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A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girdle top, with those of the medium long hip corset.

Produces lines of exquisite shapeliness and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure.

Made of Imported Coutil; rust-proof boning thruout, one of the best sellers ever made.

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DOMINION CORSET CO., Mnfrs.
Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

By Hudson Douglas

(Continued)

When Seager had finished speaking, he would have risen but that they simultaneously ordered him to sit still. And since it would have been futile to measure forces with them physically, he could but obey.

"We're waiting for your answer to our proposition," Seager reminded him sternly.

"It needs no answer," returned the Duc, "but, since you think that it does—I refuse."

"Tell him that he does so at the risk of his wife's life, as well as his own," Arendsen suggested craftily, and the Duc's thin face showed the feelings with which he received that statement. But he was no whit less firm. Whatever his failings he was no coward, and they could by no means frighten him into compliance with their most monstrous proposal.

"I refuse," he repeated, with stubborn fixity of resolution. "My own life is as nothing to me,—and you two will pay very dearly for any harm which may happen Madame la Duchesse des Reves."

"He won't budge," Seager told Arendsen vexedly, and Arendsen fell to tugging at his black beard. He could almost foresee the failure of the foul plot which had promised such rich reward. And, while they sat there, eyeing each other furtively, a clock in the corridor without chimed nine.

Arendsen started up with an oath which he could not repress. At midnight Miles Quaintance's millions would fall prey to charity. And, since it seemed that the Duc could not be coerced, since it was already too late to evolve any further feasible scheme, there was nothing left for it but to play his last card, with which he must, at all cost, recoup himself for the loss he had so far suffered.

He knew to a fraction what all his dealings with Seager had cost him, and made up his mind in a twinkling what he must do. It only nettled him that he could not act in the matter except through Seager, who would doubtless seek to despoil him of some part of his fair profit. But he felt confident that he could overcome his accomplice in any battle of wits.

"Ask the Duke how much he's willing to pay for the safe return of the Duchess," he said suddenly, and Seager lay back in his chair with a quick chuckle of amusement.

"Faith! you're a downy old bird, Dirck," said he admiringly. "It will be a wet day when you haven't a card or two up your sleeve! And so you've given up hope of scooping in the jack-pot, have you? How about me? Share and share's my motto, you know."

"You ask him the question," growled Arendsen threateningly, and Seager turned to the Duc with a serious face, fixing in his own mind the lowest figure he would accept for himself in such a transaction. He had long ago learned that the Duc was reputed a rich man in France.

Monsieur thought long and earnestly ere replying. That was not the first time he had had to do with blackmailers, and he judged that no small sum would satisfy the two who had thus bearded him in his own den. He had also repented already his hasty condemnation of the Duchesse, his first suspicion that she had befooled him. And it seemed that the younger of the two scoundrels confronting him was that same cousin who, but for him, might have shared with her the dead American's millions. He foresaw a heavy drain on his purse, but was prepared to meet that if he could not otherwise succor the innocent victim of his own ill-doing. He had almost groaned aloud at thought of what she might have suffered in their hands.

"He asks how much we are willing to take," Seager explained to Arendsen as soon as the Duc had spoken, and looked curiously across at his fellow conspirator.

"It will cost him a hundred thousand francs to settle with me," said that individual decisively. "And, look here, Seager! Be very careful what you're about. I've stood all I'm going to stand from you. It will be the very worst night's work you ever did if you spoil this deal."

Seager's face fell. He would fain have exacted an equal amount for himself, but the cold menace in his confederate's hissing speech caused him no little uneasiness and he deemed it wise to be moderate in his demands.

"I can't start life all over again with less than ten thousand dollars," he snarled, "and don't you forget, Arendsen, that what you draw from the pool clears up all old scores between you and me.

"We'll take a hundred and fifty thousand francs," he told the Duc brusquely. "And you needn't haggle about it, my friend. Let me tell you that my cousin is cheap at the price, even without my uncle's money—money that by rights is mine. You'll give us your cheque for a hundred and fifty thousand. We'll take you to where she is, and you'll stay there with her till we've drawn the cash."

The Duc did not hesitate. The payment of such a ransom would pinch him most sorely, but he could see no other resource. And it was no time for bargaining.

"Bien, Monsieur," he agreed. "I shall write you a cheque at once if you will allow me, and—you will restore the Duchesse to me tonight?"

Seager nodded sulkily, stung by the thought that he might have had more for the asking.

"You'll write two cheques," he stipulated. "One for a hundred thousand, the other for fifty. And you'll give us your sacred word of honor not to molest us in any way, either now or afterwards. Here's pen and ink. Don't waste time."

The Duc took the pen from him, bowing.

"I give you my word," said he simply. "And . . . here are the cheques. They are both 'to bearer.' They will be honored whenever you care to present them. Now—let us go, if you will be so good."

"Can we trust him?" asked Arendsen doubtfully.

"How can we help ourselves?" Seager demanded, and led the way to the door.

The Duc followed him, and Arendsen followed the Duc very closely, but such precaution proved needless, for Monsieur, having resigned himself to their demands, had no intention of breaking the promise which he had made them. Seager hailed a cab as soon as he reached the street, Arendsen shepherded the Duc into it, and the three drove off together in the direction of the Latin Quarter.

Seated silent within the cab, as it rumbled noisily down the street, entirely sober again and thus dismally disappointed in all his long-cherished anticipation, Seager had time to think over his own grievances against fate. And these began to loom ever more loftily before his mental vision. What were a paltry ten thousand dollars to him in comparison with the ten millions the man at his side had cost him! And why should Arendsen reap so much more than himself from their mutual venture! Were all his own dreams to come to naught thus tamely?

His hands were clenched, his forehead damp, he could have gnashed his teeth and cried aloud in impotent despair while his mind, twisting, turning, in the mesh of circumstance, could find no outlet from such pitiful predicament. The trundling cab was traveling too fast for him. He wanted time to think. There must be some way out, some slim chance for him to clutch at.

There was!

The inspiration came to him almost too late. There was a way, a way not perhaps altogether clear but well worth following toward that result for which his longing had grown well-night insupportable since it had seemed beyond his utmost reach. The cab had crossed the bridge. There was no time now to explain to Arensen—but he would surely understand that the game was still worth the candle. They were not going to give ten millions—and the girl—up without a final desperate effort.

"Dirck!" he said whispering excitedly, while the Duc sctrove to understand, "I've got a plan, one that can't fail us. I'll tell you afterwards. We must take Maitre Georges along.

Dirck Arendsen appeared to cogitate, but only for a moment. He too had been regretting very bitterly the paltry outcome of their enterprise. He was still to be tempted by the bait of ultimate success.

"All right," he answered. We'll take him along. It's at your risk."

The cab was stopped. Seager jumped out, after a hasty word of explanation to the Duc, who sat impatiently with Arendsen until the former came back accompanied by a little, mean-looking, black-clad fellow who clambered in with a nod of greeting, and they drove on to the corner of the Impasse de Paradis where they all alighted. The cab was dismissed, and, after it had driven away, the four turned down the cul-de-sac toward the deserted house at the top of which the Duchesse was confined.

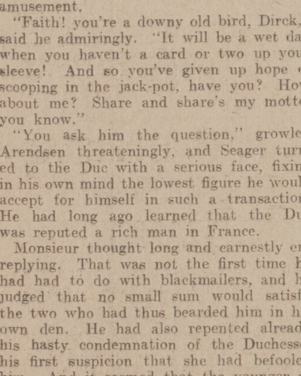
Monsieur le Duc was no coward, and yet he shivered involuntarily as he followed Seager into the dark, dank corridor, while Arendsen carefully closed and locked the door behind the soft-footed stranger they had picked up.

"Tread quietly," Seager commanded, and they climbed with all precaution to the first floor, entering a room whose door opened noiselessly under his careful manipulation.

He struck a light, which he applied to a tallow candle stuck in a bottle upon a table littered with the remains of a meal. The Duc looked about him anxiously, and his heart sank at what he saw. The window was strongly shuttered and he was alone there with this most unprepossessing pair.

The little man had not entered, was waiting outside in a state of extreme perturbation. For Maitre Georges, sworn notary public, and the most rascally among the rascals of his profession in Paris had been

To be continued.)



DUTCH QUEEN'S "VERY OWN DOLL"

Wilhemina, With Her Baby, Exhibits the Devoted Love of Little Ones Her Childhood Developed.

Amsterdam, Holland, May 19—At last Queen Wilhelmina is entirely happy; she has the dearest little babe, and 'her very own."

As a child the Queen mothered a great family of dolls. She had dolls of all races, and cared for them almost as tenderly as she does now for that chubby little piece of humanity who is Princess of Orange.

Wilhelmina when a very young Princess reigned over a very nation of dolls. The Dutch mother love that animates her endeared all the bambinos to her. A doll house was established for her; a house so large she could walk in it, although the bureau in the elaborately furnished dining room reared itself only to her knee.

In this guilded palace of manikins where mamma dolls, papa dolls, baby dolls, servant dolls. The dolls to please their mistress and Princess, had the joys and ills that gladden or grieve real live children, like the young Orange whom her mother squeezes now. A doll would have the "tummy ache;" to attend her would arrive a very serious looking, sombre-clad doctor doll.

The Queen, when Pricess, was herself a doll in a toy chalet. The King, her father, built for her a little estate in which she ruled. She learned there the art of gardening, herself helping to dig, sow seeds, plant potatoes, pick lettuce and cultivate flowers, not only out of doors, but in the hothouses provided for her. Dotted about her estate were buildings for pigs, chickens and rabbits, and hives for bees. She was taught to tend them all. Even stables were added to the chalet, and the child, who loved all animals but loved horses the best, would enter her favorites' stalls and feed them with apples and carrots.

There was a lake with an island all complete, which gave scope for wondrous voyages of discovery, and a flat-bottomed punt, strung on a cable, stretching from shore to shore, was the means of transit.

Ter dolls always accompanied Princess Wilhelmina on these occasions, and her governess tells what large demands her youthful family made upon her inventive faculty, and how quickly the power of romancing was cultivated.

THE WONDERFUL GIANTS AND PIGMIES OF AFRICA

Strange Tales Told By Duke Adolph Frederick Who Has Returned From An African Visit.

Duke Adolph Frederick of Mecklenburg has just returned to Berlin from a scientific expedition into the interior of German West Africa and tells marvellous stories about the athletic feats of a race of giants he discovered in the neighborhood of Ruanda, to the northwest of the Victoria Nyanza. These magnificent specimens of humanity, averaging 7 1-2 to 8 feet in height, are remarkable for their sinewy muscles and grand physique. Almost all their time is spent in jumping and wrestling, and hand-to-hand fights with wild beasts are undertaken with nonchalance.

The Duke saw several take high jumps over improvised apparatus that exceeded 8 1-2 feet. These were performed without runs or springboards.

A photograph the Duke has shows a native jumping over a group of Europeans, including the Duke, who is a six-footer; a space of at least two feet is observable between the Duke's hat and the native's feet.

On the same expedition the Duke discovered a race of pigmies whose height did not exceed 4 feet and whose living places consisted of small huts about three feet high, hidden away in the dense undergrowth of the forest. They were friendly after their first shyness had been overcome, and full of humor. This was especially the case when they invited the Duke to inspect the inside of one of their tiny huts.

Duke Adolph Frederick will publish the remarkable results of his travels in a ten-volume book, the first volume of which will appear at Leipsic within the next few months.

SERVICES ENDED

The special services in connection with the 125th anniversary of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church were brought to a close last night. Rev. Dr. Johnston delivered excellent addresses in the afternoon and evening. At the latter service a thank offering was taken for Dr. Johnston.

There was a large choir in attendance. Moritz H. Emery presided at the organ, and Mrs. L. M. Curren sang a solo.

Rev. Dr. Johnston in the afternoon spoke eloquently on the Power of the Spirit. In the evening all the seats in the body of the church were occupied and many people were in the gallery. God's Pity for Failure, was the theme of the speaker and the discourse made a deep impression on all present.

Had Heart Trouble and Shortness of Breath For Six Years.

Was Weak and Thin—Only Weighed Seventy-three Pounds. Now Weighs One Hundred and Thirteen.

When you find your heart the least bit out of rhythm, your nerves unhinged, your breath short, don't wait until you are prostrated on a bed of sickness. Take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They'll put you in such condition you'll never know you have a heart, make your nerves strong and your whole being thrill with new life. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured Mrs. K. E. Bright, Burnley, Ont. She writes: "I was greatly troubled, for six years, with my heart and shortness of breath. I could not walk eighty rods without resting four or five times in that short distance. I got so weak and thin I only weighed seventy-three pounds. I decided at last to take some of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking eight boxes I gained in strength and weight, and now weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds, the most I ever weighed in my life. I feel well and can work as well as ever I did, and can heartily thank Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for it all."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments, must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MRS. FRANK J. GOULD WINS HER DIVORCE

She is Allowed the Custody of Her Children for a Part of Each Year, While Husband Has Them Rest of Time

New York, May 20—Mrs. Helen Kelly Gould was today granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from Frank J. Gould, her husband, by Justice Gerard in the supreme court. The decision was rendered on the report of Edward G. Whitaker, as referee, who decided that the charges made against Gould had been proved.

To Mrs. Gould is given the sole custody of the two children of the marriage, Helen Margaret and Dorothy Gould, from December to April, both inclusive, while the defendant will have them from May to November, subject to certain modifications. The defendant is held responsible for the education of the two children and also for their medical attendance.

No provision is made for alimony for Mrs. Gould, nor is the name of any co-respondent named by her mentioned.

After setting forth that the referee has found that the material allegations in the complaint have been established, Justice Gerard, in his order, says:

"And it appearing to the satisfaction of this court that the defendant has been guilty as charged in the complaint, it is ordered and decreed that the said motion be granted and the report of the referee confirmed in all respects and the marriage dissolved."

The Goulds were married in this city on Dec. 2, 1901. Mrs. Gould is a daughter of the late Eugene Kelly, the banker, and is wealthy in her own right, having inherited a large fortune from her father's estate.

MERELY A DREAM

How a National Review War Alarmist Pictures the Distruction of the British Empire

The debache of England is pictured with awful effect by one of the National Review's corps of war alarmists, in the obvious effort to force the nation into a prolonged hysteria of preparation for the threatened German invasion. The article purports to be a textual reproduction of a popular German pamphlet, written in the form of a lecture delivered "after the storm" in 1911, by Arabi Pasha at Alexandria. Arabi tells the story of the destruction of the British empire, reviews the causes of the catastrophe and philosophises on the course of history.

The turning point, according to this weird imaginary account, comes on June 14, 1910 or 1911. War had suddenly broken out. Two hundred British warships had steamed into the North Sea. This is what happens:—

The fleet was 30 miles west of Heligoland, when its outpost ship sighted great German armored cruisers on the horizon. A thick fog enveloped the sky in dense gray, obscuring the view. The fleet was just about to carry out a change of front, when suddenly one after the other fearful explosions occurred on three ships. Before it had been grasped what had occurred, fresh detonations followed, and now began an unbroken, murderous bombardment by an unseen foe. The brave sailors were panic-stricken. It was obvious that they found themselves immediately beneath the German air-fleet, which, favored by the weather had escaped the notice of the English balloon scouts. Now followed a scene of which the few survivors cannot speak without shuddering. A gray mass plunged with furious rapidity through the air, and amidst an uproar as if the end of the world was at hand, the admiral's ship was blown into atoms. Twenty or so ships in proximity were likewise blown up and sunk.

What had happened? English balloon scouts had so damaged the gas chamber of a German airship with their fire, that the commander, to prevent his ship capsizing, had no choice but to unchain the ammunition car. Thus many hundred-weights of explosives had been hurled from a height of 1,000 yards, and had struck the unhappy admiral's ship. There was now no holding back, and in wild flight such of the English fleet as were in action scattered in every direction. The German squadron, which had slowly approached in full strength, had been awaiting this moment. The retreating foe was pursued and in the cross-fire from the Heligoland fortresses, from the guns on German battleships, and from the bombardment of the airships, the pride of England sank in the flood of the North sea. On the morning of June 15 a German army corps brought the news to England of the destruction of the British fleet.

If this is the way that the British empire must finally fall to ruin, the British people may be sure that the terrible event will not occur so soon, as next year, or the year after. Nothing could be more absurd than to imagine the British fleet, under present conditions of aerial warfare, being destroyed in that slap-dash style.

THE NEW ORCHESTRA WINS GOOD OPINIONS

A concert given in Exmouth street Methodist church last evening was well attended. The new Y. M. A. orchestra under leadership of Prof. Williams, made its first public appearance and, considering that less than three months have elapsed since its organization, the players rendered their fine selections in very creditable manner.

Other numbers on the programme were by the Orion male quartete, solos by F. McGowan, Rev. L. A. McLean and Miss Beatrice Irvine, the latter with violin obligato by Miss Minnie Myles; and readings by Mr. Robertson.

George R. McLeod, who has been on a short visit to St. John, returned to New York last evening via Montreal.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



STRAW BUCKLES ON OUTING HATS.

The straw hat trimmings have an informal and a utilitarian suggestion which makes them specially appropriate for outing wear, and children's hats particularly look well with these trimmings. This mushroom sailor shape of rough yedda straw is very simply decorated with loops of navy and white striped ribbon, a big buckle—or clasp—of the straw braid holding the soft ribbon at the front of the crown. The hat matches a smart little sailor frock of navy and white checked mohair.

TRIAL MARRIAGE WIFE DIVORCED

Mrs. Jane R. Caldwell, Who Went to New York With Affinity, is Husbandless Now,

Eminence, Ky., May 20 — Charles A. Caldwell, one of the wealthiest men in Kentucky, whose bride, Jane Parks Caldwell, suddenly flitted to New York last December, where she joined her intellectual affinity," has procured a decree of absolute divorce.

Mrs. Caldwell, who attempted to explain why she left her husband by saying her's had been only a "trial marriage," put in no defense. The last heard of her was in New York.

The marriage of Mr. Caldwell and Miss Parks last Christmas Day was a social event. A week later she wrote to William Milne, New York, a lace salesman, with a salary of $15,000 a year, that she had tried Caldwell as a husband and was dissatisfied.

A week later she quit her home and with only a suit case for clothing hurried to New York. There she was quoted as saying she and Milne loved each other, and that if only Caldwell and Mrs. Milne would give them an opportunity they would be married.

When the exposure came Milne was completely crushed. He went to his home in Haworth, a Jersey suburb, and there begged his wife's forgiveness. The wife did forgive, and when he was stricken with pneumonia, a month later, she nursed him till the end, which came on Feb. 10. Doctors agreed that Milne had been killed by worry because of the scandal more than anything else.

Mr. Caldwell has always insisted that his was not a trial marriage. He believed his wife happy and contented until the day of her disappearance.

CAMPBELLTON BOYS SENT TO ST. JOHN REFORMATORY

Campbellton, May 20—The two boys, William Gaunie and John Copeland, who were arrested here a week ago for breaking into J. D. Murray's store, were sentenced at Dalhousie today by Judge McLatchey under the speedy trials act to two years in the reformatory.

THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill. — "I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured."—Mrs. Alvena Sperling, 11 Langdon Street, Chicago, Ill.



If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

PROUDER THAN KING OR QUEEN

Duchess of Portland Keeps Her Beauty by Spending Little Time in London Drawing-Rooms.

London, May 20—If one wants to know what exclusiveness is in London society it is only necessary to consider the Duchess of Portland. Her exclusiveness is more pronounced than is that of royalty.

She was a Miss Yorke-Dallas-Yorke, the most beautiful debutante of several seasons. Although the Duke of Portland is not regarded as particularly shrewd in other respects, he had the good sense to pay successful court to her. After marriage they retired to the Duke's country places, where they still live in secluded state, the Duchess making rare appearances in London on very special occasions.

She has three children—two sons and a daughter. The whole family are devoted to hunting perhaps more than to anything else.

The Duke is a great fly fisherman, and when he was worried by the Druce case he withdrew to his Scottish estates, where he brooded over his position and his chance of losing his money until he was threatened with melancholia.

He is a great friend of Arthur Balfour and an admirer of Joseph Chamberlain, though at one time he thought that the latter statesman ought to be hanged.

The Duchess has preserved her beauty wonderfully, probably owing to spending so little of her time in London drawing-rooms.

BARK ASHORE ON AFRICAN COAST

The British Bark W. W. McLauchlan, Built at Hopewell Cape May be a Total Loss.

Lagos, Africa, May 20.—The British bark W.W. McLauchlan, from New York, March 6, for Old Calabar, is aground on Forcados bar and it is expected she will be a total loss, but cargo may be saved. The crew have been safely landed.

The W. W. McLauchlan was built at Hopewell Cape (N. B.), in 1891 and registered 471 tons.

JUDGE LONGLEY TALKS ON CANADA

Nova Scotia Supreme Court Judge Addresses International Club of Boston

Boston, May 20—Canadian relations with the mother country and with the United States were discussed tonight before the International Club by Judge J. W. Longley of the supreme court of Nova Scotia. Judge Longley declared that Canada, if she ever secured absolute freedom, would not gain it in the way the American colonies did in 1775.

He said Canada would never give money to build warships for Great Britain unless the ships were manned by Canadians, controlled by Canadians and used for the protection of Canada.

Former Assistant District Attorney McGettrick also spoke, while former Senator McLeod, president of the club, presided.

GRAND FALLS MAN DROWNED

Lancaster, N. H., May 20—While a crew of rivermen were attempting to shoot the rapids at Northumberland Falls late today their boat was overturned and Gid Marshall, of Grand Falls (N. B.), a river driver, was drowned. The four other men in the boat managed to get rid of their heavy boots and their coats and swim ashore in the rapid current, but Marshall was unable to swim and went to the bottom. Marshall was 20 years old. His parents live in Grand Falls (N. B.) He was employed by the Connecticut Lumber Company.

The council of St. John Law Society has elected: A. A. Wilson, K. C., president; Charles F. Sanford, secretary-treasurer, and K. J. MacRae, librarian.

The Agony of PILES

ONLY those who suffer from piles know the misery it brings! It robs life of its pleasure, steals the brightness from existence, and substitutes days of dull pain and moments of acute agony. Most so-called "remedies" give ease only for a time, and then—back comes the trouble and pain and misery! Zam-Buk cures Piles! And cures permanently. Proof of this lies all around you. Women and men in all stations of life have proved it—possibly some of your friends! Let it cure you!

Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of 253, Hochelaga Street, Hochelaga, Montreal, says:—"I was a sufferer for years from blind, itching, and protruding piles. The agony I suffered no one knows. Remedy after remedy proved useless. Day followed day and there was no relief for me—pain, loss of strength, dulness, misery, this was my experience until Zam-Buk was introduced. I know now that there is nothing on this earth like it! It cured me of piles, and once cured, I have had no return of the evil. I would like all women who suffer as I did to know that Zam-Buk will cure them!"

Besides being a specific for piles, Zam-Buk cures eczema, blood-poisoning, abscesses, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, scalp sores, ringworm, bad legs, poisoned sores, insect stings, blistering, sore feet, and all skin injuries and diseases. All Druggists and Stores sell at 50c. a box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Zam-Buk

BRONCHO BUSTER RODE TOO OFTEN

Member of Buffalo Bill's Troupe Met an Awful Death.

New York, May 19—Harry Beebe, a Wyoming cowboy, who rode bucking bronchos in the Buffalo Bill show, died in Bellevue hospital, apparently from hydrophobia. The Bellevue doctors were so puzzled about the result that they entered "cause of death unknown" on a report to Coroner Harburger. When the coroner pressed Dr. Slocum, the physician who attended Beebe, for particulars, Dr. Slocum was very reticent. The coroner threatened to send a subpoena for the doctor and at length Dr. Slocum gave three causes for the cowboy's death—landry's paralysis, acute polio myelitis (a disease of the spine), and paralytic rabies.

Beebe was brought here from Lander, Wyoming, several weeks ago by Cy Compton, who bosses the riders in the Buffalo Bill show. He was about 27 years old, and a cracking good horseman. Cy Compton turned over to Beebe the toughest and most dangerous bucking horses in the show, and Beebe never had a serious accident while handling them, Compton said today. Nobody connected with the show had heard that the rough rider was bitten by a horse or dog, but Compton recalled that a pony had stepped on Beebe's right foot four weeks ago, bruising the toes so badly that the cowboy could not walk for several days. Several times in the next few weeks Beebes hurt the foot again and a week ago today he went to Bellevue and applied for treatment. Paralysis rapidly set in. Saliva gathered in his mouth and throat like foam and he was unable to rid himself of it. Evidently he was suffering great pain, spasm seizing him at short intervals, but he was unable to acquaint the doctors with his exact condition because of the rapidly spreading paralysis.

FRENCH FISHERMAN WAS BURNED AT SEA

North Sydney, May 20—(Special)—The fourth disaster this season to the French fishing fleet operating on Grand Banks is reported from St. Pierre. The schooner Reveuse was burned to the water's edge on Wednesday while fishing on the banks. The fire originated in the forecastle, where the entire crew of twenty men were making ready for the day's work, and so rapidly did the flames spread that the crew had to scramble in great haste for their dories to avoid being caught like rats in a trap. A few of those on board managed to seize some of their personal belongings as they fled from the burning schooner.

The crew rowed about for ten hours, when they sighted the French schooner Amedee, which brought them to St. Pierre.

PULL NEEDED THEN.

"'Tis not extracting teeth that's hard,"
We heard the dentist say;
"But after that extracting's done,
I must extract my pay."

Most Canadians Have Catarrh

Our Changeable Climate is Responsible.

Where the atmosphere is damp, with sudden changes in temperature, almost everybody has Catarrh, in some form or other. The ordinary cold in the head inflames and weakens the membranes lining the nose and throat, and starts a discharge. The next cold is more easily caught, and soon the patient is never quite free of it.

Catarrh develops the discharge increases—drops into the throat, especially at night—and takes on an offensive odor. Besides being exceedingly disagreeable, there is great danger of the disease extending to the lungs, stomach, or bowels.

Though it is very difficult to cure, Father Morriscy devised a combined internal and external treatment that has cured thousands. The Tablets tone up and invigorate the system, and assist Nature in throwing off the disease, while the salve, applied up the nostrils, clears out the discharge and heals the membranes. Combined treatment, 50c at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 20