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Zam-Buk
 FOR ALL SUMMER SORES.

FIRST SPANKING OF ARCHIBALD

(By Caroline Miles, in the Presbyterian Banner.)

Archibald was the pivot about which the house of Stuart turned. He was an only child and from his first baby frown, which had sent his parents scurrying to please him, his word had been law. There were those who said he was selfish, others that he was spoiled, some, "Poor Mrs. Stuart, she lets that child govern her completely." Mrs. Stuart insists that his daddy was too indulgent, while daddy himself claimed that the mother could not say No to anything the child asked for. This is what some of the boys said: "He's the meanest kid in town."

At any rate, this is what happened at the Stuart house one day. Archibald had a sweet tooth. Above all things his soul delighted itself in cream puffs and thereby hangs our tale.

The family had company from out of town—in fact, it was Archibald's uncle and aunt and their two boys. Mrs. Stuart had been giving several parties for them, and on the particular evening of which we write had invited a few friends for a quiet little dinner. Her dining room was small, and so it was decided that the children must wait besides, Mrs. Stuart was not altogether sure of the behaviour of her son. He was in the habit of being waited upon first and calling for what pleased his fancy in a commanding voice. So, in view of these facts, she resolved

for once to put him in the background. It was a delicate thing to suggest to the master of the house that he should eat at a second table, and this is how she did it. She called him aside that morning.

"My dear baby," she said, with some hesitation.

"Yes, mother."

"We're going to have a little dinner party to-night for your uncle and aunt."

"That's bully! What are you going to have to eat? Cream puffs?"

Mrs. Stuart laughed. This was one of her son's witticisms, a relic of his baby days to call them "cream puffs." She laughed but not very joyfully. It certainly was a difficult situation, for she hadn't intended to have them, and then, to ask him to wait to a second table. Nevertheless, the thing had to be done.

"Oh, we shall have something good, never fear."

He scowled fiercely. "I want cream puffs."

"Well, we'll listen, dear. How would you like to have a little table all by yourselves, you and the boys?"

"I don't want any little table. I want cream puffs." He stamped his foot and wept aloud.

She drew him toward her. She was thinking hard.

"There, there! Don't cry. I want my baby to be happy and I just thought how nice it would be to have a little table for the boys, out on the porch all by themselves."

"I won't do it unless you have cream puffs."

"Well, well, dear, of course you shall have 'cream puffs' if you like and you will eat at the little table with the boys, won't you?"

He was sulky. "Oh, yes, I suppose so."

And thus it was arranged.

The day wore on and evening came. Everything was in readiness for the modest dinner. The guests arrived and all was going well. The extra table had

been set for the boys and they were to be served as soon as the others were well started. Archibald was still somewhat g'um and peeped in at the guests with an envious glare. The row of cream puffs on the pantry shelf, however, was a consolation and he stole in more than once and g'oaded over them. Beside them were the pies to be used as desert for the company.

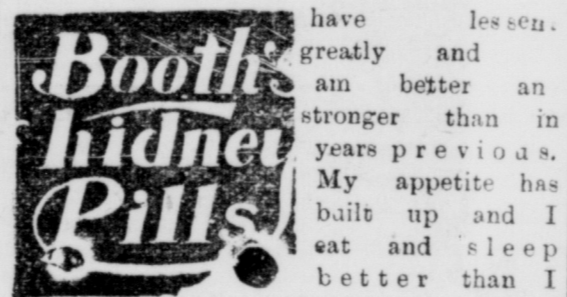
The guests were seated and enjoying the first course when the muffled sound of a thud came from the kitchen. No one seemed to notice but Mrs. Stuart, and she began to feel nervous. Hilda entered the room, pretending to refill the glasses, but looking very much worried. She gave Mrs. Stuart a secret sign of distress. The lady, as soon as she could, excused herself tactfully and followed the maid. What was her horror to find the pies intended for her dinner a mass of ruins on the pantry floor.

Hilda was in a rage.

"It was that boy that done it!" she said. "He sneaked up there to get a smell of them 'cream puffs,' as he calls them, and his fingers got hold of the napkin

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T. E. Foster, of St. John St., Fredericton N. B., says: I have found more actual relief from Booth's Kidney Pills than in all else I have ever tried for rheumatism. The pains in my limbs



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THE clever housewife, who considers the pleasure and welfare of her family, takes particular pride in the coffee she serves.

It is usually

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what was over the pies and down they came."

"For pity's sake! What shall we do?"

"I dunno, ma'am."

"Think, Hilda, think."

"Ye might use the puffs, could ye?"

"Hilda, you're an angel. Of course, that's the only way. But are there enough?" And she began to count.

"Yes, they's just one a piece."

So Mrs. Stuart hurried back to her guests with a feeling of deep relief, for the moment forgetting her son, so anxious was she that this dinner should be a success. Her guests were rather important people and her husband's brother was an influential man and might be helpful to her husband in time to come.

The dinner went on. Every one was cheerful and seemed to be enjoying the cozy, little feast immensely. Finally Hilda cleared the table for the dessert and one by one brought in the accidental cream puffs. She was setting the last plate down when a wrathful face burst in at the kitchen door.

"That's the very last pup," screamed Archibald, "and you said I could have one, too, so there now."

For a moment everybody was speechless. The cold chills ran down Mrs. Stuart's spine. The father's face was as red as a schoolboy's when called to the teacher's desk. There was a breathless pause, then Mr. Stuart rose.

"My friends," he said, "will you excuse me?" And he took his way toward the kitchen with a face on which anger, shame and determination were equally written.

Mrs. Stuart tried to turn it off with a laugh, but it was a weak effort. Those around the table, feeling for the humiliated parents, knew not what to do till a lady by a tactful remark started a topic of conversation. Intensely relieved they all joined in.

Finally Mr. Stuart returned and took his place as calmly as he could, but that he was much excited it was easy to see. His friends kindly tried to act as if nothing had occurred. So the dinner was finished and the guests presently departed.

As soon as she could get a chance Mrs. Stuart inquired breathlessly: "O Daddy, what did you do?"

"I gave him to understand that I am master in this house."

"Oh, but you didn't—you didn't sp—"

"Yes, my dear, I did. And I think you will find your son so sweet tempered in the morning that you won't recognize him. It worked like a charm. He's as humble as a puppy."

The mother sought her wayward son. She put him to bed without a word about the matter, though she marvelled at his meekness.

The next morning the visitors were leaving. At the last moment the elder Mr. Stuart called his brother aside and said warmly: "Fred, pardon me for speaking about it, but I want to tell you that you did the best thing of your life last night when you chastised your son. You've got the making of a fine boy there, but you've been a bit too easy. Don't let him rule the house. And don't worry about what happened. We all felt for you, but I tell you we were mighty glad when you took charge of the case on the spot. Here's my hand. Good luck to you all."

The younger man took his hand gratefully.

"Thanks, John, thanks," he said, "sometimes it takes a hard knock to make us see straight. Talk about 'cream puffs'. They were rather dogs of war, weren't they? Well, good-bye and next time you come I promise you, you'll hardly know us we'll be so tame."

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was again released from Holloway jail to-day. She was in a condition of collapse.

BARRED SLIT SKIRT, HOBBLE AND DIAPHANOUS SKIRTS.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Aug. 14—Several hundred young women stenographers and clerks employed by a large manufacturing concern here are receiving polite notes in their pay envelopes this week, with information that the slit skirt, the hobble and diaphanous skirts are not to be tolerated. Each girl is asked to appear for work in business-like and modest clothes.

CHINESE REBELS FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES.

NANKING, Aug. 14—The new secession was preceded by sharp fighting for two nights between the first and eighth divisions of the troops on account of the eighth having declared for the government. The fighting ended when the fifth division consented to throw in its lot with the rebels.

Martial Law In British Columbia

Nanaimo, British Columbia, was placed under martial law Wednesday after a night of terror caused by the strike of the miners. The saloons are closed and a large number of special officers have been sent from Vancouver and Victoria. The house of Mr. Alexander McKinnon, at Ladysmith, was attacked and the building wrecked. A stick of dynamite, with a short fuse attached, was thrown through the window, and Mr. McKinnon, calling on his family to escape, snatched it up and attempted to throw it out. The dynamite went off, blowing off the hand and probably fatally injuring Mr. McKinnon. The Temperance Hotel at Ladysmith was blown up with dynamite, after the occupants were driven out. At midnight the mob bombarded the office of the Herald and were incited to wreck the office. No police were available and members of the editorial staff armed themselves with chunks of lead. Mr. F. H. Shepard, M. P., attempted to address the miners and secure a twenty-four hours' armistice. His reward was a rock which whizzed past his head. Fifteen people in all, including several policemen were injured.

Queen Elizabeth To Be Launched In October

LONDON, Aug. 14—Remarkable developments in the construction of dreadnoughts are embodied in the battleship Queen Elizabeth, to be launched at Portsmouth next October. Both speed and armament are superior to those of any battleship afloat. It is built to burn oil fuel only, and adds two knots to any previous dreadnought speed. The space left by freeing vessel of coal bunkers enables further extension of the double bottom and the height of the protected deck. The vessel has two skins, the oil fuel being carried between.

It is always well to know some good sandwich fillings for afternoon tea use, some for use with the hot tea and some to go with the iced tea, to which a dash or arrac punch is added, to make it still more refreshing. One tasty filling is made of apples. Core firm tart apples, slice in thick slices, and fry a delicate brown in butter, add a dash of pepper, salt, and sugar, which latter helps to brown them, drain and lay between rounds of thinly buttered wholewheat bread.

You know that these two parties still divide the world

Those that want and those that have. —TENNYSON



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