

## REPUTATION COUNTS

with a remedy, as with everything. Zam-Buk enjoys an enviable reputation amongst remedies. Why? Because it justifies the claims made for it. Not only does Zam-Buk cure skin troubles and injuries quickly and permanently, but the quickness with which it ends pain and irritation makes it the most popular remedy wherever it is used.

Then, too, Zam-Buk is the best preventive of blood-poisoning. Applied to an injury as soon as sustained, it destroys all germs and prevents festering. Zam-Buk is best for eczema, piles, rashes, boils, pimples, ulcers, burns, cuts and scalds. All dealers, 50c. box.

# Zam-Buk

## F. B. M'CURDY, M. P., FAVORS THRIFT PLAN

**Necessities of State Demand Exercise of Thrift by the General Public at the Present Time.**

F. B. McCurdy, M. P., who represents Colchester in the House of Commons and is also known as one of the prominent financial men of Canada, endorses the War Savings movement in the following statement, recently issued:

"The advantage which systematic saving confers on the individual who practices economy and thrift is everywhere recognized. And the present necessities of the State demand the practice of these virtues, if Canada is to return to a sound economic position from which to embark on a renewed era of national production, growth and development.

"During the war Canada has been expending large sums of borrowed money in an effort which will not, in the material sense, be productive. This sinking of wealth can be made good only by increased production of commodities and services, savings on the part of Canadians, and the resumption and extension of our foreign trade.

"The war has been successfully ended, but the bills have, in the main, yet to be paid; participation in their liquidation is the duty of every citizen.

"Nearly everyone can help by avoiding some unnecessary expense, and investing the saving in War Savings and Thrift Stamps which afford a convenient and safe medium of investment within the reach of all.

"In fact, the Thrift campaign is so excellent and sound that I believe it could with advantage have been undertaken even earlier in the war without fear of deflecting our more direct military effort."

A man's shoes may get tight by imbibing water, but he doesn't.

## THE HOBO IS GETTING BACK ON THE HIGHWAYS AGAIN

**Has Returned to His Profession to Answer the Call of the Turnpike—While the War was On He was Compelled to Work or Fight—At the Present Time He is Bumping in for the South—Every Man's Hand Against the Hobo.**

(New York Sun)

Even as the dove winged her way back to the ark returning to Father Noah with the green branch of a tree, indicated that the Flood was on the ebb, so does the return of the tramp to the broad highway and railroad track prove that the war is over.

With the blessing of peace spreading over the world in general and the United States in particular, the American hobo arises Phoenix like from the flames of the world conflagration and returns to his "profession" in answer to the call of the turnpike, the hospitable farm kitchen door, the evening banquet by some quiet brookside on requisitioned chickens, after a hard day, even as it was in the golden days of yore before the shipbuilders and the munition makers made life a hideous thing of work or fight.

**Back to Their Own**

That the renaissance of vagabondage is spreading may be taken as a blissful certainty on the word of no less a personage than the chief of detectives of a certain large railroad system with its metropolitan terminal on the Jersey side of the North River and its antennae reaching far into the more southerly retreats which have in bygone years been the scenes of the early spring pilgrimages of these itinerant philosophers.

"The hobo is bumping it for the south now," said this hard working and hard hearted official, whose name for various reasons must be kept out of the public prints. "Our yard men, freight conductors and brakemen are having a hard time of it, as the bumpers are crowded with the cheekiest, busiest, laziest bunch of tramps we have seen for years.

"In the old days before the German interfered with his trade the tramp didn't have such an easy time of it always. He did manage to steal chicken sand corn and watermelons despite an occasional bulldog, and he could put up a tale of woe which would bring the tears to the eyes of a farmer's wife and snake a cold handout once in a while.

**War Hard on the Hobo**

"But with the war things got terrible for him. The farmer was so busy profiting that there wasn't anything to give away. Feed got so high that he killed off all his spare chickens, and the price of eggs made it worth while to put burglar alarms around his chicken runs. Then the yell for more laborers came, as the Germans kept on sinking ships and the Allies buying up everything they could get. By the time our boys over here began volunteering and getting drafted the village constables were going through the freight yards and along the sidings with fine tooth combs looking for

tramps to put at hard labor."

"Every man's hand was against the hobo—every town, city and State passed laws about working or fighting. Much as it broke his heart to do it the hobo preferred working to fighting, especially as he could work at one factory for a few days and get enough money to get drunk on for a week. When he was drunk, with money in his jeans, it made him look like a regular munition worker and so the constables let him sober up before they arrested him. Then he'd jump to another town, get another munition job and do it all over again. It was a lot safer than shouldering a rifle, anyway.

"But with the war over and hundreds of thousands of our soldier boys coming back," continued the railroad detective, "the natural born hobo has a great excuse for himself and the public. In the first place, he says to himself: 'It ain't patriotic of me to keep a gallant hero out of his job.' And so he quits. Then when he comes up to the public, or a freight conductor or a tanktown chief of police his excuse is: 'I'm just gettin' back from Chatoo Theery and I'm bumming my way back to the old town because the guvment ain't paid me thirty a month for over a year.' And there you are!"

**Peace Good For Them**

"It is certainly good digging for the hoboes these days. I've just got back from a trip through the South along our road, and the yard men and the freight men tell me that the hoboes are living on the fat of the land. Those fellows are no fools, you know; they read the papers more than a lot of city folks—they have more time to study things out. So, lots of 'em have sewed service stripes and wound stripes on their coat sleeves, and being that they're just breaking away from the munition plants and the shipyards where they earned enough money to buy pretty good clothes, they don't look like the old fashioned hobo—that is, not yet!"

"They're cagey about the big cities, with provost guards around the streets but with the dope they get from the papers about the battles over in France, they can strike up an acquaintance with a farmer and his wife who have a service flag hanging in the front window, make friends with the meanest bulldog in the county and just naturally spread on the salve about 'sorter kinder remembering the boy who is still in the service. You know, we Americans proved that we are pretty sentimental when it gets right down to war times, and that absent son game is a great one for a gabby hobo—and I never saw one who wasn't a wizard with words.

"It's still raw weather up North and there's a draught on the park benches. Besides the tramps have not made

## MOTHER AND SON ARE BOTH GRATEFUL

For the Good Dodd's Kidney Pills Did Them

Cured Mrs. Larson's Sore Back, and Put an End to Her Son's Sleepless Nights.

Bergland, Ont., March 17th—(Special)—"I am glad to have an opportunity to give fair credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for the good they did me, and also my family." Says Mrs. John S. Larson, a well-known and highly respected resident of this place. "We have been using them as a family remedy for sore back."

"At the time I ordered Dodd's Kidney Pills I did it more for a fancy than from any belief in their curing value.

"But I was all in from an aching back. I caught a bad cold and that settled on my kidneys so bad that I could not sleep, and I could not work. "When I stooped forward my back was so sore that I had to brace up my body by putting my elbows on my knees and I could hardly rise up again.

"After taking two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills the pain decreased some and my back is fairly good unless I overwork.

"Also one of my young sons had diseased kidneys, so that he had to get up every half hour during the night. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him and now he can sleep all night.

"I am very grateful to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have been curing kidney ills for over twenty-five years. Ask your neighbors about them.

their Southern trip for a couple of years now, so we don't have so many of them up around New York and New Jersey. The real hobo hates the big city anyway. But wait until the spring crop is ripe—even in the East. They'll have crutches, canes, and I'll bet some of 'em will be showing around iron crosses which they captured in the front line trenches of Hoboken or Union Hill where I understand they are going pretty cheap in the hock shops.

**Man of Many Battles**

"I talked to two hoboes down near Baltimore the other day and drew out their line of gab. It was great. One of 'em had been making \$80 a week at Hogg Island, but as he had five brothers drafted he was supporting the old folks at home back in Gallipolis, Ohio. Three of his brothers had wives and had never received their maintenance allowance—all the fault of Uncle Sam, of course. So when the Kaiser ducked for Holland and the U-boats stopped he was just naturally out of a job and had to work his way back home and wait until the next war came. The other was a Canadian, he said, and had fought at the Dardanelles, Archangel, Verdun, the Piave, Mazurian Lakes and a few other way stations. That hobo was some traveller in his little war, and he showed me a Liberty Loan Committee badge which he said had been pinned on his chest by Sir John Jellicoe at the second battle of the Marne. They went on before I came out of my fainting spell to pinch them. I'll bet those two will make a great cleanup in the Black Belt, bragging about the 'Buffaloes' and the 'Old Fifteenth.'

"I don't exactly know how prohibition is going to hit the hoboes now that they are back on the 'job' again, but I reckon that there will be a pretty strong drift of traffic down toward Kentucky and Tennessee along about July, where the moonshiners don't worry about calendars and are pretty generous with anybody who has a tale of woe about the war.

"I must admit," concluded the detective, "the tramps have got it on us fellows who have to hustle to pay for what little food we can afford to buy—if there is any we can afford. They'll be living cheap for the next six months at least and figuring out what grub's worth nowadays they're getting the equal of the weekly salary of a bank cashier in New York. That's not so bad, considering the healthy life and change of scenery, is it?"

## THE SOLDIER SETTLEMENT BOARD CANADA

### Returned Soldiers

who desire to SETTLE ON THE LAND and receive assistance under THE SOLDIER SETTLEMENT ACT must first satisfy their

**District Agricultural Qualification Committee**

that they are qualified as "Settlers" within the meaning of the Act, and receive a

**Certificate of Qualification**

before they may enjoy the full provisions of the Act. Every returned soldier who expects the Soldier Settlement board to assist him in settling on the land should ascertain at once whether or not he is qualified. This applies also to all men who have already received an "Attestation" from the Board.

**Agricultural Training Courses**

will be available for men who, while otherwise qualified, lack sufficient agricultural experience.

**Full information may be secured by applying to**

**LIEUT. J. G. ROBERTSON, or WILLIAM KERR,**

**Post Office Building, St. John, N. B.**

**'Phone—Main 578.**

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## Cleveland Tractors For Farm Work

We have received second carload of these Tractors and have one at our show rooms here and will be glad to demonstrate same at any time

DeLaval Cream Separators in all sizes.

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We are also prepared to fill all orders entrusted to us for MILITARY CLOTHING at a reasonable price. We are sole agents for the Crown Tailoring Company, of Toronto, the largest Military Tailoring Company in Canada.

**WALKER BROS. MERCHANT TAILORS**  
QUEEN STREET, WEST END

## MIXED HEN FEED

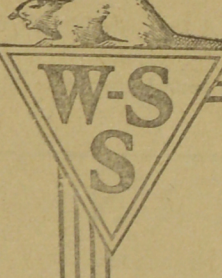
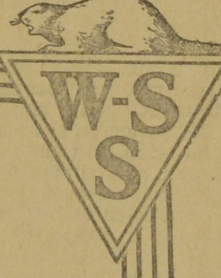
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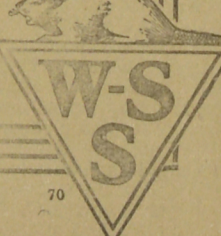
## How Money Grows



AT the rate of interest you receive on War-Savings Stamps, approximately 4½ per cent compound interest, \$4.00 grows to \$5.00 in the five-year term; \$4.00 grows to \$9.76 in 20 years; to \$37.24 in 50 years; to \$346.88 in 100 years!

CONVERT YOUR FILLED THRIFT CARDS INTO W-S.S.

BUY WAR-SAVINGS STAMPS



### MINARD'S LINIMENT

"KING OF PAIN"

The old reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

**Best Liniment Made**

MR. A. E. LAUNDY, EDMONTON, writes: "I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me to go on with it for two weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was out to work again. I think it the best Liniment made."

Minard's Liniment always gives satisfaction. For any ache or pain it gives instant relief.

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