

Terrible Scalding Accident

ZAM-BUK GAVE QUICK RELIEF

For taking the pain out of a burn or scald there is nothing equal to Zam-Buk. Mrs. Eugene Demers, of Pembroke, Ont., who was the victim of a painful scalding accident, proved this. She says: "I was carrying a boiler of steaming water from the stove to the wash-tub, when suddenly my strength failed. As the boiler was falling in spite of my efforts, I heard my babies cry, and to avoid scalding them I gave the vessel a quick turn. The effect of this was that every drop of the boiling water poured over my feet and limbs, scalding me from my waist down."

"As soon as I saw the children had escaped, I told my oldest boy to bring the Zam-Buk (which we always keep in the house.) I applied Zam-Buk freely, and the pain was soon eased. I continued using Zam-Buk, and in a wonderfully short time the sores were completely healed."

Zam-Buk is equally good for cuts, bruises, eczema, ulcers, piles, pimples, etc., Price 50c per box, at all druggists and stores, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price. Refuse substitutes and imitations. There is nothing "just as good!"

MONUMENT TO WAR CORRESPONDENTS

The only monument of its kind in the world stands on the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Maryland. To be explicit it is on South Mountain and overlooks the battlefields of Gettysburg and Antietam and was erected eighteen years ago in memory of the war correspondents who "covered" the Civil War. The idea originated with George Alfred Townsend, better known as "Gath." The English correspondent, Mr. William Howard Russell, declined to allow his name to be included with the other correspondents. The list includes such well known men as John Hay, the Count de Paris, Whitelaw Reid, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Henry M. Stanley and Henry Villard.

The monument is built of the stone found on the mountain and is unique in design. It represents a feudal gateway with tower. The entrance arch is horseshoe shape in recognition of the way in which the correspondents travelled. The weather-vane is a pen thrust through a broken sword, referring to the lines:

"In the hands of the truly great, The pen is mightier than the sword, There is a statue of Orpheus playing a pipe of Pan and filling with a sword. Poetry and Mercury are also panelled in terra cotta."

Cook's Cotton Root Compound



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 50c; No. 3, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Pharmacy Windsor)

VISITING CARDS.

We have lots of them and will supply them to you neatly printed. Fifty cents per pack. Send along your name and the money and we will pay the postage. Be up to the times.

Grabbed Wrong Boy

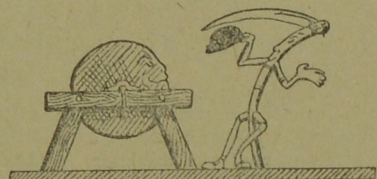
An impetuous inspector who was visiting a country school was much worried by the noise of the scholars in the next room. At length, unable to bear the uproar any longer, he opened the door and burst upon the class. Seeing one boy taller than the others talking a great deal he caught him by the collar, hustled him into the next room, and placed him in a chair saying, "Now sit there and be quiet." Ten minutes later a small head appeared around the door and a meek little voice said, "Please, sir you've got our teacher."

THE GRINDSTONE

Do you know what a grindstone is? It isn't much to look at for sure. It's rough and clumsy and weather-beaten. It stands in a corner among the weeds. The cold rains drench it, the winds buffet it, the winter snows cover it. And it stands there, meek, uncomplaining, unnoticed.

Naturally you think that dun-colored old contraption isn't of much use, but there's where you're wrong.

That old grindstone has to father most all of the other farm implements



In one way or another. It's the one instrument among them all that can put a sharp edge on scythe, sickle or reaper knife and make the old farm crop secure. No, taint much to look at but it's there when the work has to be done.

Heven't you seen people who put you in mind of that old grindstone? Fathers, mothers or big brothers they are maybe, and they look as though they had buffeted the sleet and storm and snows, and I guess maybe they have. They don't look up to much, but—they're right on hand when they're needed just like the old grindstone, and they're known for their true worth in the home. After all it don't matter a ding what you or me or any other fool outsider consider 'em, so long as they're known there.

But supposin' we remember that it's a mighty big thing to be able to put a sharp edge on steel. Hats off to the old grindstone.

Full?



With copious floods of tears flowing from her eyes, the prisoner stood before the bar.

"What's the matter, my good woman?" asked the judge.

The sobs increased, the tears flowed more freely.

Why Do Women Suffer

When They Could Be Well?

It is so easy to be well and strong and able to enjoy life, that it is surprising how many women drag themselves through the day suffering tortures from lame back due to kidney trouble. Mrs. Wilcox found the way to cure herself and gladly writes about it so that others may be induced to use the same remedy.



BIG LORRAINE.

"During the last winter, I was bothered very much with a Weak Back. I was advised by a friend to try GIN PILLS and I did. The first box I found helped me very much and I found when I had taken the second, I was completely cured."

MRS. F. WILCOX.

If GIN PILLS do not do all that we say they will—let us know, and we will cheerfully refund your money. Send for a free sample and see for yourself that they will do you good. Then buy the regular boxes at your dealers—50c., 6 for \$2.50.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited Toronto.

DECEITFULNESS OF FATHER.

The conversation at a recent smoke fest in Washington turned to the deceitfulness of father when this story was recalled by Captain A. W. Grant of the United States Navy.

One afternoon a neighbor rambled into the happy home of the Joneses and found the face of pretty little Mrs. Jones all sobbed up with pathetic tears. Naturally the neighbor was curious and wanted to know why.

"It's my husband, Clara dear," answered the young wife with another bunch of sobs. "He is away on a business trip, you know, and in his last letter he says he has taken my photograph from his suit-case and covers it with kisses every day."

"That's nothing to cry about, dear!" soothingly responded the neighbor. "On the other hand, you should rejoice."

"You don't understand," returned Clara, with yet more sobs. "Before my husband left home I put mother's picture in his suitcase instead of mine just for a joke."

Gertrude Coghlan has been engaged for the cast of "The Call of Youth," Hazel Dawn, of "Pink Lady" fame, is to star in a new musical comedy next fall.

DO CORNS LEAD TO CANCER

As yet this has not been proved, but interested parties will find nothing better for corns than Putnam's Corn Extractor, 25c. at all dealers.

"Faith, sir," spoke up the brass-buttoned guardian of the peace, "I guess she's wanting to be bailed out!"

LITTLE PARISIENNE

Helene Avril draws a charming picture of a day in the life of the little Parisienne. It is a cold morning in February, dull and chilly. Out of doors passers-by hurry along wrapped and miserable looking. Simonne wakens early in her warm little bed, and as soon as she opens her eyes she smiles at the thought of the happiness that is in store for her. This is the day on which she has been invited to a children's party at the home of her little friend Jeanne, and they are going to have such fun. The night before the dressmaker sent her the dress specially made for the party. It is a "robe fourreau," in dark green velvet which makes her look ever so tall. In a few hours everybody will be admiring her at Jeanne's house; her little friends first, but perhaps also their big brothers. In Simonne's heart is already awakened the desire to please "ces messieurs," the oldest of whom is not yet sixteen years of age.

While her little brain is still excited at the thought of what the day is destined to bring her, Simonne's mother enters to give her the usual good-morning kiss. She bends over the bed, puts her arm round the frail body, which clings to her with affection, and mother and daughter pass a delightful moment.

But eight o'clock strikes. "Vite, Monette, levons nous." You will amuse yourself this afternoon, but this morning we must work hard. The French teacher will be here shortly. Are you quite ready with your lessons? Simonne hesitates to reply. Trying on her new dress last night kept her behind with her lessons, and she has not had time to go over her grammar again. She hurries, however, and dressing does not take her long this morning. Five minutes to swallow her chocolate—then there is a ring at the bell. It is mademoiselle. Already? And Simonne has not even looked at the second page, which she does not know at all. She runs to meet her teacher, throws her arms around her neck, and kisses her. "Oh, ma petite mademoiselle," she exclaims. "If you knew how delighted I am. This afternoon I am invited chez Jeanne. Mamma has had a new dress made for me, and we are going to have lots of fun."

Mademoiselle is used to these effusions. With both hands she takes the girl's head between hers and gives her a long maternal kiss on the forehead. Her pupils are almost as dear to her as if they were her own children. Simonne knows it well, the sly little minx. Now she feels is the moment to admit that she does not know her lessons very well. Mademoiselle does not scold her, but improves the occasion to give her some wise council.

Mademoiselle does not like vain and coquettish little girls, and their beautiful dresses leave her absolutely indifferent, but she draws a pleasing portrait of simple goodhearted children, and makes it so attractive that little Simonne feels a wee bit ashamed of the sentiments that agitated her shortly before.

Two o'clock! If anything were needed to add to Simonne's happiness, it is provided in the auto that whisks her to Jeanne's house, where nearly all the other children have arrived and are gathered in the hall. In a corner, seated by a little table, where they are turning over the leaves of a picture book, are a little boy and his sister who seem out of place in these surroundings. The boy is thirteen years of age, his sister eleven or twelve. No one takes any notice of them. Simonne asks Jeanne who they are.

"Oh," replied Jeanne, "they are the children of a post-mistress mamma knows. She invited them so that they might have an opportunity of amusing themselves—a thing that does not happen often. But I am sure they will be rather bored here, for no one knows them. Have you noticed the girl's dress. It must have been her mother who made it; it is not elegant. And anyone can see that the boy's suit is ready-made."

Simonne stood thinking for a while. These little ones "whom no one knew" interested her. She remembered what mademoiselle had told her in the morning, and found that they resembled in an astonishing manner the portrait of the little ones whose greatest charm was their simplicity. Her heart was stirred. It was true that they were not very fashionably dressed, but a generous movement sent her to their side. Might she sit by them and look at the pictures. In a few moments all three were chattering away as if they had known each other for years. Their laughter soon brought the other children around them. They joined in the games they organized and during the whole afternoon they amused themselves with a heartiness that made Simonne very pleased. She forgot all about her beautiful dress. Besides, other girls were as well dressed as she, so it was not really worth while to make any fuss about her dress, even if it was a "robe fourreau." What a delightful afternoon she had had, making two other children happy, who, but for her, would have been left out in the cold. She would be sure to tell mademoiselle how she had carried her lesson into practice.

STRANGERS

Day Constable (relieving night men):—"How's the missus?" Night Constable:—"I don't know. I haven't seen her this seven years."

Day Constable:—"But you and she live together, don't you?"

Night Constable:—"Yes; but she's a charwoman and is out all day, and I'm out on duty all night, so we haven't met since we settled after our honeymoon."

MUST BE CLEVER

"She will be a clever woman that I marry," declared a confirmed bachelor, who was being chaffed on the subject.

"Thought you didn't like these clever women," said a friend.

"I don't," rejoined the bachelor. "But if ever I marry, it'll be a clever woman who does it."

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