

ZAM-BUK

MRS. A. SAICH, of Cannington Manor, Sask., writes:—"My brother suffered severely from eczema. The sores were very extensive, and burned like coals into his flesh. Zam-Buk took out all the fire, and quickly gave him ease. Within three weeks of commencing with Zam-Buk treatment, every sore had been cured."

This is but one of the many letters we are constantly receiving from people who have proved the healing powers of Zam-Buk. For eczema, piles, sores, burns, cuts and all skin troubles there is nothing like this wonderful balm. No skin disease should be considered incurable until Zam-Buk has been tried.

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ECZEMA

Continued from page 3

a terrible blow to Marietta's feelings. Marietta crushed the berries and threw them just as far as she could over her Lady's lawn. She had humbled herself. Little as she was, wounded pride came to torture her. She had been ignored denied. A feeling of bitter resentment sprang up beside her thought of Miss Susanna.

When the Easter lilies began to grow tall and stately, Miss Susanna was in the garden more than ever. She watched their growth as she had not watched that of any other flower. Instinctively Marietta knew that they were her favorites. She was almost jealous of the tender care bestowed upon them. One by one, slender white buds came on the tallest stalks. Day after day they waxed large and strong and began to open. More buds came, and then all the long row was white with buds.

Little spring breezes wafted their delicious fragrance to where Marietta watched, hidden by the friendly sweetbriar. The rose leaves had grown so thick that she had been obliged to pick a window for her face, and through this she watched her Lady, watering and pruning and tending, lingering over the backward buds and seeming to coax them to blossom.

Marietta grew impatient with them, too, because it seemed that any lily she had touched ought to burst its calyx from very gratitude. If she were a lily and Miss Susanna should touch her, she felt sure she should blossom all in a minute.

Miss Susanna had been coaxing them now for nearly a month, and still there were as many as a dozen closed buds that Marietta could see from her peephole. To-morrow was Easter, and her Lady had planned on carrying them all to the church. Marietta knew, because sometimes she listened as well as watched. She had bought yards and yards of white satin ribbon to tie them with, and they were going to decorate the whole pulpit. No one could be more anxious for Miss Susanna's success than was little Marietta behind the briar bush.

She stood looking in upon them long after Miss Susanna had gone, and wishing that she knew of some way to make the few imperfect ones perfect. If she could only do that one thing for her Lady, perhaps then she might hope for favor. Miss Susanna might even let her go in and look upon the lilies when they were tied and ready for the church.

The buds were all so large and full, there wasn't any reason why they shouldn't open. Perhaps, if they could be started ever so little! Once she had picked one of the sweetbriar buds and it had opened beautifully. She looked at the great windows, and the curtains were down. The door with the big white knob was closed. She crept like a shadow to the iron gate and slipped in.

She stood still a moment entranced, for oh, it seemed like being in fairyland! The great snowballs were in bloom, and waved their porpoises over her head. Little pink blossoms from the flowering almond bush lay scattered on the grass. But she sped away to where the lilies stood waiting. The took one of the delicate buds in her hand and pressed it ever so gently, and it burst into bloom as if by magic. She began to smile.

At last here was something that would please her lady. She touched another and another. Some were harder to open than others. She was so busy she did not hear the front door open, nor see Miss Susanna coming down the walk. When she did look up, the tall figure was standing above her like an avenging angel, her hand pointing to the gate.

The look in her eyes froze poor little Marietta's heart. She ran sobbing from the garden. A stern voice pursued her, bidding her never return.

"A lawless child," Miss Susanna said. "She might have ruined my lilies. I shall have Charles put a lock on the gate."

Up in the loft of Granny's barn Marietta wept as though her heart would break. Granny came to the door and called her in to support, but she only burrowed deeper into the hay. Never could she forget the sound of Miss Susanna's voice. All Granny's scolding and all Jim's bellowed threats had not caused such a terrible hurt. The sunshine had been wiped from her life by one fell stroke. How long Marietta wept she did not know. It grew dark in the barn, and when she lifted her face a star was looking in upon her through a gap in the roof, and Marietta was afraid of the dark. She crept down quickly and went out into the night.

She could see the great white house, with its lighted windows, across the road. There was a smell of something good being cooked in Miss Susanna's kitchen. A feeling of bitterness swelled within her, and then the look of malicious cunning crept over Marietta's face. She ran along the road to the iron gate. Yes, there they stood still, white and saintly in the starlight. In a flash she had opened the gate and run across to them.

A lovely slender stalk stood at her right hand. She struck it down fiercely then another and another. The broken lilies lifted their white faces appealingly, but she heeded them not. She sprang into the midst of the bed with her feet and went scuffling wickedly. With a great choking lump in her throat and her heart beating so tumultuously she could scarcely breathe, she turned her back upon her evil work. She burst in upon Granny and

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Jim with eyes like burning coals. She no longer feared their censure. Their blows upon her body could be as nothing to the great agony that tortured her inside. She did not even struggle to free herself. In the dead of night she wrung her hands miserably over a vision of crushed and broken lilies scattered over her Lady's garden.

In the morning she was not sure that it had not all been a terrible dream. Her little head throbbed with the pain of a long and restless night. Neither Granny nor Jim was yet awake when she crept stealthily out of the house and went to assure herself. It was scarcely dawn, and the dew lay heavy on all things in Miss Susanna's garden. The snowballs hung their heads as if in sorrow, and the drooping plumes of purple lilac seemed to mourn. A sickening sweetness permeated the air.

Marietta went with bowed head, for she knew now that it was all too true. There they lay, a mangled mass of beauty.

With a cry Marietta was down among them, her cheek pressed against the bleeding stalks. Never again would the beautiful flowers lift their faces to the morning light. Never again would Miss Susanna walk among them smiling. Oh, what an injury had she done her dear, dear Lady! She writhed and tossed in a very agony of repentance.

When Miss Susanna came along the walk to gather her lilies she stopped horrified, and the shears fell with a thud. The magnitude of what she saw so dumfounded her that she had no eyes at first for the crouched and weeping figure. When she did at last look upon her, it was with a terrible anger sweeping her face. Here was the culprit at her feet. She raised her hand for vengeance, but it fell again for Marietta had crept through the lilies and caught the hem of her Lady's gown.

"Beat me!" she begged. "Oh, beat

me!" For once Marietta courted her punishment. Amazement took the place of anger in Miss Susanna's face, and gathered the child into her arms.

"What made you do it!" she cried. "Oh, what made you do it?" Marietta raised her tear-stained face.

"Oh, I wanted you to love me," she sobbed. "I—I made the lilies blossom for you. I—I wanted you to love me." Like a revelation the pitiful little story opened to Miss Susanna.

"You—you were so—so beautiful," sobbed Marietta. Her Lady carried her tenderly into the house, and sat down in a chair holding her.

"Dear little girl! Dear little girl!" she kept saying. "There, there! Don't cry so!" But Marietta refused to be comforted.

"Why don't you beat me now?" she wailed. "I shan't mind." But Miss Susanna only tightened her hold of the little stricken body. A strange light had come into her face. In a flash she realized something of the depth of the child's devotion. She lifted the little wet face and held it close to her own.

"Child! Child!" she said in tones that were shaken with tenderness. Don't you know it's worth more to have you here like this than than all the lilies in the world?" And then it seemed to Marietta as though heaven had suddenly taken her in, for oh, wonder of wonders! her dear lady had stooped and was raining kisses upon her cheek.

Early Break up of River is Anticipated

The heavy rainfall of Wednesday night and Thursday makes probable an early break-up of the river. Mr. J. Fraser Gregory Thursday morning telephoned to a number of up river points and learned that the rain had been general, but that as yet there had been no appreciable rise in the river, although that must come from such a downpour his reports were:—

Edmundston—Raining, but not heavily. About two inches of snow fell Wednesday. Ice still solid. No noted rise of the river.

Grand Falls—Rained hard all night and still raining. Six inches of snow fell Wednesday.

Woodstock—Rained hard all night. No signs of the river rising.

Fredericton—Heavy rainfall. No apparent rise of the river.

Chipman—Raining hard. No signs yet of the ice weakening.

St. John Globe.

Couldn't Be Done

(Philadelphia Telegraph)

The talk topic turned to wifely devotion, when Congressman William H. Stafford, of Wisconsin, was reminded of the justifiable objection of a certainly pretty little bride.

A young couple were married at the parsonage of a certain minister, and the good dominie essayed a little advice.

"It is the duty of the husband to love and protect his wife," impressively lectured the minister, "and it is the duty of the wife to obey her husband and follow him wherever he goes. She should—"

"But, parson," interposed the fair bride with a serious look, "it is utterly impossible. You see—"

"It is not impossible, sister," hastily assured the minister, "in fact, you must—"

"But, parson," again interposed the bride, "I simply can't follow him everywhere. He is a letter-carrier."

All expensive perfumes have a sweeter and more delicate odor after they have been dried several days. The nicest way to scent handkerchiefs is to sprinkle just a drop on each one and then put them away for several days in a tight box and when they are taken out they will not have that sickening heaviness of the fresh perfume.

Perfume to have charm should be so elusive that it can scarcely be traced. If it is rightly used it is a delightful toilet luxury, but when wrongly used it is nothing but a disagreeable nuisance, and worse—a sign of vulgarity.

Orders to shut down at once, practically all soft coal mines in Central Pennsylvania, employing about 64,000 men, were telegraphed Saturday by the Bituminous Coal Operators Association.

A daylight hold-up of passengers on the Illinois Central train, No. 34, was attempted to day near Tangipahos, La. The robbers after shooting and wounding a negro porter escaped without obtaining any loot.



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Care Of Young Chicks

Do not give any food to the chicks until they are from 24 to 36 hours old. Warmth is more important than food. Feed them a little every two hours for about a week. After that time feed every four hours until they are a month old, then three times a day. Chicks do not eat much at a time, but they eat often. Feed them at regular times and do not omit a meal. Keep a box of fine charcoal, small grit and dry bran before them all the time and on the floor of the coops sprinkle fine sand in the cut clover and alfalfa leaves. Plenty of fresh water at all times. Give them water in something that only the beak of the chicken can become wet. Do not let the chicks walk in the water. Keep the coop and yards dry, for damp places prove fatal.

HOT TIME FOR CHICKS.

Four hundred chicks were destroyed when a coal oil lamp exploded at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph in one of the brooder houses. The college alarm was sounded, and the entire student body turned out to extinguish the flames. The main poultry building was in danger several times.

A QUEEN TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES.

It is announced that Queen Eleanora of Bulgaria is to visit the United States in May. Dom Pedro, while still Emperor of Brazil, visited the United States at the time of the Centennial Exposition in 1876, but no reigning sovereign in Europe has yet set foot in the Republic.

Hail! Festal Day to endless ages know.

When Christ, o'er death victorious, gained His throne.

Rev. T. A. Trucey.

INDIAN WOMAN WALKED 90 MILES.

Mrs. Squirrel, an Indian woman, walked 90 miles to Cochrane to take the train for New Liskeard, where she was operated on in the hospital. She was accompanied by her husband and child.

A fact little known is that the home of witch hazel is in Connecticut. The annual output of this article is about 25,000 barrels, of which the greater part comes from a limited district in Eastern Middlesex County. The rest comes from New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

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This free book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete" tells all about concrete walks and how to build them, and a score of other things needed on every farm. Write for it to-day.

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