

A MODERN MIRACLE?

He Had Eczema 25 Years and Doctors Said "No Cure."

Yet Zam Buk Has Worked Complete Cure.

This is the experience of a man of high reputation, widely known in Montreal, and whose case can readily be investigated. Mr T M Marsh, the gentleman referred to, lives at 101 Delorimier Avenue, Montreal, and has lived there for years. For twenty-five years he had eczema on his hands and wrists. The disease first started in red blotches, which itched, and when scratched became painful. Bad sores followed, which discharged, and the discharge spread the disease until his hands were one raw, painful mass of sores. Just think of this state of affairs continuing for twenty-five years!

In that time four eminent medical men tried to cure him, and each gave up the case as hopeless in the end. Naturally, Mr Marsh tried remedies, of all kinds, but he, also, at last gave it up. For two years he had to wear gloves day and night so terrible was the pain and itching when the air got to the sores.

Then came Zam-Buk! He tried it, just as he had tried hundreds of remedies before. But he soon found out that Zam-Buk was different. Within a few weeks there were distinct signs of benefit, and a little perseverance with this great herbal balm resulted in what he had given up all hope of—a complete cure! And the cure was no temporary cure. It was permanent. He was cured nearly three years ago. Interviewed the other day, Mr Marsh, said: "The cure which Zam-Buk worked has been absolutely permanent. From the day that I was cured to the present moment I have had no trace of eczema, and I feel sure it will never return. Having suffered for twenty five years, I had naturally concluded that my case was incurable, and I regard my cure as a modern miracle."

If you suffer from any skin trouble out out this article, write across it the name of this paper, and mail it, with one cent stamp to pay return postage, to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. We will forward you by return a free trial box of Zam-Buk. All druggists and stores sell this famous remedy, 50c box, or three for \$1.25. Refuse harmful substitutes.

FAILURES IN 1910.

Both in Canada and the United States there were fewer failures but greater liabilities in 1910 than in 1909. In Canada (Newfoundland also being included) there were 1,463 failures, compared with 1,588 in 1909, and 1,715 in 1908. Liabilities were \$15,563,539 in 1910, \$12,811,184 in 1909 and \$17,582,304 in 1908. The assets were \$7,022,358 in 1910, \$6,195,515 in 1909, and \$7,770,207 in 1908. In the United States the failures in 1910 numbered 11,588, compared with 11,845 in 1909 and 14,044 in 1908. The liabilities were \$188,399,702 in 1910, compared with \$140,687,881 in 1908 and \$295,901,940 in 1907. The assets were \$94,718,389 in 1910, \$69,262,373 in 1909, and 168,438,290 in 1908. Bradstreet's notes that owing to the larger number of those in business and lessened number of failures the commercial death rate was lower in 1910 than in all but two of the past twenty nine years. The figures altogether are not discouraging. —St John Globe.

SOUR STOMACH

Is An Almost Certain Sign Acute Indigestion

If you occasionally have a taste of sour food in your mouth, it surely shows that the food you are eating is not being digested, but instead, is fermenting and giving out poisonous gases.

Belching of gas is a common symptom at such times, and also that lump of lead feeling, as if your stomach was carrying a much greater load than it could stand.

If you want prompt relief and permanent cure, go to E W Mair and get a large tin box of Mi o na tablets for 50 cents.

E W Mair knows that Mi o na is a highly recommended scientific remedy and that is why he is ready to return your money if it fails to cure acid stomach, belching of gas, dizziness, biliousness, sick headache, foul breath and all stomach troubles.

HYOMEL
(FRANCOIS HIGH-O-ME)

CURES CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or money back. Sold and guaranteed by

An Error of Judgement

By F Willey Turner

In the 'Christian World,'

Old Thomas Dowden was known far and near over our countryside as the biggest miser that ever lived. By those who did not care to go to such extremes in language he was variously described as 'near' and 'tingy' Mother Sykes, his nearest neighbour, was quite sarcastic on the point, and told all and sundry that old Tom 'was a man who were heaping up a pile o' brass as would do him self nor nobody else in t' world no good'; and had you heard the sniff which the words were accompanied you would know why I said sarcastic.

As an overlooker at Quarrygap Mill, old Thomas was known to be earning good wages 'addin' no less (to quote Mother Sykes again) nor thirty-two bob in t' week' which amount he increased from time to time by mending his neighbors broken panes, for he had been a glazier in his younger days.

All this was, of course, common knowledge in the village, yet in spite of it Thomas Dowden always pleaded poverty. Certainly, whatever the reason, his expenditure was relentlessly cut down to its lowest limits. His abode was of the humblest and consisted of a shabby two-roomed cottage in a narrow lane, where the old man lived alone, and which ran him into a rental of 2s. 3d a week, clear of rates. It was also known to be his habit every Saturday night, just before the market closed, and when there was nothing left on the butchers' stall but 'scraps' heaped together and ticketed 3d a pound, to shamble in and bear away a portion of the unedible looking stuff in a newspaper. On this, in addition to two loaves which the baker left, he was currently believed to exist until Saturday came round again. Thus you will allow that he was not called a miser without some reason.

As a few men are consistent all round, so there was one inconsistency in the old weaver's habits that puzzled us. He rarely failed, for example, in his attendance at the little Baptist Chapel on the hill. Wet or fine, you would find him in his pew, his chin on his hand, and his eyes steadily fixed on the preacher. Some preachers regarded this fixed attention as inspiring, while others who had an uneasy feeling that the old man was watching to see how much of their sermon they read—for his prejudice against read sermons was as well known as his miserly habits—were much disturbed thereby. But to us in the congregation the strangest thing was this (and we had it on the authority of the entire disconate) that not only was he unfailing in his attendance on Divine worship, but that he never failed to place his threepence in the weekly-offering envelope. This did surprise us.

One Sunday, indeed, the treasurer found a shilling in the old man's envelope, but he had barely recovered from his astonishment when he discovered old Thomas at his elbow, explaining that he had left his coppers on the dresser, and rather than miss the plate for the first time in his life he had put a shilling in and would be obliged by ninepence change. The old man's voice was not of the softest, and a member of the congregation who happened to be passing the vestry at the time overheard the conversation. So this story was added to others as a further illustration of the old miser's excessive 'nearness,' those pewholders especially who were most irregular in their contributions, delightedly helping to give it a wide circulation.

As a matter of fact, this particular story reached as far as the Theological College in the neighboring town, and when the senior student (ministerial students, by the way, were known amongst us as sucking parsons) was sent to supply the pulpit during the absence of the pastor upon holiday, he purposefully brought with him his famous sermon on "The Debilitating Effects of Mammon on the Spiritual Life," which had cost him some three months of preparation, and in which the words 'filthy lucre' occurred exactly fifty three times, and the phrase 'vanity of vanities,' twenty seven. This oration he delivered with much fluency, and as he glanced from time to time in the direction of old Thomas's pew, we all knew for whom the sermon was intended, and in our hearts congratulated the student on his courage.

Old Thomas, who was always one of the last to leave the chapel, confronted the student as he came down the aisle with his host the secretary.

'A very good sermon, Mester,' he said, rubbing his jaw with his hand as his habit was, and looking the preacher squarely in the face; 'I suppose now as it was meant for such as me, eh?'

The student was taken aback and hardly knew what to say.

'Yes,' he said at last unguardedly, and then as hastily contradicted himself. 'I mean—no I—oh, no—it was merely intended to have a general application, Mr Dowden.'

Old Thomas still continued to rub his lank jaw, and regard the student curiously.

'I see,' he said at length, slowly. 'Well you're a promising young man, and I hope as

you'll get on; your a champion talker and ha' a fine voice, but if I mistake not there's a wold somewhere 'bout not judg'ing from appearances, but judg'ing righteous judgment: I advise you to get it well at the back o' your mind, maybe it'll come in useful some day.'

With that the old man reached his hat and shuffled out of the chapel, and it was noticeable that the student was not as fluent as usual in his evening sermon.

It was not long after this incident that strange rumors began to fly about the village. A bill had suddenly appeared in the window of Thomas Dowden's cottage, with the legend 'To Let' printed upon it, and it was said that he had been looking over an empty house in The Terrace.

The Terrace, I might say, consisted of nothing but 'through houses,' whereas most of the houses in the village were commonly known as 'back-to-back.' To move into the Terrace indicated a big step upwards in social position. When, therefore, some weeks after wards a brand new bedroom suite was discerned zig zagging itself into the house by way of the front window, and some carpets wobbling in by way of the door, the old weaver himself bringing up the rear, with his inscrutable face, and a hammer and screw driver in his hand; the sly jade rumor, for once stood confirmed. For some days nothing was talked about in the village but Thomas Dowden's new house; it became the most popular topic at the sewing meeting, and was discussed by our matrons when they went to draw water at the village pump. But what it all meant none could say. Suddenly light broke in upon us; from what quarter it first came I don't know, but there was no doubt about it. Old Thomas was 'go'ing to get wed.'

(Continued next week)

FUEL FAMINE IN ALBERTA.

Regina, Jan 16—There are grave fears of a fuel famine in many parts of the province. In Regina some of the coal dealers have already exhausted supplies, while others will soon be out. At Qu Appelle, scarcity of fuel has resulted in shutting down of light plants.

'The Sign of the White Horse'

Look Anyw :

When in our streets and you will see a Harness that came from our shop

Ask Anybody

If that Harness they got from us was all right. It's not we want to know. We give a guarantee with every harness we sell. If they were not true, we wouldn't do that, would we?

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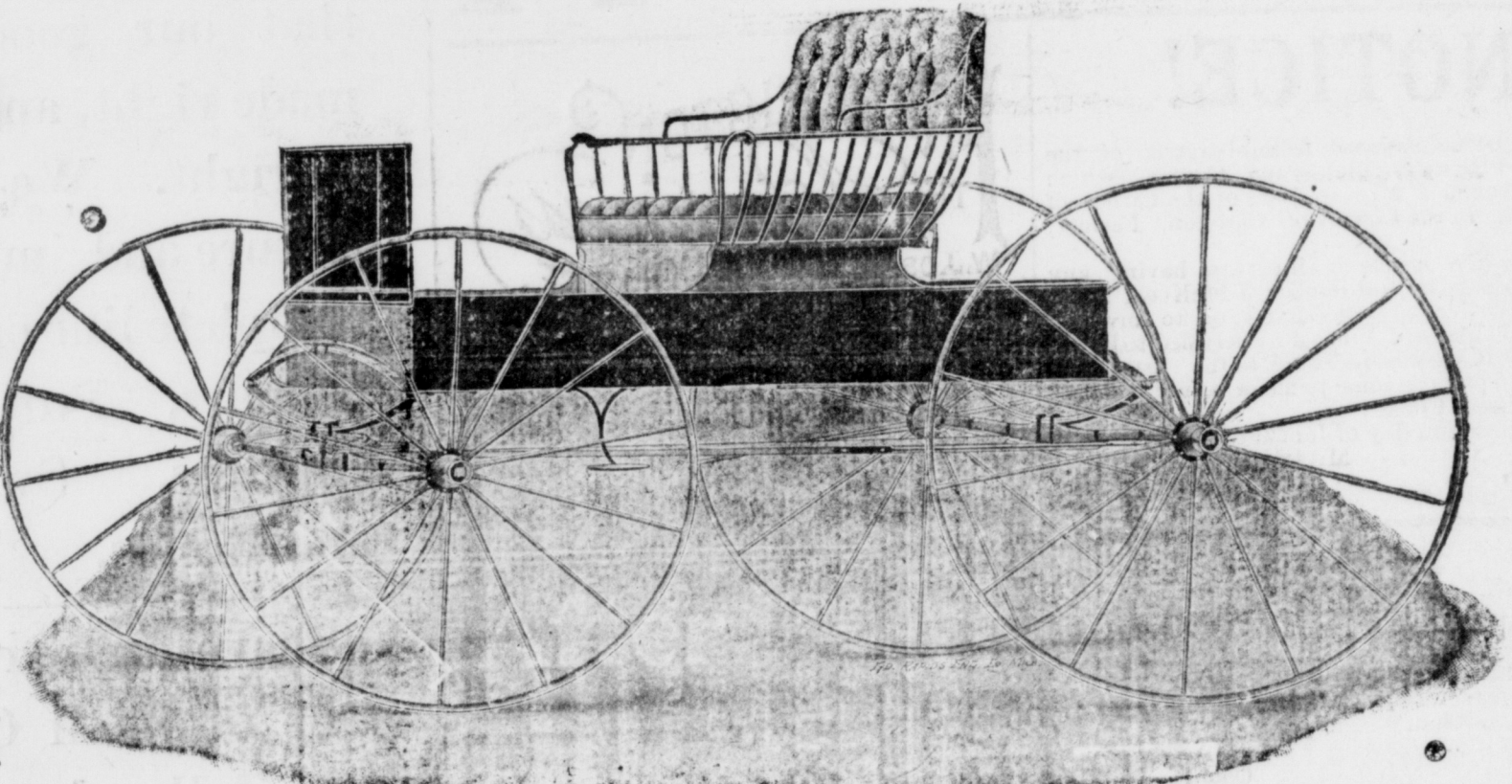
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