

ECZEMA

NEARLY all forms of itching skin diseases come under the common heading of eczema. A vesicle, or small water pimple appears. This breaks and exudes a sticky substance which hardens and forms a crust. As this is accompanied by intense itching the suffering is often very keen, and the temptation to scratch the irritated skin is almost irresistible.

By using Dr. Chase's Ointment you can avoid scratching and unnecessarily irritating the diseased parts. This ointment thoroughly cleanses the sores, keeps them antiseptic, and sets up the process of healing. In obstinate cases a little patience is necessary, but you can rest assured that no treatment is so certain to effect a complete cure.

Mr. J. E. Jones, 228 University Ave., Kingston, Ont., writes:—"I had eczema on my hand for about five years. I tried a great many remedies, but found that while some of them checked it, finally I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in six weeks my hand was completely better. I would not do without a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment in the house if it cost \$2.00 a box."

The old idea that eczema was a disease of the blood has been exploded, because it was impossible to effect a cure by means of internal medicines. The treatment must be applied locally to the diseased parts, and there has yet to be discovered anything to rival Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

60 a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Refuse to accept substitutes and buy of the druggist who hands out what you ask for. Trade supplied by GERALD S. DOYLE, 309 Water Street, St. John's, Agent for Nfld. Send for price list and free samples.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XLII.

An eager light came into the sick man's eyes, his lips moved, he turned to Malda.

"You will?" he said, with unfeigned joy. "But not a small part of it—all of it—I'll only take just enough to live on. Perhaps—perhaps for your father's sake you'll let me come and see you—not to be a trouble—not often—"

The tears almost blinded Malda. "You shall share it with us," she said. "You shall be with us always; otherwise I will not consent—you'll let me take care of you—as daughters to you—"

His face flushed and his eyes closed for a moment; then he opened them again and to them all it seemed as if a new life were dawning in the pale blue orbs.

"It's worth living for," he said. "Ah, yes, yes," said Malda, with tender eagerness; "you must live, you must get better soon, for our sakes."

He nodded, then his eyes sought Heroncourt's, and he looked troubled and uncertain; but presently he said, with startling clearness:

"I remember now! It's all come back to me! It's about the marriage. Yes; it's all come back! I wanted to ask you, to hear from your own lips—tell me, tell him, Miss Malda, whether you were married to that man Brosely, out there at Malda Wolda. That's what I wanted to ask you!"

At his words, the colour left Malda's face, her eyes opened widely, and she shuddered; but though she avoided looking at Heroncourt, she knew that his face had gone white, that he was gazing at her with anxious, stern enquiry.

"No, no!" she panted. "I am not married to him. He wanted—he lured me to the hut—but Carrie came—Oh, no, no!" she shuddered.

"I knew he lied," said Purely, with something like his old drawl. "He was a bad lot. I really ought to have shot him; it was my duty. But she's yours still, my lord."

One Sure, Quick, Safe Tonic is better than all the Patent Medicine You Can Buy

This is what Zoetic has to offer weak, anemic, nervous, run-down people—and this is the new health Zoetic will bring to every man, woman or child whose cheerless days and sleepless nights have brought to a state of physical weakness or nervous breakdown.

Only such a tonic as Zoetic, the great health tonic will revive loss of vitality, strengthen the nerves, restore health and strength by means of this scientific nourishment.

Zoetic, not unlike Hypnos—the God of Sleep—whose help Asclepius, the health-giver always invoked in working his miraculous cures. No—this is not both, not at all. For if Zoetic is taken regularly and according to directions you will be assured sound, restful sleep—feel well—eat well—look well—and rise in the morning refreshed and vigorous, ready for a good day's work.

LOGGIE PARSONS & CO., The Foy Bldg., Toronto, Distributors for Canada.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Clark, for your unsolicited testimonial to my appearance. And may one ask: why Australia?"

"Why, because you were there, of course!" responded Ricky ingenuously. "What else do you suppose I went for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Carrie, with too elaborate an indifference. "Some men go there to seek their fortune."

"Do they?" he retorted. "Well, I went there to seek the girl I love. She's fortune enough for me. And directly I got there, lo and behold, you'd taken flight—and so I came back, of course."

"And, lo and behold, I see!" said Carrie. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, spending your time on such a goose chase?"

He burst into a laugh. "Mind I can't call you a goose," he said.

She bit her lip and stared at him with mock resentment and hauteur; but Ricky had passed from boyhood to manhood—had he not been to Australia and back?—and was not to be put off by this play-acting. He went to her and put his arm round her waist and kissed her, as he had done that night at Coleridge Street. Carrie raised her hand—but perhaps she remembered that her hair was up and she was a woman now; for her hand fell; he got hold of it, and presently, somehow or other, he was kneeling beside her, and her arms were round his neck.

"Now, I am happy at last!" remarked Ricky, with a long-drawn sigh of perfect contentment. "But I say, Carrie," he said, with sudden gravity, and shaking his head seriously, "it's playing it rather low down on you. It's like asking you to be a mendicant bride; for I'm terribly hard up; but perhaps I could go out to Australia again; there are always opportunities there for a young man of exceptional talent and flourishing muscle."

"Oh, no, you don't," said Carrie, emphatically. "I've taken a dislike to Australia, beautiful as it is—that is, for engaged young men."

"You see, I've left Spinnars," he explained; "but I'm sure you won't mind marrying a poor man, Carrie, even if you have to make an intimate and prolonged acquaintance with cold mutton."

"I like cold mutton," said Carrie. (To Be Continued.)

The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR —

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER I.

She is a slight, thin, little woman, with a pale, plaintive face, and a deprecatory manner; the sort of woman who dislikes changes, and whose sole amusement in life is fancy needle work and the collection of old china. That such a woman should be fated to play the part of chaperon to a high-spirited girl like Dulcie Dorrimore is one of those odd arrangements which Fate is known to take a delight in.

"Dul—sie! Oh, my dear, are you quite deaf? I am perfectly hoarse calling you, and she puts a thin, white little hand on the girl's graceful, square-set shoulders.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, aunt! Were you calling me? No, not deaf, but one can't hear one's self think in this din. Isn't it delightful? How you can sit inside there with this—"

and she waves an eloquent hand—"going on just outside, amazes me. Look! do look! Isn't it wonderful, isn't it glorious? Can you imagine that it is really real, that it isn't a scene out of an opera ballet at the theatre? "This is real! It is Rome! It is the carnival, and you are here in the midst of it, to keep my sense of reality awake and existent. Look!"

Mrs. Fermor does look; shrinkingly, nervously she just peers over the edge of the wide balustrade, and then draws back with a little shiver. "What a dreadful crowd! and the noise; it makes my head ache. How can you stand here, so near and—"

At this moment a handsome Italian dressed as a page of the middle ages, passes, or not passes, but stops and smiles up boldly at the beautiful face above him, and with a true Italian grace throws a rose with such unerring aim, that it strikes softly against the girl's breast.

Mrs. Fermor shrinks back with an exclamation. "Dulcie! you really must come in; they can see you!"

"See me! Of course they can!" retorts the girl, laughing, and pushing the rose over with the toe of her dainty, white-satin shoe.

"But—but"—remonstrates poor Mrs. Fermor. "You really mustn't, Dulcie—you mustn't, indeed! Suppose any one—any of the visitors, any of the English—should see you; all sorts of people are out this evening, you know. And—and—at least you must put on that hideous and absurd mask!"

The girl laughs. "You are right, it is a hideous and absurd little thing. I had forgotten it. After all, what does it matter? What harm am I doing up here, just looking on. Now, if I were down there in the crowd," and she sighs, longingly.

"Down there amongst—my dear Dulcie!"

"Well, I'm not, I said if I were, it would be different. What harm does it do me for a man to throw a rose? It was a graceful jest! When one is in Rome, one must do as Rome does. This is no Hastings, aunt."

"I wish it were!" retorts Mrs. Fermor, with a mild groan.

"I know you do, dear," assents the girl, in her clear, mellow voice. "I know you'd rather be sitting on those awful wooden seats by St. Leonard's, looking at the tide coming in or the tide going out, and listening to that dreadful band; and so you shall presently, but for a little while—ah, only a little while—I must have my way. It is my reward for many a month of weary boredom."

"Dulcie, I wish you wouldn't talk so strangely," remonstrates the elder lady. "And if you really won't come in—"

"I really won't, dear," laughs the girl. "I mean staying here until the very last of the show is over. In indeed, I never was so happy except at my first ball, and I shall never probably be half so happy again."

"Then, at least, do draw that ridiculous cloak around you and keep that mask on," entreats Mrs. Fermor, and she retreats, halting at the open window to ask, plaintively, "Shall I send you out a cup of tea?"

"Tea!" ejaculated the girl, with good tempered derision. "Tea me no teas, aunt! Say rather a glass of champagne or Tuscany"—but at this Mrs. Fermor disappears and seeks comfort in the recess of the couch and the pages of the last milk-and-water three volume fiction which the English library supplies to its patronesses.

And the girl stays, her brilliant, deep-set eyes never wearying of the pageant, her eyes never for a moment tired of the ceaseless laughter and resonant music.

But she is mindful of her aunt's injunction, and does keep the cloak round her slim figure and the little mask before her eyes; but for all that the passer-by glance up, and a flower or a shower of sweets ascends to the balcony and falls at her feet. Every now and then the distinctly defined figure of an English tourist appears in the crowd, and these, when they occur, never fail to look up, for the girl's nationality is unmistakable; and presently one of these stops and with something like a struggle manages to stem the tide of rushing, laughing revelers, and holding his place in the stream lifts his hat.

(To Be Continued.)

The Gas Range!

The Gas Range means comfort for the housewife; shorter kitchen hours for her, and a cleaner kitchen. It is a great mistake to think that cooking with gas is expensive.

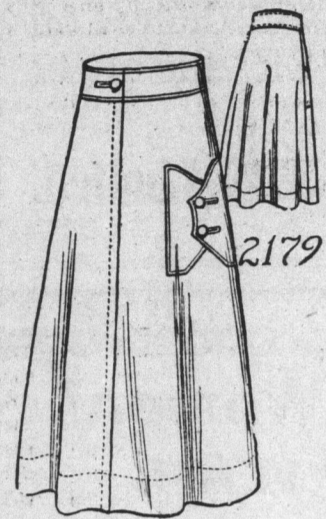
Whenever a woman becomes used to gas for cooking, thoughts of a coal or wood stove fill her with gloom. A Gas Range is so much easier to operate, so efficient for all kinds of cooking, and so much cleaner, that the idea of going back to the old style methods is decidedly unpleasant. Yet in winter many housewives think they must use a coal or wood stove, because there is no other way of heating the kitchen. THERE IS ANOTHER WAY AND IT IS FAR BETTER THAN THE OLD. THE CLOW GAS STEAM RADIATOR WAY. may23.1

Mrs. Fermor shrinks back with an exclamation. "Dulcie! you really must come in; they can see you!" "See me! Of course they can!" retorts the girl, laughing, and pushing the rose over with the toe of her dainty, white-satin shoe. "But—but"—remonstrates poor Mrs. Fermor. "You really mustn't, Dulcie—you mustn't, indeed! Suppose any one—any of the visitors, any of the English—should see you; all sorts of people are out this evening, you know. And—and—at least you must put on that hideous and absurd mask!"

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SIMPLE SKIRT.



2179—This style is good for satin, silk, velvet, serge and other wooleens. The pocket may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART AND PRACTICAL MODEL.



1277—Ladies' Apron.

This style is especially nice for gingham, percale, alpaca and brilliantine. The front is cut in panel shape, to form deep pocket sections over the side fronts. The Pattern is in 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 7/8 yard of 38-inch material for a 38-inch size.

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Tried and proven for half a century, is now open for your inspection at

SMYTH'S.

They fit like old ones.

The Evening Telegram is The People's Paper.

The Motor

Editor Evening Telegram— Sir,—You in your capacity of the People's Paper, have done a great favour by continuing to run this motor news column. There are persons running to-day that in any other paper would have completely disappeared. I have lost their heads because of this war began, and although the letters have been written and read in the press, little has been paid to them. I would like to know if the police will allow a car is breaking the law. It is allowed by law. It is means of proving that each guilty of overspeeding. They are feeling pretty badly about this matter and it will be a matter when they take their own hands and inflict what the drivers. You can see that it is a thing that should happen any night. I would like to prevent any trouble like that way. It lies with the people. And if they fail to do that, people they will have to blame. Waterford Bridge, the Bay Bulls Road that will be sooner or later that will be one to sit up and take notice. Speeding is kept up. Morris to protect us and without delay. Surely it is to remain inactive and the tants murdered before we leave it with him to take care of and to do so in the people are indignant. They are treated and do not care up with it. Now is the time to avert serious trouble. We are fooling in dealing with this menace, and if you do not intend to protect us, do not blame us if we take matters into our own hands. I do not intend to protect us, but I do not intend to protect us, but I do not intend to protect us, but I do not intend to protect us. Yours truly, ONE OF THEM.

Garden

AT WILLESB. B. Several hundred people on the eve of the 1 p.m. excursion party to Willes Bay. The party, promoted by Rev. P. P. was held and proved successful. Weather was beautiful and the attendance was unusually large. The church purposes were carried out from town returned this

At the Cre

Tom Mix, the favourite or, and Bessie Elyton the great Diamond spectacle "Twisted Trails" at the Theatre Palace to-day, a copy of the woods and the trees in three reels. The play presents a clever and "The Left Hand Man" a tagraph Company a rich dolence and insurance agent is the best Police great week opening show.

CADETS VISITED —About forty members spent the week end at Cove by motor Saturday.

And the W

