster, today made a dramatic confession of how he killed his half brother, Anthony Schultz, a week ago and then hauled the body in his dump wagon across the city to the spot in the western outskirts where it was found. The confession was made near the spot where the body was found.

The police had dressed Kurka in the clothes he wore on the morning of the murder, mounted him on his wagon and had him drive across the city from the Schultz home to the woods, to permit several persons to identify him if possible, as the teamster they had seen in the neighborhood last Sunday. After he had finished the gruesome task and had been identified by several people, Kurka broke down and admitted that he killed his half brother. He said that Schultz and his wife were quarrelling and when he interfered Schultz attacked him.

"Then I let him have it with the hatchet," said Kurka. "His wife and I loved each other and we wanted him out of the way. Mrs. Schultz helped me put the body in the dump wagon and I drove it away. I feel better now. I was haunted by Schultz's face ever since I killed him."

"I can make a position."

"Then go and do so. When you are rich and highly-placed we can talk about it."

Hale was as hard as iron and as cold. There seemed to be no chance of getting what was wanted by appealing to his tender feelings, since he had none whatsoever. But after swift reflection Walker thought of something which might make the man change his mind.

"She loves me. She will never obey you," said the lover desperately. "I shall find means to compel her consent," said Hale slowly. "Surely, Mr. Walker, you have common-sense even at your ridiculous age. Sargent has money and a certain position. You have neither."

"I can make a position."

"Then go and do so. When you are rich and highly-placed we can talk about it."

Hale was as hard as iron and as cold. There seemed to be no chance of getting what was wanted by appealing to his tender feelings, since he had none whatsoever. But after swift reflection Walker thought of something which might make the man change his mind.

"She loves me. She will never obey you," said the lover desperately. "I shall find means to compel her consent," said Hale slowly. "Surely, Mr. Walker, you have common-sense even at your ridiculous age. Sargent has money and a certain position. You have neither."

"I can make a position."

"Then go and do so. When you are rich and highly-placed we can talk about it."

Hale was as hard as iron and as cold. There seemed to be no chance of getting what was wanted by appealing to his tender feelings, since he had none whatsoever. But after swift reflection Walker thought of something which might make the man change his mind.

"She loves me. She will never obey you," said the lover desperately. "I shall find means to compel her consent," said Hale slowly. "Surely, Mr. Walker, you have common-sense even at your ridiculous age. Sargent has money and a certain position. You have neither."

"I can make a position."

Answer to Blackboard Puzzle.

The accompanying diagram shows how a score of seventy-five may be made by drawing a straight line through Maggie's squares.

2	9	5	6
15	7	16	3
12	14	10	11
8	4	1	13

There is a photographic department connected with the Academy of Sciences at Vienna, where records secured from well-known persons, artists, statesmen, singers, actors, etc., are carefully preserved.

PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding, and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. So, at all dealers or CHAMBERLAIN, BATES & CO., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mrs. Carl Muck, wife of the new director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is so fond of America that she says she has no desire to return to Berlin.

PILES CURED IN 4 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 4 to 14 days, or money refunded. 50c.