

Had Bad Sore Four Years

Zam-Buk Has Healed It!

Mrs. Wilson, 110 Wickson Ave., Toronto, says: "About four years ago a sore spot appeared on the right side of my face. This spot increased in size until it became about half an inch in diameter and very painful. I went to a doctor, but the ointment he gave me did not have any good effect. The sore continued to discharge freely, and was most painful. I had it cauterized, tried poultices and all kinds of salves, but it was no good, and I continued to suffer from it for four years!

"A sample of Zam-Buk was one day given to me, and I used it. Although the quantity was so small, it seemed to do me some good, so I purchased a further supply.

"Each box did me more and more good, and, to my delight, before I had been using Zam-Buk three weeks, I saw that it was going to heal the sore. In less than a month it was healed!

"I know a lady in the east of the city, whose husband suffered for years with an open sore on his leg. On my recommendation, Zam-Buk was tried in that case. The other day, when I saw her, she told me that it had healed the sore completely.

"My daughter, who lives in Lethbridge, Alta., has also used Zam-Buk with the same satisfactory result. I think it is, beyond all doubt, the finest healing balm known."

Such is the opinion of all persons who have really tried Zam-Buk. It is a sure cure for eczema, piles, abscesses, ulcers, scalp sores, ringworm, cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, and all skin injuries and diseases. 50c. box, all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. In case of skin disease use also Zam-Buk Soap, 25c. tablet.

Dynamiters Wreck Building In Spokane

SPOKANE, Wash., Oct. 18.—Dynamiters wrecked the office of the Sun Employment Agency on Front avenue last night. The explosion shook scores of other buildings, including the city hall, four blocks away. No one was injured, although a number of persons were in the immediate vicinity. The damage is estimated at several thousand.

Kaiser Expects A Violent Death

What does the future hold for me? What is to be my fate? These vital questions agitate the minds of most of us, more or less. And, judging by the revelations of the writer of "Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant," no people are more superstitious in regard to signs and portents, and their relation to the future, than royalty. Many of them attach great importance to dreams. The Czarina, the Emperor of Austria, and the Kaiser, for instance, insist that dreams have furnished them with premonitions of various misfortunes which have overtaken them.

The Emperor of Austria has peculiar forebodings of imminent disaster, and for some months before the assassination of the Empress Elizabeth at Geneva in 1898 he was a victim to ominous presentiments, and frequently exclaimed, "Oh! if this year were but at an end." The Empress was a fatalist. "What is to be will be," she once said. "It has been predicted that I and my two sisters will all meet with violent deaths. Personally I do not dread a sudden death." And curiously enough, after the assassination of the Empress, her sister, the Duchess D'Alencon, met her death in the terrible bazaar fire in Paris, while the ex-Queen Sophia, of Naples, the third sister, anticipates meeting as violent a death as that of her two sisters.

The Kaiser is firmly convinced that he

will die by the hand of an assassin. This has been predicted to him several times—twice as a young man by Hungarian gypsies when he was visiting his friend the late Crown Prince of Austria, at Galicia; and it is said that this conviction forms a constant topic of conversation between the Emperor and his friends.

Like the late King Edward VII., the German Emperor is also very apprehensive of the number 13 in connection with any entertainment, and more than once a subaltern on duty at the Palace has been commanded at moment's notice to join the Imperial party to avoid thirteen being at table.

Many members of European royalty consulted the writer of "Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant," amongst them being the late King Leopold Queen Nathalie of Serbia, and King Humbert of Italy.

"I did not feel," says the author, concerning King Humbert, "that I could tell him what I saw. It was shortly before his assassination and I did my best to warn him against perils on a journey. He expressed himself well pleased with some private information which I gave him, but laughed at my warnings, and told me that he would wait and see."

NEED OF THE HOUR.

Major George Washington Stephens Talks on Canadian Transportation.

Not long ago Major Stephens, the President of the Harbor Commissioners of Montreal, delivered a masterly address before the Empire Club of Toronto on the development of the St. Lawrence route. "In the possession of this great national asset, the St. Lawrence waterway," said Mr. Stephens, "into which has gone the genius, the courage and the money of the Canadian people, Canada unquestionably has within her midst the cheapest and most efficient national trade route on the Continent."

"The St. Lawrence River to-day carries to and from the port of Montreal one-third of the country's national trade."

"In this enterprise there are just 6,000,000 Canadian shareholders, all equally interested."

"At her present rate of increase Canada will, during the twentieth century, contribute to the Empire a population exceeding that now occupying the British Isles, and will produce from one-quarter of her available areas in the West more wheat than now comprises the total wheat crop of the United States."

"There are two methods of providing for the handling of this new business, not to mention the concurrent industrial production of the country: First, by increasing transportation and terminal facilities on Canadian soil; second, by allowing business to be taken care of by transportation routes and sea terminals not within the limits of this Dominion."

"I like to regard this system extending from Port William to the sea, a distance of 2,500 miles, as a great national undertaking, into which are going the money, the genius and the patriotism of the Canadian people, and out of which are coming year by year privileges and powers to the transportation interests of Canada, instead of diversity of control and authority."

Unappreciated Sympathy.

The Soda-fountain clerk was engaged in vigorously shaking up a chocolate and egg, says a writer in the Bellman, when suddenly the glass broke in his hands, and the ensuing deluge made him look like a human éclair. The horrified customer leaned over the counter and tried to be sympathetic. Not knowing exactly what to say, he finally burst out, consolingly: "Oh—er—too bad! Did the glass break?"

Dripping from head to foot, the clerk looked at him wistfully. "Did the glass break?" he repeated. "Did the glass break?" And then with freezing sarcasm, "Oh, no, not at all! You just happened to stop in while I was taking my morning shower."

"If you follow instructions you can be elected."

"Honestly?"

"Don't you worry about that part."

—Washington Herald.

FARM AND FIELD

BREEDING OF FARM POULTRY

Start With Pure Breed Stock.

The best course to follow in breeding up a flock of poultry for the quickest results is to purchase purebred stock, say two hens and a rooster properly mated by the breeder. These two hens should lay about two dozen eggs each, or even more, before they get broody themselves, so that for a little more than the price of one dozen eggs the beginner gets two purebred hens, a rooster and about four dozen eggs from them, or more the first season if results are good. If the beginner has been keeping poultry (scrubs) the male birds should be disposed of before the purebred hens arrive, as one chance mating will show bad results for many months. If the common hens are kept, and chickens raised from them and the pure bred rooster, there will be a great improvement in the common stock.

As for quality, a person might go in for prize-winning quality (show birds) that probably will not lay enough to pay for their keep, or producing quality, with "200 eggs per year, per hen" as their objective point. Quality of flesh is a matter of feeding, provided the poultry are a table or general purpose variety. Productivity and eatability are a good combination to work for, and good results have already been obtained. There are several good general purpose varieties that combine the useful qualities with a good appearance.

Without using trapnests it is difficult to really improve a flock in productivity as the best layers have to be picked out and bred to males from other good layers. As far as the ordinary farm flock is concerned there should be new blood introduced from time to time and the culls disposed of out of the flock, which is about the only improvement which can be effected without going into the trapnest system.

PURPOSE OF GRIT FOR POULTRY

A regular supply of grit or sharp gravel is required by poultry of all sorts to aid them in the digestion of their food. Having no teeth, fowls cannot masticate their food, but every particle of food they eat passes through the gizzard after leaving the crop.

The gizzard may be described as a mill for pulverizing all the food which passes between its two grinding surfaces. But these surfaces, being of a tough, flexible, and not of a hard nature, cannot of themselves grind the food. It is, therefore, necessary that fowls should pick up grit at regular intervals, which passes with the food through the gizzard, and helps, by the movements of the surfaces of the gizzard, to grind the food passing thence with the food through the bowels.

Any attempt of the gizzard to pulverize food without the help of grit would be as futile as the attempt of the toothless saw of the stone-cutter to divide a rock unaided by sand. Fowls that have a run containing gravel need not be supplied with artificial grit, but those that are closely confined in small runs require a supply of some such grit as sharp gravel, broken flint, limestone, etc.

All laying fowl need a regular supply of old mortar, or some material containing lime, for shell-making. The need of this often causes poultry to lay thin shelled or shellless eggs.

MARE VERY THIN

Many mares become thin in flesh and remain so while suckling a colt, regaining their usual condition when the colt is weaned. In this case however, there is a persistent high temperature, which would indicate that there is a very serious disturbance of the whole system from some cause other than the suckling of the colt. We suspect the cause to be "sepsis," infectious material which has contaminated the blood stream from the womb, at or soon after foaling. The case must be treated with tonic medicine and good food. The colt must be weaned as early as possible. Give the following medicine, dissolved in a pint of cold water, as a drench three times a day: Quinine, one dram; tincture of iron, half an ounce (dissolve the quinine in the tincture of iron); tincture of gentian, half an ounce. If she has worms this medicine will hasten their expulsion.

CARNEGIE ON GOLF

The Laird of Skibo Castle Tries Writing.

Andrew Carnegie says in his latest essay on "Dr. Golf": "I notice a recent estimate of the money already expended in greens and club houses in the United States is fifteen million dollars. The charm of golf—who can analyze and decide in what it really consists? We are under the sky, worshippers of the 'God of the Open Air.' Every breath seems to drive away weakness and disease. A cousin of mine made his first trial one morning on Skibo links, and, as is often the case when taking it all easily and not trying hard, he succeeded wonderfully. He could hardly wait for the morning game. We started and he fooled everything, and at last I heard exclamations, and called out to him: 'What "nation," Morrison?' He replied apologetically: 'I know, I know, I felt it, but I didn't think I said it.' We have a celebrated professor who was lost from sight for a time. His caddie at last came in sight, and being asked, 'Where's the

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CHASE AND SANBORN, MONTREAL.

professor called out 'ies down among the whins, takin' to his sel.' A deacon was reported as having resigned from his office in the kirk. Being asked why he did so by his minister, he explained that he had either to resign or quit playing golf, and he knew he couldn't do that."

A Rice Pudding Two Centuries Ago.

The thrifty housewife would be considerably put about nowadays were she called upon to use the following recipe for a rice pudding, culled from a manuscript cook-book of the 17th century:—Take a quarter of a pound of rice, and boil it in a quart of milk till it be very tender, then put it into a cullender, and let all the milk drain from it, then beat it in a mortar very well, then grate in a quarter of a pound of Naples biscuits, and a pint of cream and six eggs, one nutmeg grated, a little beaten cinnamon, two spoonfuls of sack, a little rosewater, a little salt, and as much sugar as will season it to your taste, then take a cloth which is dipped in boiling water, and butter it very well, and strew it all over with flour, and tie it up close, and boil it one hour, then make sauce for it, rosewater, butter and sugar, and butter melted thick, pour it upon the pudding, scrape on sugar and strew on a little beaten cinnamon, and serve it up to the table.

If the modern epicure is not satisfied with the above, our ancient gastronomer gives further instructions as follows:—"If you design to bake this pudding, then put in half a pound of currants, and half as many raisins and plums, and three-quarters of a pound of beef suet, shred fine, and so bake it; one hour will bake it. The oven must not be too hot." Truly the dishes of other days would not be suited to the hurried and harried days of quick lunch.

The Wrong List.

One of Lady Reay's recollections is of a dinner party at which she had for her neighbour Gladstone, in happiest mood. He told her of his Eton experiences and tales of terrible little Dr. Keate. The latter always had the names of those doomed to be flogged written down on a narrow slip of paper.

One day, picking up such a list, he called up for flogging the boys whose names were inscribed upon it. Upon such occasions the delinquents were not permitted to offer explanations, so boy after boy was castigated, and returned sore and savage to his seat. Not until the operation was complete did he learn that, instead of the flogging list, he had picked up the slip on which were the names of the boys about to be confirmed.

The Date Is Fixed.

And now it is 1915 which is set for the millennium. Religious enthusiasts have been guessing at the end of the world for years, but date after date has passed, and the world still wags on. Each one of these has had a system of reckoning as certain—and as fallible—as the various systems with which it has been proposed to

break the bank at Monte Carlo. The only effect of their predictions has been to upset nervous temperaments. There is nothing surer than that "no man knoweth the day nor the hour."

A Matter of Training.

The disappointed person carps at everything and makes all those in her vicinity feel ill at ease; if anything can be done to cure her, it should be done in the interest of humanity. The modern rush and worry render it more easy for anyone to lapse into that condition, for our nerves are affected to an extent which our grandmothers neither experienced nor anticipated. The way out of the trouble is a matter of training and, as the child is the mother of the woman, it is well to commence with the little one.

The Making of a Nation

A nation is made powerful, and to be honored in the world not so much by the number of its people as by the ability and character of that people; and the ability and character of that people depend in a great measure upon the economy of the several families, which, taken together, make up the nation. There never yet was and never will be a nation permanently great, consisting for the great part of wretched miserable families.

Another Reason.

Here's a new reason for the abolition of Hansard. An English financial schemer excuses his failure because he was "influenced regarding the value of the Canadian railways by reading reports of the Dominion Parliament." What sins these M.P.'s do have to answer for to be sure!



POOR HUBBY

"That Black Hand society is terrible. Only this morning my husband got a letter threatening him with terrible things if he didn't send a certain sum of money."

"Yes, my husband gets letters like that from his tailor, too."

FATAL CATARRH

Pneumonia, Consumption, and Kindred Evils Follow in its Trail.

Have you ever had Catarrh? Have you been subject to coughs and colds lately? Are you all run down? Do you take a cold easily? Catarrh is the greatest protection against these complaints ever known. You just breathe it, that's all, and it cures. The Inhaler is suitable to carry in the vest pocket or purse, and can be used while at work, in the church, theatre, any place, any time. Carry a Catarrh Inhaler, use it now and again, it is quite pleasant, and you won't have colds or catarrh. Breathe Catarrh for five minutes occasionally, and it cures coughs and colds. Breathe it five minutes four times a day and it cures Bronchitis and Catarrh. Don't let your cold run on any farther. Cure it now by Catarrh. Complete outfit, hard rubber inhaler, and sufficient liquid for three months' use, costs but one dollar; small size 50 cents. At druggists, The Catarrh Inhaler Co., Kingston, Ont.

WEAK KIDNEYS KILL QUICKLY

Are You Irritable, Depressed? Does Your Back Ache? Have You Nervous Fears?

Any Illness of the Kidneys Means a Sick Body All Over. Note the Symptoms.

Are you weak? Feel tired out? Full of aches, pains? Have you bad headaches? Does your back drag? Are your loins painful? Have you rheumatic pains? Are your ankles weak, swelled? Any puffiness under your eyes? If you have any of the above symptoms, give your overworked kidneys help at once. They are diseased, but can be restored by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Thousands of men and women use Dr. Hamilton's Pills every day—thousands have added years to their life by this best of all kidney medicines. Mrs. W. U. Rossiter, wife of a well-known merchant in Kensington, writes as follows: "Ten years ago my kidney trouble started. I suffered dreadful pains in my spine and around my waist, my back feeling as if hot irons were running through it. I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, was pale, thin, and very nervous. Cruel headaches and dizziness added to my burden. Not until I had used Dr. Hamilton's Pills did I get any relief. They proved capital and helped me immediately. Eight boxes made me well and now I do my own housework, feel and look the picture of health." "Your complete restoration to health is certain with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box at all dealers."

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Finest Quality.