

# NO REST FOR TERRIBLE ITCH

**Oil of Wintergreen Compound Made His Skin as Pure as Ever.**

Mr. James Lulloch, of Iron Bridge, Ont., considers the D. D. D. Prescription of oil of wintergreen, thymol, glycerine, etc., a wonderful cure for skin troubles. He has good reason to think so, too, according to his letter of Mar. 27, 1909.

"I have suffered for years," he says, "with eczema, and now, through using two bottles of your wonderful cure, my skin is as pure as it ever was."

"My face was so bad I could not see. I could not sleep. I could not rest at all for the terrible itch."

"Thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am cured."

As eczema is a germ disease, and as the germs are right in the skin, blood medicines will not cure it. The only effective way is to treat the itch where the itch is. D. D. D. Prescription penetrates the pores of the skin, kills the germs which cause the eczema, gives instant relief from the awful itch, and permanently cures.

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ere look, proceeded to her own snug apartment, followed by the crone, whom she seated in her easiest chair and proceeded to refresh with a glass of cognac, which was swallowed with much relish and wiping of lips, accompanied by a little artificial cough. Dame Tremblay kept a carafe of it in her room to raise the temperature of her low spirits and vapors to summer heat—not that she drank, far from it, but she liked to sip a little for her stomach's sake.

"It is only a thinkable I take now and then," she said. "When I was the Charming Josephine I used to kiss the cups I presented to the young gallants, and I took no more than a fly! but they always drank bumpers from the cup I kissed!" The old dame looked grave as she shook her head and remarked, "But we cannot be always young and handsome, can we, Mere Malheur?"

"No, dame, but we can be jolly and fat, and that is what we are! You don't quaff life by thimblefuls, and you only want a stout offer to show the world that you can trip as briskly to church yet as any girl in New France!"

The humor of the old crone convulsed Dame Tremblay with laughter,

as if some invisible fingers were tickling her wildly under the armpits.

She composed herself at last, and drawing her chair close to that of Mere Malheur, looked her inquiringly in the face and asked, "What is the news?"

Dame Tremblay was endowed with more than the ordinary curiosity of her sex. She knew more news of city and country than anyone else, and she dispensed it as freely as she gathered. She never let her stock of gossip run low, and never allowed man or woman to come to speak with her without pumping them dry of all they knew. A secret in anybody's possession set her wild to possess it, and she gave no rest to her inordinate curiosity until she had fished it out of even the mud-diast waters.

The mystery that hung around Caroline was a source of perpetual irritation to the nerves of Dame Tremblay. She had tried as far as she dared by hint and suggestion to draw from the lady some reference to her name and family, but in vain. Caroline would avow nothing, and Dame Tremblay, completely baffled by a failure of ordinary means to find out the secret, bethought herself of her old resource in case of perplexity, Mere Malheur.

For several days she had been brooding over this mode of satisfying her curiosity, when the unexpected visit of Mere Malheur set aside all further hesitation about disobeying the Intendant's orders not to inquire or allow any other person to make inquisition respecting Caroline.

"Mere Malheur, you feel comfortable now!" said she. "That glass of cognac has given you a color like a peony!"

"Yes, I am very comfortable now, dame! your cognac is heavenly; it warms without burning. That glass is the best news I have to tell of today!"

"Nay, but there is always something stirring in the city; somebody born, married, or dead; somebody courted, won, lost, or undone; somebody's name up, somebody's reputation down! Tell me all you know, Mere Malheur! and then I will tell you something that will make you glad you came to Beaumanoir today. Take another sip of cognac and begin!"

"Ay, dame, that is indeed a temptation!" She took two deep sips, and holding her glass in her hand, began with loose tongue to relate the current gossip of the city, which was already known to Dame Tremblay; but an ill-natured version of it from the lips of her visitor seemed to give it a fresh seasoning and a relish which it had not previously possessed.

"Now, Mere Malheur! I have a secret to tell you," said Dame Tremblay, in a low, confidential tone, "a dead secret, mind you, which you had better be burnt than reveal. There is a lady, a real lady if I ever saw one, living in the Chateau here in the greatest privacy. I and the Intendant only see her. She is beautiful and full of sorrow as the picture of the blessed Madonna. What she is, I may guess, but who she is, I cannot conjecture, and would give my little finger to know!"

"Tut, dame!" replied Mere Malheur, with a touch of confidence. "I will not believe any woman could keep a secret from you! But this is news, indeed, you tell me! A lady in concealment here, and you say you cannot find her out, Dame Tremblay!"

"In truth, I cannot; I have tried every artifice, but she passes all my wit and skill. If she were a man, I would have drawn her very teeth out with less difficulty than I have tried to extract the name of this lady. When I was the Charming Josephine of Lake Beauport, I could wind men like a thread around which finger I liked; but this is a tangled knot which drives me to despair to unravel it."

"What do you know about her, dame? Tell me all you suspect!" said Mere Malheur.

"Truly," replied the dame, without

the least asperity, "I suspect the poor thing, like the rest of us, is no better than she should be; and the Intendant knows it, and Mademoiselle des Meloises knows it, too; and, to judge by her constant prayers and penitence, she knows it herself but too well, and will not say it to me!"

"Ay, dame! but this is great news you tell me!" replied Mere Malheur, eagerly clutching at the opportunity thus offered for the desired interview. "But what help do you expect from me in this matter?" Mere Malheur looked very expectant at her friend, who continued, "I want you to see that lady, under promise of secrecy, mark you!—and look at her hands, and tell me who and what she is."

Dame Tremblay had an unlimited faith in the superstitions of her age.

"I will do all you wish, dame, but you must allow me to see her alone," replied the crone, who felt she was thus opening the door to La Corribeau.

"To be sure I will—that is, if she will consent to be seen, for she has in some things a spirit of her own! I am afraid to push her too closely! The mystery of her is taking the flesh off my bones, and I can only get sleep by taking strong possets, Mere Malheur! Feel my elbow! Feel my knee! I have not had so sharp an elbow or knee since Goodman Tremblay died! And he said I had the sharpest elbow and knee in the city! But I had to punch him sometimes to keep him in order! But set that horrid cap straight, Mere Malheur, while I go ask her if she would like to have her fortune told. She is not a woman if she would not like to know her fortune, for she is in despair, I think, with all the world; and when a woman is in despair, as I know by my own experience, she will jump at any chance for spite, if not for love, as I did when I took the Sieur Tremblay by your advice, Mere Malheur!"

Dame Tremblay left the old crone making hideous faces in a mirror. She rubbed her cheeks and mouth with the corner of her apron as she proceeded to the door of Caroline's apartment. She knocked gently, and a low, soft voice bade her enter.

Caroline was seated on a chair by the window, knitting her sad thoughts into a piece of work which she occasionally lifted from her lap with a sudden start, as something broke the train of her reflections.

She was weighing over and over in her thoughts, like gold in a scale, by grains and pennyweights, a few kind words lately spoken to her by Bigot when he ran in to bid her adieu before departing on his journey to Trois Rivières. They seemed a treasure inexhaustible as she kept on repeating them to herself. The pressure of his hand had been warmer, the tone of his voice softer, the glance of his eye more kind, and he looked pityingly, she thought, upon her wan face when he left her in the gallery, and with a cheery voice and a kiss bade her to take care of her health and win back the lost roses of Acadia.

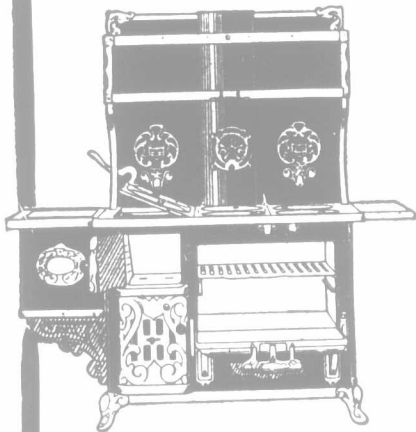
These words passed through her mind with unceasing repetition, and a white border of light was visible on the edge of the dark cloud which hung over her. "The roses of Acadia will never bloom again," thought she, sadly. "I have watered them with salt tears too long, and all in vain. O Bigot, I fear it is too late, too late!" Still, his last look and last words reflected a faint ray of hope and joy upon her pallid countenance.

Dame Tremblay entered the apartment, and while busying herself on pretence of setting it in order, talked in her garrulous way of the little incidents of daily life in the Chateau, and finished by a mention, as if it were casual, of the arrival of the wise woman of the city, who knew everything, who could interpret dreams, and tell, by looking in a glass or in your hand, things past, present, and to come.

(To be continued.)

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