

# D. D. D. for Eczema

**The Standard Remedy**  
with thousands of endorsements from all over Canada to recommend it

A trial bottle only is required to stop the pain—the sleepless nights—the agony of itching.

We publish just one letter that tells the story in a few words. It was written by Mr. J. W. Corcoran, 33 Melbourne Ave., Toronto, one of the prominent business men of that city. A letter from you would fetch him. He has been a sufferer for two years with eczema on the legs and ankles. I used three or four different doctors. I went to a skin specialist. All of no use. I used one bottle of D. D. D.—that is all. Today I am perfectly well.

D. D. D. is a soothing, cooling fluid directly applied to the skin. This powerful agent instantly acts on the inflamed and tortured cells. The itching disappears at once. The pain is soothed. Under continued treatment the rough unsightly surfaces assume the healthy normal look you have perhaps not known for years.

Perhaps there is someone in your home who is suffering with some skin disease, a mild case of rash, a chronic eczema of long standing. Perhaps you have a friend, know a growing child, a tiny baby, who have tried other ways of relief without success.

Why not try D. D. D.? Thousands of people in every walk of life have used it. It gives results in the worst cases, yet is mild enough to use on infants' tender skins.

A trial bottle will prove to you that D. D. D. is the REAL REMEDY, YOUR REMEDY. Do not make the mistake of neglecting to try this great medical discovery.

D. D. D. and D. D. D. Soap for sale at all druggists.

**Mail the Coupon Today!**

D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. T.R. 37 Lyall Ave., Toronto  
Get them! Please send me absolutely free a trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. Enclosed find ten cents for postage and packing.

## LADY LAURA'S RELEASE

### THE STORY OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"You know, my dear," continued her ladyship, "that I am still young—hardly more than thirty-five—and everyone says that I look quite ten years younger—that I have the prospect of a long life before me; and if I find some one who loves me, and who will make the remainder of my life happier than it is, why should I not marry again, if I choose?"

She started back the next moment in real alarm, for Angela had sprung from the ground, and stood before her with flashing eyes and burning face.

"Why should you not marry again?" she cried. "Oh, mamma, how can you ask such a question? You are my father's wife!"

"I am your father's widow, Angel," corrected Lady Rooden.

Withering scorn flashed from the girl's eye.

"There is no difference!" she cried. "You told me yourself that my father had but gone before you. You said he would love us just the same. You told me that the boundaries which separated us were very narrow. You told me that love, true love, began in time and lived in eternity. Oh, mother, mother," she continued, wildly, "what will you say to my father when you meet him as another man's wife? It is horrible to think of!"

"You speak too strongly, Angel," said Lady Rooden, in a trembling voice.

"I do not—I could not! Oh, mam-

ma, forgive me, but it seems to me shameful! You, whom my father loved; you, with whom he left his heart! If you had died first, my father would never have married again; he would have cherished your memory until death. How, then, knowing this, can you love another man? You have the right to please yourself; but I repeat that it is shameful! It seems to me that it is a sin for my father's wife to marry another man!"

"But, Angel," urged Lady Rooden, "you could not expect that I should live all the rest of my life alone?"

"You are not alone, mamma; you have me with you."

"But you will marry some day, Angel, and then I should be alone."

"We need never be parted, mamma, darling, even if I do marry; and, if you will give up this horrible marriage, I will promise you most solemnly never to leave you while I live."

"That is all nonsense, Angel. You must marry, just as other girls do. Be reasonable, my dear, and we shall all be happy. I am sure that in time you will learn to like Captain Wynyard."

The name gave a new turn to Angela's thoughts. Hitherto she had realized nothing but the horror of the fact that her mother cared for another man; now, she remembered who that man himself was, how from the first she had always mistrusted and disliked him. She sunk upon the ground at her mother's feet.

"Oh, mother," she sobbed, "it is like a hideous dream to me that you are going to put the man I dislike above all others in my father's place!"

"You will learn to like him in time," said Lady Rooden; "no one could help it."

But the scorn that flashed in her daughter's face was like a flame that scorched her.

"I like him," she cried, "when every honest impulse of my heart is against him. Never! The more I know of him the more I shall dislike and mistrust him. Oh, mother, you are so sensible in everything else! You choose your friends, your servants, wisely; how is it you make such a terrible mistake in choosing a husband? Why does not your instinct, which is keen and true, rise against the man?"

"Hush, Angel—you are going too far!" said Lady Rooden. "You forget that I love him."

"Love him! Oh, mother, how can you love one who is ignoble, who has nothing but a handsome face—and even that is spoiled by a selfish and cruel expression!"

"The world does not say so," answered Lady Rooden; "the captain is generally admitted to be one of the handsomest men in town."

"By people who do not look beneath the surface," cried Angela, "not by those who know how to read character, not by those who have keen observation. True, the face is handsome; but the character written upon it is that of a vain, selfish, cruel man. Oh, mother, darling, if you will marry again, if one love in a lifetime is not sufficient, choose wisely! Choose a man who in some degree resembles my father, one who is noble and good; choose with your

judgment, darling, and not with your eyes."

"Hush, Angel—you forget yourself. I am sorry my choice does not please you; but it pleases me, and that is the most important point to be considered. It is useless to discuss the matter in this spirit, as the time for the marriage is already settled."

Another cry of pain and distress escaped from the girl's lips.

"Settled, mamma! Do not say that! Oh, mother, by the love you bore my dead father, pause and think! How can I reach your heart? How can I make you read aright the character of the man whom you have idealized? You do not see him as he is, but as you believe and wish him to be. He is no hero, mother, he is cruel by nature—he is vain and full of self-love. Oh, mother, my darling, you have known the love of a noble man! You have been cherished and beloved by one of the worthiest men that ever lived, you have borne the name and shared the fortunes of one of the dearest and best of men; how can you put this other man in his place, all unworthy as he is to fill it? If it were any one else," cried Angela, wringing her hands with a gesture of bitter despair—"if it were but any other man we know! Mamma, darling, the first moment I saw his face I disliked him, and I had a foreboding of coming evil that deepened each time I saw him; but I never dreamed that it would come to me in this shape. It seems hard and cruel for me to say it, but, mother, darling, as surely as sun and moon shine you will repent this foolish step. As surely as now you disbelieve me, so surely the time will come when you will cry to me for help in your distress. I foretell it!"

"Mother," she added, earnestly, "I am certain that he loves Gladys Rane. I saw love in his face when he looked at her."

"And I, my dear Angel, am equally sure he does not. I asked him, and he told me so. He denied it most positively. He has been the spoiled darling of London society for many years, and I am, he assured me, the first woman he has ever loved."

"And you believe him?" asked the girl, who seemed suddenly to have grown so much older than her mother.

"Certainly I believe him, Angel. If he loves Gladys Rane, why should he not marry her?"

"Because she may not have money enough to tempt him," was the scornful answer. "Mother," continued the girl, "as surely as the sun shines in the heavens you will repent it! If words or prayers of mine could but move you!"

"They cannot, Angel," said Lady Rooden, serenely; "my mind is fully made up."

"Harm will come of it, I am sure," declared Angela. "Oh, mother, can you not see that he wants to marry you for your money, while in his heart he loves Gladys Rane?"

"It is not true," cried Lady Rooden, with warmth, "and I will not have such things said of the man I have elected to marry. I forbid it, Angel. Unless you can speak of him with respect, keep silent!"

"I will, mamma," she answered, with a long-drawn, bitter sob. "But darling, do you not see the evil beginning, how already he is coming between us? Our first unhappiness is caused by him."

(To be continued.)

## Bladder weakness — can be remedied

Though you suffer with that dragging, nagging pain in the bladder, with frequent stinging urination which shows brick dust deposits, and with all the extreme discomfort of urinary weakness—you can get quick, sure relief by using Gin Pills. Why suffer a day longer? Gin Pills have helped thousands of Canadian men, women and children. Just try them! A few doses will prove to you how unnecessary it is to suffer.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO.



**GIN PILLS**  
FOR THE KIDNEYS  
At your druggists — FIFTY CENTS



**Seasonable Goods of Extra Quality.**

**IN TINS.**  
French Sardines.  
Boneless French Sardines.  
Skipper Sardines.  
Marinated Herring.  
Kipper Herring.  
Cove Oysters.  
Barataria Prawns.  
Dry Shrimps.

**IN GLASS.**  
Shrimp Paste.  
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Anchovy Paste.  
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**IN TINS.**  
Chicken Haddies.  
Tuna Fish.  
Little Neck Clams.  
Findon Haddocks.  
No. 1 Lobster.  
No. 1 Salmon.  
No. 1 Cod Tongues.  
No. 1 Mussels.

**Fresh Eggs.**

Dried Apricots.  
Dessert Prunes.  
"Keiller's" Marmalade.  
Jelly Marmalade.  
English Jams and Jellies.  
Bakapples in Tins.  
Canned and Bottled Fruits.

**Loch Fyne Herring.**

Smoked Salmon.  
Fresh Frozen Caplin.  
Smoked Cod Fillets.

**ELLIS & CO'Y.**  
LIMITED.  
203 WATER STREET.

**Sargasso Sea Secrets.**

Most people know that the Sargasso Sea consists of an immense mass of seaweed somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean, but few know anything of its nature or why it is there.

Covering an area larger than that of Europe, to the north of the Leeward Islands and south-west of Bermuda, it has been massed together by winds and ocean currents converging to its present position in a great swirl from the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico.

After its discovery by Columbus, it was for centuries an object of dread to seamen, whose imaginations called up terrifying tales of ships caught by the weed and held embedded while their crews died of starvation and their timbers rotted.

The fallacy of these stories was demonstrated by a Norwegian expedition of 1910, which found that the weed was not dense, but in scattered patches, incapable of seriously obstructing a vessel.

The Sargasso Sea is not the only one of its kind in existence. There is a similar area of considerable extent in the North Pacific Ocean, and a similar one south of New Zealand.

**Knives 30,000 Years Old.**

One of the most wonderful places in the London Docks is the Ivory warehouse, where tusks to the value of half a million pounds are usually in stock.

About 500 tons of ivory are used every year for making knife handles and for decorative work. The value of the material is about £1,000 per ton.

Not all of it comes from the tusks of the elephant. Ivory is obtained also from the walrus, and from the mastodon, a long-extinct species of elephant with enormous curved tusks, whose fossilized remains are found in Northern Asia. The handles of your table knives may easily be 30,000 years old!

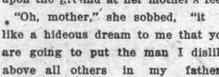
The largest elephant tusks come from Africa. A full-grown elephant may have tusks weighing from 50 lb. to 150 lb., and worth £25 to £200 apiece.

**How CAN WE EVER THANK YOU.**  
(Original on file in this Sanctum.)  
There is a young man named Junius Esquer, whom we all certainly much admire. For his sense, wit and vim, I congratulate him. And hope there will nothing transpire.

To lose him his job HE'S LIKE IRVIN S. COBB. To know such men we all asper, (Please) publish this. It is my desire.

I De Clara

**CORNS**  
Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freesone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops burning, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freesone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

**Canada's Foreign Trade And Expenditures.**

In spite of the coal shortage, the cold weather and other matters to grumble about there are still things to be thankful for. For instance, our trade for the first eight months of the fiscal year shows a handsome increase over a corresponding period a year ago, whereas our imports showed a very trifling increase. The increase of exports, this year over last, for the eight months, ending Nov. 30, amounted to \$128,775,000, while the increase in our imports for the same period amounted to only \$4,300,000. Our foreign markets are widening in spite of Fordney tariffs and other obstacles thrown in our way.

The chief fly in our ointment consists in the fact that we appear unable to balance our budget. That is to say in spite of all the taxes so far imposed, and they seem plenty, we are unable to keep our expenditures inside our income. Between November, 1921, and November, 1922, we increased our national debt by \$40,000,000, and at that we are getting an income of some \$400,000,000 per annum. When the Hon. Mr. Fielding recast our annual budget he was of the opinion that not only would we be able to meet our cost of maintenance, but that we would have something over to pay on the national debt itself. Such however, has not proved the case. There is one thing sure we must either have more economy or more taxes. Suppose we first try economy.—Saturday Night, Toronto.

**New Fashion Notions.**

Various really new fashion notions continue to be exploited. For example, black velvet suits are elaborately embroidered in colored silks. The latest jumper is short and rather shapeless, and is worked all over in brightly colored silks in the style of minute Chinese embroidery. A distinctive material for coats is anagelis in novel colorings with a raised pattern. Monkey fur is inserted in scanty strips between strands of skunk or kolinsky to make the new shoulder wraps.

Knitted suits of silk and wool are much worn; the newest outfit consists of a short knitted cape and a high-necked gown of the same material. A novelty trimming for millinery takes the form of berries, flowers, and convex shapes, which appear to be made of plaster. Such trimming is colored or white, and when used as a band resembles beautiful stucco work. A toque of lacquered suet leather was covered with this striking ornamentation in orange.

The latest evening cloaks are made of startlingly colored velvet, and have huge collars resembling a series of inflated tyres. Salmon, lobster-red, cream, do-memie green, and sunflower yellow are some of the shades now exhibited.

**BUT WHERE IS SHE?**  
To the telephone girl our lid we'd doff.  
And speak (with flowers) our adoration,  
Who never horned in, nor cut us off  
In the midst of a jifney conversation.

**Your Home**  
Can be made more easily comfortable and pleasurable by the installation of this simple, economical device. Saves you one-third of your fuel bill. Keeps out cold and draft, dust and soot, deadens noise and stops rattle.

**Ceco Metal Weatherstrips**  
placed on your windows and doors relieves you of the bother with storm sash. They are cheaper than storm sash; far more effective, and last as long as the building. Fit both new and old houses alike. Let us tell you more about

**EUGENE H. THOMAS,**  
The 100% Efficient Weatherstrip  
Distributed by  
EUGENE H. THOMAS,  
P. O. Box 1251; Phone 757.



**Ladies' Tuxedo Sweaters Coats.**  
Of pure wool, ribbed pattern, wide reverses, turn back elastic cuffs, side pockets, detachable gir-die.  
Each \$6.49

**Maids' Aprons.**  
Made of strong White Lawn with bib trimmed with openwork Swiss embroidery; shoulder strap, long streamer ties.  
Each 75c. to 98c.

**Ladies' Gauntlets.**  
Pure wool in White, Grey and Fawn.  
Per Pair 98c.

**Ladies' All Wool Jumpers**  
Short sleeve, with brushed wool trimming in colors of Fawn, V. Rose, Emerald and Turquoise.  
Each \$2.78

**Girls' Wool Middies.**  
Of pure wool, long sleeve, sailor collar in colors of Turquoise and Fawn.  
Each \$2.98

**Babies' Winter Bonnets.**  
In velvet and silk trimmed; all shades.  
Each 49c.

**Sateens.**  
All shades; 36 inches wide.  
Per Yard 39c.

**Tea Aprons.**  
Of fine Organdy, lace and ribbon trimmed.  
Each 49c.

**Moire Underskirts.**  
Made of high grade materials, well tailored, in Black and Colored.  
Each \$2.49

**Flannelettes.**  
In dark shades.  
Per Yard 39c.

**Ladies' Rubbers.**  
Low cut, medium heel, semi-pointed toe.  
Per Pair 49c.  
Postage MUST accompany Mail Orders.

**Leather Hand Bags.**  
A splendid lot of genuine Black Pin Seal Hand Bags, well made; good value.  
Each 69c. to \$1.25

**Pocket Books.**  
A large variety of styles and shapes, some with strap at back.  
Each 59c.

**Wash Cloths.**  
Made of soft absorbent material.  
Each 10c.

**Ladies' High Laced Boots.**  
In Black and Tan, rubber heel attached.  
Per Pair \$4.98

**Babies' Rubber Pants.**  
Pure gum, elastic waist and leg bands, reinforced with heavy rubber, vulcanized seams.  
Per Pair 25c., 39c., 75c.

**Wool Mufflers**  
That protect the chest from colds in colors of Grey, Fawn and Black.  
Each, 98c. to \$1.98

**Galvanized Water Pails.**  
These pails are built to stand hard-usage.  
Each, 59c.

**Watches.**  
Reliable and low in price.  
Each, \$1.98

**Men's Blue Chambray Shirts.**  
Triple stitched; all sizes.  
Each, 98c.

**Men's Black Sateen Work Shirts.**  
Well made, well cut and properly proportioned.  
Each, \$1.25

**Men's Khaki Shirts.**  
Each, \$1.25

**Leather Mitts.**  
Piece-lined, double palm, knitted wrists.  
Per Pair, 98c.

**Men's Ruff Neck Sweaters.**  
We are now offering this heavy Wool Knit Sweater at prices unheard every man's convertible collar, fastens up snug as a mitten.  
Each, \$3.98

**Men's Grey Mitts.**  
Local knit, double thread.  
Per Pair, 98c.

**Men's Black Wool Rib Hose.**  
Heavy quality.  
Per Pair, 98c.

**Men's Silk Ties.**  
A large assortment.  
Each, 69c.

**Men's Wool Underwear.**  
Cut in line of baby garments for fall or winter wear.  
Per Garment, \$1.50

**Men's Wool Gloves.**  
Heavy weight, leather bound wrists; one button fastener.  
Per Pair, 98c.

**Boys' Wool Underwear.**  
Slightly soiled; odd sizes. See \$1.98.

**Quilt Cotton.**  
Large floral pieces.  
Per Pound, 49c.

**Damaged Cotton.**  
In large pieces, Light and Dark shades.  
Per Pound, 57c.

**Stripe Flette.**  
In Pink and Blue stripes; 27 in wide.  
Per Yard, 16c.

**Shopping Bags.**  
Strong handles that won't pull out.  
Each, 19c.

**Children's Sleighs.**  
Heavy frame.  
Each, 98c.

**Ladies' Sweaters.**  
Just a few to clear. Reg. \$6.49.  
Now \$2.98

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