### Comfort and Cure for Baby's Skin Troubles

Chase's Ointment Cured When Baby's Body Was Dr. Covered With Distressing Eczema.

Ointment for the chafing, shin irrita-

is doing in the way of bringing comfort to children who are so unfortunate as to contract eczema. It is so easy for this trouble to develop from challenge of the contract example to develop from challenge of the contract eczema as being the best treatment in the world for itching skin discovery. is doing in the way of bringing com-

Ointment as a cure for eczema. terrible disease. After trying all sorts mention this paper. Edmanson, Bate of oinments the disease continued to & Co., Limited, Toronto.

ry mother could try Dr. Chase's spread until it covered the entire body.

At for the chafing, shin irrita- When the itching became bad he would ointing of the chafing, shin irritation and resulting eczems which for tures to many belies. What a blessing it would be for the little ones.

This letter will give you an idea of what a wonderful work this lolatment is doing in the way of bringing compositions.

ment in the world for itching skin dising or irritation caused by the clothing and so difficult to get it cured,
that Dr. Chase's Ointment is appreciated when once its healing qualities are
known.

Mr. M. L. Duclos, Postmaster, Dug,
mayville, N. B., writes: "I believe it
is my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's

Ointment is for sale by
all dealers at 60 cents a box. It is a
good idea to keep it at hand along
with the bath soap to be used for
roughness of the skin, chaffing or irritation. Prevention is so much better
than cure. Powders clog the pores, but
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Dr. Chase's Ointment is for sale by
all dealers at 60 cents a box. It is a My Dr. Chase's Ointment cleanses was selzed with eczema and his pores and thereby keeps the skin soft and arms were covered with this and smooth. Sample box free if you

winege, where they raise vegetables for the market, of the neighboring town, and I let them want for nothing, All, they will love you dearly when know what you have done for

The painter smiled as he thought of the grateful affection of these poor people. "I shall not be a restraint upon them for long," he thought. "I will soon get a way. After a day spent in the village a guide can conent in the village a gund, for I do not me across the mountain, for I do the sea coast, not care to remain by the sea coast, in the low country. I want to see the consican in his rude state, the maquis and the brigands. If there are sketches to be made, they must be taken in the neighborhod of Bocognano, the holy land of the vendetta. I have twenty lois in my pocket-book, and in my portfolio a note of a thousand frances aved from the waves. That is more than I need to live a couple of nonth on in this primitive country in the midst of these people we have no wants. And when I have no more y I shall have my profession. I shall paint portraits, for a hundred sous a sitting—that will take me each to my youth.

The carriole, having crossed the bridge of San Pancrazio, rolled along me precipitous road between rows of century-old chestnuts. The sun was sinking below the horizon, reddening the mountain with his last rays. Agosting turned into a little path, along which he drove, whistling gany, like the blackbirds of his country. At the end of a few hundred yards he stopped before the wall of an enclosed piece of land, and jumped to the ground. A large dog, which had appeared at the sound, parking with a ferocious air rushed between the young man's legs, now barking joyfully. An old woman and a little girl made their appearance in the orchard, and ran to him with open arms. Agostino em-braced them with effusion, and then pushed them toward his preserver, telling them of his adventure, in the Corsican patois, with incredible volu-tility. Pierre, received with open arms by these people, overwhelmed with their gratitude, arawn into the whirlwind of their extravagant joy, licked by the dog, embraced by the mother and the children, soon found himself installed in the house, a very modest one, but exquisitely clean, seated at the family table, and experiencing a feeling of tranquil satisfaction to which he had been a stranger

for many months.

He retired early, thanking his hosts for their hospitality, rose late on the fellowing morning, visited the sur-roundings of the house, made the acquaintance of the brother-in-law of Agestino, who was a great hunter, and his sister, who was a notable house-wife, played with the little Marietta, who ever since the evening before had been watching him with her piercing black eyes, disclosing her white teeth in a smile, but showing rustic timidit

whenever she approached him.

Night came with surprising rapidity, without Pierre's having done anything more than live. Alone in his room, stretched on the fresh corn mattress, he smiled at himself.

"Here I am leading the innocent life of a shepherd," he said, "and re-solved to become a new man, morally and mentally. What would my comand mentally. What would my com-panions and friends say if they could see me indulging in these idyllic Greams? They would say that the Madonna, in whom evryone here believes so firmly, has visibly protected me. Pierre Laurier, my boy, you were on a bad road. By a miracle, you have

EATS CLEANS AND DISINFECTS

THIS LYE IS ABSOLUTELY DIFFERENT FROM THE IMPURE AND HIGHLY ADULT ERATED LYES NOW SOLD

been led to safety. Profit by the favor that Providence has shown your enjoy the years that are left you and turn them to account, work untrammeled, a thing to the present you little chance of doing. You

have been better treated than you de-serve. Be thankful for it."

He fell asleep in the midst of these sage reflections, and dreamed that he was painting a picture in which the evil genius had the fascinating and satanic features of Clemence Villa. and the good genius the angelic ones of Juliette de Vignes. Then on the canvas appeared the image of Jacques, with his blonde locks and his melaneyes. Clemence approached the sick man and speaking to him with animation, in a low voice, drew him toward her slowly, encircling him vith her arms. The young man grew paler, his glance became more melancholy, his lips more pallid then be-fore. Then the gaze of the painter wandered to Juliette, and he saw that she was oppressed with a mortal sadness. Her hands were joined together in the attitude of prayer, and it was not for her brother alone she praved Another name also was on her and Pierre divined that it was his. He would then have rushed to her to reassure and console her, but the arm of Jacques was interposed to prevent him, and these words fell from his

You have bequeathed to me your You belong no longer to your self. You have not the right to turn to life."

Then Pierre stopped, and gradually the picture vanished from his gaze and he saw only the little Marietta with her black locks flying wildly, who, in the pastures shaded by ancient trees, watched her goats. The night passed in these troubled dreams, but when he awoke Pierre recovered his calmness and set out for the chase with Agostino and his brother-in-law The days passed, and at the end of the week the sailor informed him that he must return to his vessel. He was to be away for three weeks, and counted on finding his preserver here on his return.

Pierre was already at home in the family of Agostino. These humble peasants showed for him a sincere affec tion, such as he had not often met with. As he was not more than half inclined to leave them he allowed himself to be persuaded to remain to paint the portrait of the little keeper, and in these peaceful

roundings, in the midst of the luxuri-ance of nature, his recovered insur-ation blossomed with a new grace and power. He worked every day until four o'clock, and in the eyening he joined the family circle, which was increased by the brother-in-law who came after dinner every day with his

The mayor of Torrevecchio, a violent Bonapartist, having learned that a painter was staying in the village, had ventured, accompanied by the cure of the parish, to go and request Pierre to restore the paintings on the walls of the church, which were the work of an Italian master and which were interesting, dating from Genoes occupation of the country. Laurier ha accepted the task and not content with retouching the defaced portions of the mural paintings of the little church, had undertaken the decoration of the chapel of the Virgin recently con-structed, Absorbed in his work, amus-ing himself with hunting and fishing, without a moment to spare, he had returned so completely to his old self that he now never thought of the past. It would have made him blush with shame if any one had reminded him that one summer night, when the breeze was laden with fragrance, and the soft murmur of the sea and splendor of the heavens bore wit to the harmony that reigned in the universe, a certain Pierre Laurier had contemplated killing himself, for the wicked eyes of a woman who made his life miserable. He would have shrugged his shoulders, lighted his pipe, and declared that there was only one thing in the world worth striving for—to get the values in a figure in the open air. And he looked over the top of his palette through his halfclosed eyes at little Marietta, who, seated on a chestnut-log in the garden, her feet resting on the green grass, her dog beside her, was posing for him, proud to be his model.

Agostino came back from his trip to Leghorn, but went away again a few days later. Pierre seemed to have accommodated himself to his new life and talked no more of leaving the country. He had sought at Bastia some necessary articles of furniture for the house, the arrival of which aroused the liveliest curiosity among the lagers. They could readily distinguish the difference of station between the painter and his hosts. The mayor and the cure had both declared that Pierre was a superior man. His manners showed him to be city-bred. His generosity would seem to indicate that he was rich. Who was he? Pierre was evidently only a Christian name. Was he trying to conceal his identity? And

if so, why?
The mayor, piqued by curiosity, proceeded quietly to investigate the mat ter. The prefect of Ajaccio had al-ready received a message from the subprefect of Bastia, to the effect that a nysterious visitor from the mainland lived in the house of a humble family of Torrevecchio, that he painted won-derful pictures on the walls of the church, and that although everything about him indicated him to be perfectly honorable, it would yet be interesting to find out who he was. The authorities, however, were less cere-monious. They simply sent a gen-d'arme to ask the stranger for his passport. Fortunately the gen-d'arme took it into his head to stop at the mayor's office on his way in order to tell the mayor the object of his mis-sion. The latter seeing that his intrigues were about to lead to an unjustifiable intrusion of the police on the privacy of one for whom he entertained particular consideration, took the gen-d'arme, who was not to blame in the matter, to task about it, and sent him back to town with a letter for the prefect, thus sparing Pierre who was quietly pursuing his work, suspecting nothing, a visit from the police. So that after all, Pierre's identity remained undiscovered.

Pierre had now been about two months at Torreecchio, hunting, fish-ing and painting, and he had finished, not only the portrait of Marietta and the painting in the church, but also two genre pictures, when one day, during his absence on a visit to the silver ing his absence on a visit to the silver It'd be a punk world without any famines of Cabor, a carriage coming thers, in it, she says, and fathers are from Bastia deposited at the inn of going to be scarcer than ever when Torrevecchio two travellers, accompanied by their servants, who called for breakfast. The innkeeper, being last a long while and be a real father asked as to what there was of interest to be seen in the country, mentioned she says. the paintings of the church, and the younger of the travellers, whom his grocer, "things are going to be chang-companion called "Doctor," went to ed some. I'm going to see more of my ook at them.
Pausing before the picture of the

Resurrection, which at once attracted his attention, he examined it with pro-found attention, and seeing the cure crossing the nave of the church, he

"You have here, Monsier le Cure, a very valuable work, by a French artist evidently, for the artist who painted this is assuredly not an Italian." "You are right, Monsieur," said the priest, "he is a Frenchman."

(To be Continued.)

KNOWS THEM, NOW.

Busy Man, While Ill, Grew Friends With Family.

"Well, I'm glad to see you back, aid the customer as he shook hands with the fai little customer. "Had a pretty bad siege, didn't you?"
"I did that," affirmed the customer.

"If anytedy asks me, I'll tell 'em having your appendix sliced off is no joke, and it costs a sight of money. But that spell in the hospital did done good to me tesides relieving me of my apperdix and my money. I found out some things I didn't knew before. I found out, for one thing, what a whoppin good partner I've got in this business. He's kept things running right, though he isn't much more than a youngster. My being away shows just what he's worth, and now I feel

can hake some changes that'll be It showed me what a bang-up good

Best of all, I had a chance to set Pills.

#### STARVATION OR **MERCILESS TORTURE**

A choice between starvation or mer-A choice between starvation of mer-ciless torture is the dismal prospect-before all victims of indigestion, for although they are a need of food to nourish the body, they are afraid to eat because of the long periods of pairs and discomfort that follow even the lightest of meals.

The urgent need of all who suffer

from indigestion is to gain strength so that the stomach can extract nourishment from the food taken. after eating is the way the stomach signifies its protest that it is too weak to do nature's work. To take purga-tives is only to aggravate the trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new strength to weak stomachs because they enrich and purify the blood supply, thus enabling the stemach to digest food naturally. Almost from the first the appetite revives; then food can be taken without pain and the burden of indigestion disappears. The following case proves the truth of these statements. Mr. W. H. Silver, a vell-known farmer living in the vicin ity of Hemford, N. S., says: "For up-wards of soven years I was tortured with indigestion; sometimes I was so ad that I would not taste a bit of hearty food, but would have to content myself with a bit of stale bread. At times I suffered excruciating pains in my stomach, and could hardly sleep at night. I tried various prescriptions but got no berefit from them and na turally I was in a very reduced st of health. I had come to believe that I was doomed for the balance of my life to this most constant tortura. when I read of a case similar to my own cured through the use of Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills. This gave me now courage and I decided to try them. To make a long story short, the use of the Pills for a couple of months com-pletely cured me. This is some two years ago, and I have had no return of the trouble, and am able to eat as

rearty a meal as anyone."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

equainted with my family. T've been a pretty busy man these

ast few years. A grocer's life, if he neans to get there, doe-n't allow of many rests. It's up at 5 a.m. or earlier the year through, and though when we're open to any old hour at night, there's plenty to do to keep a man thinking and figuring and fuse-"Wife and I couldn't take any holi-

lays together, and when came I felt I'd got to work that much harder, being so many more mouths to feed and money needed for educating them later on.

"Fact is, while I've been providing means for my family I've been actually neglecting them. The kids would be abed when I got up in the morning, and they'd be abed when I got home at night, and I never really got acquainted with 'em.

"But my wife brought 'em over to the hospital and introduced us to each other. Say, they're great kids! We other. Say, they're great kids! We found out a lot of new things about each other. There's two of 'em, you know, just 13 months apart.

GOVS. I've had the time of my life getting well from that operation. I guess I'd forgotten how to be a kid myself, but I'm getting educated all over. My wife she's been chumming more with me, too, and we've been talking things

over some.
"'Don't be so anxious about the money, Jack, she says to me. 'It isn't money that's so necessary—honest. My loys need their father more than they need money, and it isn't fair to ask a woman to bring up a couple of husky pounguns like that, all alone. this war is over, so you want to con-serve yourself, she says to me, 'and she says to me, 'and

"And so," concluded the fat little family and be a real father, and know ing I've got a real good partner in Billy shows me the way. I tell you Billy shows me the way. I tell you business ain't everything!"—E. K.

#### Message of Hope For All Women

Miss Mary Sabourin Tells How She Found Health.

Suffered For Three Years and Could Find no Lasting Relief Till She Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Thurso, Que., May 24th (Special) .-Tired, run-down women can read a message of hope in the statement of Miss Mary Sabourin, an estimable lady living here. In a statement to the public Miss Sabourin says:

"I was a sufferer for three years, I was a laways tired and persons. My

was always tired and nervous. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I was troubled with headaches and pains in my back. I had heart flutter-

ings to and to my anxiety.
"I was treated by a doctor and a specialist but nothing seemed to do me a.y lasting good till I started use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I t just three boxes of them." Pills and I took

Nine-tenths of women's

Americans of women's trounies come from sick Kidneys. Sick Kid-neys fail in their duty of straining the impurities out of the blood. That "It showed me what a bang-up good wife I've got. That little woman showed up at the hospital every day with the cheerfulest face and all the gossip of the neighborhood, and I never had a chance to get down in the mouth. She kept me chirped up. Not a word about home worries, though there must a been a-plenty."

"Best All in their daty of straining the impurities out of the blood. That means that poison and disease is carried to all parts of the body. The nemedy is to cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Phils. If you haven't used them ask your neighbor about them, Nearly every family in Conada is using or has used Dodd's Kidney." is using or has used Dodd's Kidney

## A GIFT OF A SOUL

Then Pierre, pouring some wine into his tin cup, raised it and said:

"To your health, my friends. all raised their cups and gravely repeated:

"To your health."
And after they had drunk some boiling hot coffee and some excellent rum, without wasting any more time at table they rose and each one set about his work. The day passed with incredible swiftness, and in the evening the cutter entered the port of Bastia. On the following morning, the Board of Health having given permission, the crew of the little vessel made ready to land. Agostino, following Pierre, made him sit beside him in the forepart of the boat. It seemed to him is if he wished to play the part of host and make him welcome to his country. He pointed out to him the various places of interest of the town; the Place St. Nicholas, which exercises the sear the Boule. which overlooks the sea; the Boulevard de la Traverse, a rich and popu-lous quarter, the convent of Saint Roch on the heights, the citadel, and the rains of the ancient donions, destroyed by the cannons and by fire during the wars against the Genoese. Framing in this amphitheatre of houses extending from the sea-shore half-way up the mountain, were gar-dens, green and flourishing, where the orange-trees and mimosas shod their exquisite perfumes Above the town the brushwood, the and dry vegetation, which covers the sides of all the mountains of Corsica, and constitutes what is called le maquis—broom, heather, junipers, mastic, and small fir-trees, that, finding on the rock hardly sufficient earth for their roots to cling to, offer an asylum which is almost impene trable to fame and to bandits. Or the sumits of the mountain are fine groves of beech-trees, the wealth of the country, plundered by the peasants, and destroyed by the shepherds,

All this Agostino told his preserver hile the boat sailed by the mole of the Dragon on its way to the quay. Arrived at the foot of the steps ley disembarked, and Pierre, a little dizzy found himself once more on terra firma. He still wore his coat, his coarse woolen trousers and his coarse shoes. He had left behind water, and brought with him only his money and his wateh. On the quay he looked at himself in the window of a tavern, and with the bandage covering his forchead, he fancied he had the air of a genuine brigand. He seized Agostino by the arm and stop-

who burn them to make pasture land.

ped him. Where are we going at such a

he said. "To breakfast in the first place," while we are waiting for other goods "Well, then, come breakfast with last time with his companions of a c. Afterward you will show me day.

Toward midday he left the vessel,

the way to an inn." village bling voice.

have forgotten that I promised the captain to repaint his Saint Laurent What is promised must be the read

You are right," said Agostino, and among little and green caks, and the climater of the control of the control of the control of the climater of the climater

The whole of to-morrow mornso that to-morrow evening you will be ready to accompany me 'Yes, certainly."

Very well, it is settled then "Very well, it is settled then "
They soon reached the inn of Santa Marin, where Agostino was held in high favor on account of the excellent viands, smuggled from Greece and Italy, which he brought there every like a school boy enjoying his vaca-

tiny, which he brought there every month.

Installed in a room on the ground those Pierro was able, for the first time in three days, to examine his situation and reflect upon his future course. On the one hand he experience of a profound diagnost at the tracest of returning to France. On the other has was loaded to make annoy-mother and youngest sister live in a

The others nodded approvingly, | ance to Agostino. Everything, then, conspired to keep him where he was, and then the charm of this wonderful country exercised its spell over him Everything around him allured him the scenery, savage and attractive at the same time, the curious customs of the people, and, finally, the fact of his being unknown, which allowed him live at ease among the peasontry so interesting a subject for study in this country, where the beggars have the haughty airs of grand seigneurs. All that Merimee had written about it recurred to his mind—the poetic fig-ure of the wild Colombe, the ferecious hatred of the Barleini; and it seemed as if time had gone back two centuries, in this islan l, divided now as of old by the animosities of its rival par ties, and agitated by the sanguinary memories of vendettas.

He stent the afternoon wandering though the streets of the town alone for Agostino, with great discretion, had left him to himself. He did not feel a moment's ennui. The coming and going of the inhabitants, grave The coming and reserved, the picturesque dress of the peasants who had come in to market almost all armed with guns, the sombre garments of the women, with their black mezzaro headdresses, looking as if they were all in mourning enchanted him.

He entered a tailor's shop and ought a complete suit of brown velvet, resembling the costume of a Cala brian brigano, for he could not de-cently continue to wear his coat, his sailor trousers and his coarse shoes At a paint shop in La Traverse bought a box of paints and a brushes of various sizes. And And his mind now at rest as to the manner in which he should employ his time in the native land of Bonaparte, he re traced his steps to the inn. with Agostino, made the tour of the o'clock and slept a dreamless sleep.

window awoke him. He jumped out taking his box under his arm, he set out for the cutter. A boat, for a few sous, transported him to the little vessel, moored last by its two anchors, and at the side of which a rude plank, attached by two cords to the bowsprit. termed a sort of swing in front of the image of the Saint-the patron of the vessel.

Guided by the captain and assisted to his place by the crew, Pierra at once set himself to his work. While he was painting the jude image of carved wood, the two sailors supporting themselves by the rigging, watch-

ed him admiringly.
Under his touch the colors glowed, the face assumed a lifelike expression, and the extended arm seemed to com-mane the waves. At ten, the work said the young man, "and then to our village. We have a week's holidays with a new feeling of respect inspired by his skill, he breakfasted for the

"Won't you come with me to our necompanied by all the crew, and aflage?" said Agostino, in a trem-ter shaking hands with those to me voice. "I had promised myself who he owed more than life, he to make my mother kiss you." | mounted with Agostino a sort of cur"I would go with you very willing"Is aid Pierre, laughing, "but you starting off at a quick pace they soon mounted with Agostino a sort of curleft Bastia behind them

From the town hall of the village the read winds through enclosures planted with viires, along olive groves and among little woods of eucalyotus and green caks. The soil is sandy and the climate extremely mild. Streams, descending from the mountains, spread themselves through the carth, forming marshes covered with rose bashes, and proud green mearlow-land over which fix flocks of ducks. "Yes, certainly."
"Then I will wait for you. Mean-time I shall go and engage the carritime I shall go



# Everybody

EATS City Dairy Ice Cream, (when they can get it). Hundreds of Discriminating Druggists and Shopkeepers all over Ontario appreciate its universal popularity and have secured an agency for it.

CITY DAIRY ICE CREAM is the one universal summer confection—it delights the entire human family from infancy to old age—and best of all. City Dairy Ice Cream is a highly digestible food.

For Sale by discriminating shopkeepers everywhe

