

Serial Stories and Notes About Great Players of the Film World

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester
and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the Star Theatre. By arrangements made with the Mutual Film Corporation, it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also to attend to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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FIRST EPISODE.
THE MAN WITH THE BLACK VANDYKE.

Chapter I.
The quivering centre of all the intense agitation in Brynport was Bouncer. That energetic could remember no occasion so exciting as this in the Moore household, but as everyone seemed thoroughly satisfied, Bouncer helped in the happiness until his tail ached.

Once, and once only, Bouncer had been able to get past old Aunt Debby. This time he caught that coal black cook with her hands full of snow-white dough. She lost her dignity and her centre of gravity and sat down on the floor with a plump which jarred the house as Bouncer plunged beneath her flaring skirts, but she saved the dough! Bouncer meanwhile was up the back stairs, and a brown and white streak had flashed into the dimly-lighted room of his friend, friends and playfellow, pretty June Moore. Here all was billowy confusion. June herself, standing by the long, low row of delicately-ornamented windows, was the nucleus of all the frothing white. Her girlish cheeks were flushed and her eyes were wide and shining, and a fat dressmaker, with her lip in her mouth and a mass of distasteful wrinkles in her brow, was on her knees completely encircling June with pats and pulls and twitches. A brown-beaten dressmaker's helper, with a flaming red spot in each cheek and her yellow hair dragging to denote her repressed agony, and with her bosom stuffed full of pins and needles and things, was standing rigidly to one side holding an orange blossomed veil, June's mother, in a very special dress, and with her hair done in the most painful precision of which a Frenchwoman was capable, stood just in front of June, wringing her hands and helping with her eyes in all the sacred ceremonies.

Marie, Marie of the broom and duster, black-haired and red-gummed, waited near, with a wide grin and moist eyes, to have things hung upon her, when there was no more space upon the little white bed nor any of the chairs. Over by the door, talking incessantly, was Mrs. Blomberg, an black-haired as Marie, as fat as the dressmaker's helper, when she was excited than all of them put together. She was the bosom friend.

For only a moment Bouncer was permitted to gaze upon this puzzling scene. When he sprang too near the central figure of it all, with the perfectly natural and commendable intention of leaping upon her, the woman's undying affection, there was a combined shriek from six women, and five of them put him out.

Well, it was a strange world, and by way of setting his mind at ease Bouncer ran six times around the house and chased a cat up a tree and exhaled long sniffs with all the neighborhood children who hung about the fence waiting to see the bride.

There were pink bridesmaids at every window, and a nice, regular fat girl, dressed in white and with a white veil, Albert, walked up and down the porch, looking at his watch until eternity dragged by, but when the time came, he was the housewife began to move, and Bouncer, with a yelp of welcome, sprang to his regular seat by the side of the first driver, Jerry, who pointed muzzie in a gasolined fat and gave him other rough tokens of friendliness; then the door opened and out the neighborhood children found it difficult to recognize June Moore, but shiny robes and pale cheeks were no disguise to Bouncer.

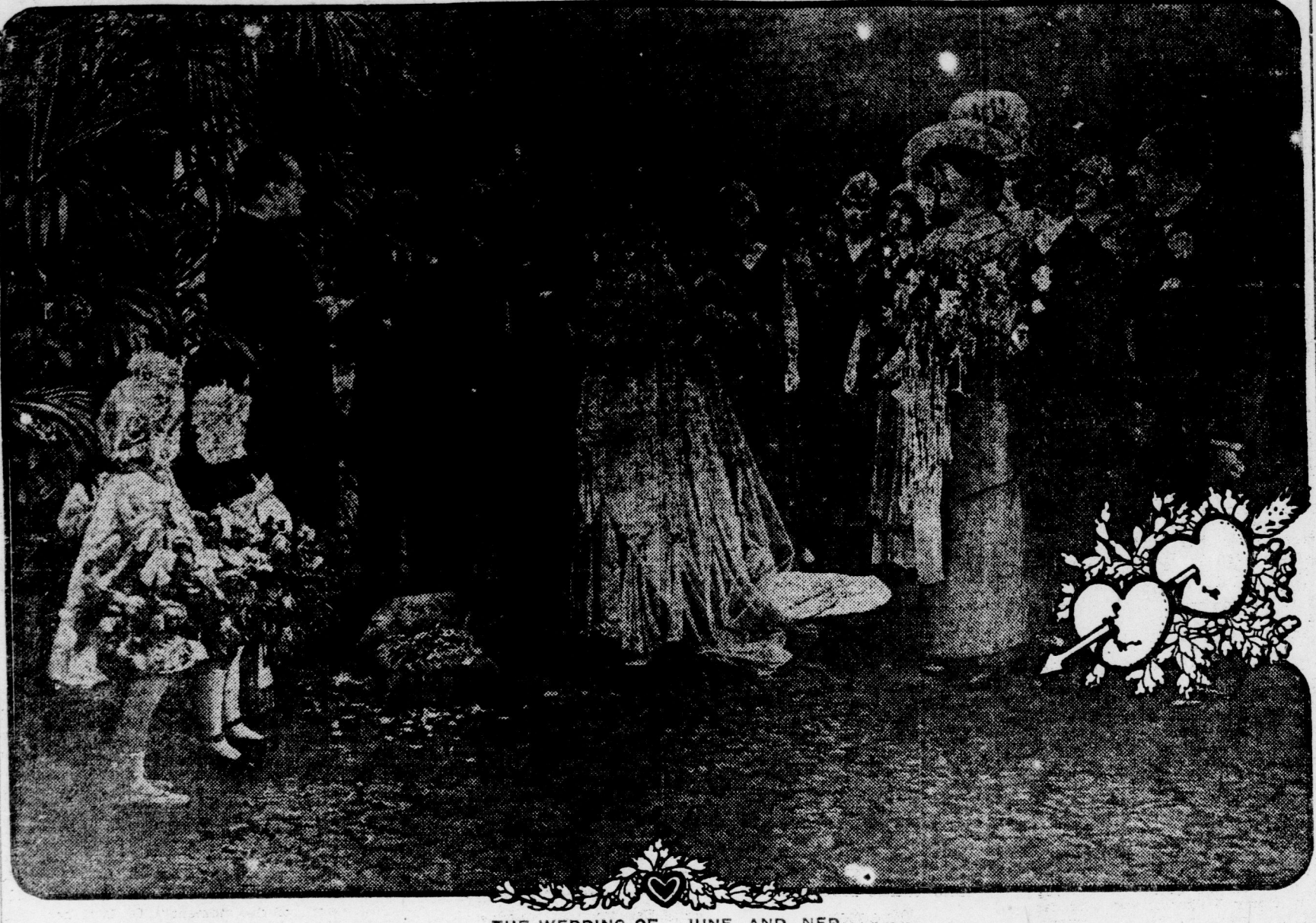
"Bouncer!" June Moore, in all her important finery, stooped swiftly down and took his head between her white-gloved hands and looked into his wistful eyes and touched her cheek for a moment, upon his sullen ear and whispered to him, of all the world, her last girlish secret. The June Moore, last girlish secret, dragged Bouncer back and locked him in the shed, while June Moore rode away never to be June Moore again.

What was this new world which she was approaching? No bride known and no woman. June sailed contentedly. Ned—how he had filled her world! And how happy they were to be.

Why, they were at the chapel, the pretty little grey chapel loaded with vines. And there was a window of the Sunday school room and looking so strained and uncomfortable. And there were the ushers in the doorway. She hardly knew how she was suddenly transformed into a procession.

Why, here was Ned, close beside her, and trembling! In a mist they knelt and said responses, and Ned put a ring on her finger. His own fingers were cold and clammy, but his voice was clear and earnest as he promised to love, cherish and protect her as he bestowed upon her all his worldly goods.

Someone in the church was crying softly—Irish Blomberg, the bosom friend. Husband Bobbie was comically patting her hand. There was a general dabbling of handkerchiefs. Bright-eyed little old Grandma Moore smiled and smiled, with as smart a gown as any there. Ned's father, a strong-faced,



THE WEDDING OF JUNE AND NED.

handsome man, sat stolidly with his arms folded and went over the ceremony with his lips, word for word. Bouncer trotted down the aisle, wagging his tail, his blue ribbon torn, and the marks of the earth under the shed upon his fluffy coat.

Then the organ pealed again, and beneath the vine swung portals, which June Moore had entered on the arm of her father, June Warner, on the arm of her husband, now emerged into the world.

Then the bustle and confusion began again—the mad scramble into travelling clothes, and the going away, the speeding of friends, and the semi-hysteria of Mrs. Blomberg, with Bouncer barking his indignance protest somewhere in the misted distance.

Just before June came downstairs in her trim little travelling suit of blue her mother had slipped something into the hand of every woman's tragedy. It was a purse stuffed with crackling bills.

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Ned had clasped her in his arms and had covered her blushing face, with kisses in that first realization, and now she sat by the window, her head pillowed contentedly upon his shoulder, and loved the world they had known up to this point in their lives was slipping away from her. Her first instinct was to grab her handkerchief, and the search for that required in a little cry of dismay.

"My money," she replied in concern, with all once a panic springing into her heart.

"That all?" he laughed. "Well, little wife," and he laughed again at her eyes at her interlocking fingers.

"I'm just the same as your purse, except that you can't lose me," he told her, dwelling with fond eyes upon her long lashes, her smooth, round cheeks, her red lips. His fingers, which he had tucked into her pocket with bluff heartiness and produced a roll of bills just as the porter came in with two snowy pillows.

"Good work, George!" approved Ned, and catching two bulging eyes fixed upon the roll of bills he held in his hands, Ned stripped off a dollar.

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He stuffed the bills into her clasped hands. She tried to close her hands against it, with a sudden instinct which she could not fathom, tried to draw away from the money, but his fingers, he kissed her and straightened up to put the balance of the money in his pocket.

She looked at the bills, with a slow flush of crimson came up over her face. Why should this have embarrassed and humiliated her? It seemed absurd, for this was a part of marriage.

Ned sat beside her and put his arms around her, and she held up her lips to be kissed. Suddenly she buried her head on his shoulder and cried. Something had been broken. The man had given and she had received.

Chapter II.
There was a shadow on the Palisades, the greenness of a cloud which had not been there as they had started upon this journey. Money—the woman's money.

It had been all right for June to coax her mother and wheedle her father, but they were mummy and daddy. Yes, but that was it—he would give it to her! She would be the recipient of his bounty, or, worse still, would be paid for being his wife! She suddenly arrived at the startling fact that this was the status of every wife. It was a most disgusting thought, destructive of self-respect. It was unbearable.

Ned Warner felt the precious head on his shoulder become heavy. Poor little girl. Getting ready to be married was a pretty thing, but in her new life, her terrible tribulations, such as separating from home and friends and Bouncer and being made to give an account of herself, were all over. Ned braced himself against the arm of the seat for fifteen minutes, while the tired head drooped lower and lower. Poor little girl. Her head would be struck from that strained position. He moved ever so gently, but the gentleness was an unnecessary precaution. When he tried to shift her, she slid into his arms without a flicker of her eyelids and lay there sleeping like a baby, her long lashes curving on her cheeks, her red lips half parted.

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Wonderful cookies, those! June was just reaching for one when, much to her disappointment, they were not there. Aunt Debby was not there. The familiar old kitchen was not there. Why, this was the kitchen of the new apartments. The next which was waiting for Ned and herself after the honeymoon! June was in a big white and blue dotted apron, struggling in the baffling art of making cookies. Someone came in. Ned—his eyes shining as the fragrant cakes were drawn from the oven! June turned them over on a white cloth. Ned turned his fingers on one of the cookies and he burned his tongue, but he was highly pleased with the taste and he gave June some money. He patted her on the shoulder and then he saw her mother paying Aunt Debby and patting that valuable cook approvingly on the shoulder.

On her dream June saw Ned's office, a stiff, prim place, as stolid as the elder Warner. There was a nice-looking stenographer, quite obviously great friends with the young secretary, and there was a nice-looking young boy. It was evidently Saturday night, for Ned presently rose from his desk and walked over to the nice-looking stenographer. He handed her the envelope containing her pay, and they exchanged a frank smile and a pleasant word. Ned's eyes were fixed on the nice-looking young boy and he handed the nice-looking young boy an envelope and laughingly squeezed the boy's chin and rumbled his hair. The boy grinned delightedly and popped the

envelope into his inside pocket. Then Ned walked over to June and handed her an envelope. It was larger than his others. He bowed to her very courteously as he presented it. He spoke a few pleasant words, but did not smile frankly, and she cast down her eyes. There seemed to be a distinct understanding that she had not earned her envelope! A poor, shivering old woman sat huddled in a doorway. Ned stopped, looked at the old woman a moment and then walked across to her and handed her a collection of his money. He was very kind in spite of his compassion. He broadened his chest with the exhilaration of the good deed, then he smiled down at his wife most generously. Yes, his wife, for the old woman was gone and June, in her luxurious furs, but huddled, was in the doorway. It was she to whom he had given the money.

A man and tattered, pinched and hungry-looking little boy stood mutely beside them, pitiful appeal in his upturned eyes, and held out his clenched little palm. Ned, beaming with kindly goodwill, placed a coin in the outstretched palm, and put his hand in benediction on the head of the boy for it was she, and not the little boy, who stood there pitifully begging.

What wonderful scene was this! A black, wild country with strange, strange birds flying over it and no human habitation in sight. There were human creatures, though, two of them—a big, ponderous-looking savage, with matted hair who carried an enormous club over one shoulder. Behind him trudged a smaller figure, a woman, with matted hair hanging to her knees, and a cross-gabled disposition. Yes, she had seen a young woman get off the train at a station named Farnville, or not, but the girl had run on her hat.

Ned, at that moment was extracting slow information from a half-dead and totally dumb old woman with a cross-gabled disposition. Yes, she had seen a young woman get off the train at a station named Farnville, or not, but the girl had run on her hat.

Ned Warner, standing on the station platform, had grappled meantime with the first problem of her independence. That problem had to do with the means of getting to New York, and it was a minute and was inquiring for a lonely bride.

"Why, yes," huskily shouted the station-master. "A young person of that description has been found around here on the platform, and she's just getting on the down local." He reported the station-master, "She's with a girl, looking straight ahead with a blank face, and with black whiskers. He's helping her on the train."

A black Vandyked stranger! Ned almost recoiled. So that was why she had little black hair! "Stop them!" he yelled. But the "phone was dead. Stationmasters are busy people.

Ned looked at the bulletin-board. The New York express. It arrived in New York at the same time as the local. The first passenger train. That train was a four-wheel-faced young man, swinging a couple of pieces of white-ribboned luggage.

June, paying but little attention to the man, who had helped her, turned nearly into the car, a day coach, and viewed the interior with despair. In that coach there were only two passengers—a man and a woman, sitting together.

"Would you like to buy a watch?" invited June in her smallest voice as she confronted the rigid woman and held out a look of contempt.

"No," returned the woman without moving a muscle. Only her feathered waistband. The man cast at the merchant a look of contempt.

"It's a very nice watch," urged June. "It's a solid-gold case and I don't know how many jewels. I only need money enough to get to New York and hire a taxi. Then I must and some work." The black Vandyked man's eyes lighted. "I don't want it," observed the woman, looking straight ahead with the same blank face of contempt strayed from the merchandise to the vendor.

"Very well," nodded June, and a grain of rice fell from the brim of her little black hat and bounced in the rigid woman's lap.

The woman turned sharply, then she half-rose and looked at the top of the hat. There was more rice on it.

"Let me see that watch," she said. "I'll see if it's worth anything." The black Vandyked man's eyes lighted. "I don't want it," observed the woman, looking straight ahead with the same blank face of contempt strayed from the merchandise to the vendor.

"How much do you need for this?" "She wants about \$10, ma'am." This was from the pale-faced conductor, who was so broad and stuffy that he was an offence in narrow aisles, but his eyes were full of twinkles.

The rigidly snuffed the watch shut and turned to her husband. "Dan," it did not seem possible that her voice

could take on a wheedling tone, but it did. "I want \$10."

The man turned to her with cold disdain. He produced \$10 from a tight-bound wallet and instantly into June's mind there flashed that picture of her standing before Ned a piteous beggar!

The runaway bride took a seat by herself and was presently given the discomfort of knowing that the man was grumbling at the woman incessantly for having bought the watch. The black Vandyked man went over to them, and she saw him pay some money, and then he came back to June with the watch in his hand.

"Of course, you won't permit me to present you with this?" he pleaded. "If you care to send for it later, however, I will be very glad indeed to give you my card."

"Thank you," she accepted, and, taking the card, put it in her belt. "You are very kind."

It was not until they were nearing the station in New York that he spoke to her again.

"Pardon me," he said, bending over her. "If I can be of any service to you on your arrival I shall be very happy indeed."

There is nothing, thank you," she replied, smiling up at him. "You are very kind."

At that particular moment the New York express overtook the local and slowly forged ahead, and Ned Warner, peering feverishly into every passing window saw the suave, black Vandyked stranger bending gracefully over his wife, and June was smiling up at him. Then Ned, against his will, passed on.

The express, however, was delayed a moment, and the local pulled in ahead of it. Ned was the first passenger out with the woman which had suddenly grown up in her she could not make of her marriage with Ned the sacred relationship which she had held as her ideal. The black Vandyked man passed quite near her, gazing at her with a smile. She walked around him.

Where should she go? Home? She could see her father and mother paying her with question upon question, driving her to tears with their worried insistence and their utter lack of understanding. How could they understand a young girl who had grown up since their youth had passed? Not home, then.

"If not home, where then? As if from the setting sun the answer came to her. Her why question upon question, driving her to tears with their worried insistence and their utter lack of understanding. How could they understand a young girl who had grown up since their youth had passed? Not home, then.

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Stage Training Necessary For Movie Success?

Just Put Emotional Feeling Into Picture Says Pretty Beverly Bayne.

[By JOE WALTERS.]

Is it necessary to have training on the "legitimate" stage before breaking into the "movie" game? Actors say yes and no. Beverly Bayne, the popular favorite of the Essanay Company, who plays leads with Francis X. Bushman, declares that no theatrical training is necessary to make a successful "movie" star. She says that all that is necessary is to put emotional feeling into a picture. And Beverly Bayne should know. She has had no experience previous to the first time she stepped before a camera in a minor role and was "taken." From the first her success was almost phenomenal. Here has been an untold triumph, as her large following of "fans" prove.

Marguerite Snow is another popular actress who does not believe that a start must be made before the footlights. This winsome lady played the difficult role of the Countess Olga in "The Million Dollar Mystery," and her consistent work throughout the entire series of films, won for her instant recognition with the thousands of fans who followed the exciting career of Jim Moran and Florence Gray. She has served her reputation in parts requiring real dramatic ability, and from her first appearance scored a wonderful success. Miss Snow got into the movie business while visiting a studio one day as a spectator. The director was short a "super," and asked her if she would like to fill it. She did. Only after seeing her work, the director placed her name on the regular pay roll of the company.

On the other hand, Marc Maedermet, popular leading man with the Edison Company, declares that while the movies open up a wide field for a certain type of actor, there is nothing like the legitimate stage. Naturally he believes the motion pictures are a very wonderful thing, but he asserts that they do not offer the best opportunities for expression.

And what about George M. Anderson, better known as "Broncho Billy"? What does he think of the legitimate stage. The cowboy star says: "Not for mine. I prefer to sit in a real saddle, to dash over the roads, the fields, and down ravines at a breakneck pace on a real thoroughbred. Once when her opinion was asked he is quoted as saying: 'The legitimate stage? No, I never cared for it. In the movie business there is real action. If we want to wreck a train, we wreck it. We don't move a few pieces of scenery around and bang some boards together and depend on imagination in the seats in the audience to do the rest. No, sir. No matinee hero can run into a stage, slap imaginary dust from his clothes, and tell of a fast ride against time and inches, and get away with it in the movie game. It's action from the first click of the reel till the end of the film.'

Another star who is daily winning laurels, Anita Stewart, who has had more successful screen careers than any other, screen actress, and has been called the greatest natural actress in film land, by D. W. Griffith, one of the biggest directors in the business, has had no stage experience beyond several very minor parts when a small child. She is scarcely 19 now, but has played before the camera nearly six years, starting with the Biograph, and recently jumping to the Laaskys. After her tremendous success in "The Best-Known Man" and "The Escape," she would hardly consider an offer that would necessitate a change of field.

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And now for a knock. Lee Shubert, head of one of the greatest theatrical firms in the world, believes that actors of both sexes damage their commercial value by appearing on the screen. He declares that many of the best-known artists on the American stage have ruined their ranking and drawing power by so-called "starring" in picture productions.

PATRIOTISM and PRODUCTION

"Belgium as a producing factor is obliterated from the map. Britain, always unable to sustain itself, will have stronger needs. That beautiful section of France where a little more than a year ago I saw the countless stacks of golden grain is now scarred with the deep-dug trenches. Surely, surely there is need for all that we can do."

HON. MARTIN BURELL, Minister of Agriculture.

The Empire Needs Many Foods

The Empire asks Canada to increase the production of staple foods—not merely of wheat. Great Britain wants oats, corn, barley, peas, beans, potatoes, turnips, onions, meat, dairy products, poultry and eggs.

In the past Great Britain has imported immense quantities of these staple foods from Russia, France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria-Hungary as shown by the following:

Average Imports Years 1910-1913		Make Your Land Produce More		Average Possible	
Wheat	28,439,609 bush.	Millions of bushels rather than millions of acres should be Canada's aim. The fields already under cultivation should be made more productive. Keep in mind good seed and good cultivation.	Corn Ensilage	12	19
Oats	23,586,304 "		(Tons)	18	37
Barley	15,192,268 "		Beans	16	33
Corn	7,621,374 "		Potatoes	119	400
Peas	703,068 "		Turnips	421	1500
Beans	639,663 "		By "possible" is meant the actual results which have been obtained by our Experimental Farms and by many farmers. These "possibles" have been obtained under intensive cultivation methods and conditions not always possible on the average farm, yet they suggest the great possibilities of increased production. By greater care in the selection of seed, more thorough cultivation, fertilization, better drainage, the average could be raised by at least one-third. That in itself would add at least \$150,000,000 to the annual income of Canada from the farm. It would be a great service to the Empire, and this is the year in which to do it.		
Potatoes	4,721,590 "		Average Possible		
Onions	271,569 "		Fall Wheat	20	43
Meat	26,509,766 lbs.		Spring Wheat	18	38
Eggs	121,112,916 doz.		Barley	16	33
Butter and Cheese	91,765,233 lbs.		Oats	36	91
			Corn, Grain	70	200

Have You Attended Your District Conference?

If you have, you know that you heard once more the same old gospel of crop production. Have you talked over with your neighbour farmers the problems discussed at the Conference? If there are any questions on which you are at all doubtful write at once for information to the Canadian Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, or to your Provincial Department of Agriculture. They will be pleased to help you.

Increase Your Live Stock

Breeding stock are to-day Canada's most valuable asset. The one outstanding feature of the world's farming is that there will soon be a great shortage of meat supplies. Save your breeding stock. Plan to increase your live stock. Europe and the United States, as well as Canada, will pay higher prices for beef, mutton, and bacon in the very near future. Do not sacrifice now. Remember that live stock is the only basis for prosperous agriculture. You are farming, not speculating.

Make use of the Free Bulletins issued by the Canadian Department of Agriculture. They are mines of valuable information. The Government has nothing to sell and its reports are unbiased. There are special bulletins on wheat, oats, corn, barley, peas, beans, potatoes, turnips, onions and live stock. Send coupon below (no stamp on envelope necessary).

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Please send bulletins on wheat, oats, corn, barley, peas, beans, potatoes, turnips, onions and live stock (Mark out Bulletins you do NOT want.)

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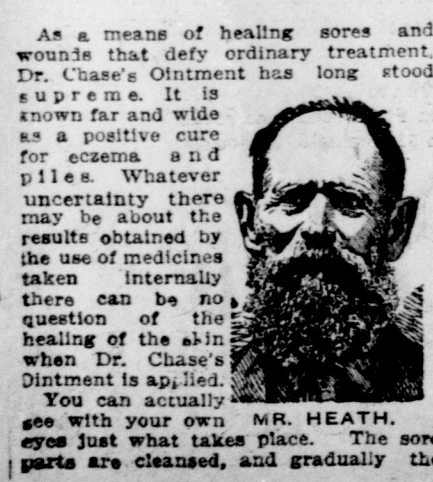
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Justice of Peace Praises Dr. Chase's Ointment

After Nine Years of Agony He Escaped an Operation by Using This Great Healing Agent.



As a means of healing sores and wounds that defy ordinary treatment, Dr. Chase's Ointment has long stood supreme. It is a simple, yet powerful, remedy for all kinds of skin ailments, from eczema and psoriasis to ulcers and burns. The ointment is made from natural ingredients and is known for its effectiveness in promoting healing and reducing pain.

new skin is formed and the sore becomes smaller and smaller, until it finally disappears. It is accomplished in a single night by the use of this great healing ointment. "Sir, writes: 'Nine years ago I was taken with an abscess, and cannot begin to describe what I have suffered from it. I have been to many doctors, both of whom said I would have to undergo an operation to be cured. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment, I have been able to avoid this. I cannot say enough in praise of this wonderful ointment which cured me after nine years of agony.'"

Dr. Chase's Ointment, etc a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.