

SCROFULA

Scrofula disfigures and causes life-long misery. Children become strong and lively when given small doses of **Scott's Emulsion** every day. The starved body is fed; the swollen glands healed, and the tainted blood vitalized. Good food, fresh air and **Scott's Emulsion** conquer scrofula and many other blood diseases.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

THE MISSING THUMB.

Placing the receiver of the speaking tube to my ear, I listened, not in a very good humor, for I had been aroused in the still watches of the night too frequently of late to be pleasant. It was just five minutes to 2 a. m., I noticed, on glancing at my watch.

"For God's sake, doctor, let me—"

A hideous scream followed the uncompleted sentence. Dropping the tube, I hurriedly scrambled into a dressing gown and descended to the front door.

Throwing it open I saw the figure of a young, clean-shaven man, whom I recognized as Vlademar Terslov, a barrister friend, huddled up in a heap.

He was dressed only in a sleeping suit and socks, and had marks on either side of his throat. I carried the insensible man bodily into my consulting room. One glance at his face, dark with congested blood, and the contuse throat showed that that it was a case of partial strangulation. Never, I think, was mortal man nearer the border line.

To my surprise there was the distinct impress of two hands, but a noticeable break in the marks showed that the imprint of the left-hand thumb was missing. This was somewhat startling, as Terslov lacked a thumb on his left hand, he having lost it as a youth through meddling with a chaff cutter.

Surely Terslov's injuries had not been self-inflicted.

Terslov was sleeping soundly when, a few hours later, I prepared for my morning round of patients. I had made several call when a commotion in the streets attracted my attention. Newsboys were shouting a special edition of one of the half penny papers.

"Appalling outrages in Hellerup." Purchasing a copy of the paper I hurriedly scanned the details.

The account briefly stated that two persons, a man and a woman, had been found dead in the early hours of the morning in Hellerup. The thoroughfares were well known to me, and were within a few minutes walk to my surgery. The bodies, which were discovered somewhere about 4 o'clock in the morning, had been lifeless some hours.

The greatest shock of all was contained in a small paragraph in the stoppress columns to this effect.

Doctors say murders committed were by powerful man with thumb missing from left hand. Report to hand, but not confirmed, of another victim at Ostre Anlaeg.

Almost stunned by the dreadful news I abandoned the rest of my calls and went quickly back to the surgery.

I sat down at Terslov's bedside and looked quietly at him. It was then that I realized for the first time that this was not the Terslov of old, there was an indefinable something missing, and for the life of me I could not say what that was. The most noticeable outward indication was in the eyes, which formerly were brilliant and vivacious, but now appeared dead and without lustre. His arms lay limply on the bedclothes, suggestive of great weakness, and he scarcely seemed to have noticed my entrance.

"How's the patient?" I asked, with an attempt at cheerfulness which I was far from feeling.

Terslov turned his gaze slowly upon me, and in a voice which sounded sepulchral, said:

"Will you bolt that door, doctor? It's a trifling precaution, I fear, but drowning men catch at straws."

I did as requested.

"Doctor, I want you to listen carefully.

You'll say I'm mad, but all I ask is, hear me out, and for God's sake dose me with something or you'll have a madman on your hands. I think a brandy before I start would be advisable.

"As you know, doctor, poor dad was a morphia maniac, and I suppose it runs in the blood. Anyhow, I've been taking the drug secretly for some time past. Last night, after going to bed, I have a faint recollection—I must have been all but asleep—of getting up to take a dose. I had some difficulty of finding the bottle in the dark, but found it at last and injected a dose. As I did so I had a feeling that something was wrong and, feeling the bottle carefully with my fingers, it suddenly struck me that it was the wrong one. It was a bottle containing an unknown drug which dad had acquired in India, and which, in a foolish moment, I had kept, instead of throwing away. Would to God I had destroyed it. When the dreadful discovery dawned on me I was horrified, and a cold sweat burst out all over me. I decided to see you at once. Suddenly the most terribly pains seized me. My vitals were being torn and twisted by unseen hands. I sat on the edge of the bed and tried to think. I remembered that I had injected a dose of the unknown drug, and was following this train of thought when I felt a grip closing round my throat. My first thought was that I had suddenly taken leave of my senses, but as the grip slowly tightened I realized that it was not fancy. I was in the deadly grip of unseen hands, whose fingers were like steel.

"I fought like a tiger, but nothing could release that invisible grip, and half mad with terror, I dashed from the room and down the stairs, my idea being to get into the street; being alone added so the horror. All at once the grip loosened; half choked and suffocated I tore madly down the street, possessed by one idea—to get away from my invisible foe. Unconsciously I ran in your direction, came suddenly upon your house and thought safety was reached. Frenzied, I rang the night bell and screamed up the tube. Then the grip was on my throat again, and I remember no more. Tell me the rest. Stop."

To add to the horror of the situation special editions of the newspapers brought accounts of further outrages before which the mind staggered. The table of horror was enough to make the stoutest heart quail, as instance after instance was recorded of the unseen murderer's work. 'Bus-drivers torn from their seats in broad daylight, and thrown with blackened faces into the roadway, unsuspecting pedestrians suddenly seized by the unknown terror and smitten with death. In each the details bore a horrible similarity.

The succeeding three days saw a diminution in the number of victims—seven cases being recorded as the toll. One of these was an old man who acted as caretaker in the building in which Terslov's chambers were situated. It was this case which drew attention to Terslov's absence. This, combined with the fact, which they ferreted out in the course of their inquiries, of Terslov's thumbless hand gave them a scent which soon led them in my direction.

"Yes, inspector," I admitted to Inspector Paulsen, for it was clear that no good would be served by concealment. "I do know where Vlademar Terslov is at this moment. But I must assure you of his innocence of these terrible outrages. When you have heard what I have to say, you will see that it is quite impossible for him to have committed them, seeing that I can vouch for his movements for every second of the past four days, during which these occurrences have taken place."

The inspector tapped his breast pocket significantly.

"I've a warrant here," he said briefly, "and before I listen to any story I must see that my man is safe."

"Very well," I assented, and led the way to Terslov's room.

Quietly opening the door, we entered, and the inspector glanced keenly at the sleeping figure. One arm and hand—the left—lay outstretched upon the bed; the hand lacked a thumb.

"Now for the story," said the inspector, when we reached the study. And briefly I told him all that Terslov had communicated to me.

Even as I finished speaking, wild screams rang through the house. They ceased suddenly. Bracing our nerves for the ordeal, Inspector Paulsen and I made for Terslov's room, where ominous silence brooded. Fearfully we entered.

On the bed was a confused mass of bed clothes, under which was an unaccountable still form. Turning back the clothes, our worst fears were realized, for Vlademar Terslov was dead, and on his throat were the evidences of the manner in which he had met his death, in the impress of two hands, one of which lacked a thumb.

To my mind there is something more than coincidence in the fact that Vlademar Terslov was the last victim of the 'invisible terror' which the Indian drug had liberated, and after the first shock of his tragic death Copenhagen breathed freely again."

The Last Word in Ocean Luxury.

Despite the measures taken to insure secrecy it is possible to give some particulars of the two mammoth liners, the Olympic and Titanic, which are being built at Belfast by Harland & Wolff for the White Star company. In the matter of size they will eclipse the Mauretania and Lusitania by not less than 12,000 tons, their tonnage being 45,000 against the 33,000 of the two Cunarders.

The new steamers, which are destined for the Southampton-New York service, will be the finest on the water in the matter of equipment and decoration. One of the upper decks is to be completely enclosed to serve as a ballroom or skating rink. The boats will offer not only extended suits of rooms but complete flats, which will make it possible to cross the Atlantic while enjoying all the privacy of home.

The Olympic and Titanic will be the first steamers to offer cabins with private shower baths attached. In addition there will be a swimming bath aboard both vessels large enough to permit of diving. A gymnasium will be found on each of the new boats.

A veranda cafe will be built on one of the upper decks far astern, looking out over the sea and about fifty feet above the water. It will have exposed rafters entwined with vines and the sides will be latticed effects, to make the illusion of a cafe at the seaside as complete as possible. Another novelty will be a grill room suggesting an old English chop house, with high backed stalls of ancient oak and broad, low tables. A garden will be on the sun deck will be protected by a glass roof.

The new vessels will have a displacement of 60,000 tons. They are to be about 840 feet long, with a beam of 90 feet, and the boat deck will be more than 60 feet above the water.

Neither the Olympic nor the Titanic will have a high power boat, nor are their lines designed for high speed, twenty-one knots being the average aimed at. Their carrying capacity will exceed that of any vessel afloat today by at least one-third. Each steamer will carry under normal conditions more than 5,000 persons.

A feature of the design is that they will each have four funnels and only one mast. The funnels will be so large that two double decked street cars easily pass through each side by side. A combination of turbine and reciprocating engines will propel the vessels. The total cost of the two will be something like \$20,000,000. It is expected that they will be ready for their maiden voyages in the spring of 1911.

It isn't so difficult to strengthen a weak stomach if one goes at it correctly. And this is true of the Heart and Kidneys. The old fashioned way of dosing the Stomach or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is surely wrong! Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. "Go to the weak or ailing nerves of these organs," said he. Each inside organ has its controlling or "inside nerve." When these nerves fail then those organs must surely falter. This vital truth is leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. A few days test will surely tell! Sold by All Dealers.

False Economy.

The Passenger (to the owner):—"I tell you, sir, I would give twenty pounds to be out of this car."

The Jovial Owner—"You stick to your money, old man. If the railway gates at the foot of this hill are closed, it won't cost you a cent."—London Sketch.



By its antiseptic influence
Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment prevents all danger from blood poisoning when applied to scalds, burns, sores and wounds.

It is soothing and healing.

Takes out the fire and inflammation, heals up the sore, forms new, soft skin.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is best known because of its wonderful record in curing eczema, piles and all sorts of itching skin diseases.

There are a score of other ways in which it is invaluable in the home.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment

has no substitute which can be compared to it as a means of stopping itching and healing the skin. Wherever its merits are known it is considered of utmost value in the cure of itching skin diseases.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment 60 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy Dr. Chase's Receipts.

A MAGISTRATE'S EVIDENCE
IN FAVOR OF ZAM-BUK

Mr. PERRY J.P.

Zam-Buk wins favor wherever tried! The Magistrate whose words are quoted below tried it thoroughly and now tells the result. If you suffer from any skin disease or injury mark well his words!

The Pavilion, Gold Fields, B.C.

After a very fair trial I have proved 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 do certainly encourage 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 B.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 great confidence in recommending it to others."

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

Of all stores and druggists 50c a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price 3 boxes \$1.25.

ZAM-BUK
THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

Britain's Danger.

(Winston Churchill.)

What was the greatest danger that threatened our country and empire? It was not to be found over-seas. It is here in our own midst; in the great cities of England and Scotland, as the cramped and denuded villages of our country-side, carried here to a degree found in no other country in Europe, in the gulf which is steadily widening between rich and poor, in the exploitation of her labor and woman labor, in the physical degeneration which seems to follow so very swiftly upon civilized poverty, in the havoc excited by the liquor traffic, in the constant insecurity of a man's subsistence and employment, in the absence of any effective minimum standard of life and comfort, and at the other end of the scale in the increase of a perfect meaningless and pleasureless luxury. Here are the enemies and dangers of Britain. Let us beware that they do not break the foundations of her power. (Cheers.)

Kissing the Book to Become a Thing Of the Past.

(From the Law Journal.)

If the oath bill is passed—and it has obtained a second reading in the House of Lords—"kissing the Book," the present unsanitary and undignified form of oath taking will practically become a thing of the past. Every witness will be sworn with his hand uplifted, unless he voluntarily objects to being sworn in that fashion or is physically incapable of so taking the oath.

The witness who will avail themselves of their opinion to "kiss the Book" will be even less numerous than those who have been accustomed to exercise their right to be sworn with uplifted hand.

The right has not been exercised, our contemporary adds, because the majority of witnesses, however great their dislike to the unsanitary oath, have been unwilling to make themselves conspicuous in a court of justice by making an unusual request.

With the abolition of "kissing the Book" in England the unsanitary oath will practically disappear from the civilized world.

In Italy the witness, placing his hand upon an open Bible, says "I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." In Spain the ceremony is similar, though rather more elaborate. Even among less civilized peoples, the ceremony of oath taking is destitute of the kiss.

A Mohammedan witness, holding the Koran in his right hand, bends down until his forehead touches the sacred volume. Breaking a saucer is one method with the Chinese, slicing off a fowl's head another, blowing out a lighted candle a third, all representing, of course, the awful fate that awaits the Chinese witness who does not tell the truth.

Comrades.

To complain is not a fault of age alone; it is a favorite pastime of youth also. A writer in the Argonaut tells the following story of an incident in a Western university. The dean of the institution was told by the students that the cook was turning out food not "fit to eat."

The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him on his shortcomings, and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the cook, "you oughtn't to place so much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals! They come to me in just the same way about your lectures."

Sore Throat Catarrh

With the many remedies you have tried you surely know that no liquid medicine can cure your throat or nose. Even a gargle only bathes the entrance of the throat—it can't really get inside, nor can it reach the inflamed bronchial tubes.

With Catarrhazone, it's so different from medicine-taking—you simply breathe its healing vapor, inhale its balsamic fumes, which carry cure and relief to the minutest air cells in the lungs, nose, throat, and bronchial tubes.

In this scientific way the soreness and inflammation are rapidly allayed, relaxed cords are toned up, the entire mucous membrane invigorated. Every trace of Catarrh disappears. The disagreeable dropping of mucus in the throat, hawking, spitting, and stop-and-go nostrils—all these sure signs of Catarrh and bronchitis are permanently cured by Catarrhazone.

Catarrhazone Is Guaranteed to Cure.

Two months' treatment, \$1; smaller, 50c; all reliable dealers, or by mail from the Catarrhazone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Lightning Strikes a Train.

One so rarely hears of a railroad train being struck by lightning, says Youth's Companion, that many persons suppose that special protection is afforded by the abundant metallic connection of the train with the soil through which the electricity is led away harmlessly. However this may be, a fast train was struck by lightning during a violent storm in France on August 10th, between Dijon and Lyons. The last car of the train was the one hit. A part of the ceiling of the corridor was smashed and the pieces fell on the floor. There was no fire and no one was hurt, and after a stop to take account of damages the train pursued its way.

GROUP stopped in 20 minutes sure with Dr. Shoop's Group Remedy. One test will surely prove. No vomiting, no distress. A safe and pleasing syrup—50c. Druggists.