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A Man of Might

(By Campbell McCulloch, in the Saturday Evening Post.)

The pastor of Saint Agnes' Church conducted the Wednesday evening service with a palpably black eye. As he had returned from his honeymoon but two days previously it may be readily surmised that speculation largely took the place of prayer that night.

That it might not lag too far behind the best metropolitan usage Saint Agnes' congregation imported a parson from England. This placed it at once in the very front rank of theological fashion and consequently it shed a very attractive eight-candlepower halo about the city of Newton itself.

The Reverend Harold Dalrymple arrived in town in due course, with a tin bathtub, some Bond Street clothes, a healthy Oxford accent and the amateur welterweight championship of Great Britain. He possessed so many good looks that the local Apollos began reading the beauty hints in the Sunday papers and purchasing the most gorgeous raiment their incomes would allow. The Reverend was formally invested with the pastorate, and the feminine attendance rose one hundred per cent, within two weeks. Within a month he was using the back door of his official residence more than the front—for he was a modest young man.

In a fortnight more he had joined the Y. M. C. A. and was showing the local instructor a few things about foot-work. He also began to use a right shift that brought a man on from New York to look him over. It will easily be seen that Harold was a talented young man.

Aloysius O'Malley was chief of police of the city of Newton. Incidentally, curious as it may seem, he was Irish. In his day he had been known as the best two-hand scrapper in three counties, and he possessed a fund of good humor and a talent for fighting. He had a daughter just out of college, and for two years he had been carrying on a disputation with Father Peter McManus as to whether the saloons should be open or closed on Sunday—the good father setting his face firmly against trafficking in liquors on the Sabbath. This resulted in Aloysius switching his spiritual allegiance to the church over which Harold presided. It may be seen here that the juxtaposition of events as set forth is conducive to interest. Harold met Marguerite O'Malley and immediately began to spend long minutes about the set of his clerical neckwear. Within ninety days they had become acquainted, interested and engaged; the local male beauty contest came to an end as abruptly as a train enters a tunnel; the attendance at the church fell off seventy-five per cent. within a week of the announcement of the engagement, and Harold began to use his own front door again.

Harold presented his parent-to-be with a copy of Natural Law in the spiritual World and one volume of Kipling, which latter volume he introduced as by a chap with a punch.

"I'm not much on litherachoor, la-ad," protested Mr. O'Malley; "but if ye say 'tis man talk I'll take wan whirl out av him." "He took Mr. Kipling's work in his hand doubtfully. "They tell me he's a scandalous Sassenach—well, I forgot that time, Maggie; but I don't hold it agin him or Harold here wan minute."

Aloysius read slowly, and Marguerite and Harold made their preparations rapidly. By the day of the wedding the chief had progressed two-thirds of the way through his book. He saw them off on the train, thoughtfully hurled an old rubber boot after the last car and went off to the City Hall, where he walked into the office of the mayor.

"Ye'll do me a favor, Tim Foley, if ye'll put Tommy Murphy in me job wan month from this date," he said.

The mayor was so startled that he inadvertently gave his consent to address a woman's club on pure politics that afternoon.

"Do ye resign?" he inquired when he could get his scattered faculties together.

"I do! emphatically declared Aloysius. "I have money an' nade time. Let me friend Tommy collect th' graft a while. 'Twill do the la-ad good. In wan month, Tim."

He was leaving when the mayor recovered sufficiently to ask a question.

"How was the wedding?"
"Twas a gra-and affair."
"Whin do they rayturn!"
"In a month. Tim Foley, did ye iver hear av a felly by th' name av Rood-yard Kipling?"

The mayor knitted his brows and considered his blotter thoughtfully.

"Um! Ye dn't mane thot dago that's thryin' t' be leader up in th' Fifteenth District now?" he inquired.

Mr. O'Malley raised his eyebrows and his hand in shocked astonishment.

"Man! Man! I'm ashamed av yer ignorance! D'yc know nothing at all av th' belles-letthers? Why, th' felly is a writer—a teller av tales! Ye should read him and improve that bowl av much ye call a mind! There's wan shitory now, Th' Shaddah av His Hand, that'd—but read it yersilf. I'll be gettin' along now. I'll sind Tommy over to ye. Ta-ta!"

Mr. O'Malley's resignation was a three days' source of gossip. The administration newspapers insisted his retirement was a public calamity and called him "the best chief of police Newton ever had." The opposition sheets chanted paeans of praise over the retirement of "one more grafter!" Aloysius merely grinned.

The Dalrymples returned on Monday. Mr. O'Malley handed over his command and his gold shield on Tuesday morning and called on his young people that night. On Wednesday evening Harold conducted the service with the black eye aforementioned. Here we have a simple study in cause and effect.

"Ha-ar-old, me la-ad," observed Mr. O'Malley, lingering over his vowels, as he sat with his son-in-law in the parsonage library, on the eventful Tuesday night, "they do be sa-ayin' that ye're a hot ca-ar wid your hands. I've heard ye can go a bit now."

The Reverend Harold Dalrymple laid down Cruden's Concordance and glanced up with a smile.

"I do like to box," he admitted; "in fact I'm really awfully fond of it."

Mr. O'Malley waved his ham-like hand in the air with a gesture of final dismissal as one who would say: "Take him back to the cells!"

"To the devil wid yer boxin' an' domino playin'!" he exclaimed. "Is there a good fight in ye, I dunno?"

The young parson seemed as startled at the question as if some one had asked him whether he had ever been engaged in blowing up a safe.

"I dont fight, sir—not since I've been in orders, at least," he replied gently. Aloysius pointed a gnarled fore-finger at his son-in-law, much as if it had been a nightstick indicating the way to a waiting patrol wagon.

"Listen to me now," he said. "Fer tin years I've been goin' stale. I cud get no man to give me a fight. I bought wan av thim pulley-pulleys, but 'twas like playin' ping-pong in a blind asylum. Th' la-ads on th' foorce wud not fight wid me because av knowin' I cud thrim 'em. I'm an old man av forty-two—don't laugh, Harold—an' I'm gone back so fa-ar that I can lift but wan ind av a sthreen ca-ar. Harold, me son, tis yer solem obligashun to give yer old man a fight. Will ye come down in th' basement?"

Mr. Dalrymple estimated his recently acquired parent with care. He seemed normal. There was a difference of some sixty pounds and a couple of inches in the arms in the ex-chief's favor.

"Are you joking, governor?" Harold asked mildly.

"Not wan joke."
"But it's absurd. What if my parishioners should hear of it?"

"They'd think th' more av ye. 'Twud be no small thing to whip Aloysius O'Malley, let me tell ye."

Harold shook his head vigorously and stood up.

"It's impossible," he declared with apparent finality, but with a gleam of yearning in his eye. The former chief stood up and took his new relative by the arm.

"Ye'll come downshtairs an' take yer coat off or I'll—b'gob, I'll gob an' make up wid Father McManus!"

The young clergyman seemed struggling with a grin.

"Can you lick Father McManus?" he inquired, and Mr. O'Malley waved his hand.

"'Twud be like pinchin' a banana pedler," he declared. "No, by th' powers, I'll not do ut! I'll jine th' Methodists. They've got a husky la-ad there. If he won't give me a fight I'll have a thry at th' Baptists. An' down at th' Presbyterian Church I see a fine young man."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Harold. "It looks as if it were my duty to stand between you and a career of churchly devastation. Though I deprecate this sort of thing awfully, you know, I cannot allow you to run amuck in this way, governor. I'm afraid I'm going to be quiet rough with you. Come."

"Big talk!" scoffed Aloysius; and he looked as cheerful as a squirrel in a nut factory. Harold stopped at the foot of the stairs and called to Marguerite, who was making a list of the wedding present that could be switched or sold.

"Will you order a cab to be here in fifteen minutes, darling?" he called.

"Thank you."
Mr. O'Malley regarded him suspiciously.

"Fer what is th' ca-ab?" he demanded.

"For you," replied Harold sweetly. "Fudge wid ye!" laughed Aloysius. "Th' day ye sind me away in a ca-ab I'm licked."

When the Reverend Harold Dalrymple climbed off the prostrate form of his father-in-law he was breathing hard. It had been an exceedingly fast and exhilarating bickering. As he helped the former chief to his feet that individual grinned painfully.

"Sind away th' ca-ab, ye boaster! I cud do a futrace round Hades!" he said; which figure of speech he immediately belied by limping, groaning, up the basement stairs and tripping over the cat at the top.

Some time after Aloysius had departed Mrs. Dalrymple called down the stairs to her husband.

"I don't thing you should beat carpets in the basement, Harold," she reproved. "I'll get a man in to do such heavy work. Was papa helping you?"

"Yes, sweetheart," replied Harold, trying to smile at the thought while holding a wet handkerchief to his eye; "but I believe I did most of the work."

Three days later Mr. O'Malley was able to leave his house, albeit a trifle stiffly. He went down among his many friends to boast of the acquisition to his family.

"Sassenach he is; but th' la-ad can fight no less," he declared. "He has a lift hand that'd do credit to anny wan ye name. He's there wid a hammerlock an' a cross-buttock that jars ye finely. I niver got to him but wancet—on th' eye."

Two days after this Aloysius appeared in the parsonage again. The time the results were not so serious in Harold's case. He merely accepted a protuberance the size of a robin's egg upon his temple. Later he mentioned something about a library door. The church-wardens looked doubtful, but they made no comment. Though he made a difficult passage Mr. O'Malley managed to leave the house without using the cab. It was five days before he could report progress downtown.

"He's comin' on, I don't mind tellin' ye. He blocked ivery epithet I passed him an' handed out a ch'ce collection av-sintintious remarked av his own."

In ten days, or a trifle less, his father-in-law slipped into the parsonage and dragged Harold away from a special meeting of the Ladies' Aid. It was the cook who supported him groaning and tottering out the back way and down the alley, while the cab was sent away again. He remained at home ten days before he was fit to be seen upon the street. The members of the Ladies' Aid regarded Mr. Dalrymple's cut knuckles ruffled air with some slight suspicion. Harold really was improving. His foot-work was better from every angle and his eye was getting in training for speed and accuracy. The regrettable fact is that Harold also was beginning to enjoy himself. Mrs. Dalrymple pouted.

"I don't she why father never stays to see me," she complained. "I've only seen him once since we came back—and he's been here several times. What are you making down in the basement, dear? I hear such sounds of hammering!"

"I've been boxing an old stiff—I mean some old stuff," he explained hastily, and pulled a lock of hair down over a slight abrasion on his ear.

"Well b'ys," reported O'Malley nearly two weeks after the last encounter, "he nearly kilt me this time; but I'm gettin' gra-and exercise! If ye have a riot anywheres in th' city me an' Harold will disperse it. Leave yer cops in their beds. B'gob, he'll make me take th' ca-ab yit, I'm thinkin'."

Two full weeks elapsed before Mr. O'Malley put in an appearance at the Dalrymple homestead again. Mrs. Dalrymple was entertaining some friends at tea and the sounds from below mounted aloft to the drawing-room.

"You are having some repairs made, my dear?" asked the wife of one of the church-wardens. "I don't think I heard of any changes."

"Oh, no," explained Marguerite. "It's just Mr. Dalrymple. He and papa are going over some old stuff. They will have it finished soon, I think."

Before the little gathering in the drawing room broke up there was the sound of a large bell outside, and a little later Harold was heard mounting the stairs. Young Mrs. Dalrymple hurried to the drawing-room.

"Has papa gone, dear?" she asked. "I

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did so want him to have a cup of tea."
"Yes, darling," answered Harold brightly. "He seemed to be in quite a hurry. He spoke of going away for a time to rest. Quite worn out, you know."

"I'm so sorry," cooed the young woman, and went back to her guests.

The mayor of Newton tiptoed softly into the private room in the city hospital and amazedly regarded the mass of splints and bandages that enveloped the massive figures on the bed.

"O'Malley! Is ut yerself?" he demanded.

"What's lift av me, praise th' saints!" admitted the former chief of police.

"But what th'—where was th' wreck? I heard nawthin' av ut."

"Hush yer talk!" groaned Aloysius. "There was no wreck."

"Thin what's th' matter wid ye?"

"T'ree busted ribs, wan broken collarbone, a compound fracture av th' tibia, an' some minor casualties. 'Twas a gra-and day! I inj'yed mesilf hugely."

"Who did ut? Show me th' man!"

"Git out wid ye!" responded Aloysius scornfully. "He'd chuck ye over th' City Hall. 'Twas Harold done ut. He's a gra-at man! Ye cudn't hur-t him wid a fire-ax."

Mayor Foley regarded his old friend with commiseration mingled with amusement.

"Whist!" he said in a low tone. "Did ye come in th' ca-ab?"

The cross-banded visage of the former chief twisted as far as the bandages would permit and creakingly its owner rose to a sitting posture.

"Ca-ab!" observed Mr. O'Malley with great scorn and pointing a well-swathed hand at his friend. "Ca-ab, is ut? I'd have ye know me son Harold is no piker. I come in th' amb-lance, wid a parthol wagon full av docthors on th' side." He lay back painfully. "Foley, shud ye iver need shpiritool care, I ricom-mind me son Harold. He has thim all faded!"

What a Spectacle!

(The 'World,' New York.)

Lincoln did not attend the Chicago Convention that nominated him for President in 1860, nor did he attend the Baltimore Convention that nominated him in 1864.

Douglass did not attend the Charleston or Baltimore Convention in 1860, nor did McClellan attend the Chicago Convention in 1864.

Grant did not go to Chicago in 1868, nor did he go to Philadelphia in 1872, nor did he go to Chicago in 1880 when he was a receptive candidate for a third term.

Seymour presided over the Democratic National Convention held in New York in 1868, but he was not a candidate and used all possible effort to prevent his own nomination.

Greely did not go to Cincinnati or Baltimore in 1872, and Tilden did not attend the St. Louis Convention in 1876.

Blaine, who was the leading Republican candidate for the nomination in 1876, did not go to Cincinnati, nor did Hayes attend the Convention that named him for President.

Garfield was a delegate to the Chicago Convention in 1880, but he was not a candidate and was selected as a compromise only after the Blaine forces and the Grant third-term forces had exhausted themselves.

Hancock did not go to Cincinnati in 1880. Cleveland never went to a National Convention, although he was nominated in 1884 in 1888 and in 1892.

Harrison was a delegate to the Chicago Convention in 1888 and left the hall when it became apparent that he was likely to be nominated as a result of the bitter feeling among the Sherman, the Gresham and the Alger delegates. But he did not go to Minneapolis in 1892, and Blaine, who was opposing him for the nomination, likewise refused to go, in spite of the appeals of his supporters.

McKinley did not attend the St. Louis Convention in 1896 nor the Philadelphia Convention in 1900.

Mr. Bryan went to the Chicago Convention in 1896 as a contesting delegate and was nominated as the result of a speech, but he did not go to Kansas City in 1900 when he was an avowed candidate, nor did he go to Dnever in 1908.

Mr. Roosevelt himself did not go to Chicago in 1904, and Judge Parker did not go to St. Louis. Mr. Taft did not go to Chicago in 1908 and he is not going to Chicago in 1912.

Mr. Roosevelt, among all Presidents and among all the leading aspirants for President, is the only one who has ever gone to a National Convention except as a delegate. He is the first to violate that rule of Presidential dignity, just as he is the first President who ever actively sought a third-term and the first President who ever dragged the office through the mire of factional politics. Even Andrew Johnson, when he was sober, showed more respect for the Presidential office than Mr. Roosevelt has ever shown.

"It is a solemn thing to be President of the United States," said Grover Cleveland. But it is not a solemn thing to Theodore Roosevelt. It is an opportunity to beat 'em to a frazzle, to slug 'em over the ropes. The Presidency to him is a personal prize to be fought for as Tammany's strong-armed crew fight for a district leadership.

And so Mr. Roosevelt has gone to Chicago in a last desperate effort to bully and bulldoze a nomination for President out of a distracted convention. He has gone to Chicago to lead his mob in person and batter down the opposition to his candidacy. He has gone to Chicago to take possession of the Republican National Convention, by force if necessary, as Napoleon took possession of the Government of France.

What a spectacle!

Reports from a number of early tomato growers at Leamington, Ont., state that the crop, this year, will be the largest in the history of the industry. Despite the cold backward spring, the vines and fruit have made a beautiful growth, while the present hot spell is giving the crop a great impetus.