

"Just as you like, since you are kind enough to propose it," she returned, list-lessly. "I do not wish to wake my maid servants are not always acceptable attendants, and the girl is better asleep. There is wine in that little buffet at window, Miss Caerlyon--pray take a little yourself; and there is some sal-volatile on the table in my dressing-

Passing throug'i the bedchamber to the dressing room beyond, Winnie sought for the bottle of which Lady Mountrevor had spoken, and, seeing a small phial of essence of cloves lying beside it in the little medicine casket, she secured it also, and turned to leave the room, when a strong light, shining beneath a door lead ing to an adjoining apartment, and the sound of voices arrested her steps-a woman's voice, subdued but full of dis tress, mingled soothings and suppliea-tions, and a child's fretful, half-articulated complaints.

Impulsively she went forward and opened the door. A dark-skinned, forign-looking woman was kneeling on the floor beside a child's cot, and holding up before her a large black-and-white crucifix, to which she was fervently praying, mingling her tearful petition with cures-ing words to the child, who, partly awake, was staring at the white figure on the ebony cross, with his little hands folded in imitation of his nurse, peev-

"Mon Dicu!" she ejaculated, as Winnie came in, dropping the crucifix, and rising to her fect. "Malemoiselle!"

to ner teet. "Matemosselle!" "I came in to knew if anything is the matter. This dreadful storm has awoke you, also, I perceive," said Winnie, kind-ly..."I am sitting up with Lady Mountrevor. "Ah, Ciel, n'est-ce pas terrible, mam

An, then, nest-ee pas terrible, mam-stille?" the woman cried, clasping her hands. "I have been praying que le boa Dien eut petie. Le petit ange, he was what you call full of the tehhem: and we were praying a peter Science and we were praying a notre Seigneur that the tempest might soon finish."

Pray on, then," said Winnie, gently. "Heaven always hears believing praver." Heat the child—he would be better alcep, I think; or shall I take him to his mother for a little while?"

"Le petit ange" looked decidelly un prepared for rest or repose, as he kicked wriggled from beneath the bed-es, looking as if he had made up clothes. his mind to endure this sort of thing

"Had mam'selle not better make the inquiry of miladi?" persisted the nurse. "Miladi does not as usual permit le cher petit to remain in her boudoir." "Very well," said Winnie, leaving "the little angel" stamping and howling at not being permitted to follow her. "The child!" cried Lady Mountrevor, raising her head in displeased survrise

raising her head in displeased surprise. "Why on earth should I trouble myself with a cross, screaming child, Miss Caerlyon I presume that his nurse and my own maid are sufficient attendants for the young gentleman without me." "Oh, I asked only because I thought

be might cheer you and distract nervous brooding feelings," said Winnie, feeling again that stunned sensation of pity and surprise at the lack of maternal tenderiess that seemed so unn tural to her.

"You have fortunately mistaken me for a very domestic character, I fear, Miss Caerlyon," her ladyship observed, cold'ly. "I suppose you are astonished because I do not delight in devoting myself to the amateur nursing of Lord Mountrevor's heir? Are you not?" she persisted, as Winnic, shock and distress-

d, remained silent. "I thought that a mother always liked her child with her," she said, have

"Well, then, in that case I am different from all other mothers," Mountrevor retorted, reekiessly. Lady rever wished to have a child-1 never

vished to see him when he was bornnever cared for him-he'n ver cared for me-never will-why should the child? He'N hate me when he grows up, and wish me dead for the sake of my joint.

"Lady Mountrevor, you cannot mean what you say!" "I do mean it!" she cried, passionate

ly. Let me speak: I can trust you-lam sure I can. Stephen said that you were to be trusted—poor, dear Stephen: I must get relief from all these madden. ing thoughts. I think I am delirious. Give me that draught, Winnie: there are such memories surging through my brain-such fancies-uch wild fancies! Winnie Caerlyon, may I trust you?" she acked, catching eagerly at her hand. "Can I trust you to hear ard see and he silent-for Stephen Tredennick's sake, if not for mine-to be silent nereafter and always-never to say you once saw her ladyship, Mildred Mountrevor, transformed into a mad

the dead whom I loved and los

"Of what?" asked Winnie, trembling

"Of some one you had lost-of a lone-

stranger's grave, dear Lady Mildred-

them.

"Does miladi have the wish for the bild man'selle?" the nurse inquired, in **"One** woman?" the, with a harsh, bitter haugh "It I were base enough not to be si-flagen. "Oh, I think she would he would cheer "Oh, I think she would he would here would be end "Oh, I think she would he would here would be end "Oh, I think she would here would here would be and the state of the set of the requesting my discretion for Captain Tradennick's sake. I have unfortunate-ly been the cause of arousing printut "What was it?" Winnie asked, tim- covered the truth feel-paused for a time, spent and breathless from its rage, but the thundering roar and beat of the wild surges sounded reminiscences and uncomfortable feelings more than once during the past evening," she pursued, gently and sacturingly, to the woman whom, as she believed, Stephen Tredennick had loved Lest on earth—"let me try to banish them."

Death

spir

### THE ATHENS REPORTER, FEB 26 1913

perfume-without thinking of the poor-young soldier's funeral on that lovely summer morning, and seeing the white flowers around the name plate as ev laid him down in his lonely grave. Poor "What!" The word broke in a shrill.

ioarse cry from Lady Mountrevor's white, parched lips.

white, parened tips. "Albert Gardiner-a young ensign in the British army," W nnie faltered, shrinking backward in involuntary ter-ror: "did you know him, Lady Mount-"Know him-know him!" She follow-

"Know him-know him!" She follow-ed Winnie, clutching of her iters in frantic ergerness. "Tell me-ta'l mel Did von ever see him-never out? a "fe'e he died?" she eriad, ptients'y. "Oh, Al-bert darling! "Oh, Bertie, my d'ring Lay Albert dearest! A louely grave us a foreign land! This was what was commy: this was what I dreamed of cmme: him-dreamed of him lying in his cof-

"Who was he?" Winnie Sa'l, over wheimes with bewildered fear. "Lady Mountrevor, who was Albert Gardi "Lady ior ?

The question seemed to recal her to herself. She loosed her hold of Winnie Gierly n turned away with a groan ant einking in a sould, b rise ier face in her hands.

"Who was he indeed!" she moaned. "Who was Albert Gardiner that Lord Mountrevor's wife should mourn him?" "Some one you loved?" whispered Winnie Caeriyon, marvelling if indeed "Some one!" Lady Mountrevor cried

"Some one?" Lady Mounteron Crick, rising from her chair and pacing the room like a caged creature. "The only living creature I ever loved—eve. could love—ever will love!" the unhappy wolove—ever will love!" the unnappy wo-man said, raging in fierce rebellion over the bereavement. "They took him from me; they persecuted us until they got us asunder—until they drove him out us asunder-until they drove nim out of the country, and hurried me away in lowed each other of the country, and hurried me away in-to seclusion-we who loved each other so-who would have been so faithful to each other, and so happy if they had let us-they-the worldly, smiling, sel-fish schemers-my father and mother and Madam Vivian! We loved each other from the time that we were and Madam vivian! we loved each other from the time that we were a little boy and girl, Winnie Caerlyon," she went on, passionate sobs shaking her utterance; "we meant to love each other always-to marry as soon as I was of age; and Bertie used to talk to was of age; and Hertie used to talk to me of our home in some far-off Indian bungalow, or some fort in a distant land-we two together; and we should have been so happy! They did their best to make me forget him-Madam vest to make me forget him—Madam Vivian most of all. She is a hard world-ly woman, Winnie Caerlyon, and you know it as well as I, though you have borne with her so well and patiently. They did their bast, but it was useless— useless; if they had been endeavoring ever since they could not the useless; if they had been endeavoring ever since, they could not have succeed-ed-never-never, but for Death helping them! I never could be false to him, he never could have been false to me in life, but Death stepped in to part Bertie Gardiner and me for ever, much to my dear relatives relief! Much to their she repeated, after a pause, relief." with a slow, concentrated bitterness-"though Madam Vivian announced 'the sad news,' as she called it, in so smoothly condoling a voice and mannermuch as she announced the death of my god-mother, who bequeathed me her for-time. She entreated of me not to say Time. She entreated of me not to say too much, I remember, and proposed next day that we should drive to the Longchamps race course for a change of scene to cheer and amuse me." "Oh, dear Lady Mildred, she did not

mean to slight your grief. Madam did not understand feelings like yours. Ma-dam never loved and lost as you did," dam never loved and lost as you did," said Winnie, quite forgetting, in the sim-plicity of her grief, that it was a peerof the realm she was embracing and crying over so heartily. .

"You would excuse her without ceas-ng, Winnie Cacrlyon. Why, I know



On Arms and Legs. Caused Running Sores. Would Tear Himself Till They Bled. Like Open Wounds. Cuticura Soap and OintmentCured.

53 Stewart St., Toronto, Ontario. "When my baby was nine months old he had a lot of pimples come on his arms and

legs which used to come Ø to a head, then break and cause running sores. They were bright red spots. SA A which itched and burned so badly that he would tear himself till he made tear himself till he made them bleed and they were all like ogen wounds. They were on his face and arms so bad that I did not like to take him out. He could not sleep or rost anywhere. I tried -2112-

several things at home and lots of different things people used to advise me, but he did not get a bit better. "I bathed each place in warm water and

Outicura Soap and then I put some of the Cuticura Cointment on and bound them up in soft rags and he slept better that night than he had for three weeks, and he did not scratch himself once that night. I did that for three days, night and morna did that for three days, have an hori-ing, when we noticed the sores wera, get-ting driver and healing, so I bought a cake of Cuticita Soap and a box of Cuti-cura Ointment, and after a week and a few days there was not a blemish on him."

(Signed) Mrs. F. West, Feb. 29, 1912. Cuticura Scap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book. send post card to Potter Drug & Chem Corp., Dept. 39D, Boston, U. S. A.

her displeasure, the force of her author ity ,the dread of her ridicule on a night ity the dread of her functile of a light -a summer night-seven years ago, Winnie Caerlyon-to go to a ball with her with a presentiment of coming sor-row like a leaden weight of my girlish heart, with a reversed orain, a weary, spiritless frame, my eyes burning from weaking—the wrong of compelling me to dress and adorn, bedeck, bejewel my-self, banish all traces of the load of ap-prehension and pain that was resting on simulate gaiety and high spirits, and go mingle amongst heartless people of whom I hated one-half and despised nearly all the rest-to dance, and smile, and flirt and attract-to exhibit myself, in a word, for the securing more surely the rich prize my would be proprietor offered in exchange for me-all to gra-tify her love of pomp and wealth and who never experienced one throb of real She made me go to the last ball love! lovel She made me go to the last ball of the season; she chaperoned me, and paraded me, and showed me off—as surely as ever a slave merchant did his. Whence she had come, or whither she Circassians and Georgians before the eyes of rich pashas! I daneed with Lord Henry Mountrevor to Madam Viv-ian's express desire; I promenaded the conservatory with him; I sat with him benind bowers of orange trees in blos-com: with smiles I listened to his pro-bout fifteen hundred tons, I shud saay." som; with smiles I listened to his pro-testations of admiration; I gave him every artful encouragement that a ballcoquette uses to capture a golden in matrimony-and I gave him a room

prize in matrimony-and I gave him a flower from my bonquet at parting, I remember-a rose-a white rose-and he kissed it, and placed it in his coat, to exhibit its withered remains to me for a week after! Winnie, do you know what day it was-the day that I danced out the close of the last ball of the schoon with Lord Mountrevor? It, was the twenty-ninth of July eighteen hundied and ---

"The day-the day that---" broke

notonous roaring of the waters the short, sharply-defined booming sound. A terrible thought arose in Winne's aca.i. she would fain have rushed to open doors or windows and braved the torm, to look or listen for the news thaa she dreaded; but she was unwiling to disturb Lady Mountrevor at the

"Dear Winnie," Lady Mildred said, king up with a calmer face, and a little of Mildred Tredennick's old careasig smile gleaming from her tear-wet yes, "I have talked too much of myself, my life, my past. It is all over, all its brightness is gone, all its hopes were buried long ago. Now for a change, dear Winnie Caerlyon, I shall talk of the fu-Winnie Caeriyon, I shah tak of the ta ture—your future, my future, as far as l can hope for one—the future when Styphen Tredennick comes home, and— Hark! what is that?"

Again across the thondering of the Again across the thondering of the surges came the sharp booming sound. "I neve heard it twice before," Win-nie cried, cdcsping her, hands. "Oh. Lady Mildred, it is a wreck! I was afraid of this all night."

"A wreck," Lady Mountrevor echoed, ewe-struck-"a wreck near us here? Oh, what can we do? What can we do to help them?"

"Nothing." said Winnie, white with "No vessel can hold out for an despair. hour if she once gets near Tregarthen hour if she once gets near Tregarthen lisy. I often heard father say that no boat can get alongside. Sailors have no chance of life unless they are waited ashore on spars. We can do nothing but stand to see them die. There is the gun again! Oh, poor souls! "Let us wake up the servants-let us

go out and see-offer rewards-do some-thing!" Lady Mountrevor broke out, energetically.

stairs. The footsteps came nearer, and a tremthe tootsteps came nearer, and a trem-ulous knock sounded at the outer door of Lady Midred's rooms. Presently old, Llanyon's white head appeared against the dark background of velvet dranery. the calculation of comparison of the end of

CHAPTER XXIV. The first struggling light of the gray dawn was dimly revealing throngs the cold mists of the wild March morning the dream grannes of froth whit mor the dreary expanse of froth-whitened tossing water, the jagged glittering points of the Black Reef peering above the raging waves; but most noticeable of all to the eyes of the score or two of watchers on the cliffs, did the faint gray haze cling around that dark mass with the torn remnints of with the torn remnints of seve cordage beating idly and wildly about, and the splintered spars and masis (1)(a) helplessly with their heads submerged under the cruel waves that leaped and

"bout fifteen hundred tons, I shud saay. one of the coastguard men remarked to his officer.

### (To be Continued.)



## **Vigorous Health Restored** To Run-Down Woman

Seemed to Have Lost All Ambition, Was Pale and Anarmic.



Made Wonderful Recovery When Dr. Hamilton's Pills Were Used.

was never actually sick." writes "I Norman La Pierre, wife of a cnown resident of Labeniene, Mrs. well-known resident of "vet I never could get strong like other women. I ate well enough, but somehow rich and red blood I could never make. When I marred I took a great pride in my house'reening, hat kept me tired all the time MTH. Lochance, my neighbor, looked -she told me her health had well had been made up by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I only thought of pills as a physic, but now I know that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are more, fore they quickened my stomach, liver and howels-mode me The sudden excitement of her quick are more, fore they quickened my sympathies was as a counter irritant, relieving and strengthening her un-strung fevered nerves. "They are awake, I think," Winnie fore. I sinceroly, believe Dr. Hamil-ton's Pills should be used by every stairs." ter."

No medicine invigor tes and renews health and snirits life Dr. Hamilton's Pins 25e per box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists, and storekeepers, or post prid from the Crtarrhozene N. Y., and Kingston, Ont. . C .. Buffale,

NEW HEAD OF JAP GOVERNMENT



The violent political ricts that overthrew the Japanese ministry have resulted in Japan's leading naval authority assuming control of the govern-

Count Yamamoto, the new premier

"Oh, I think she would; he would cheer her up," said simple Winnie, who thought that the presence of a little child must a panacea for every distress of a mother's breast.

# A MOTHER'S DUTY TO HER DAUGHTER

### **Requires That Her Blood Supply** be Kept Rich, Red and Pure.

Every mother who calls to mind her own girlhood knows how urgently her danghter is likely to need help and strength during the years between sch ol laws and womanhood. It is then that days and womanhood. It is then that growing girls droop and become tracile, bloodless and nervous. Nature is calling for more nourishment than the blood can supply and signs of distress are plainly evident in dull eyes, palid checks, of. sounding in my ears in the multied tramp of that 'Dead March'!" "It is so strange!" Winnie Caeriyon whispered, and a cold magsette thrill of ching backs, a languid step, fits of de-pression, headaches and a dislike for These signs mean, anaemia-that food. bloodlesseese.

watchful mother 'takes prompt some immending terror or surprise chil ed her blood, while her voice was almost drowned in the notice of the storm. "No, it is not strange," Lady Mildred steps to give her girl the new, rich blood her system is thirsting for by giv-Williams' Pink Pills, which make ing Dr. new blood and transform unhappy girls said-"it is not strange at all. is abroad to-night, Winnie, and the into robust, happy, bright-eyed young its of our dead may be nearer to us than we imagine. You spoke of it, No other medicine has ever su cooled like Dr. Williams' 'Pink Pills, heeanse no other medicine can make that new, rich, red blood which brings health and vitality to weak, bloodless systems. Miss Manue Krouse, Copetoo." a little, as she drew near to Lary Mildhealth and red's side. systems, and an orrouse cope-town Ont. says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a blessing to me. I had been a sufferer for almost two years ly grave in a foreign land. The white roses reminded you as well as me." been a sufferer for almost two years from anaemia, and seemed, no matter what I trief, to be growing worse. I way very pale and seemed bloodlocs, suf-fered from frequent headaches, the least exertion would leave me completely tired out, and I was very much discour-aged and freiful. At last I was advised to try Williams Duth File out out "Ab, yes," sild Winke, willing to change the dreary current of the unhap-py young hady's thoughts by some slight variation in the conversation, "but then it was not one whem I had known and to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got a fall dozen boxes, and by the time they were used I was feeling much better. A few more boxes fully restored my health and I have since been well and strong

and at a concentration of the second second

Ca., Brockville, Ont.

"Banish them?" How you tulk! Ab. Winnie you can not banish them!" Ludy Mildred moaned, drearily. "You could which shrank from the trial," said Lady

Mildred moaned, drearily. "You could not, unless you could give me the past over again-unless you could raise the Mountrevor, with gloomy hopelessness-the wrong of compelling me by fear of dead and give them to my one more!" "The dead" respated Winnie, sadly.

OLD PROSPECTOR "The dead," Lady Mountrevor return ed-and Winnie saw the proud head bowed in weeping-perhaps she was the TELLS HIS STORY only one who had so seen it since Mild-red's childhood—'the dead looking at me from the white faces of those roses over there, the dead presence surround ing me in their perfume, and the buria

HIS REAL TROUBLES STARTED WHEN RHEUMATISM GOT HIM.

Plasters, ointments and sulphur were alike useless, but Dodd's Kidney Pills made a man of him.

Princeton, B. C., Feb. 10 .- (Special.)-All over Canaida people are telling of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, and even in the Rock Mountain fastnesses, where nature hides -her mines, men are telling of cures made and suffering relieved by the great Canadian Kidney remedy. Wm. Murray, 66 years old, who has tramped the fronbe years only who has branched the total real tier as lumber jack, ranched, prospector, miner, hunter and trapper, and who has friends all over the west, is one of these. Many a tale of hardship and danger he can tell, but his first real trouble came when Rheumatism claimed him.

"I slipped on the mointain ide and strained my kidneys, and then my troubles all seemed to set in at once. had nearly all the e Neuralgia, Diabetes, loved, or who had cared for me. It was bago, Sciatica, Neura Dropsy and Bright's

a stranger's grave, dear Lidy Mildred-a young English stranger, who was bur-where I lived. I could not help going to his fineral, for I was an English stranger, too. I fell as if I had lost a poor young fellow; and I put on mourn-ing and went and haid a few sprays of the stranger between the stranger between the stranger between the poor young fellow; and I put on mourn-ing and went and haid a few sprays of the stranger between the stranger between the stranger between the poor young fellow; and I put on mourn-ing and went and haid a few sprays of the stranger between the stranger between the stranger between the stranger between the stranger ing and went and haid a few sprays of the stranger between the stranger between the stranger ing and went and haid a few sprays of the stranger between the stranger ing and went and haid a few sprays of the stranger between the stranger ing and went and haid a few sprays of the stranger between the stranger between the stranger ing and went and haid a few sprays of the stranger between the stranger b a young English stranger, who was bur-ied in an old cemetery in Winston, where f lived. I could not help going white roses by his coffin. I can never can say is they made a new man of look at them now-never small their me."

afterwards, bitterly idly. The stormy shricking of the wind had as I hated myself, theer were two oth ers whom I hated still worse--Madar hated still worse--Madam

ers whom I hated still worse--Mad Vivian and Lord Henry Mountrevor. bated every one in the world but my Consin Stephen-my poor, dear, old, kind-hearted Stephen-wao came the tears running down his ch eks, call ing me his 'poor bereaved, dearest little Millie.'! His sympathy saved me from

going mad or acting foo'ishiy."

"Oh, Lady Mildred, dear!" Winnie sobbed, in her generous sympathy, feeling as if every grief of her own innocent, loving life were as nothing com pared to the stormy vindicative unscry of this proud, noble, misguided nature. "Fut heaven helped you to forgive yourself and every one else for that unin tentional wrong-if wrong is could be

called, when no one meant ernelly to you, although it was so cruel; and to-wards Lord Mountrevor, of course, as you married him afterwarls, you must have felt differently."

"Miss Caerlyon," said Laty Mildred. briefly, "as you say, I became the wife "of Lord Montrevor afterwards, and the mother of his heir. Now, if you please, we will change the subject. This storm has affected me strangely, terrified me

but I repose perfect confidence in your womanly honor and delicacy of feeling." "Of course you may," responded Winnie, sorrowfully, fearing that she had offended ber "I know i may." said Lady Mountre-

vor, quietly; and then, as Winnie moved from her side to the window to recommence her anxious watching and istening, she pet her arm around her, drew her towards her, and kissed her with a gentle condiality that made Wine's heart beat fast with pleasure. "I think one could make a friend of a tual scar,

as it may, you can never be but an object of interest and liking to me, Min-nie-I never shall; and I may be able yet," she whispered, laying her check

She buried her face in her handker-From a woman's point of view, chief for several minutes, and in the be compelled to suffer in silence takes pause there again came across the mo- all the pleasure from it.

ONE DYERSALL KINDS or coo

\* the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOM DYE, one can buy-Why you don't even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are mad of.-...So Mistakes are Impossible. o Mistakes are Impossible. nd for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and fet giving results of Dycing over other color

BANISHING THE BLACKHEAD PEST.

The green soap treatment is an excellent weapon with which to fight the blackhead. Green soap, as many of my readers know, is really not green at all, but yellow in color, and can be obtained at any artig store that is worthy of the name

Before using the green soap, wash the face with warm water in order to open" the pores and soften the blackheads. Then apply the green soap to the face, rubbing it gratly but thoroughly into the pores. Then wash the face again the poles. Then wash the face again with warm water, using a camel's hair complexion brush if the blackheads are

dried, and is still warm, massage with a good skin food or face cream. If the blackheads still remain, rub the cream blackheads said relation, the skin and apply better restart. The beard of, but instead not water. It will be an extraordinar-hot water. It will be an extraordinar-of getting better I get worse.

vive this treatment. As a rule, I should not advise anyone to attempt to press or source out black.

woman like you." the wealthy percession where the pores of the skin are large, said, with thoughtful sadness; "he that the blackhead finds easy lodgment in the face. Cold water is an excellent astring-ent for large pores, and should always be applied after the face has een bathed yet," she whispered, laying her curve to Winnnie's, and wetting it with her tears, "to give you some days of happi-ness—some years of happiness, I hop-tears of the hours of regret and the tears for the hours of regret and the tears the hours of the ho

was for more than 15 years minister of the navy, and did more than any other man to place Japan's navy where t is—in the great powers' class. He holds the title of admiral, is 55 The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal. Canada. ears old and received his entire nav al training in Japan. In politics he lines up with the constitutional party.

ment.

## WHAT FOLLOWED A CUT

#### A Magistrate's Wonderful Experience With Zam Buk.

Mr. J. E. Arsenault, a Justice of the Peace, and station master at Wellington, on the Prince Edward · Island Ry., has had a wonderful proof of the healing

power of Z m Buk. He says: "Four years ago I had an aveident. I slipped in the station and fell on a freight truck, so-taining a bid cut on the frent of my log. I thought this would heat, but instead of doing so it doveloped into a bad ulcer and later into a form of eczema which spread very rapidly and also started on the other complexion brief if the bia training rapidly and also related so switch and peculiarly obstinate. Avoid irritating leg. Both legs because so switch and the skin by too rough treatment, how-over by having them bendinged. My dec-

15

ver. After the skin has been thoroughly ried, and is still warm, massage with a ord skin tood or face cream. If the lackheads still remain, rub the cream of the skin and apply the transmission of the skin and apply to the still state of the skin and apply to the still state of the skin and apply to the still state of the skin and apply to the still state of the skin and apply

"This was my condition when I got my first box of Zam-Bak." Greatly to As a rule, I should not advise anyone to attempt to press or some ze out black-heads. An expert can sometimes do this to advantage, but the efforts of an ama-teur are likely to leave an ugly mark on the skin that may remain as an ac-tual scar.

worked a cure in my case, and signe has been no return of the colora or any trace of it."

Trace of it." Such is the nature of the breat curses which Zam-Buk is duily effecting. Pure-by herbal in composition, this great bulm is a sure cure for all skin discusses cold sores, chapped hands, frest hite, ulcers. blood-poisoning, varicose sores, piles scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches cuts burns and bruises. All druggists and stores sell at 50c box or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronte, upon rereipt to

of price