

TO-DAY

In medicine, as in every other necessity, the public is satisfied with nothing but the best! This explains the ever-increasing demand for Zam-Buk. Not only is this great, balmy, best household remedy to-day, but it is also the most economical.

Zam-Buk's superiority is due to the fact that it is all medicine, containing none of the coarse animal fats or harsh mineral drugs found in ordinary ointments. Again, the medicinal properties are so highly concentrated that they contain the maximum amount of healing, soothing and antiseptic power, so that a little of this balm goes a long way.

Another reason why Zam-Buk is most economical, it will keep indefinitely and retain to the last its strength and purity. Best for skin diseases and injuries, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers, 50c. box.

Zam-Buk

IF BACKACHE OR KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat Less Meat, Also Take Glass of Salts Before Eating Breakfast.

Uric acid in most excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

But less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Decline of Gleaning. Gleaning seems going out of fashion, for few gleaners can be seen in the narrow fields, except some village women or their children, who want to get gratuitous food for poultry.

The decline of Ruth's romantic industry is due, not to machine rakes—which leave quite as much corn as the old hand rakes, especially in fields with windmills and watermills that formerly covered the countryside.

The corn now goes to the big steam mills in the large towns, and cottagers can no longer get their gleaned wheat ground.—London Chronicle.

A Roosevelt Story.

Maurice F. Egan, the U. S. ambassador to Denmark and an admirer of Roosevelt, tells us that Roosevelt was writing an article for the Century at a time of "tremendous rows in the senate" during his presidency. "Mr. President," said Egan, "how could you find the quietness of mind to write a paper like this when you and the senate seemed to be on the verge of an open war?" "It was just the time for quiet and interesting work," replied Roosevelt, "it took my mind off that caterwauling."

Some men, according to a woman writer, can be conquered with tears, while it is necessary to use a hatpin on others.

GLIMPSES OF EVERYDAY LIFE AT A MOUNTED POLICE POST IN CANADIAN NORTH-WEST



A ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE STATION

The Horror in the Car

By J. R. HUNGERFORD

Bananas! Bananas everywhere! Dozens of 'em! Hundreds of 'em! I leaped against the wall of the car and slugged contentedly. I pinched myself to see if it was me—in a car of bananas. It was me, and there were the bananas, sack upon sack of them, piled three-fourths of the way to the ceiling.

It was kind of close quarters for solid comfort, but as long as I could eat—eat bountifully, luxuriously, un-stintedly, I sure didn't have any kick coming. Then I thought of the seal clerk with the spectacles, and I laughed as I reflected how I'd crawled under the car from the off side, with him not ten feet away. Well, I had beat him to it. I was sealed in, and heebing had its soft spots after all.

Everything was so comfortable that I began to cast around for objections. I found one. It was cold in that car, darned cold, and I proceeded to turn up my coat collar and snuggle cozily between two sacks. I must have laid there at least three minutes before it occurred to me that I was hungry.

Think of it, three whole minutes in a car of bananas, and not realize you're hungry! Well, anyhow, I got my knife to work and ripped open a sack in a jiffy. I was a pirate all right. Who wouldn't have been a pirate?

It was hours later, and I'd transferred my attention to another bunch. No, I hadn't finished the first sack—it was mostly green, but I made a pretty good-sized aperture in the second when my knife slipped from my fingers.

I fished around in my pockets and dug up a match. It was the last match I had. I lit it with some reluctance and held it far down, but the knife had clean vanished.

As I was transferring the burnt end to my left hand to prolong its life, I happened to glance at the rent I had made in the gummy sack, and, as I did so, I sat bolt upright, nearly butting a hole through the roof. There—not two feet from my face—was a big, hideous, hairy creature, about the size of a silver dollar.

For a second I sat staring at it, transfixed. The match seared my fingers, flickered, and went out, and then suddenly I came to my senses and began to crawl. I fled, terror-stricken, to the door, and there my weight against them. I bumped and tore around over those sacks like a man bereft of reason, and then, as the full realization of my position forced itself upon me, I screamed at the top of my voice.

I thought of all the stories I had heard and read of tarantulas, and as they stood out vividly, every miserable

A DIFFICULT STUNT FOR A HORSE.

In view of the changes which have taken place in the R.N.W.M.P., the above photographs should prove of great interest.

something soft—something—I sat up with an impelling desire to reach out again. I could stand the torture no longer. I wanted to know where I stood. I wanted a fighting chance.

I had suddenly lost all sense of fear. My nerves were strung to the snapping point. I groped my hand along the wall, up and down and sideways. There was nothing—nothing! It was another prank of the imagination—it was—My fingers tightened! My blood seemed to congeal! I felt it! I had hold of it! It gave easily under my fingers! Why didn't it sting? Why didn't it even bite? I couldn't let go—I was riveted to the spot.

I must have fainted and rolled over against the doors. I remember vaguely my head striking something, then I knew no more.

How long I laid there I don't know. When I regained consciousness I was stretched out on a pile of sawdust in the shadow of an iced house, and a man was bending over me with a bucket. There was a circle of curious faces leaning close about me.

The seal clerk had found me when he opened the car for inspection and ventilation. I told him my story, and even climbed back in the car and pointed out the sack where had lurked the venomous horror.

While they were prodding about with sticks and clubs, my eyes swept the walls. Then I started for the door.

"There it is!" I yelled hoarsely. "Over there! See?" Somebody swung a lantern around so that the light fell directly on the spot.

"Huh!" shouted a voice. "The bo's dippy." I looked closer, then swore. For there in the exact spot where I had run my hand—where I had suffered momentarily the tortures of hades, was a good-sized bunch of sack ravelings, held securely by the splintered surface of the wood.

I didn't wait for any more. I climbed out of that refrigerator and made a quick getway, for there had come to me the sudden realization of what might happen if they failed to locate the tarantula and found the slashed banana sack instead.

But it was in there—heaven knows it was there, and here's hoping they found it.

Trains Stopped by Butterflies.

That insects should be able to stop a train seems, at first, impossible. It has, however, happened in several instances.

Just lately, a train going from Rome to Avezano, in Italy, was stopped by a dense cloud of locusts, which settled on the wheels and on the rails in swarms. As the train advanced it squashed thousands of them to a pulp, and this made the rails so slippery that the train could not go on.

What is perhaps more extraordinary is that a train should be stopped by worms! This has happened on the Warwick-Killarney line, in Australia. A train suddenly stopped dead, and nothing could be done to restart it. The wheels slid round, but would not advance. The rails were found to be covered with worms, and, as in the former case, when quashed by the wheels they made the line too slippery for the train to go forward. This has also been known to happen in Europe, on the line from Brunau to Prague.

In Italy swarms of white butterflies have been known to settle on the railway lines, and so make travel extremely difficult.

Perhaps the most amusing case on record comes from French Guiana, where thousands of little green frogs suddenly took up their abode on a railway track—Tit-Bits.

Light literature is expensive when it comes in the shape of gas bills.

BREAKING IN A NEW HORSE.

According to one European scientist, animals have been distributed over the world by the oscillation of its axis; which has altered the climate of its zones.

As the inventor of strenuous games it's queer the Romans overlooked football.

Boston's fire department has been equipped with a powerful motor truck to pull down walls at fires, tow disabled apparatus and for a number of other purposes.

Marriages may be arranged in heaven, but the grocer and butcher expect their pay here on earth.

Drink Charm Black Tea Sold in Packages Only GEO. ROBERTSON & SON, Limited

SICK HEADACHES For Last 10 Years

Headaches affect all ages and both sexes alike, but in all cases the treatment should be directed to remove the cause, for with the cause removed the headaches vanish for all time.

What is necessary for a permanent cure is something that will go right to the seat of the trouble. For this purpose it is impossible to find a better remedy for headaches of all description than Burdock Blood Bitters, acting as it does on every organ of the body to strengthen, purify and regulate the whole system.

Mrs. Flora Hall, Dominion, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with sick headaches for the last ten years. I had lost faith in all remedies until recently a friend of mine advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. This I did, and found relief in a very short time. I would now recommend B. B. B. to anyone who is suffering as I did. I only took 3 bottles, and am never troubled with sick headaches any more."

B. B. B. has been on the market for over 40 years. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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The High Price of Coffee is turning the attention of many users to that wholesome beverage of coffee-like flavor - INSTANT POSTUM A trial usually results in a permanent change, and the health improvement which follows, adds to the satisfaction. Same Price as Before the War CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO. LTD. Windsor, Ontario.