

Who Knows

What may result from an injury if neglected? Many a case of blood-poisoning can be traced to a simple cut, which, neglected, became infected with dangerous germs.

Be safe rather than sorry, and avoid all danger of blood poisoning by the timely use of Zam-Buk. As soon as a cut or injury is sustained Zam-Buk should be applied. Being a strong germicide, it immediately destroys all germs lodged in the wound, and protects the sore place from the germ-laden air.

In cases, however, where blood poisoning has been allowed to develop, there is nothing that will purify the sores and heal so quickly as Zam-Buk. Mrs. O'Barryown of Lucan, Ont., writes:

"My son cut his hand recently, but not thinking there would be any serious result, we neglected it. Before long it became very painful, began to fester and finally blood-poisoning set in. We then became alarmed, and having heard that Zam-Buk was splendid for blood-poisoning, we commenced applying it. We could soon notice an improvement, and with perseverance the poison was all drawn out and the wound completely healed. If we had only used Zam-Buk at the beginning all the pain and inconvenience could have been avoided."

Zam-Buk is just as good for burns, bruises, eczema, ringworm, ulcers, piles, abscesses, pimples, and boils. All druggists, 50c box, \$ for \$1.25, or direct from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

ZAM-BUK

Sons Of Millionaires Going In For Thrilling Sports

(Baitore Sun.)

With fat bank rolls and nothing particular to do, sons of many of our most prominent millionaires are now devoting themselves to the business of winning sporting titles. And they are making good.

It is getting to be almost a regular thing for one to pick up newspapers and see the Goulds, Wanamakers, Marshall Fields, Astors and Fleischmanns taking conspicuous places in the sporting news, states a New York writer.

These scions of wealthy families don't bo in for what are known as the tame games. They prefer more action and pastimes which require "sporting blood," the sensation of a ninety-mile-an-hour jaunt through the clouds in a hydroplane, the exhilaration of a thrilling polo match or the skill and stamina one must bring into play in a hard tennis set.

These moneyed youths—many of them could write their own checks for a fortune—are intensely serious about their sport prospects. They have given up the idea of competing in games just to amuse a society gallery and are now keen about winning titles for their trophy rooms.

Jay Gould Heads List.

Heading the list of these young

millionaire sport champions comes Jay Gould, son of George Gould, the railroad magnate. Young Jay possesses that rare distinction of being a world's champion in court tennis. With all the expensive sports open to him, Jay Gould some years ago decided on court tennis.

Down at the Gould mansion at Lakewood, the future world's title holder learned his game from the Pound up. For two years he practiced with a private tutor. When he was ready to make his public debut young Gould had few opponents to fear and he went through them with express speed. In no time he won the American title.

Then he sent a challenge abroad and England replied with George F. Covey, the greatest pro star in the game. Covey and Gould met at the Philadelphia Racquet Club on March 13, 1914. Gould won seven sets to one.

"Mr. Gould is the greatest player the world has ever seen," was the defeated Briton's tribute to the victor. Gould retains his American championship and he is now ready to defend it this year.

Then There's Williams.

A mention of the country's best tennis players would not be complete without R. Norris Williams, who comes from an immensely wealthy Philadelphia family. Sent to England to prepare himself for Harvard young Williams mastered the fundamentals of tennis from one of the best known English experts. Returning home, R. Norris, who is simply Dick to his intimates, soon rose to the first squad of international candidates for the Davis cup team.

When but eighteen years old, Williams "made" the American team that invaded England in 1913 and returned with the historic cup. The following year Williams defeated Maurice McLoughlin for the American championship at Newport, which was one of the biggest surprises the game has ever known. Williams lost his title to William Johnston last year. Now he's getting ready to recapture his honors from the Californian.

George Church, a strong contender for national tennis titles this season, is another youngster who will never need to worry about the wolf coming anywhere near his door. Like Jay Gould, young Church hired a private instructor to teach him the fine points of the net game. Church captured the international title in 1911, when he represented Princeton. In the national tournament at Forest Hills last year, Church survived to the fifth round. With Williams and McLoughlin, Church stands the best chance of winning the national championship this year.

Other Wealthy Sportsmen.

Golf can easily supply its share of millionaire competitors, with Maxwell R. Marston heading the list. He now holds the New Jersey State title and came within a two-foot putt of landing in the semi-finals for the national championship at Detroit in 1915. Then there's Henry Topping, who was recently presented with a \$90,000 Fifth avenue mansion. Topping accompanied Travers, Ouimet, Evans and Herreshoff to England in 1914 and went farther in the English championship than either Travers or Ouimet. In the same year, Topping was runner-up for the French title at La Boule. Topping is so fond of golf that he contributed funds so that the short fifteenth hole at the Greenwich Country Club, his home club, might be one of the best short holes in the world.

Polo especially appeals to the young millionaire sportsmen. Marshall Field 3rd, of the famous Chicago dry goods family, is cutting a wide path in polo circles down the South with his fearless riding.

There's sixteen-year-old Rodney Wanamaker, whose sensational playing at Pinehurst has already stamped the Philadelphia youth as a future candidate for the international four. The same is true of Thomas Hitchcock, whose father is a celebrated horseman. Young Hitchcock, like Rodney Wanamaker, has shown his fitness for being regarded as future international material.

Automobile racing can show its number of millionaires. Grover Berg doll, son of a wealthy Philadelphia brewer, not only races, but makes his own cars, the Bergdoll Special, which he always drives in a big race. One of the youngest present-day pilots is Caley Bragg, a wealthy Californian, who is one of the cleverest drivers in the race.

One of the latest recruits to aerial sport is Vincent Astor. The young heir to the Astor millions owns two of the fastest hydroplanes in the United States, which he delights to pilot at his Rhinecliff estate on the Hudson.

Out west there is Max Fleischmann who already is a licensed aviator, one of the few society pilots in this country. Young Fleischmann has his own hangars and aeroplanes just outside of Cincinnati.

GinPills

FOR THE KIDNEYS

What They Have Done

"I suffered a great many years with kidney trouble; tried several remedies, and also doctors' medicine, with no result."

Two years ago I read an ad. in a newspaper of "GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS," and sent for two boxes. They did me more good than all the medicine I had ever taken. After I used the first two I sent for two more boxes, and I am satisfied, and also know, that Gin Pills are the best kidney remedy made.

I used to have to rise three or four times in the night; now I can sleep and don't have to get up at all, thanks to GIN PILLS.

Am seventy-two years old.

ALEXANDER LA DUE,

Watertown, N.Y.

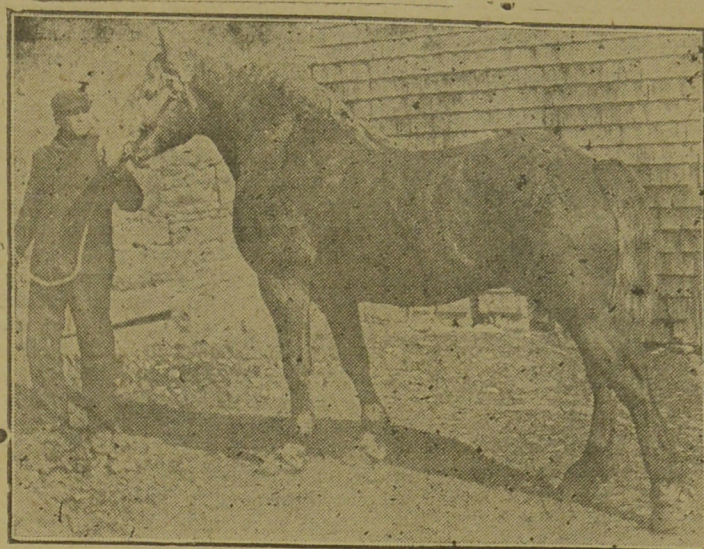
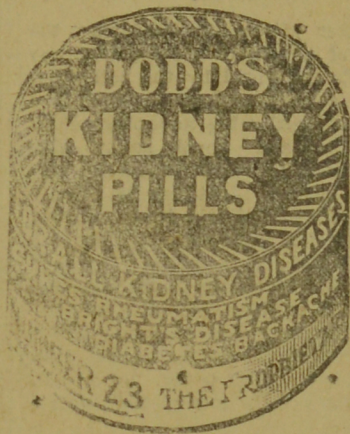
50c. a box at all Druggists. Sample free upon request to
National Drug & Chemical Co.
of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

WHAT WILL BE THE GOVT'S NEXT MOVE?

In an editorial on the Westmorland byelection on the day before polling, The St. John Globg said:

"Tomorrow the electors of Westmorland will give their verdict in the sharpest political campaign New Brunswick has known in recent years. Today, in both government and opposition circles, there is apparent considerable anxiety over the result. The election of Hon. Mr. Mahoney, who has accepted office, may determine, probably will determine, the attitude of the government with reference to a general election. His defeat would certainly result in a very insistent demand by the opposition for a change of rulers. The constituency is practically a new one. Moncton having been separated from the parish. This of itself, introduces an element of uncertainty, but there is far greater uncertainty as to whether or not the public mind has been materially influenced by disclosures at Fredericton and at Ottawa."

It takes an artistic bore to be almost entertaining.



For Season of 1916
Percheron
"GRESHAM" You all know him.
Clydesdale
"Baron Mac" you will like him.
Trotter
"Potter Palmer" the best yet.
H. C. JEWETT

Lights and Shadows of The Rebellion in Dublin

(By Mary Boyle O'Reilly.)

London, May 8.—I am beginning to get from Dublin the inside stories of the rebellion in that city—the intimate stories which are far more illuminating than the cables about the battles, the storming and the captures.

A captain commanding Nationalist volunteers, who was present, tells me that the Munster Fusiliers shot to kill, that being their duty; but they fairly hated to take the poor dupes prisoners. It was honest war for a principle, grim but without rancor. Both sides being Irish were not to say crazed, but in good fighting trim.

An armed Sinn Feiner strode into Gresham's hotel, ordering everyone out. One guest rushed to rouse a friend still between the sheets.

"Get up, Michael, we have only five minutes to leave this house."

"Who says so?" demanded the sleep-head.

"Dear knows who he is," answered the faithful friend, "but I know that he has a gun."

"Then go ask him to loan us the same while we pay our bill!" urged Michael.

And the friendly Sinn Feiner obliged.

Across a bridgehead cleared by machine gun fire stumbled a stooped old man carrying a croppy-pike, treasured since '98. A minute he stood under a rain of rifle shots. The next two Irish soldiers in khaki leaped to him across a blazing barricade.

"Man alive! Have a care, you'll be apt to get hurt!" they shouted in Gaelic.

And no fighter loosed his gun until the three were safely away.

A careful Irish Constabulary racing toward the danger zone fell into a Sinn Fein ambush. One fusillade of snipers' bullets put them out of the fight. Then with a rush the rebels were upon their prisoners, to whom at once they began to render first aid.

"Shut your eyes," ordered the captured chief of police. "We'll not look at the miscreants. Sure there's little enough wrong with boys that will do us friendly acts like this."

Another moment and a Sinn Feiner, gathering up the reins, was driving the stricken constables to the nearest hospital, and those policemen won't be able to identify any of the rebels who attacked them.

Off Sackville street, during the looting, a barefooted old woman with bon-

net worn helmet-wise, fetched a pair of shoes from a shell shattered shop, and seating herself on the curb, attempted to put them on. Finding the size too small, she dropped her loot and re-entered the store for another pair. When she returned to the street the first shoes had disappeared.

"Glory be!" cried she as one confronted with unsuspected iniquity, "What devils of thieves there are in Dublin!"

But the hero of the rising is an aged Fenian who ran away. Time was when he carried a gun with the best; in his age he acts as keeper of Stephen's Green. When the Sinn Feiners closed on their long-planned stronghold, the old man banged the great gates in their faces.

"Open there! We are coming in!" armed men commanded.

"Not here—while I have my way," was the only answer.

A hundred loaded rifles were raised, only to be lowered at a word of command.

"We are citizens of the Irish republic," explained the rebel leader.

"Well, then," conceded the park keeper, "you must wait till I get all these women and children to safety."

Civil war loose all around them, the Sinn Fein waited. When the last reluctant kiddie was dragged away a cordon of armed men swarmed on to the green—saluting the grim old Fenian.

Half a mile away a tall thin slip of a girl sallied from the rebels' post of office to run the gauntlet of war in the street. Barricades and barbed wire across Sackville street, tram cars exploding north and east, machine guns whirling from Jacobs' factory and cannon firing from Sheldon's hotel, a gunboat shelling Liberty Hall—the labor headquarters—the girl went her way toward the khaki cordon.

"I was cooking for the men in the post office and they complained of my cooking, so I'm quitting them," she told the English troops-guarding the barrier. They allowed her to pass.

At twilight she reappeared, confessing with bland innocence her remorse for having been cross with her rebel friends, and her wish to return to her work. A peremptory Britisher barred her way. Eyes smiling appeal, she mounted the barricade to parley; then, suddenly snatching a scarf from her throat, signalled a message.

You will like its Fine Granulation

Buy your sugar in these neat 2 or 5-lb. cartons, which you can place directly on your pantry shelves.

Just cut off the corner and pour out the sugar as you need it.

Lantic Sugar

comes also in 10 and 20-lb bags for housewives who like to buy in larger quantities

"The All-Purpose Sugar"



2 and 5-lb Cartons
10 and 20-lb Bags

The Printing and Publicity Specialist Talks To His Son

"Say, John, I feel quite sick today," said Mr. Blank. "Please visit the different doctors in town, and find out who will cure me for the least money. Get your quotations tabulated and then let me see them. Of course we will engage the doctor who charges the least."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," said John. "The idea of getting quotations from a doctor; it's the asylum for you."

"Well now, why not? I am a specialist in printing and publicity. I study my business just as carefully as any doctor can do. If I do say it that shouldn't, I have just as much brains as the average doctor. I strive to give my customers the benefit of my knowledge, my artistic skill and judgement and my ideas on publicity. I give service as the term is understood in the Twentieth Century."

"When some people around here have a little printing to be done, they visit all the printing offices, get quotations from each one, and then give the work to the man who gives the lowest figures."

"The ordinary user of printing knows his own business, but he is no more a judge of the work of printing than he is a judge of what sort of medicine a doctor should give him for the cure of his ailment. If people ask me for quotations and pass me by if my price happens to be a little more than the other fellow, why shouldn't I apply the same method to the doctor, lawyer, dentist and painter? Why not? It's a mighty poor rule that won't work more than one way."

The MAIL PRINTING CO.

PHONE 67. FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.