

MAGISTRATE SPEAKS FOR ZAM-BUK

Magistrate Perry, of Goldfish, B.C., believes in making a good thing known. Writing of Zam-Buk, the great household name, he says: "I have never failed to have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five years' standing which no doctor had been able to do any good for. I would certainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in his home. The magistrate is quite right. Every home needs Zam-Buk! Unequalled for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, blood poisoning and all skin diseases. All stores and druggists sell it at 50 cents a box. Sure cure for piles."

DON'T NEGLECT THAT SORE!

A Chicago man has just died from blood poisoning arising from neglect of a small sore. Don't neglect a cut, a patch of eczema, or an open sore of any kind. The air is full of poison germs, waiting to start up their evil results in neglected sores, wounds, etc. In Zam-Buk is also the Zam-Buk is so highly antiseptic that applied to any skin disease or injury it makes blood poisoning impossible. In using Zam-Buk you have three processes going on at once for Zam-Buk is healing, soothing and antiseptic. Try it without delay.

A GENUINE OFFER.

TEST ZAM-BUK AT OUR EXPENSE!

We appreciate the position taken by the man or woman who says: "If your preparation is what you claim, you should have no objection to letting us try it before spending our money on it." To every person taking this view we say, send one cent (with post and postage) and name and date of this paper to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and we will mail you a free trial box of Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is purely herbal, suitable for the delicate skin of little children, yet powerful enough to heal chronic sores of long years' standing. All druggists and stores, 50c. per box, 3 for \$1.25.

Every Home Needs Zam-Buk

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

Plot That Failed;

Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER IV.

"Nonsense!" said Polly, tripping into the tap-room.

Mr. Starling, with a cast of his sharp eyes in that direction, strolled up to the bar and bowed with proper respect to the landlady.

"Good-morning, ma'am. I hope I see you well. Beautiful morning for the day."

"Do you want anything to drink?" sternly interrupted Martha.

Not at all discomfited, Mr. Starling intimated that he should feel obliged if the lady would favor him with a glass of her very best ale, and draw it mild.

Perfectly unmoved by his grand manner and repeated bows, Martha drew the glass of ale and flung the twopenny with a clack into the large pocket at her side.

Mr. Starling winked at the ceiling, chuckled noiselessly, and disposed of the ale with a peculiar drawing in of the breath and turn of the little finger.

"That's good tackle," he said. "Ye asked for the best," said Martha, who was not to be conciliated.

"And I've got it; and I'll have another," said Mr. Starling.

This glass he dealt with more mercifully, and after taking a draught carried the remainder to the tap-room door.

The sunburnt faces and bright eyes of the lads were lifted as he appeared, and Willie's sharp gray orbs seemed to take an inventory of his every inch, as Mr. Starling, with a nod and a smile, said:

"Good-morning. Any fish this morning?"

"Ay, lots," said Willie, curtly.

"Ah, glad to hear it," said Mr. Starling, edging a little further into the room. "I'm very fond of fishing—al was. Used to catch little bats with an umbrella handle and a bent pin when I was so high," and he put his hand about five inches from the floor.

"Oh, we don't fish with that tackle

Makes Stubborn Coughs Vanish in a Hurry

Surprisingly Good Cough Syrup Easily and Cheaply Made at Home

If some one in your family has an obstinate cough or a bad throat or chest cold that has been hanging on and refuses to yield to treatment, get from any drug store 2½ ounces of Pinex and make it into 16 ounces of cough syrup, and watch that cough vanish.

Pour the 2½ ounces Pinex (50 cents worth) into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 54 cents, and gives you 16 ounces—a family supply—of a day's use with a saving of 82 cents every cough. Readily prepared in 3 minutes—full directions with each bottle. Keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste. Children like it.

It's really remarkable how promptly and easily it loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and breaks the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. A splendid remedy for bronchitis, winter coughs, bronchial asthma and whooping cough.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in quinine, which is so healing to the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex, and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction goes with this preparation; money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

in these parts," said Willie, quietly. "Won't you come in?" and he raised his tankard.

Mr. Starling responded candidly, and was soon seated beside the huge fisherman and discussing a fresh tankard, produced at his expense.

Mr. Starling was of a convivial turn, and the little parlor was soon echoing with short, sharp laughter and snatches of rough wit, all of which, however, did not prevent a sharp scrutiny which Big Willie was continually trying to bear upon the stranger.

Once or twice he raised his eyes and glanced significantly at an old man who had entered after Starling and was seated near the door, but the old fisherman shook his head in response to the look of inquiry, and Big Willie grew more silent and serious.

At last he said, in one of the pauses of conversation:

"You seem to have travelled a main. Where be ye bound for?"

Mr. Starling nodded up toward the ceiling and jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"I'm staying at The Park," he said. "Come along with Captain Murpoot."

"You're his servant," said Willie.

"Yes, I'm his servant," said Mr. Starling, looking into the bottom of his quart pot with one eye closed.

"Oh," said the fisherman, with an air almost of relief. "Oh, that's it, is it?" he said. "I thought perhaps ye were loafing round a bit."

Mr. Starling grinned.

"I can do a bit at that trade," he said, with a wink that elicited a guffaw.

"Noo doubt," said Willie. "An' what sort of a man is the captain?" he asked.

"What sort?" said Mr. Starling. "A good sort, or he wouldn't be my master."

"And where do ye come from?"

"India."

Willie shook his head.

"Ay, that's where Master John oom from."

"Just so," said Mr. Starling. "They were sworn friends—what you may call brothers with two mothers. My gub'nor was Mr. Mildmay's particular pal, thick as thieves, and—come, what do you say to another wet?"

"No more," said Willie, answering for himself and the rest of the company.

"Well, if you won't I'll see about climbing," said Mr. Starling. "It's a rum thing to build a house on a hill; it's awkward for a gentleman after he's took his evening's glass at the pub. Now, if it was me I should 'a' built it down here in the village, just next door to the Blue Lion," and with a wink he stuck his hat well on the side of his head and walked toward the door.

At that moment, however, Martha entered, and, looking round, said sharply:

"Are you going to sit here all day, Willie Sanderson, with all them fish to send off to Lunnon? Are ye daft, man?"

Willie Sanderson rose and looked at her, raising his hand and scratching first his right, then his left ear.

Mr. Starling, who happened to turn at the doorway to observe how the customers would take such summary elections, noticed the action, and was somewhat struck to observe Mrs. Martha's sharp tone dropped considerably, and that with a quick purring of the lips she raised her hand and scratched her own ears, first her right, then her left.

Now, Mr. Starling, who knew something of signs and countersigns, and had had occasion during his rather adventurous life to avail him-

self of such devices, instantly decided that there was some secret understanding between the hostess of the "Blue Lion" and the burly fisherman, and was confirmed in his suspicions by the silent and immediate obedience of the lads who, at a toss of the head from their leader, rose quietly and left the house, giving Mr. Starling a gruff good-bay as they strolled past.

Mr. Starling looked after them, then turned on his heel, stuck his hands into the mysterious depths of his light trousers, and commenced his climb.

Halfway up the hill, however, he stopped abruptly and swinging round smacked his leg with an emphatic thwack, muttering:

"Hang me if I can make it out. What the Villikins and his Dinah does the landlady of a village inn want a making signs with a wooden-headed fisherman?"

Mr. Starling's wits would have been still farther sharpened could he have followed Willie Sanderson down the village and watched him unseen.

The lads, once clear of the "Blue Lion," turned swiftly to the left and ran down to the beach, where, in a confused heap, were the recently taken fish and the baskets in which they were to be packed.

Willie Sanderson, however, after a word or two with the old fisherman, turned to the right and walked slowly toward the end of the village.

As he neared the row of cottages he saw, coming toward him on the road that led by many a weary mile to London, a smart tax cart.

Willie's eyes were sharp and though the little white-covered cart apparently differed in nothing from its kindred, he knew it at a glance, and, drawing a little aside, he sat down on a heap of empty baskets to wait patiently.

Presently the cart came up, and the driver, a little, thick-set man, dressed in an ordinary gurnsey, and thick, white trousers peculiar to the seacoast, and wearing a patch over his left eye, shot a sharp glance from the

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right on at the recumbent figure of the fisherman, and gruffly gave him "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Job, lad," replied Willie, and with a smile he repeated the action which had surprised Mr. Starling.

In an instant the old fellow's hand went up to his ears, and, with a reflection of Willie Sanderson's smile, he "tckd" to the horse and passed on.

Beyond the salutation not a word had passed, but Willie Sanderson rose to his feet and set off toward the beach, whistling with the satisfaction of a man who has adroitly accomplished a difficult and dangerous undertaking.

CHAPTER V.

To the unsophisticated inhabitants of the little seacoast village the Midlands of the Park, and the Dodsons of the Cedars, were very great folk, indeed, but we have now to do with far greater, with no less a personage and family, indeed, than the well-known Earl of Lackland and his children.

A very great man was the Earl of Lackland. His ancestors had fought at Cressy, and at Hastings.

Lackland Hall was an immense place in the Midlands, a grand old house, with famous associations. You could not turn a page of English history without coming directly or indirectly, upon the deeds and doings of the Lacklands.

It was a question with some politicians whether if by some dreadful chance the house of Lacklands had been extinguished, the history of England could have been written at all!

There were men who, when they wanted to illustrate the grandeur, the nobility, the importance of England, would point the admiring finger at Lacklands and exclaim:

"There is one type! Look at Lacklands and see epitomized the glory of our land!"

Certainly the Earl of Lackland was a most important individual.

Besides the great Lackland Hall there were also the great mansion in Grosvenor Square, the castle in Scotland, the villa on the banks of the Arno, and the fishing boxes in Ireland and Wales.

The present earl and countess was blessed, in addition to the places of residence above enumerated, with a son and daughter.

The former, Lord Fitz Plantagenet Boldsale, was a young man just past his majority. Fair—inspired he would have been called had he not been the heir to Lackland—somewhat simple-minded, certainly not clever, and extremely fond of dress, billiards, his betting-book, and his cigar.

Lady Ethel Boldsale, his sister, presented a marked contrast to him.

She was tall, dark, by no means insipid, and if not positively clever, certainly possessed of the average quantity of brains.

To say in what direction her taste inclined would be perhaps at present rather premature.

It is difficult to analyze the lady's disposition, and probably the reader at some future time might be disappointed and inclined to pooh, pooh our opinion of Lady Ethel if we pronounced it thus early. Suffice it to say she was fond of reading, was deeply attached to her brother, and would have been equally so to her parents had they encouraged or even permitted her to be so.

(To be continued.)

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Women suffering from any form of female ill are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

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1132—A VERY SIMPLE BUT PLEASING MODEL.

Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.



This design will readily appeal to the busy thoughtful mother, who is mindful of her little girls' comfort. Dresses that hang from the shoulders as this one piece model are best for growing children, for they give freedom of movement and do not hamper or bind. The style in its simplicity, will be easy to develop. The front is shaped at the closing, and the sleeve in either length has a neat cuff. A simple round collar finishes the neck edge. Galatea, Devonshire or, percale, chambray, seersucker, crepe, cashmere or serge are good for this dress. It will be so charming in any pretty inexpensive wash material, or in the novelty plaid or striped wool and cotton goods. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

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

1133—A SIMPLE FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve and Collar or in Round Neck Outline.



Blue cashmere with trimming of soutache braid is here shown. Brown or red serge with facings of striped or plaid woolen would also be effective. The waist portions are cut in one with the sleeves, and these may be in short or wrist length. The skirt is a three piece model with a lap tucked at the centre back. The Pattern is splendid for all wash materials, such as galatea, kindergarten, cloth, poplin, percale, gingham, seersucker and chambray. Also for velvet, silk, cloth or novelty woollens. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

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WINDSOR SALT.

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There is no doubt that "Wilhelm" will soon have to get out and get under his machine, if he is not already there; and there is also no doubt that we are going to get out our stock of

Ladies' Felt HATS,

at their present further extremely

Reduced Prices

All the balance of our stock of Ladies' Untrimmed and Ready-to-Wear Felt and Velour Hats we now offer at give-away prices to make a complete clearance. The prices are

50c., 60c., 80c. and 95c. each.

In every case price at first of season was from double to quadruple the price now made.

We are also offering some