

How a cut led to 4 years of suffering

Mr. J. E. Arsenault, a Justice of the Peace and station master at Wellington, on the P.E.I. Ry., says: "Four years ago I fell on a freight truck, sustaining a bad cut on the front of my leg. I thought this would heal, but instead it developed into a bad ulcer, and later into a form of eczema which spread very rapidly and also started on the other leg. Both legs became so swollen and sore that I could only go about my work by having them bandaged."

"I consulted two doctors, and tried all the salves, liniments and lotions I heard of, but instead of getting better I got worse."

How Zam-Buk cured.

"This was my condition when I got my first box of Zam-Buk. Greatly to my delight that first box gave me relief. I continued to apply it to the sores, and day by day they got better. I could see that at last I had got hold of something which would cure me, and in the end it did."

"It is now over a year since Zam-Buk worked a cure in my case, and there has been no return of the eczema."

Purely herbal in composition, Zam-Buk is a sure cure for all skin diseases, cold sores, chapped hands, ulcers, blood-poisoning, varicose sores, piles, ringworm, inflamed patches, cuts, burns and bruises. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

He Was Perfect in Figure and Scrupulously Neat in Dress.

Andrew Johnson was one of the neatest men in his dress and person I have ever known. During his three years in Nashville, in particular, he dressed in black broadcloth frock coat and waistcoat and black doeskin trousers and wore a silk hat. This had been his attire for thirty years, and for most of that time, whether as governor of Tennessee, member of congress or United States senator, he had made all of his own clothes. He was so scrupulous about his linen that he invariably changed all of it daily and sometimes oftener.

He was matchlessly perfect in figure, about five feet ten, had handsome broad shoulders, fine forehead, superb face, dark bushy hair and small hands and feet. The most marked feature about him was his eyes, which were small, and, although such eyes are not usually attractive, his were black, sparkling and absolutely beautiful.

He was not a gambler at anything and could play only indifferently at checkers. In 1862 he explained to me that he had never visited a theater because in his youth he lacked the opportunity and always afterward would rather study and work or go to bed than spend his time at a playhouse. He looked on all kinds of gambling as wrong, never knew one card or one domino from another and was never at a horse race. He had been to a few circuses and minstrel shows and liked them.

—Recollection of His Secretary, Major Truman, in Century.



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per barrel; light, white
loaves: flaky pastry.

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WOMEN AS GAMBLERS.

They Are Noted at Monte Carlo For Coolness and Luck.

The women gamblers at Monte Carlo are by no means the excitable, hysterical and unscrupulous players that have been described to us. Many are unscrupulous and dishonest, but they are usually calmer than the men. There are women who will pick up your winnings under your very nose, asserts the London Chronicle, and if you protest the croupier will probably pay the money again rather than have a disturbance. There are other women who will sit beside a man and openly claim a part of his winnings, and if the man is wise he will surrender to the extortion rather than disturb the domestic bliss. But, as a rule, the women gamble with equanimity, and how extraordinarily lucky they are, to be sure!

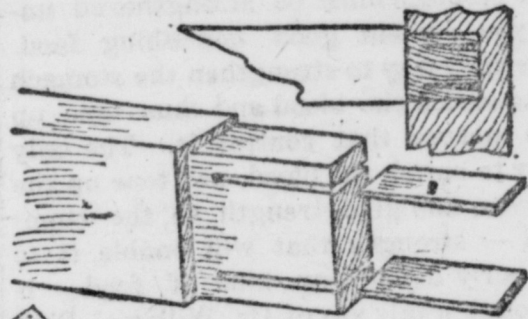
Women have wonderful luck. While men work out elaborate "systems" and sit frowning over figures, the mysteries of which would take a very Napoleon of finance to elucidate, and then play—and lose, women simply plunk money on the number they are "sure is going to win," and they do win!

It is not at all an uncommon thing to see a woman sitting against the wall, her husband by her side, waiting to put pieces on at her command. While he trots to and from the tables, telling her what numbers turned up last, fussing and fuming and worrying what to do next, she calmly surveys the figures she has jotted down, gives him another "piece" at the psychological moment to put on, and her big velvet embroidered bag grows wider in circumference every hour. The five franc "piece" is even heavier and clumsier to carry than our "crown" piece. But she is so thoroughly used to it in quantities that she does not mind at all, but says, "The heavier the better!"

The games at the casino are perfectly fair, says the writer. When there is trouble, and trouble is very rare, it is due to the players and not to the game, "and I am sorry to say that when there is anything wrong it is generally a case of 'cherchez la femme.'"

To Lock a Tenoned Joint.

A tenon placed in a blind mortise can be permanently fastened, when putting the joints together, by two wedges driven in the end grain of the wood. In some cases, where the wood to be used is very dry and brittle, it is



ARRANGEMENT OF WEDGES IN TENON.

advisable to dip the tenon in warm water before applying the glue. The glue must be applied immediately after the tenon is removed from the water and then inserted in the mortise. The sketch shows the application of the wedges. The bottom of the mortise drives the wedges as the tenon is forced in place.

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Used 102 years for internal and external ills.

It alleviates coughs, colds, sore throat, celiac, cuts, burns and bruises.

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Parsons'
Pills
For
Constipation

RIVALS IN MUSCLE.

Augustus of Poland and His Saxon Captain Were Strong.

BUT THEY MET THEIR MATCH.

The Young Swedish Count Whom They Sought to Impress With Their Feats of Strength Took a Hand in the Game Himself and Dazed the King.

On a bitterly cold evening in February, 1707, a little company of Swedish dragoons, huntsmen and grooms leading extra horses rode across the drawbridge of the castle of Lieberverda, on the banks of the river Elster, in Saxony. They were evidently expected, for the officer who headed the huntsmen was conducted into a brilliantly lighted chamber, where was gathered a large company of men at arms. His glances around the room told him that a drinking bout was in progress, and in the center of the gay gathering the visitor beheld the former king of Poland—King Augustus, a title he afterward regained.

Advancing to the place where the rollicking, royal personage sat steeped in wine, the Swedish officer, a young man, but tall and broad shouldered, reported that his master, King Charles of Sweden, would arrive at the castle the following morning to take part in the bear hunt to which he had been invited.

Whereupon the ex-king, looking the young Swedish nobleman over with appraising eye, frowned, then recovered his composure as he noted the skill with which the messenger addressed him without once using the title of "majesty." He was happy, he said complacently, that King Charles was coming, and he added, "I have been told that Count Gustaf Bertelskold—for this was the noble messenger's name—was a valiant participant in my royal friend's bear hunt."

As the evening wore on the company became noisier and the wine flowed more freely until at length August, with a gesture that commanded attention, took from the table a silver plate. Without apparent effort he bent the plate to a roll in his right hand and tossed it as drink money to a servant.

Loud cries of "Bravo!" followed this princely achievement. The example challenged imitation. A stockily built Saxon cavalry captain took from his pocket a copper coin. Turning aside the tablecloth, he laid the coin on the table and with a mighty blow of his fist drove the coin so deep into the oaken surface of the table that it stuck there. New shouts of applause shook even the heavy beamed ceiling.

King August then ordered several horseshoes brought in. Looking them over carefully, he selected one that suited him and passed it round the company so that all could see it was strong and perfect in every way. Then he stood up and, bending the shoe backward and forward in the middle, broke it in two equal pieces and held them out in either hand to show his muscles were harder than iron even.

Shouts of approval rose louder than ever, goblets were filled and emptied again, and the stocky Saxon cavalry captain was heard to proclaim that the king of Poland should one day break his enemies' weapons as easily as he breaks an iron horseshoe, at the same time giving the Swedish count a knowing look.

Count Bertelskold rose to go, this being the only reply he considered appropriate. But the aggressive Saxon captain blocked his way and shouted:

"Upon my honor, I believe the little Swedish count is afraid of us. Gently, gently, my young friend. Your delicate fingers would certainly never break a horseshoe in two. Drink, drink, I say, to the health of his majesty the king of Poland!"

Count Bertelskold's hand went to his

sword hilt like a flash. But he checked himself, seized a goblet and, draining it to the last drop, exclaimed: "At the request of this gentleman I drink to the prosperity of his majesty King Stanislaus. May he live long and reign happily." No deeper insult could have been offered, for it was King Charles of Sweden who had caused Stanislaus to be chosen elector of Saxon in place of Augustus.

"Draw," shouted a Polish nobleman, confronting Count Bertelskold, "or, by heaven, I will write this toast, letter for letter, in red upon your blue coat!"

It was King Augustus who interrupted with the gentle reminder that the Swedish count was their guest.

"Let us," said King Augustus, "rather ask him if in the Swedish camp they do not amuse themselves with any interesting experiments of the kind we have just been having."

"If my honored host will permit," replied Count Bertelskold, "I will attempt something that is customary with us."

"Yes, do so, my dear count," replied the king, glad to turn the threatened bloodletting into jest.

"By all means!" roared the bystanders.

Bertelskold looked around him a moment without replying. Then, suddenly seizing the two husky Polish noblemen who had been so ready to draw swords against him, Count Bertelskold raised them both up at once and, holding them, kicking and sprawling, at arm's length, bore them twice round the table and with perfect solemnity set them down at the feet of the astonished King Augustus.—Kansas City Star.

THE DEATH PACT.

Did Rubinstein Keep His Word With His Former Pupil?

Writing her memories of Anton Rubinstein in Harper's Magazine, a former pupil tells a strange story of the great pianist's death.

"One wild and bustling night I found myself at dinner alone with Rubinstein, the weather being terrific even for St. Petersburg. The winds were howling round the house, and Rubinstein, who liked to ask questions, inquired of me what they represented to my mind. I replied, 'The moaning of lost souls.' From this a theological discussion followed.

"There may be a future," he said.

"There is a future," I cried—"a great and beautiful future. If I die first I shall come to you and prove this."

"He turned to me with great solemnity.

"Good, Liloseba; that is a bargain, and I will come to you."

"Six years later in Paris I woke one night with a cry of agony and despair ringing in my ears, such as I hope may never be duplicated in my lifetime. Rubinstein's face was close to mine, a countenance distorted by every phase of fear, despair, agony, remorse and anger. I started up, turned on all the lights and stood for a moment shaking in every limb till I put fear from me and decided that it was merely a dream. I had for the moment completely forgotten our compact. News is always late in Paris, and it was Le Petit Journal, published in the afternoon, that had the first account of his sudden death.

"Four years later Teresa Carreno, who had just come from Russia and was touring America—I had met her in St. Petersburg frequently at Rubinstein's dinner table—told me that Rubinstein died with a cry of agony impossible of description. I knew then that even in death Rubinstein had kept, as he always did, his word."

HE WAS GAME.

An Experience of Bob Taylor When He Started Out to Lecture.

"When the late Senator Bob Taylor first went upon the lecture platform he was in bad financial fix, but if a crowd of his down in Taylor, Tex., had known it we would not have played such a mean game on him," said Colonel Albert W. Carpenter of the Lone Star State.

"Little did we know at the time of the glorious nature and generous soul of a man who made half a million dollars and died penniless.

"What we did was to dragoon the orator after the delivery of his speech into joining an absurd sort of secret society. As a part of the ridiculous initiation he was sworn to set up a dinner to all present immediately on the adjournment of the lodge. There was a good big crowd of us, and the eating and drinking came to just about \$100, or exactly what Bob Taylor had betted by his talk. Subsequently he confessed to a friend that after paying the score he had barely enough cash to enable him to pay railroad fare out of the town.

"A year later he came back to our burg, and the whole community turned out to hear him. Never did a man get a more flattering ovation in a small village. The profits of his lecture this time were \$800. Before leaving us somebody reminded him of his previous visit, whereupon the genial Bob laughingly inquired what motive had animated us in thus despoiling him. 'We just wanted to see, governor, if you were game,' spoke up one of the townsmen, and in recounting the affair later Bob Taylor always added, 'You can bet your life I was glad that I had proved game.'"—Los Angeles Times.



CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL.

AN ACUTE ABSCESS.

The Way It Forms and the Way It Should Be Treated.

An abscess is a swelling that contains pus. It may be either acute or chronic, and it may either be deeply seated in the body or it may appear upon the surface. The chronic or "cold abscess" is generally of tuberculous origin, whereas the acute or "hot abscess" is the result of an infection by the pus microbes.

The acute abscess comes on suddenly with all the signs of severe inflammation—heat, redness, swelling and present, as the pus forms, a throbbing pain. The sufferer often feels ill and has a slight degree of fever. In three or four days the abscess begins to soften, and the pain diminishes because the surface skin is being destroyed and the tension upon the sore spot is not so great. By and by there is only one layer left, through which the pus can be seen. This thin layer soon ruptures, and the pus escapes. Relief is immediate, and healing soon begins.

When the inflammation is deeply seated the affair is more serious. In such cases the pus may burrow until it invades some vital structure—the peritoneum or the brain, for instance—and a fatal result is not impossible.

The treatment of abscesses has changed much in late years. Formerly the acute abscess was allowed to form and break without surgical interference unless it threatened life or caused too much distress. Now the physician does not wait for it to pass through the natural stages. As soon as it appears he makes an incision and releases the poison before it has a chance to cause the formation of pus. He cleans the cavity thoroughly and keeps it continually moistened with an antiseptic solution. It must be allowed to drain freely, and moist antiseptic dressings should be applied while the wound is healing.—Youth's Companion.

HIS ULTIMATUM.

It Brought the Erie Directors to Terms, and Underwood Won.

"When Underwood was made president of the Erie road," said a Wall street man, "certain things were promised. Roadbed and rolling stock were in rotten condition, but he was assured that the money would be forthcoming for betterments. After Underwood had taken the big desk the bankers' attitude was changed. Money was tight—the Erie was a very swamp for swallowing dollars—and they suggested that Mr. Underwood sit tight and refrain from peevish movement in the canoe. It went on for a time until conditions began to improve. Then Mr. Underwood renewed his demands.

"Impossible," said the bankers. "The following day there was a meeting of the directors. Underwood called it to order and then laid two folded papers on the table.

"This road needs \$10,000,000 for improvements or a new president," said he. "Here is a resolution empowering me to borrow that amount of money. There is my resignation. I will leave the room for five minutes so that you may act."

"In two minutes the door opened and an elderly banker thrust his head out. 'Come on in, Underwood,' he said. 'We've adopted your resolution and burned your resignation. You win.'"—New York Sun.

REGAL
FLOUR