

### A MAGISTRATE'S EVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF ZAM-BUK

Zam-Buk wins favor where ever tried! The Magistrate's words are quoted below in full. If you suffer from any skin disease or injury thank well his words!

Mr. PERRY, J.P.

After a very fair trial I have pronounced Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. It cured me of a skin rash of five years standing which no doctor had been able to do any good for. I can testify unreservedly any person to keep Zam-Buk in their homes. It truly does more than you claim for it. Yours very truly,  
ROGER F. PERRY, Justice of Peace for E.C.

**Chronic Sore Quite Healed.**  
Mrs. M. A. Harris of 69 Chestnut St., St. Thomas, Ont., says:—"My husband had a running sore on his ankle for about two months. Zam-Buk showed satisfactory results from the first application (although other salves had failed), cleaning and healing the open wound. We have also found Zam-Buk unequalled for Cuts, Burns, Sores, etc., and have had good confidence in recommending it to others."

**ZAM-BUK CURES** eczema, ringworm, scalp sores, ulcers, chronic sores, cracked hands, cuts, scalds, hemorrhoids and all skin injuries and diseases. It is also a sure cure for piles.

**FREE BOX** Mail this coupon to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, send 10¢ stamp and we will forward free sample box.

## ZAM-BUK

THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

### Fashion Hint for Times Readers



**COAT AND HAT WORN IN PARIS AT PRESENT**

A Bechoff-David suit is illustrated here, and this model is a particularly smart type of the winter suit now appearing in Paris during shopping hours. The material is seal brown cheviot, with braiding in panel effect at either side. The coat fastens low with two immense buttons and the sleeve is particularly new and modish. With this suit is shown a brown felt hat from Panline, the high crown making into a steep mushroom form caught back sharply at one side. The trimming consists of a red-brown wing and a velvet cocarde.

### Had Heart Trouble.

**Nerves Were All Unstrung.**

Wherever there is any weakness of the heart or nerves, flagging energy or physical breakdown, the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will soon produce a healthy, strong system.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Mrs. M. McGann, Debec Junction, N.B., writes:—"I wish to tell you what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so unwell I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to, but it did me no good. Then I started taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better, so I continued to take them until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking them I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 185 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter, which was a happy thing for me. I am now taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I could not go upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."

Price, 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

### THE THREE KEYS

BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Continued)

"Yes, I do. And I'll tell you one thing, Clara Trevor," Edna went on spiritedly. "That address alone is sufficient proof that all your suspicions are groundless. Do you think, if the facts were as your jealous imagination paints them, that he would take her to a place like the Millington? That is where she is now. Would she do that if there were any grounds for your suspicions? You ought to be ashamed of them—and of yourself! I know a good woman when I see one, and if ever I saw one in my life, it was when I saw Clara Ortega. Do you know what I did then? I insulted her, refused to be introduced. Oh, I played the grand lady better than old Madam Savage could have done it, and I have been eating my heart out with shame ever since. Just as sure as I live until tomorrow morning, I am going up to the Millington, and humble myself with the most abject apology I know how to make; and you will do very well if you follow my example."

"You are a very good girl, but a very silly one at times, Edna," said Clara, with quiet scorn. "I do not think that we need to prolong this discussion. Good-night."

She went out of the room in the same deliberate manner in which she had entered it, leaving Edna disconsolate. It was nearly nine o'clock but Clara did not hesitate. She had made her plans, and she was determined to carry them out. So, it happened that only a few minutes later, she was wrapped and veiled, she was on the street, walking rapidly. She was cold and keen, and she walked on and on, thinking all the time of the young woman she was determined to see before she slept again; planning how she would win her way into Clara's presence, for she had no doubt that she would be admitted if she were known, and she was equally sure that Morris had warned this Spanish girl against her. Could she have looked ahead into Clara's parlor then, she would have seen her own father standing in the centre of the room with uplifted weapon, ready to strike; she would have seen agony and remorse in his face, wonder, doubt and horror in that of his hostess, dismay in that of her lover there with her.

As she drew near the building, two men came out, one half-supporting the other, and she recognized them both; her discarded lover, and her father; but she walked on steadily, knowing that they could not recognize her veiled face. She could have touched them with her hands when she turned aside to pass them. She did not comment upon the encounter, even to herself. Her mind was to much engrossed with her own affairs. But the meeting assured her of one thing—that her own interview with the girl would not be interrupted; and she went on past the house, turning to see if both of the men entered the carriage. Then, when the carriage had driven away, she passed through the great front door, and went to the elevator.

"Miss Ortega," she said. "She is expecting me, I believe. I will not wait to send up my card. Which floor is it?"

"The top," the attendant answered, unsuspectingly.

"When the elevator stopped, the boy stepped out, led her to the door of Clara's apartment, rang the bell for her, and then hastened back to his car, and disappeared down the shaft."

"A maid opened the door. As it swung ajar, Clara stepped within the hallway quickly.

"I wish to see Miss Ortega," she said, and passed on into the parlor, where she found the maid waiting, while she threw back her veil, and so, for the first time, she stood face to face with Clara Ortega.

### SAFE EVEN FOR CHILDREN

There is not a Trace of Opium or Morphine in "Father Morrissey's No. 10" (Lung Tonic)

A cough is merely a symptom of an irritated, inflamed or diseased condition of the air passages or the lungs themselves.

Many cough cures are simply preparations containing either Opium, Morphine or similar drugs to deaden the irritation. They relieve the cough, but they do not remove the unhealthy condition that caused it. Moreover any medicine containing morphine or opium is unsafe unless prescribed by a competent physician.

"Father Morrissey's No. 10" (Lung Tonic) contains absolutely no drugs of this character. It relieves a cough by removing the cause.

Made of Roots, Berks and Balsams. Nature's own remedies, it clears the mucus from the passages, soothes and heals the inflamed membrane, and strengthens the lungs and whole system so that they can throw off the disease entirely. Thousands have used it. Trial bottle 25c. Regular size 50c. At your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey's Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

### BIG SHAKE UP IN NEW YORK CUSTOMS HOUSE

New York, Nov. 18.—The expected shake-up in the New York Customs House, as a result of the sugar fraud exposures and agitation, began today with the abrupt dismissal of six suspected employees by Collector Loeb. At the same time came the announcement that a house cleaning commission of eight customs experts—whose integrity is unquestioned—has been appointed by Mr. Loeb to take up at once the work of "making the New York Customs House a model for the entire country."

Although the names of the six men dismissed today were not made public, Mr. Loeb said that all of them were customs inspectors. Four were formerly assistant weighers on the sugar docks and are now under charges which are being investigated by Henry L. Stimson, special counsel for the government in the sugar investigations. The direct reason for the dismissal of the other two inspectors was said by Collector Loeb to be their acceptance recently of tips from steamship passengers.

According to reports, more than fifty other employees are also to be ousted by Collector Loeb within a few days. The report declined to say anything in regard to this matter. "You will hear all you want to about these things in due time," was his reply to his questioners.

The new commission, which is expected to devise a scheme of reorganization for the customs administration at the port of New York, is headed by John C. Williams, deputy collector, and Mark P. Andrews, a member of Mr. Loeb's personal board of legal counsel. The other members represent all the important departments of the customs service.

### FOUR-MASTER ELEAZER W. CLARK A TOTAL WRECK

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 18.—The four-masted schooner previously reported ashore on Fringe Pan Shoals, proved today to be the Eleazer W. Clark, 840 tons, Captain E. W. Wyman, New York to Savannah, with asphalt paving blocks. Both vessel and cargo are a complete loss. Captain Wyman and crew of seven men left the vessel at 8 o'clock last night in two yawl boats as she began to go to pieces, and after a terrible battle with wind and wave until daylight this morning, they were thrown up on Bald Head Island beach. They are being cared for at the Seaman's Home here. They relate a story of great hardship, having been practically without food or sleep sixty hours before they were brought ashore.

The schooner was owned by J. S. Winslow, of Portland (Me.), and was built at Bath in 1891.

All Rubber Heels are good but CATS-PAW RUBBER HEELS are the best—they won't slip. Look for the Canvas Friction Plug in every Heel. Buy at your dealer or repairer.

### DISCHARGED JANITOR CHARGED WITH FIRING HOSPITAL

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 18.—T. T. Luke, a discharged janitor of St. Luke's Hospital, which was partly destroyed by fire today, was arrested tonight on suspicion of being responsible for the blaze. He resisted arrest, but was overpowered. He refused to make any statement.

The healthful properties of Grapes are conveyed to food by

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder Made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Hence Finer, More Wholesome Food

### CHAPTER V

For a brief interval, the two girls re-aimed silently facing each other. Clara's face showed now a courteous interrogation as to this unexpected visitor's presence, although it revealed, as well, some traces of the scene through which she had just passed. Clara's expression, on the other hand, was studiously calm, and her violet eyes surveyed the countenance of her companion with a scrutiny that would have been impertinent had there been less surprise in her gaze. She was, indeed, startled, for she had not expected to encounter this unexpected and purely in the face of Clara Ortega.

"The Spanish girl was the first to break the awkward silence," she said again. Her voice was kindly, and expressed nothing more than she uttered. It was evident that she had no idea as to the identity of her caller.

"Yes," Clara returned, stealing her heart from the fascination that shone out from the face before her; "Yes, I wished to see you."

"Will you be seated?" Clara asked quietly, disguising her astonishment at the strangeness of the other's manner.

"No, thank you," came the crisp retort; "I do not care to sit down. I am here, Miss Ortega, that you do not guess who I am?"

"No, I do not know you," Clara admitted. "Perhaps, see me?" she said again.

"I am Miss Trevor," was the curt announcement. "Do you know me now?"

The other girl uttered a little gasp of amazement, and her face paled suddenly. At the same time, she took a step backward. But she recovered herself in the same instant, and, motioning toward a chair, said slowly:

"Then, why have you come here, Miss Trevor?" Clara demanded, indignantly.

"I have already told you; I came to see you," was the deliberate answer.

"And is that all?" Clara exclaimed, in new bewilderment.

Clara stared insolently at the girl whom she regarded as her rival.

"No, it is not quite all," she declared. "I intend to say a few things to you, Miss Ortega."

"Then, I must beg that you will be so kind as say them at once. The resident that she made with an air of extreme hauteur.

Clara, nevertheless, maintained her pose of scornful indifference.

"Rest assured that I shall say them be-

fore my departure," she answered. "You are quite sure that you know who I am?"

"Yes. You are Clara Trevor, the lady whom Morris is to marry."

"You are mistaken as to that," Clara announced.

"Mistaken!" Clara repeated the word, amazedly.

"I am Clara Trevor, but I am not the lady whom Morris is to marry. I have returned his ring to him. We are nothing to each other now. Do you not know why this is so?"

"Oh, I am so sorry! so sorry!" Rita exclaimed, sympathetically.

"You sorry?" Clara cried out, angrily. "You need not indulge in falsehoods, Miss Ortega; they can do you no good. Do you mean to tell me that you did not know the engagement between Mr. Lathrop and me was broken? Would you have me believe that he did not at once fly to you with the good news? I saw him leave here only a moment ago, in company with my father. Have you got him in your coils, also—my father? Is he another of your victims, Senorita Ortega?"

"I do not know what you mean, Miss Trevor." The reply was uttered with quiet dignity. But now, Clara's eyes began to sparkle with rising anger, although she controlled herself, and permitted no other sign of it to appear. "I do not know the object of your call—your manner is not at all in keeping with the description I have heard of you. But I am really very sorry for you—sorry that your engagement—"

"I certainly did not come here as a suppliant for your pity," interrupted Clara. "You may keep that for yourself, for you need it more than I do. I am not here, ever, you think that, now I am out of the way, he will make you his wife."

Rita uttered a low cry of pain, and turned back, placing a hand against her heart. Her face became paler still, and her great eyes gazed pitifully upon Clara.

"Marry me!" she exclaimed. "Marry me? Make me his wife? No, no, Miss Trevor, that is not for me. He does not love me!"

"But you love him!" Clara cried, wrathfully. "I see it in your eyes, hear it in your voice, read it in your manner! You love him!"

Clara stood before the outburst in proud patience.

"Yes, I do love him," she said, softly. "I have never loved any other man. I have loved him ever since the first moment I saw him, and he has loved me ever since. I shall love him to the last moment of my life. Is there any shame in that?"

"You are frank about it, at least," said Clara. "And because you do love him, you have given yourself to him body and soul?"

"I do not know what you mean by giving myself to him body and soul," was the reply. "I cannot pretend to understand you. I have given him my heart, not to you, nor to me. It is God's, and the Holy Mother has it in her keeping."

"You dare to say such things—?" gasped Clara.

"Why not? It is true. Is it wrong that I should love Morris? Very well, then, I have done wrong; but I could not help it. I did not know that I loved him until he told me about you, and I knew that a day would come when I should lose him. It was then that I discovered what my heart had done, all in silence and in secrecy. But he does not know that I love him. I have never told him, and I have tried—so hard!—to hide it from him. I look away from him sometimes when he speaks to me, fearing that he will discover it. Ah, you do not know me! You do not know me! You do not mean all that you say and do now, for you are mad with jealousy, but there is no cause. He does not love me; he loves only you. Believe me, it is true. I am nothing to him—nothing!"

"You are—"

(To be continued)

### Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. B. ROWE. Buy the World over to Cure Coughs in One Day.

A stunning cheapness of his hatter's plush with a wide portrait band, a deep band of pure white maroon around the crown and a weeping white egrette at one side.

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**Scott's Emulsion**  
the standard Cod Liver Oil preparation of the world. Nothing equals it to build up the weak and wasted bodies of young and old.

Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck Penny.

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120 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

## SALE OF Bed Comforters

Reversible Comforters, covered with fine English Silkoline Covering. Large Range of Patterns.

\$2.00 Comforters, 60 x 72 inches, Sale, \$1.59 each

\$2.50 Comforters, 60 x 72 inches, Sale, \$1.98 each

\$3.00 Comforters, 66 x 72 inches, Sale, \$2.19 each

Large Shaker Blankets, grey or white, \$1.15 pair.

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32 and 36 King Square

### Take No Substitute

FOR BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

IT HAS NO EQUAL AS AN INFANT FOOD

The Original Borden's Condensed Milk Co., "Leaders of Quality." Wm. H. DUNN, Agent

### TARANTULA WAKES UP WASHINGTON DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Washington, Nov. 18.—The dead letter office of the post office department belied its name today when a tarantula threw the clerks into a frenzy which for a moment threatened to become a stampede. J. A. Davis, an experienced clerk, took the cover from a mysterious looking package addressed to "Dott Huggero Verity, via Leon V. Firenze, Florence, Italy," and found a box pierced with small holes. Placing it to his ear he shook it to ascertain whether or not it contained an infernal machine and the lid came off.

"Jumping Jehosophat!" exclaimed Davis, when he found a big tarantula roosting on his shoulder. He knocked it to the floor, where it promptly began a masterly retreat. Women clerks climbed on desks and fell over one another to escape the spider. Never, said a veteran employee of the dead letter office, were so many silk stockings seen in the office before.

After a brief but determined search the tarantula was discovered in a pile of mail sacks and was killed.

The box was mailed in New York and because of its foreign destination and its suspicious appearance, was sent here for examination.

### COLL'S SOAP

It is not only the saving soap, the small bar for 5c. and 10c. for 10c. but the quality of the Soap. You know Coll's Soap was always the best. Buy in getting it.

### The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

## SCIENTIFIC PUZZLE

10 + 10 + 1 + 500 =

A word meaning a chemical compound

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE  
Right side down, eye at knee.