

Operation for Piles Failed

Zam-Buk Was Then Tried and Worked a Cure

Writing from Poplar, B. C., Mrs. C. Hanson, wife of the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, says: "I suffered for years with bleeding piles. The pain was so bad at times that I could hardly walk, and ordinary remedies seemed utterly unable to give me any ease. Finally I decided to undergo an operation, and went to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane. There they performed an operation and did all they could for me. For a time I was certainly better, but within twelve months the trouble started again and the piles became as painful as ever. I tried liniments, hot poultices, various pile cures; and indeed everything I could think would be likely to do any good but still I continued to suffer, and the shooting, burning, stinging pains, the dull, aching and wretched, 'worn-out' feeling that the disease causes continued as ever.

"One day I read about Zam-Buk and thought I would try it. The first one or two boxes gave me more ease than anything else I had tried, so I went on with the treatment. In a short time I began to feel altogether different and better, and I saw that Zam-Buk was going to cure me. Well, I went on using it, and by the time I had used six boxes I was delighted to find myself entirely cured. That was three years ago, and from then to the present time there has been no return of the trouble."

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for piles, eczema, ulcers, abscesses, cold sores, chapped hands, varicose sores, burns, scalds, bruises, inflamed patches, and all skin injuries and diseases. Drug-gists and stores everywhere, 50c. box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes.

Many Arrests to be Made in Dynamite Case

Alleged Criminals Scattered All Over the Country

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 7.—Instructions were sent to government agents in at least twenty cities, to-day, to keep watch over the men who have been charged in thirty-two indictments with complicity with the McNamara and Ortie McManigal in the dynamite conspiracy.

The men indicted, who are said to number between thirty and forty, are now scattered in cities as far distant as Boston, New York, New Orleans, Chicago, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Seattle, and it is the plan of the government to cause their arrest on one day. It is understood telegrams from the federal authorities here have informed the officials in the districts where the men reside that capias have been issued, and these, with copies of the indictments, are to be sent as soon as possible.

Going Down!

Knock, and the world knocks with you; boost, and you boost alone.

February Women's Home Companion.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

The Romance of a Canadian Painting Exhibition.

(Copyright by Publishers' Press, Ltd)

This story must be told in stages. The first must picture the hero, a boy of fourteen, by name George Davidson, just arrived in Montreal from Ontario, where, since he had left his home in Russia, he had lived with his aunt. He was homeless and fatherless; but, filled with a determination to make his way in the world, he had come to the great Canadian metropolis. After several days' tramp of the streets to seek employment, Davidson was engaged by a crayon artist. And this must mark the second stage in his story.

His main duty in these early days was to sweep the floor of the studio, and to prepare the easels and other implements of the artist, ready for his master to begin work each morning.

But if the work seemed mean and profitless for the future, it was effecting a great change in the boy's mind. As he busied himself in the studio his eyes would constantly roam to the easel at which his master was working. How simply and wonderfully he supplied a delightful background to the portraits which were sent to him by a firm of photographers.

Ambition was gradually growing in young Davidson's mind. One day he would become a painter.

A year or so went by. In that

time a big change had come over the boy's life. He no longer spent the day in mental work in the studio. Instead, he was fast becoming as proficient as his master. At night he went to the National Academy of Design, and there, under competent masters, worked diligently at oil-painting.

Three years past, Young Davidson sat before his easel. He was just putting the finishing strokes to a small landscape scene.

The little landscape was sent to the exhibition, bearing beneath it the words "Evening Shadows."

The exhibition was filled with an excited crowd. It was the first day of the opening. A group of critics had gathered round a large canvas. This was the work of John La Farge. They could tell it at a glance. It was magnificent! But whose was the little sunset scene, that held a place of such high honour beside it?

"George Davidson—Davidson, who was Davidson, whose picture had received such commendation?" A few days later everyone in Canada could have told how, with indomitable courage, the once penniless boy had in a few years proved himself to be one of the rising artists of the great Dominion.

FRANCE AND SCOTLAND

At One Time the Land of Cakes Had an Alliance with the Land of the Lily.

The Franco-Scottish League, which so long bound the two countries in such intimate association, was first and foremost a political one. But it not only for several centuries made its mark on the political history of France and Scotland. It materially affected their institutions and their culture, and there is no other instance in European history of so close, potent, and long enduring a relationship of one nation to another.

This unique relationship took its rise in the historical complication which at the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries made Scotland and France the enemies of England. But the marriage of Queen Mary to the Dauphin threatened to lead to the union of the crowns, not of England and Scotland, but of Scotland and France. This danger had the effect of drawing Scotland and England together in an opposition League, and coalescing with the growing potency of the Reformation movement, which brought the two countries into line in 1560 on religious as well as political grounds, practically put an end to the old alliance.

French Influence.

Of the influence of French institutions on those of Scotland evidence is also not lacking. Scotland took, for instance, her legal system from France, not from England. Her Parliament was modelled on the French States General, in which the various orders assembled together, rather than on the assembly of Lords and Commons which formed two Houses instead of one. The Court of Session, founded in 1535, was fashioned after the Parliament of Paris, and the pre-Reformation Scottish universities after that of Paris, the greatest of mediæval scholastic institutions. Not less remarkable is the French influence on her ecclesiastical institutions. From French Protestantism she borrowed her Presbyterian system of church government, and even in its smaller details the French impress is unmistakable. The Moderator of Scotland's ecclesiastical courts—Presbytery, Synod, Assembly—is an importation from France, where it was the designation of the President of an ecclesiastical court; whilst another term, applied to a motion in these courts, an "overture," is derived from the practice of the Parliament of Paris. At an earlier time ecclesiastical as well as baronial architecture affords additional exemplification of the tendency to borrow or adapt from Scotland's old ally.

MISSIONS AND TURKEY

Progress of this Part of Europe Due to Missionary Enterprise.

The first electric telegraph instrument in Turkey was set up by missionaries. They introduced the first sewing-machine, the first printing-press, and the first modern agricultural implements. They brought the tomato and the potato and the other vegetables and fruits that are now staples; they built the first hospitals; they started the first dispensary and the first modern schools. The mighty uplifting force of education came with the mission schools, and is having the tremendous force it has everywhere, in overthrowing old errors and outworn forms of despotism and misrule. The most far-reaching work of the missionaries is educational, which comprehends all races, all religions, and all languages. They are of the different races of which the Turkish Empire is composed, regardless of religious faith—Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Armenians, Kurds, Persians, Macedonians, Bulgars, Druses, Nestorians, Greeks, Russians, Georgians, Circassians, and others too numerous to mention. Their influence is thus extended to every community, because no student leaves an institution without carrying with him the germs of progress which must affect the family and the neighborhood.

Brief but Instructive

The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their

perukes, by the Tasaton, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines.

John Locke.

Let us go upon a long journey and enter on a dreadful search. Let us dig and seek till we have discovered our own opinions.

G. K. Chesterton.

He who is guided by his genius, he who thinks for himself, who thinks spontaneously and exactly, possesses the only compass by which he can steer aright.

Schopenhauer.

Whoever will be free must make himself free; freedom is no fairy's gift to fall into any man's lap.

Friedrich Nietzsche.

The gifted man is he who sees the essential point, and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage.

Thomas Carlyle.

Men may have rounded Seraglio Point; they have not yet doubled Cape Turk.

George Meredith.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

Swift.

Getting His Money's Worth

Bangs: "I think I'll get married." Wangs: "You surprise me. I didn't think you had a girl." Bangs: "I haven't, but a fellow gave me a wedding ring to-day in part payment of a debt, and I've got to get the worth of my money."

During a lesson on the animal kingdom the teacher asked if anyone could give an example of an animal of the order of edentata—that is, one which is without teeth. "I can," cried Tommy, his face beaming with the pleasure of assured knowledge. "Well, what is it?" said the teacher. "Grandpa," he shouted.

COST OF AMERICA'S DISCOVERY

Less Than \$8,000 Was Expended by Columbus on His Great Voyage to this Continent.

This is rather a difficult thing to ascertain, but some deductions have been made and some conclusions arrived at. Professor Rege says that the cost of the first fleet of Columbus was 1,140,000 maravedis. The value of a maravedi was about 1/4 of a cent in modern money. The contribution, therefore, that was made by Queen Isabella was about \$7296.00, without taking into consideration the higher purchasing power and money in these days. The city of Palas, Spain, also had to furnish out of its own means two small ships manned for 12 months. The cost to the State, therefore, of the journey of discovery was not more than \$7,500.00, about the price of a modern first class automobile. Of this sum the admiral received the sum of \$320, the captains \$192 each, the pilots \$128 each, and a physician \$38.50. The sailors received for the necessities of life each month about \$2.45. Not a very expensive trip considering the value of the discovery.

Making Bad Worse

A clergyman was severely reprimanding a man for regularly going to sleep every Sunday afternoon when he (the clergyman) preached.

"Well, sir," said the man, "I don't think it's your sermon sends me to sleep. If you notice, I'm asleep before you start to preach. The fact is, sir, I have been in the habit of taking a nap at about that hour of the day for years, and now I can't get out of it."

"It's a very bad habit," remarked the clergyman, though somewhat mollified at the thought that his preaching wasn't the cause of the man's somnolence; "and, apart from its being very improper behaviour in church I should think it must interfere with your Sunday night's rest."

"No, sir, it doesn't—thanks to you," replied the man.

"Thanks to me! What do you mean?" inquired the astonished clergyman.

"Why, sir, my son is learning shorthand, so for practice, he always takes down your sermon, and when I am in bed he begins to read it to me, and I drop off to sleep in no time!" The clergyman's feelings can better be imagined than described.

Are You Bilious?

Mi-o-na Will Cure You

Black specks floating before your eyes—dizziness and sick spells, prove that your liver is out of order, your digestion bad and your internal machinery generally out of order. To remedy this state of affairs you must go to the seat of the evil and tone up the stomach.

MI-O-NA Tablets are a perfect stomach tonic and will relieve indigestion in 24 hours. They do more than this for they also cure biliousness, vomit during pregnancy, sea or car sickness and stomach disorders caused by excessive indulgence.

MI-O-NA cures by strengthening and invigorating the stomach. It is guaranteed by druggist E. W. Mair, who will refund your money if it fails. A large box costs you 50c. from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont.

Dr. Hanson of Boston says the ox type of man rules America. The hog type will be likely to take issue with the good doctor on this proposition.

Cuts, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Swellings, Sore Throat, Colds, Bowel Troubles—both outward and inward ailments are cured by

**A Proud Record. 101 Years in Use. Millions of Cures.**

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE Liniment**

PARSONS' PILLS regulate the bowels without distressing.

Be prepared for emergencies. No other liniment so effective, no other has such a record. Sold by dealers everywhere. 25c and 50c Bottles.

**I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.**

TIT FOR TAT!

(By Ada Thomas.)

(Copyright by Publishers' Press, Ltd)

Arriving home, after spending an evening with a married friend, Jack Merriman felt the loneliness of bachelorhood for the first time.

Jack had reached fifty, and only now had the desire for companionship come upon him in one fell swoop. His friend's wife was fluffy haired, tinkled the piano agreeably, lisped plaintive songs in a minor key, and set him, thinking of the romantic side of life.

"I'll advertise," said he, being strictly a business man. "Must be musical," he wrote, "of cheerful disposition. Means not necessary, but desirable." Then he signed himself "Lonely," directed it to a matrimonial paper, and posted it with his own hands.

There were many aspirants—and some painfully eager—but it was the one signed "Blushing" that impressed him most.

Jack liked the tone. It sounded fresh and girlish, with a dash of straightforwardness that others lacked. He arranged an interview, still signing his nom de plume, "Lonely," in a railway waiting room.

Shortly after eight a lady answering to the description given peered in at the open door, but, seeing Jack, fled hastily, yet not before he had caught sight of her tell-tale violets. He pursued and caught up to her just as she was making a rapid exit into Raleigh avenue.

"I beg your pardon," he said, touching her on the shoulder, "but are you 'Blushing'?"

"Yes," she answered, timidly; and, indeed, she was for her dimpled cheeks betrayed it.

"I am lonely," he explained, "or rather, I was until you came." Then they both laughed and felt more at ease. That evening was a revelation to Jack. Before the night was over she had confided to him her history.

A pretty little wedding at a church in Parmington consummated their happiness, but before the ceremony took place Ettie made a request. "I want to hold my position a few weeks longer. May I?" she pleaded.

Open in all her dealings, on one point she had remained obdurate—that was withholding the name and address of her employer. "You will know one day," she constantly assured Jack, and one day, sure enough, he did.

In her little square cage in an office, perched on a high stool, sat Ettie one hot afternoon. There was a temporary lull, and the tired, white faced assistants were listlessly moving to and fro re-arranging their departments, whilst the suave shop walker strutted round like an irate turkey cock.

"Now, Miss Morse, hurry up and put that dress material away. You seem to be half asleep." He turned to another. "Why did you let that lady go without a purchase?"

"We had nothing in stock to match her ribbon, sir," answered the girl, penitently.

"Bosh!" he cried rudely, then stopped to whisper something to a lady more favored, who was looting on the counter. It was an unwholesome scene, and one that Ettie had witnessed from her point of vantage many times.

Cranford, the shop walker, was one of that low type that uses his authority for a base end, so girls came and went in quick succession, and it was an open secret why so many proved unsatisfactory.

Ettie had turned in loathing from the man's advances, so he had bided his time for revenge. Now it had come, and seizing this slack moment, he marched up to her desk with a triumphant leer.

"You know the rules, and you've been late two mornings this week. Instantly dismissed by rights, but I'll give you till Saturday to clear out." Ettie slid on to the floor from her perch, and, opening the office door, turned to face him.

"You will give me till Saturday. Then let me tell you, coward, bully and libertine, that you are, it is you who will go, not I, but instead of waiting till Saturday you go now."

Rage held him speechless for a moment, then he advanced threateningly towards her just as a newcomer arrived on the scene.

Ettie gave a start of glad surprise, and went to meet—her husband. He started back in bewilderment, then a light broke in—he understood.

"I have had to discharge that man for his insolence, Jack," she said, pointing at the crestfallen shop walker. "My husband or I will pay the salary due to you as soon as your luggage is packed and you are ready to go," she concluded, walking past him to her office with the air of a queen. The man slunk away as Jack clinched her peremptory order with a decisive nod.

That same evening, as Ettie sat at her piano playing a soothing melody, and Jack was desecrating the atmosphere with a fat cigar, she stopped to say: "Do you remember how I ran away from you at the station?" "Perfectly well. I imagine you recognized me."

"Yes, dear." A slight pause. "But you don't know how glad I am you ran after me."

"So am I, darling."

"I suppose you think it was silly of me to go on working in your shop, hiding my identity and all that sort of thing?"

"Rather."

"But it wasn't." She rose and sat down on the rug by his knee. "It was just lovely to go each day, knowing it was my darling old hubby's shop, and that no earthly power could sack me—to see that silly beast of a shop walker watching his opportunity to discharge me, and know all the time that I could afford to laugh at him. I felt so safe, so deliciously safe."

"Ettie, you're crying." He drew her face towards him and looked anxiously into her glittering eyes.

"Yes, dear, but not for myself—only for those I have left behind."



**INDIGNANT**

Caller:—"Your paper, sir, refers to the man charged with entering my house as 'the alleged diamond thief.'"

Editor:—"Well, sir?"

Caller:—"Well, I want you to understand that I had no alleged diamonds on my premises; they are all genuine."

**SHE KNEW BEST**

"When does the next train for Toronto leave here?" inquired the fierce woman at the railway station.

"You'll have to wait five hours, madam."

"I don't think so."

"I do think so! Perhaps you know better than I do, madam?"

"Yes, my man, and perhaps you know better than I do whether I am going to travel by that train myself, or whether I am merely making the inquiry on behalf of a cousin of mine who has been spending the week-end with me, and who is at this moment asking her things, so that she could not inquire herself, but sent me to do it for her in order to save her the trouble. Perhaps you think it's your business to stand there and instruct people about things they know as well as you do. And maybe you'll give a civil answer next time a respectable widow asks you a question, instead of trying to show off what you know!"

"Yes, madam."

**SURE THING**

"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes."

"Yes, and if they don't have them they are apt to get them."



**Shiloh's Cure**

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs.

25 cents