

RHEUMATISM & STIFF JOINTS



When you have any deep-seated pain in the joints, the back, the wrists, or elsewhere, place a liberal supply of Zam-Buk on the fingers, or on the palm of the hand, and rub it in. The penetrating power of this "embrocation-balm," kills pain and removes stiffness. Sound rubbings of the affected parts with this wonderful balm will drive out all pain, reduce swelling, strengthen the skin and tissues (enabling them to resist cold and damp better during the winter months), and restore perfect elasticity and looseness.

MONTREAL LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Frances Wyatt, of 25, Guy Avenue, Montreal, says:—"I have found Zam-Buk most soothing and valuable in a very bad case of rheumatism, and also for stiffness of joints and muscles. I suffered long and acutely from rheumatism, and tried one liniment after another in vain. I also took medicines internally, but it remained for Zam-Buk to effect a cure. I began applying this balm whenever I felt the aches and pains of rheumatism coming on, or felt any of the stiffness. The result was truly wonderful. Zam-Buk seemed to penetrate to the very seat of the pain, driving them out completely, and I am now quite cured."

WHAT ICE HOUSES AND STEAM DID FOR HIM.

Mr. P. G. Wells, of 338, Ogden Street, Fort William, Ont., says:—"Following my duties in attending to passenger trains, I often get wet through with rain and steam (the latter in winter). This with hours of duty in icehouses in summer, was no doubt the cause of my contracting rheumatism in both knees, left arm, and shoulder. This got so bad that I could no longer work and was laid off on three different occasions for several weeks during which I was under the treatment of my doctor. I seemed to get little if any better, no matter what I tried, and this was my state when Zam-Buk was recommended to me. I laid in a supply, and to my great joy it began to cure me. I rubbed it well in every night, and when a few boxes had been used I was free from the pain and stiffness of rheumatism. I have had no more trouble from the disease."

Zam-Buk is a positive and certain cure for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, piles, festering sores, ulcers, scalds, blood-poisoning, eczema, scabs, chapped hands, cold cracks, chilblains, ringworm, scalp sores, bad leg, diseased ankles, and all other skin diseases and injuries. Rubbed well into the parts affected, it cures neuralgia, rheumatism, and sciatica. All druggists and stores sell at 50 c. box, three for \$1.25 or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse the harmful imitations sometimes represented to be "just as good."

ZAM-BUK THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

THE RUSE OF MARY RUNDLE A TALE OF ALGONQUIN PARK.

By Mrs. Katharine M. O'Loughlin, Lindsay.

Long, long ago, when the white man feared and dreaded the fierce attacks of the savage Indians, there dwelt, in a beautiful country in the midst of the virgin forest, a gentleman who was the English representative or Indian agent of the Government, and having been given a residence most beautifully situated near what is now known as "Algonquin Park," had many visitors from his English home across the sea, who came to spend pleasant weeks with him and his family. His wife was a most charmingly attractive and beautiful woman, and of her history this little story has to deal.

When the English agent was first sent to the country, there were few white settlers living in the vicinity, but some fifteen miles distant was one Mr. Rundle, who with his wife and only daughter had occupied and owned a splendid estate, on which Mr. Rundle had a large farm. Mary, having been reared in this lonely but romantic spot, knew no fear and was accustomed to roam through the forest or gallop for miles on her favorite horse, leading him hither or thither as best suited her whim. She grew to know every inch of the forest, and could follow the trail of the wary savage, and always avoid any danger. Her mother, like most of fond mothers, was always fearful lest Mary should be followed by the Algonquins and be captured by them; so she was continually warning her of the danger, but Mary would laughingly say, "Never mind, mother mine, my wits will come to my aid if I should come."

One day, in the early autumn, a glorious one it was, the wily Algonquins were making great preparations for their war dance, and all kinds of dyes were prepared for the faces of their red brothers and sisters; strings of bear's and porcupine's teeth were all gathered together, and all these were ready to decorate the red brow of the savage and gird his loins; then with bow and arrow in hand they hastened on their wild chase to the place of rendezvous.

Hundreds came in the usual order Tomahawks were raised, bows were strung, the arrow was poisoned for its dastardly purpose. The yells of savage glee rang through the forest, the various tribes of the Algonquins had assembled, and the war-dance was executed to the delight of their savage hearts, and still more relentless nature. Suddenly, at the height of their incantations, a deadly silence fell upon their band. The unsuspecting victim, the new English agent, was the whole cause of the cessation of their merry shouts. He had been exploring the forests, and not knowing the direction in which he was travelling, chanced to fall upon the Indians, to whom he was unknown, and they, seeing the pale face, thought he had been sent to them for their feast. With fiendish delight they seized him from his horse, bound and dragged him to the huge fire around which they were dancing. He tried to explain to them that he was their friend, sent by the Government to aid them, and would show them what he could do to better their condition. But his voice was drowned by their fiendish yells. They bound their victim, tore some of his clothes from his back and began to raise him on a stake, on which he was slowly to perish. Cold sweat now streamed down the brow of the poor victim; never did he pray so fervently to God to spare him, and never did any plead more for mercy from his torturers, but all in vain. He sees no hope and finally he closes his eyes at the sight of what he knows is certain doom. As if to prolong his agony, they keep him in his terrible suspense by sometimes putting him in the flames and as suddenly drawing him from them, until the poor man was nearly crazed; not knowing what the next move might be. In the midst of their mad dance and song a beautiful maiden and a middle-aged man appear on horseback, and their terror may more easily be imagined than described. These new presences had the immediate effect of ceasing the hostilities on the part of the Algonquins, who were dazed by the beauty of the maiden, and the rude and unpleasant appearance of her companion; but the delay was only temporary, for they turned from their victim to snatch the man and the maiden and add them to their number. The maiden, who was no other than Mary Rundle, shrieked for mercy; her attendant and servant was helpless to aid her or himself, and the Englishman, who was on the verge of death, was so struck by the beauty of the maiden, that he forgot his own terrible fate in his anxiety for her. Mary, who saw that entreating prevailed nothing, thought if she could only work some strategy she might save herself and her two companions, so with an interior prayer for light and strength, she looked around for deliverance, but alas none was at

A Patent Lock, a Lady And a Smart Inspector

THE COMEDY OF A SUBURBAN STATION.

(From News of the World, London, England.)

The wife of a gentleman well known in city circles set forth brisk and early the other day on a Christmas shopping expedition. Travelling by rail, and having some little time to wait for a train, she withdrew to the ladies' room. It was some distance from the platform, and not easy to find. When she entered the door closed upon her with a snap-catch. That was all very well. But when she came to open it she found the bolt immovable. After prolonged effort she abandoned the attempt as hopeless and took to banging the door and screaming for assistance. It was ten o'clock in the morning when she entered the place, and her watch hands pointed to seven in the evening when, hearing a foot-fall outside, she began to resume her cries, and the door was opened by an inspector who was passing by. The lady was somewhat exhausted with her tussle with the door, carried on for nine hours in a close atmosphere without food. She was, however, able to express to the representative of the railway her views about the faulty lock that was responsible for her imprisonment. The inspector was profuse in apologies, but insisted that she had been contributory to the accident. "There is," he said, "nothing easier than to open the door from the inside if the latch is handled properly. If madame will allow me, I will show her." Entering with the lady, the inspector closed the door. "Now, see," he said, placing his hand on the handle of the lock. But the machinery was immovable. Neither skill nor force would move the bolt. The inspector, fresh to the task, banged the door and shouted for help. They could hear the coming and going of the frequent trains. But no one heard them. Hour after hour passed. The last train departed. The station was locked up, an there they remained till seven o'clock in the morning, when the charwoman, going her rounds, opened the prison door. The woman had been 21 hours on the wrong side, without food for drink. The inspector's term was less severe, but sufficient to make him avoid demonstrations of the ease and accuracy of patent locks along the line. The anxiety created in the households of the strangely-met prisoners may easily be imagined.

CHURCHILL AND CHAMBERLAIN.

Winston Churchill's vulgar and cowardly attack at Birmingham on Mr. Chamberlain recently was thus well rebuked by Punch, under the title "In the Old Lion's Den." The verses are from the pen of the editor Mr. Owen Seaman:

Stout fellow! Sportsman unaffaired,
Who with a courage fine and rare
Stepped forth and said: "I come-to-beard
The Lion in his native lair!"
(Knowing full well the Lion wasn't there.)

Somewhere, you knew, far off he lies,
Stretching his worn limbs in the sun.
Watching with grave and patient eyes
The slow hours pass him one by one.
Loath to believe his fighting days are done.

So you were safe enough from him;
And, since his heart has lost its heat,
You'll get no answer, straight and grim,
Such as of old was wont to greet
Whoso assailed him, being indiscreet.

Sharp lessons you've already learned,
Things that deserters get to know,
Though scarce your party-coat was turned
And payment taken, when the blow
Fell from the hand of Fate that struck him low.

And now, while decent lips are dumb,
And ancient feuds in shadow fade,
Flushed with your office-spoils you come—
Price of disloyalty earned and paid—
And cast at him the name of renegade!

"No generous motives marked his schemes"
Have you forgotten past all trace,
Dazed with your own ambitious dream,
How he surrendered power and place
So best to serve his loved Imperial race?

Enough! For him, he cannot need
Our poor defence to guard his fame;
And as for you, you'll have your need—
The swift and sure recoil of shame,
The wound of weapons turning whence they came.

—Mr. T. C. Lamont, representing the Atlantic Soap Co., Toronto, is in town for a couple of weeks. He is a guest at the King Edward hotel.

Special CASH OFFER

We have made arrangements with The Weekly Mail and Empire, of Toronto, one of the leading and most influential papers in Canada, by which we can offer

The Weekly Free Press

The Weekly Mail and Empire

until January 1st, 1910, (no premium included), for the bargain sum of

\$1.25

The Weekly Mail and Empire has no equal as AN EXPOSITOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS and of the HAPPENINGS OF PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURES. The most valuable and practical information is always obtained in its AGRICULTURAL SECTION, and everything pertaining to Literature, the Fine Arts, Society and the Home will be found in its MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT, the whole 24 pages comprising AN ALL ROUND LIBRARY, the regular price of which alone is \$1.00 per year.

Another good offer is the old reliable home and farm paper,

The Family Herald and Weekly Star and the Weekly Free Press for \$1.50.

Below will also be found a number of money-saving combinations. Other clubbing rates may also be secured at this office.

The Canadian Dairyman and Farming World and The Weekly Free Press for \$1.50.

- THE FARMERS' ADVOCATE and The Weekly Free Press. \$2.00
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 - THE DAILY TORONTO STAR and The Weekly Free Press. \$2.50
 - THE FARMERS' SUN and The Weekly Free Press. \$1.50
- Send in your order as soon as possible to

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- "Salyerds" Hockey Sticks (The Kind the Midgets Use)
 - "Peninsular" and "Champion" Stoves and Ranges
 - "Russwin" Meat and Food Cutter
- See Our White Granite Water Pails reg. 60c at 39

D. CINNAMON

157 KENT-ST. - - 'PHONE 52

FUNERAL OF MASTER ERNIE FEE.

About 12.30 o'clock Friday morning death removed one of Lindsay's youngest citizens, Master Eric Reginald Fee, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Fee, south ward.

The deceased child was four years of age, having died with scarlet fever, which he had for the past two weeks. The funeral took place from his late home to the Riverside cemetery yesterday afternoon. The town citizens extended their sympathy to the bereaved parents.

HIWATHA—LONGBOAT.

Fleet of foot was Hiawatha, He could shoot an arrow from him And run forward with such swiftness That the shaft would fall behind him. Fleet of foot was also Longboat, Who could beat Signor Dorando From the land of macaroni, From the land of organ-grinders, From the land of sweet musicians, Who adjust piano organs Just beneath our office windows, And tie out the Merry Widow, Annie Laurie, Daisy Bell, and Then the tuneful intermezzo— From Mastagni's Rusticana— All of these and many others, Pleasing little nerve destroyers, Rendered by the gents with ear-rings From the land of Sig. Dorando. Fleet of foot was Mr. Longboat Who could train on Scotch and soda, (If there wasn't any soda He could train on Scotch exclusive) And in looking o'er the records Made by Marathon performers,

BIRTHS.

SIMS.—In Fenelon Falls, on Sunday, January 28th, 1909, the wife of Dr. S. J. Sims, of a son (still born).

PATTERSON.—In the township of Verulam, on Thursday, Feb. 5th, 1909, the wife of Mr. J. A. Patterson, of a son.

EDGAR.—In the township of Verulam, on Tuesday, Feb. 9th, 1909, the wife of Mr. Wm. Edgar, of a son.

GRIFFIN.—In the township of Fenelon, on Saturday, Feb. 6th, 1909, the wife of Mr. Wm. Griffin, of a son.

Table Manners of the Public are not the Best

PERPETUAL NAGGING IN CHILDHOOD PRICE OF THE PROPER WAY TO DINE.

(By Beatrice.)

Some body has said that a childhood of perpetual nagging is the price of good table manners, and the truth of the saying may be quite generally recognized. Many must escape paying the price in childhood if one may judge of the public's table behavior. Just as every youngster must begin at the alphabet, no matter how wise or cultured his forbears, so it seems that no amount of refinement in the home can obviate the necessity of teaching the A B C of knife and fork, etc. There is no more a royal road to table manners than there is to learning.

The public's table manners bear mute but effective witness to the kind of training received in early youth—or the absence thereof. There still exists those amiable but untutored individuals to whom the knife is as essential as a shovel as it is in its capacity as a cutter. The absent-minded person—at least it is charitable to consider him absent-minded—who stirs the contents of his coffee cup into a whirlpool, distributing its surplus in the saucer, and drinks with the spoon still in the cup, arouses no amused curiosity; he occurs too frequently.

So does the person who appreciates the cook by hissing at the soup as he draws it from the spoon.

Misuse of the Napkin.

In olden days one now and then met the scornful person who ignored the napkin or contemptuously dropped it on the floor. He was thought quite courteous if he did not put his foot on it. Few go to such extremes these days, but many still cling to the fond memoirs of childhood and use it as a bib. This one finds it possible to excuse. One's other shirt may be at the laundry, the frequent grease-spots that fresco a man's vest testify to the necessity for a protector.

To put both elbows upon the table is quite good form if one has handsome rings and bracelets to display; it witnesses, moreover, to the fact that one's social position is so well (or is it ill?) definite that she can disregard the conventions that others find it necessary to observe.

Show One's Home Training.

There is no better testimony to the kind of home in which a person was trained—or not trained—than that person's behavior at table. Was it a place where the meals were served in a happy-go-lucky style, and everybody helped himself to butter with his own knife and cookies were put on the table in a pan to save washing dishes? Was it a go-as-you-please race to get "filled up," and "more" and "gimme some" comprised the conversation, each leaving the table as he finished without a word of excuse? Unless the individual has a quick eye and a knowledge of the shortcomings, coupled with determination to amend his ways, he is likely to be a long

Work to Commence On New Dam and Lock

CONTRACTOR RITCHIE AND SEVERAL OF HIS FOREMEN HERE —TH PLAN IS ON THE WAY.

The idle workmen of Lindsay will be pleased to hear that work on the new dam and lock will be commenced in the course of a few days, the prospect being that many of them will be given employment on the work.

Mr. J. Ritchie, of Beamsville, the successful contractor, arrived in town this morning with several of his foremen, and has taken up his quarters at the Benson House. He was met here by Messrs. Sam Clegg and Clem Gordon, of the Trent Canal staff, who discussed with him certain details of the contract.

One of the surveys made for the new lock provided for a material change in direction, the west entrance to the channel being swung about twenty feet to the north. This would involve the cutting away of a considerable portion of the land opposite the town wharf, which would afford greatly needed room for steamers and tugs with tows, and likewise involve the construction of a new swing bridge, which would extend twenty feet farther north. As the swing at Wellington-st. bridge is to be renewed, the Public Works department might as well complete both jobs at once.

It is reported that the contract price on the work tendered for is \$50,000, and that it will take two years to complete.

HOW THEY DO IT IN TORONTO.

(Toronto News.)

Alexander McMichael was charged with forgery. It was alleged that he signed the name of Guy Tripp to a check drawn on the Home Bank Tripp, it appears, is a bank clerk. So is McMichael.

"There was an understanding between Tripp and myself that I could use his name," declared the prisoner.

"If that is the case, I don't know that I can call it forgery," said the magistrate.

"I often did the same thing for him," said McMichael.

"What do you mean to say that you allowed him to forge your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, sir. It's quite a common thing among the bank clerks."

"Is that so? Well, I want to hear a little more about this," declared the Colonel. "I'll remand the case till the 15th, and we'll have Tripp here then."

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