

IT ENDS PAIN!

Have you a sore place? Have you any skin disease, old sore or obstinate wound, that has defied all efforts at healing? If so, apply Zam-Buk and prove its merits.

A Woman's Message to Women.

Mrs. James Elsworth, 902 Selkirk Ave., Winnipeg, Man., says:—"Four and a half years ago ulcers started on my left ankle, and spread until the top of my foot and limb, to the knee, was well-nigh covered. I used ointment after ointment, until everything I knew of had been tried, but I received little or no benefit. I was laid up in bed for a long time, and had no rest or sleep, night after night, from the acute pain and irritation. I consulted doctors, until I had taken treatment from at least five. After using their ointments and preparations until I was positive I could get no cure, I almost gave up in despair. I was next persuaded to try a course of treatment supplied by a company operating in this city, paying as much as thirteen dollars and a half in one week for ointments, which proved of no use whatever.

"One day a sample of Zam-Buk was left at the house. This seemed to soothe the pain almost instantly, and encouraged me to get a supply from the drugist and give it a fair trial. Zam-Buk had a wonderful effect in a very short time. The irritation and the pain were quickly relieved, and gradually the ulcers were cleansed of all poisonous matter. The discharging then ceased, and the ulcers began to show signs of healing. I kept on using Zam-Buk until every ulcer had been completely healed.

TEST IT FREE.

Zam-Buk cures piles, ulcers, abscesses, blood-poison, burns, scalds, eczema, cuts, scalp sores and all skin injuries and diseases. See box all drug-gists and stores. Send 1c. stamp and this coupon to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and free sample box will be mailed.

ZAM-BUK

JUST THINK OUT THE EXPERIENCE RELATED ABOVE.

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

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I made a stride to the little gate and looked over. No one was within sight, and the light covering of snow was broken by but few foot-prints, but just outside it was the track of a man's foot, plain and distinct enough. It gave me another idea, and I recalled with a sudden thrill that night when I had played the part of involuntary spy upon Roger Yorke, and how, from among the bushes by which I was now standing, I had heard some one creep away. More than once I had wondered who the second witness of that unlucky interview in the Lady's Walk could have been, and now in a flash I thought I knew. I turned round again and put my hand upon Nat's shoulder.

"Nat," I said, "it is Fraser Froude who has done this."

But before the words were well out I perceived that I had made a mistake for through the set misery of her face there could be seen only a look of blank wonder. She shook her head.

"It was not. You are wrong—en-

Eczema Cured Three Years Ago

Best City Doctors Failed, But Cure Was Effected by Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.



Mrs. A. T. Smith.

You apply Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema and feel the benefit as if by magic. It may take some days to get the sores cleaned out and the healing process fully established, but from day to day you can see the old trouble gradually disappearing and know that you are getting rid of it.

Mrs. A. T. Smith, 1 Mt. Charles St., Montreal, Que., writes:—"I had eczema on my leg for four years, and tried many remedies and doctors in Montreal and Boston, without any benefit. I used three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment and was cured completely. This was three years ago. Since then I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for irritations and eruptions of the skin, and easily got rid of them with two or three applications. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a wonderful preparation."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

tirely wrong." Her hands clasped mine with a sudden eagerness—they were burning hot, poor little thing, even through her gloves! "Ned, if you want to remember how good you have always been to me, you will never mention his name to me again."

"And without giving him a chance of explanation?" I was beginning, when she cut me short vehemently: "Explanation! Do you think I would ask him to explain the secret between himself and my governess? I would not hear him if he stood where you stand now!"

"I only wish he did!" I retorted, so puzzled and upset that I hardly knew what I said. "He'd make you hear reason somehow, and that's more than I can do. In the name of all that's sensible, Nat, don't make such a little simpleton of yourself and make one of the best fellows in the world wretched! I tell you that there's no harm in that confounded secret, whatever it is, and so you would find it only you'd wait to hear reason. And it's for your being jealous of mademoiselle—"

"How dare you say that to me?" she interrupted, passionately. "Do you think I mean to care?" Then, with a sudden piteous change of tone—"Oh, Ned, he did seem to love me, didn't he?"

"Seemed!" I exclaimed, thoroughly exasperated. "You ought to be ashamed to say it. Seemed! Yorke loves you a vast deal more than you can love him, or you wouldn't allow yourself to be misled like this! Some one has been telling you some fine lies; but you must be off your head to believe them. Will you tell me who it was? I'll break his neck, or try!"

"No; it might destroy your faith, you know," she retorted, with another little laugh; and then she suddenly wheeled around upon me. "Listen to me, Ned Chavasse! I swear that I will never speak one word to Roger Yorke again—I would die sooner—and take this for a witness that I mean what I say!"

With a movement so swift that I could hardly follow it, she snatched a paper from her breast, tore it to pieces, and flung the fragments on the ground. And there I was standing, breathless and open-mouthed, listening to the sound of rapidly receding footsteps down the Lady's Walk, and staring stupidly at the torn paper lying at my feet—the scattered pieces of Roger Yorke's love letter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Really, I am so tired that I shall be glad when it is all over," madame declared, stifling a yawn behind her long white glove.

"Madame has been indefatigable—madame has done too much!" mademoiselle suggested, deferentially.

"I really think I have; but I so much wish the ball to be a success, and I believe everything has been done to insure its being one," my mother rejoined, complacently.

"Ah, who can doubt it? The de-

corations are superbe—magnifique!" affirmed the governess, rapturously, dropping into French in her admiration.

I thought too that the ball-room looked extremely pretty, and I did not wonder at the expression of satisfaction on madame's handsome face as she stood in the door-way and looked down the long brilliantly-lighted room. I had hurried over my dressing, and was walking up and down the polished floor when my mother and her factotum entered.

Both were dressed for the ball, but mademoiselle I did not notice, and so can not describe what she wore. Madame, in her black velvet and point-lace, with the big diamonds in her ears, and the bigger one at her throat, looked very handsome, very magnificent, very dignified. The fat little public, tussy Countess of Roxborough could not hold a candle to her, I thought, looking at her proudly, while she contemplated her stately figure in one of the great mirrors with a smile of satisfaction.

"You look awfully fetching, mother," I said, approvingly. "The Countess will be nowhere."

Now it chanced that the Countess had been no one in particular once upon a time, and, although she had worn her coronet with tolerable dignity and perfect propriety, Daleshire had not been able absolutely to for-

TESTIMONY OF FIVE WOMEN

Proves That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Reliable.

Reedville, Ore.—"I can truly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who are passing through the Change of Life, as it made me a well woman after suffering three years."

—Mrs. MARY BOGART, Reedville, Oregon.

New Orleans, La.—"When passing through the Change of Life I was troubled with hot flashes, weak and dizzy spells and headache. I was not fit for anything until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which proved worth its weight in gold to me."

—Mrs. GASTON BLONDEAU, 1541 Polymnia St., New Orleans.

Mishawaka, Ind.—"Women passing through the Change of Life can take nothing better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am recommending it to all my friends because of what it has done for me."

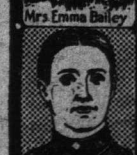
—Mrs. CHAS. BAUER, 523 E. Marion St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Alton Station, Ky.—"For months I suffered from troubles in consequence of my age and thought I could not live. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and I want other suffering women to know about it."

—Mrs. EMMA BAILEY, Alton Station, Ky.

Deisem, No. Dak.—"I was passing through Change of Life and felt very bad. I could not sleep and was very nervous. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to perfect health and I would not be without it."

—Mrs. F. M. THORN, Deisem, No. Dak.



get that damaging fact. Madame had not forgotten it, and now, if it were possible of such a very handsome feature, I should say she turned up her nose. At any rate, although she deigned to smile at my compliment, she only adjusted the point-lace lappet upon her abundant hair, and asked mademoiselle where Natalie was.

"I sent Virtue to dress her an hour ago, and really the girl has such excellent taste that I did not think it worth while to give any more hints," madame said; "but she should be down-stairs by now. Do you know if she is nearly ready, mademoiselle?"

"Mademoiselle did not; mademoiselle had evidently been intent upon her own adornment, I thought, and I stopped her as she was about to offer to go upstairs.

"Don't trouble, mademoiselle," I said. "I'll go hunt Nat up, mother. Those diamonds are taking some time to put on, I suspect. She's going to sport the whole lot, isn't she?"

"Yes; she wished it. Don't be long, Ned. We shall have some of the people here presently, and I shall want you."

To help to receive them, of course—a task I had no great liking for; and I did not hurry myself across the hall or up the stairs; and yet I was anxious to see Nat, too, for I had not caught a glimpse of her since that scene in the park, over which I had been puzzling secretly ever since. So far as I knew, she had gone straight up to her room, and, merely sending down a message that she was tired and was resting for the evening, had remained shut up there ever since. Twice I had rapped at the door, but a curt direction to go away had been the only reply I received. And now Roger would be here directly, and here was this pretty "kettle of fish" to greet him with! The more I thought of it the more perplexed and out of patience I got and I tapped at the young lady's door very smartly. Virtue Dent opened it.

"Is Miss Orme nearly ready, Virtue?" I asked.

"Very nearly, sir; there are only her ornaments to put on—it won't take more than a minute or two."

"Virtue," cried Nat's voice blithely from within the room, "come and fasten this necklace, will you?—there's a good girl. Valla bungles so. Who is that?"

"Mr. Ned, miss," said Virtue, drawing back from the door.

"There—I knew I should be late! Come in, Ned. I'm nearly ready."

I went into the pretty room—it was half dressing and half sitting-room—dazzled for an instant by the blaze of light round the great cheval-glass, and hardly able to see clearly the little figure which stood before it. But I had never heard her voice sound more gay and careless, and my heart gave a bound of hope for my friend's sake.

"Shall I do, Ned?" she asked, turning to me gayly.

I thought so decidedly, looking at the indescribable cloud of foamy cream slashed with scarlet which seemed to envelop her. I do not know how the dress was made, or what it was made of; but I know that she looked a good deal more like a pictured fairy than a girl. The big diamonds glittered in her hair and in her ears, on her wrists and round her neck, as Virtue clasped the necklace on. But the diamonds themselves did not sparkle more than her beautiful eyes, and the scarlet which gleamed here and there in her dress was hardly more vivid in tint than her cheeks and lips. Oh, it must be all right! I thought gladly. She had come to her senses after all, or she would never look like that.

"Uncommonly jolly!" I said, surveying her, and thinking that I would whisper a word or two to set my mind at ease as we went downstairs. "You'll take the feather out of Alice's cap to-night, Nat, and no mistake."

"Of course. I mean to 'take it out of everybody's cap. Has anyone come yet?"

"Not that I know of. Madame sent me to hurry you."

"Well, I sha'n't be a minute. If you will wait, we will go down together. Give me my gloves, Valla, will you please?"

(To be continued.)

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9510.—A BECOMING PROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



Girl's Dress with Chemisette and Long Sleeve with Band Cuff, or Shorter Sleeve with Pointed Cuff.

Brown galatea with trimming in brown and white was used to make this desirable model. The design will develop equally well in gingham, chambray, serge, cashmere, linen, linene, or silk. The closing is in front where the waist fronts cross, and under the front plait of the skirt. The sleeve may be finished in regulation bishop style with the neat band cuff, or in shorter length with the deep pointed cuff. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a 12 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9507.—A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE PROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



Girl's Dress with Yoke, and Long or Shorter Sleeve.

Brown galatea, with trimming in brown and white and pearl buttons for decoration is here shown. Blue cashmere, with lace or net for the yoke, and self material or silk for cuffs and belt, would be equally desirable. The waist is shaped in deep curves below the yoke outline, and gathered to the belt. The skirt is gored, and platted in front and back in panel effect. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

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