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London, Ont., Thursday, June 2.

THE SITUATION IN SILESIA.

It is alleged that the Germans, having failed to break the solidarity of the Allies in the great war, are now endeavoring to carry out this game in Upper Silesia. It is said that the British Government is fully aware of the Teutonic tactics in this regard, and that action is being delayed pending the arrival in the disturbed region of Sir Harold Stuart, the new head of the British Mission.

In brief, the game which the German extremists are reported to be playing has for its object the splitting of relations between the British and the French. If, for example, a small British force got into grips with Korfanty's Polish irregulars, they might be obliged to apply for help to the local German defence levies. This, it is surmised, might lead to the Poles, appealing, in turn, to the French troops for aid, and the creation of a situation which might develop into the British and the Germans being ranged on one side against the French, and the Poles on the other. No doubt this fine kettle of fish would exactly suit the Teutonic trouble-makers, but it won't do. That peculiar twist in the German nature which prevents them from realizing that others can see through such schemes, is quite evident in the present instance, and there is little chance of setting the heather on fire by the employment of such crude methods.

Nevertheless, the many severe lessons taught by the war renders it imperative for the Allies to be continually on the alert for any insidious attempts to create discord in their midst. It is an unfortunate fact that the principal cause of strife is the possession of the rich mining districts, both developed and undeveloped, in this part of Europe. In this is involved the partition of the industrial area of Silesia, and this is the difficulty which confronts M. Briand in his handling of the situation. Just to the north of the district which would be granted to the Poles in the event of their being assigned a portion of this area, is the part of the country over which the controversy rages most fiercely, for it is immensely rich, and the Poles are bitterly averse to this region being apportioned to the Germans.

It is the old story of quarrelling over the spoils. Were the portion of the disputed territory of no economic value the whole question might be settled in 24 hours, but its value makes it a bone of contention. In the meantime it may be taken for granted that the British will employ every safeguard against any sinister attempt at entanglement, and, doubtless, matters will be straightened out when Sir Harold Stuart has had time to ascertain the exact situation. As Mr. Lloyd George declares, the preservation of the peace of Europe is the greatest need at the present time, and every means will be taken to accomplish this end.

THE NEW MIND-READING.

Among the novelties nowadays engaging the minds of the curious, one of the most interesting is psycho-analysis. A generation ago all were excited about hypnotism, and the popular novel of the hour was "Trilby." The celebrated Dr. Freud has inspired a number of novels with his theory of suppressed complexes. Where, however, hypnotism held tens of thousands ago, it is only scattered thousands that take up with psycho-analysis.

Dredging one's own mind, or having someone else do it, for sunken memories of baffled desires, is a rather dreary business. There was any amount of fun, even horseplay, in the hypnotic game, but rousing up ghosts from the dark closets of our past is grimly serious. Besides, the hypnotists used to show results to any common eye, while the psycho-analytic process is less obvious, not at all ocular. A stout old boatman once passing under the stern of a schooner painted "Psyche" looked up and said in wonderment, "Well, if that ain't the dumbest way to spell fish!" The hard-headed citizen of the street thinks this psycho-analysis is something phsy.

As a matter of fact you must fish in the dark, deep pool of your forgotten past self. If there is something wrong with you, some uneasiness or timidity or nervous trouble, the Freudian specialist pumps out of you some long-forgotten disappointment or shock, exorcises this evil spirit of the soul, housecleans you of it by bringing it to the light, and, behold, you are born again.

"Sink, O youth, in thy soul,
Rally the good in the depths of thyself!"
said Matthew Arnold. Hook out the bad or disconcerting from the depths of thyself, amends Freud.

The psycho-analyst gets at the troubling note by working on the principle of unconscious mental associations. A local doctor told a story to illustrate such association. A party of young people had gone out to a place in the country for a dance. The evening wore on with no signs of refreshments, and finally these were despatched and given up. A knot of three or four men tried to forget gnawings of hunger by a discussion of politics. Mention being made of Sir Robert Borden as a contrast to his successor in office, one remarked: "Well, he always gave as a square meal, any way," meal being unconsciously used instead of deal, for an obvious reason.

Perhaps many of us would be as timid about coming under the knife of a psycho-analyst as to take Dr. Cotton's ether which makes you tell the truth. Even to be reborn unto health and righteousness, we might shrink

from an X-ray into our buried life. And, supposing there were anything in the notion of pre-existences in other incarnations, what horrible backgrounds may be telescoped! Many are sufficiently afraid of their shadows to keep the psycho-analyst at arm's length and let well enough alone, reserving any major operation on the unconscious memory for a case too desperate to be longer endured.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Misunderstanding between nations is for the most part the primary cause of war, and the overcoming of such misunderstandings has been the task of diplomats for centuries, although in some cases the stirring up of strife by sinister means has too often been the object of ambassadors whose governments had some selfish motive in seeing nations fly at each other's throats. The cause of the recent great war was not, however, so much a misunderstanding as a miscalculation on Germany's part of the forces that would be arrayed against her in the colossal conflict. Her program was to deal France a swift and stunning blow, and when she had laid that nation in the dust to swing around and treat Russia in a like manner before that country had time to complete her preparations. But the heroic stand made by Belgium upset these plans, and enabled Britain to land her first hundred thousand on the continent.

The preservation of the world from a repetition of the catastrophe of these years of sanguinary strife, and to sweep away the misunderstandings and to curb the passions and ambitions which are the principal incentives to such a strife, is the task of the League of Nations.

On the occasion of the visit of the Hon. N. W. Rowell to this city a few weeks ago, that able speaker gave one of the clearest accounts of the composition of the League of Nations, and of its aims and objects, which the people of Canada have yet heard, and at the time the opinion was expressed that it would be an excellent thing if the people, not only of this country, but of all other nations, could be familiarized in some manner with at least the main points in the League's program.

The other day Lady Astor expressed the fervent hope that the women of the United States would soon get together and form an organization for the purpose of educating the people in the principles of the League of Nations, notwithstanding the fact that the Republican administration had cast aside this plan for the preservation of peace, the adoption of which by the other nations was mainly due to the initiative of Woodrow Wilson himself. This movement has now been anticipated in Canada by the formation of a League of Nations Society. This society will seek recruits all over the country, furnish information concerning the League of Nations, and seek to foster mutual understanding among the peoples of the world. It is this spirit of mutual understanding which will prove the main factor in the prevention of war. The organization was formed at a meeting held in Ottawa at which the Governor-General presided, and its officers include leaders of the various political parties in the Dominion, including the Hon. N. W. Rowell, who was Canada's representative at the Vienna conference.

Although prominent names are linked up with the newly-formed society, it is not by any means intended to be exclusive; on the contrary, one of its aims will be to interest "the man in the street," in addition to those inclined to take a ready interest in matters of an international nature, and it is to be hoped that the campaign of the society, which is really a crusade of peace, will meet with a ready response from all who wish to avoid now and forever the causes which led up to the great cataclysm from which the world is but now slowly recovering.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Humorist is the name of the horse that won the Derby. Funny name for a horse!

The evils following mixed drinks are once more being demonstrated at Toronto.

The man who was convicted of being drunk and asleep in Victoria Park did not fall into a bed of roses.

A young barrister in Hamilton has made \$1,500 in one afternoon through the registering of property deeds. Good land!

People who still cling to the old belief that May marriages are unlucky generally hold the same opinion regarding every month in the year.

Is the new legislation for control of the Lake of the Woods water power an indication that the Meighen Government has been attacked by hydrophobia?

It is stated that a man who had been tried for murder has been employed as a liquor spotter. Perhaps it was his familiarity with evil spirits that got him the job.

Sir James Cantlie, the eminent surgeon, says he has heard of a man who smoked one ounce of tobacco every day and yet lived for 100 years. What particular brand of tobacco was this?

To churn or not to churn is now the thought which agitates the minds of the farmers' wives in the district. If things go on like this the people may have to turn to their old friend "Oleo."

Lenin admits that the Soviet is bankrupt. So the Bolsheviks have discovered that the pleasures and palaces and bushels of paper money which they coveted so much are but dust after all.

It has been decided in Windsor that the delivery of ice cream on Sunday is not a violation of the law. The Windsor authorities are too busy keeping track of the rum-runners to bother about the cold stuff.

What's the use of "Premier" Meighen's going to the Imperial conference, any way, with tin cans like Peterboro and Yamaska tied to him? They may put an L.L. D. ribbon round his neck at Toronto University next week, but that only shows up the tin can affixed by the Canadian people.

THE BEASTS OF BURDEN.

[London Times.]

The truth is that the real burden of the period is borne in perhaps its heaviest form by large classes with small incomes, beginning with the old-age pensioners and passing on through various grades of society into a respectable but very rigid suburbia. Perhaps the best service that financial reformers could render them would be to reduce materially the load of indirect taxation they carry, since it is mainly in the form that many of them are called upon to pay.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS.

[Lord Burnham in the Daily Telegraph.]

There never was a time in the history of our literature when the quality of the work in our newspaper press, in the foreign correspondence, in editorial articles, and in descriptive writing was so high as it is today. It was greatly due to the credit of the British press that it never lived by subsidies, and had been free from the corruption of party funds. It had always been under the control of Public Opinion. In the long run a newspaper would not live that had been spoon-fed from outside.

OTHERS' VIEWS

THE RAILWAY PROBLEM.

[Montreal Gazette.]

The failure of parliament to grapple with the railway problem in a vigorous and determined way is an outstanding feature of the session now drawing to a close. The committee appointed to investigate affairs of the National system, and to recommend measures of economy in operation, has been unable to reach a conclusion, a result easily to have been foreseen because policy and administration of the government railways cannot usefully be shaped by a committee. The apparent disregard of Lord Shaughnessy's proposals compels the conclusion that the government intends to maintain the National Railways as a separate entity despite the heavy financial obligation their operation imposes, the absorption of the Grand Trunk being a final step to this end.

ALL WRONG.

[Hamilton Herald.]

In a story published by the Toronto Telegram the heroine alluded to Mr. Edison as the inventor of the telephone. Promptly the Toronto Star seized upon the error and exposed it. "Where," it asks, "did Mary get that stuff about the telephone having been invented by Mr. Edison? It was invented by a Canadian, Alexander Graham Bell." And the Star also is wrong. Bell was not a Canadian. He was a Scotchman, and never saw Canada until he was grown up.

THE KITCHENER MYSTERY.

[Ottawa Citizen.]

The mystery, if there was a mystery, regarding the death of Lord Kitchener has been at rest by the official publication by the German Admiralty of the facts in connection with the sinking of the Hampshire. The admiralty asserts that the vessel was not sunk by a submarine, but by a torpedo mine laid at the end of May, 1916, by Submarine U-75. The Hampshire sailed June 5, and although a chartered mine-sweeper had been sunk in the same field on June 6, the Hampshire was reported to the British Admiralty, the latter ordered the Hampshire to follow a course west of the Orkneys, on the assumption that German submarines were not operating in that area. The German document shows, however, a submarine commander, Lieut. Kurt Beitzke, had laid a mine field in this well-known path of warships six days earlier. Responding to the death of Kitchener, therefore, would seem to be due to the British Admiralty. It will be recalled that it was originally intended that Premier Lloyd George should have been on the Hampshire. Pressure of home affairs kept him in London, and undoubtedly saved his life. But it was a trick of fate—or was it by enemy suggestion?—that the Hampshire should have been directed into the only mine field laid in the whole northern sea area by the Germans.

WITHOUT A GERMAN "IF."

[New York Times.]

On the whole, the dispatches from Berlin indicate that the German Government and people have concluded that they must submit to the inevitable. They now see clearly that if they refuse to agree to the allied demands a worse fate will befall them. The chief question appears to be what political group, what cabinet, shall be prevailed upon, or shall volunteer, to sign the surrender. But, linked with this, another question seems to be under debate in Germany. With what final protest, what stipulation, what sudden face-saving shift, can the unescapable yielding be made?

Any last resort of this kind would be added to the "terrible blunders" which Maximilian Harden declares have marked the whole course of the German Government in the matter of reparations. On Sunday the hint was that Germany would couple her submission with a proviso that Upper Silesia be awarded to her. But this is a wholly separate affair. No Silesian partition has been announced, and the basis of the plebiscite. The allied council has just served notice that the decision will be made wholly without regard to any dispute of force on either side. Should it go more heavily against Germany than is expected, that fact would be taken into consideration by the reparations commission in estimating Germany's ability to pay.

The Allies are proceeding strictly in accord with the treaty. Germany signed it, and cannot now challenge it. It is too late for her to suggest qualifications or propose conditions. There is much virtue in your bluff before going to war, but after you have gone to it and been thoroughly beaten, there is no way except to give up all hope in life, and and but.

SHIPS.

[Montreal Gazette.]

In the very excellent report presented by Mr. E. W. Beatty, K.C., to the shareholders of the C. P. R., he refers to the shipping interests of the concern, and to the fact that prospect of good class immigration are highly satisfactory. It arises from the joiners' strike in Great Britain, which will tend to temporarily minimize the movement of this month, and a further speedy termination of the trouble occurs. New steamers on order, and which should have been delivered for this season's trade, are unfortunately held up. What this suspended shipping means to Great Britain may be gauged from Lloyd's Register's ship-building returns for the first quarter of the year, which are interesting and instructive. The amount of tonnage under construction in Great Britain is represented as 3,798,500 tons gross, although there are some 437,000 tons on order, owing to a variety of reasons. Work has been suspended, and a further 350,000 tons is held up owing to the cessation of work by the joiners, the very point to which Mr. Beatty expressly refers in his report. Deducting these totals, amounting to 787,000 tons, from the figures of tonnage now described as being under construction, the new shipping on which work is actually proceeding is reduced to 2,951,500 tons. There is an increase of tonnage, more or less actively proceeding in comparison with the pre-war corresponding period, of many thousands of tons, and if all the nations producing and consuming goods, the increase in the tonnage under construction might be regarded with great satisfaction. In the meantime, the stoppage of work by the British joiners has repairs and finishing touches to foreign yards, which latter all seemingly continue to be actively employed. The work of reconditioning ships has to be carried on, and whatever the rights or wrongs of the dispute may be, the fact remains that a great deal of much-needed work has already been lost to British yards.

Mr. Beatty remarked in this connection that "as with the direct and indirect benefits of a continuance of an adequate service are very great, it may be desirable to purchase other ships if these can be obtained at moderate prices." This last sentence goes to prove why C. P. R. ships and C. P. R. management have achieved the success which they deserve to enjoy today.

Poetry and Jest

POORTRAIT OF A NEIGHBOR.

[Edna St. Vincent Millay.]

Before she has her floor swept
Or her dishes done,
Any day you'll find her
A-sunning in the sun.

It's long after midnight
Her key's in the lock,
And you never see her chimney smoke
Till past 10 o'clock.

With a shovel and a spoon,
She digs in her garden
She weeds her lazy lettuce
By the light of the moon.

She walks up the walk
Like a woman in a dream,
She forgets she borrowed butter
And pays you back cream.

Her lawn looks like a meadow,
And if she mows the place
She leaves the clover standing
And the Queen Anne's lace.

A MENTAL STRAIN.

[Boston Transcript.]

"I'm thinking of a trip to Paris this summer."
"Really, old man, you can't afford that. You're not accustomed to that sort of thing."

"I merely said I was thinking of it. I can afford to think, can't I?"
"No, that's what I meant. You're not accustomed to thinking."

THE RED ROSE OF ENGLAND.

[The red rose of England, Lord Kitchener, Fair and sweet and good to see, Scentsing lawn and lane and lea, Down the breeze that blows to sea, The rose scent of England.]

The free wind it wafts afar
The ships of England;
It blows them toward the Northern star,
Or toward the South, where the ice walls bar.

To where the distant children are,
The dear sons of England,
And with the ships the fragrance goes,
The scent of Old England.

The perfume of the sweet red rose,
Whose memory, as its blossom, glows
Within the hearts that aye incline
The love of dear England.

Blood that flows in lands afar,
The warm blood of England,
Southern Cross and Northern Star,
Shine on lands where brothers are,
Shine whose deeds shall never mar
The fair name of England.

Red their blood as red the rose,
The sweet rose of England,
Evermore its blossoms blow
Between us like a lord,
Crimson o'er the northern seas,
Crimson where the south sun glows,
The Red Rose of England.

LOVE'S ALLY.

[Douglas Malloch.]

You there, I here, and miles between
Of paths we cannot find,
Divided by the wide demesne
Of circumstance unkind,
Of tyrant Circumstance who stands
Between us like a lord,
Still threatening our stretching hands
With his unfriendly sword.

I here, you there, so separate
That here and distant there
A hundred obstacles arise
To make the heart despair;
Age-old conventionality,
And poverty, and class,
These are the barriers that we
Are ordered not to pass.

And yet the tyrant Circumstance
One foe has ever known,
One rebel bravely will advance
Assault the tyrant's throne,
Love still the tyrant will defy,
And drive the tyrant hence,
If Love shall have for his ally
Our mutual Confidence.

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

BY CAMILLA KENYON

"It is not a question of my liking," I retorted, trying to preserve an unmoved and lofty demeanor, though my heart was beating rather quickly at finding myself actually crossing swords with the redoubtable adventurer, this man who had often faced death, I could not refuse to believe, as steadily as he was facing me now.

"It is not at all a question of my liking or not liking the trip, but of the trip itself being—quite the wildest thing ever heard of out of a story-book. Harsher terms had sprung up first to my lips, but had somehow failed to get beyond them."

"Ah—yet the world would be poorer if certain wild trips had not been taken. I seem to remember one Christopher Columbus, for instance."

By a vivid lightning-flash of wrath I felt that this adventurer was laughing at me a little under his sober exterior—even stirring me up as one does an angry kitten.

"Yes," I flared out, "but Columbus did not inveigle a confiding old lady to go along with him." Of course, Aunt Jane is not, properly speaking, an old lady, but it was much more effective to pose her as one for the moment.

It was certainly effective, to judge by the sudden firm setting of his mouth.

"Lad," he said quietly, "lend a hand below, will you? They are overhauling some of our stuff 'tween decks."

He waited until the Honorable Cuthbert, looking rather dazed, had retired, and then, looking rather hurriedly, there was a kind of still force that mastered anger of the four Scot, like the brooding of black clouds that at any moment send their devastating fire. Yet I myself was not endowed with red hair for nothing.

"Miss Harding," he said slowly, "that was a bitter word you said."

My head went up. "Bitter," perhaps, I flung back, "but is it not true? It is for you to answer."

"No, it is not for me to answer, because it is not for you to ask. But since you talk of inveigling, let me give the history of my connection with the expedition. You will understand then that I had nothing to do with organizing it, but was merely engaged to do my best to carry it through to success."

"I have already heard a version of the matter from Mr. Vane."

"And you think he is in the conspiracy?"

"Certainly not," I replied hastily. "I mean—of course, I know he told me exactly what he believes himself."

"Yes, you would take the lad's word, of course." This with a slight but significant emphasis of which he was perhaps unconscious. "Then I suppose you consider that he was inveigled, too?"

"I am not required to consider Mr. Vane's status at all," I replied with dignity. "It is my aunt whom I wish to protect." And suddenly to my dismay my voice grew husky. I had to turn my head aside and blink hard at the sea. I seemed to be encountering fearful and unexpected odds in my endeavor to rescue Aunt Jane.

He stood looking down at me—he was a big man, though of lesser height than the superb Cuthbert—in a way I couldn't quite understand. And what I don't understand always makes me uncomfortable.

"Very well," he said, after a pause. "May be your opportunity will come. It would be a pity indeed if Miss Harding were to require no protecting and to young lady here with you. I have a good will to it. But if you will take the suggestion of a man of rather broader experience than your own you will wait until the occasion arises. It is bad generally, really, to waste your ammunition in the wrong place."

"I dare say I am not a master of strategy," I cried, furious at myself for my moment of weakness and at him for the softening tone which had crept into his voice. "I am merely—honest."

And when I saw Aunt Jane hypnotized by this Violet person—

"—And indeed I have no reason to think that Miss Higgleby-Browne is not a most excellent person," interrupted Mr. Shaw stiffly. "And let me say this, Miss Harding: Here we are all together, whether we wish to be or no, and for six weeks or more on the island we shall see no faces but our own. Are we to be divided from the beginning by quarrels? Are we to be even the men of us to be set by the ears through the bickering of women?"

Like the flick of a whip came the certainty that he was thinking of the Honorable Cuthbert, and that I was the rock on which their David-and-Jonathan friendship might split. Otherwise, I suppose, Miss Higgleby-Browne and I might have clawed each other forever without interference from him.

"Really," I said with a hope—well-simulated scorn, "since I am quite alone against half a dozen of you, I should think you could count on putting down any rebellion on my part very easily. I repeat, I had no other object in coming along—though I was really kidnapped along—than to look after my aunt. The affairs of the party otherwise—or its personnel—do not interest me at all. As to the treasure, of course, I know perfectly well that there isn't any."

At dinner, having the Honorable Cuthbert at my elbow, it was easier than not to ignore everyone else. The small, keen eyes of Mr. Tubbs, under his lofty and polished dome of thought, watched us knowingly. You saw that he was getting ready to assume a bless-you-my-children attitude, and even to take credit somehow as match-maker. He related anecdotes, in which as an emissary of Cupid, he played a benevolent and leading role. One detected, too, a grin, ugly and unwhimsical, on the unprepossessing countenance of Capt. Magnus. I was indifferent. The man my gaiety was intended for sat at the far end of the table. I had to wipe out the memory of my wet eyes that afternoon.

Directly dinner was at an end, remorselessly he led the Honorable Cuthbert away. I retired to "Huckleberry Finn." But a face with a scar running to the eyebrow looked up at me from the pages, and I held colloquies with it. In which I said all the brilliant and cutting things which had occurred to me too late.

I was thus engaged when a cry rang through the ship: "Land ho!"

To Be Continued.

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