

ECZEMA Has Stayed Cured For 15 YEARS



THE Ketchesons are well known as pioneer settlers of Hastings County, and none of them probably has a wider acquaintance than Mr. W. D. Ketcheson, who was formerly Division Court Bailiff of the Trenton Court, and is now living at 278 Front street, Belleville, Ont.

Over fifteen years ago Mr. Ketcheson was cured of an extremely severe case of eczema and piles by Dr. Chase's Ointment, and he writes now to say that the cure proved a permanent one.

In 1897 Mr. Ketcheson wrote as follows:—"I was troubled for thirty years with itching piles and eczema. I could not sleep at night, and when I got warm the itching was terrible. Eczema covered my legs down to the knees, perfectly raw. I have tried every preparation I could hear of. Seeing Dr. Chase's Ointment advertised, I procured a box, and this Ointment effected a complete cure."

On Sept. 28th, 1912, Mr. Ketcheson wrote as follows:—"I had suffered for many years from eczema and piles, and had tried doctors and everything I could hear of in vain. Reading about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I purchased it at once, and was soon completely cured. That was fifteen years ago, so there can be no doubt of the cure being a permanent one. I have met a great many people who have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment."

In this year of 1917 Mr. Ketcheson again confirms his cure, and expresses his wishes that others may benefit by his experience. Refuse to accept substitutes.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

NO MORE WASHDAY DRUDGERY

You wouldn't think of cutting your Grain with a Reaper, yet your wife to-day is probably doing the washing with a Washer just as much a relic of the past as the old reaper is.

Make life pleasant for the women folks by buying a Canada Power Washing Outfit, consisting of Canada Power Washer with Wringer, Belt and our Handy Boy 1½ h.p. Engine, complete with magneto, for only

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The Canada Power Washer has a reversible ball bearing Wringer, 5-year guarantee rolls. Will wash and wring at the same time. All gears are enclosed, no chains to tear the clothes, size of water tub, inside measurements, 12 inches deep by 22¾ inches diameter. Will wash clothes in a few minutes for the largest families. Price of Washer only \$24.50.

The Gasoline Engine supplied with this outfit is our new one H.P., guaranteed in every respect, and is built on most approved lines. It will run a Pump Jack just as well. We can supply a reliable Double-gear Pump Jack for \$7.00 extra.

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Mr. Potter had been watching the game from the side lines, but he too had his reasons for disliking young Smith as a prospective son-in-law. Chief among them was the fact that he believed young Smith to be that most loathsome of all objects, a dyed-in-the-wool Grit. Believed him to be, I say, because if he had asked Mr. Smith out and out what his political inclinations were, Mr. Smith would have told him that he was a free-thinker. All young men are free-thinkers.

But Mr. Potter had not asked Mr. Smith out and out. He had "sounded" him, when he first came to Dayton. As leader of the Conservative faction in the town—ringleader the other side called him—he felt it his duty to sound all newcomers.

The sounding consisted of a series of artfully contrived questions, the answers to which were supposed to give an indication of the victim's political prejudices. Mr. Smith, who saw no significance in the conversation, answered almost at random; and was repaid for this carelessness by being branded as mentioned above. That settled it. He might as well have tried to marry into the family of the Czar of Russia as into the Potter family, after that—as far as paternal consent was concerned.

The very afternoon that Mrs. Potter went away, Mr. Potter dropped into Miller & Richards' and invited young Smith up to supper. Effie, at her father's suggestion, had baked a pan of biscuits. The wily old fox knew that biscuits

know what Mr. Smith would do if she were to die. Mr. Smith said he would take poison—he was intending to do this, anyway—but that was not what Effie wanted. She wanted to die herself—not permanently of course, only for a week or ten days—but she wanted Mr. Smith to keep on living so she could hang around and watch him. She wanted to learn how much he really cared for her. She said something seemed to tell her that her days were numbered. Mr. Smith, who began to find the conversation depressing, and wished to lighten it up with a joke, said that that was all right if the numbers only ran high enough. Mind you! Joking at a time like that. Of course if he had ceased to care for her, Effie said, she had nothing more to live for.

Mr. Smith took immediate steps to prove that he had not ceased to care for her, and they carried on like that until Effie was crying dismally and Mr. Smith was cursing himself for a cruel selfish brute. Altogether they had a dreary time of it.

Mr. Smith left early. He thought it better to do this; he was getting seasick. When he was gone Effie called her father in from the back porch to ask if he didn't think Mr. Smith looked kind of peaked at supper time, she thought he looked as if he had something weighing on his mind.

"Yes," the old man chuckled, "I reckon that's about the size of it. I reckon he was weighted down considerable."

Effie went to bed to toss miserably



Extensive articles have appeared recently in the Paris papers on Madame Pellequer, a young woman of whom France is proud. Before the war she was schoolmistress at Man-court, Oise, and her husband was schoolmaster at Baugie, the two are twin villages.

When the Boches invaded France, M. Pellequer hastened to the colors and in time became a lieutenant. His wife could not abandon her pupils. She remained to face the invaders, even hiding wounded French soldiers in the cellar of her home at the risk of her life. She gathered both her own and her husband's pupils in her little school and remained at her post for thirty months.

were a chancy thing at best and that with Effie they almost invariably went wrong.

Effie was just debating with herself the advisability of throwing the biscuits away on the dog, or rather throwing the dog away on the biscuits, when her fond parent hove in sight with the young man in tow. She left the biscuits on the kitchen table and fled upstairs to change her dress.

When she came down in a simple white frock, with her hair freshly combed and a dab of powder here and there, she was the sweetest, demurest young thing imaginable, so Mr. Smith thought. Mr. Potter asked after the biscuits.

Effie drooped. She had forgotten the biscuits. Now that the subject was to the fore, Mr. Smith declared that biscuits were his favorite nutriment, and there was nothing for Effie to do but bring them on.

Mr. Smith ate as many of the biscuits as he could, to show that he liked them, and afterward sat on the verandah in the moonlight, with Effie, and wished that he had eaten one or two less. Mr. Potter left them alone on the verandah; he did it on purpose.

The hearts of the young couple were strangely stirred as they sat there together in the moonlight; that was the biscuits. Effie had only eaten enough to make her melancholy. She wanted to

about, telling herself over and over again that she was the happiest girl in the world, and proving it by crying until her pillow was sopping wet and she caught a cold in her head from the dampness.

Mr. Smith was tossing, too—tossing and ruminating. Every few minutes he would lean out over the edge of the bed and ruminate violently. At times he fancied that the must have been living on nothing but biscuits for years. In the morning he was pale and weak, but his appetite was good, and his love for Effie remained undimmed. He said, if a cook was all a man wanted, he could hire one; what he was looking for in the girl of his choice was a companion. Even if Effie couldn't cook, she was an ideal companion, always so sweet and gentle and sympathetic. What were biscuits and such gross material things compared to that?

Things went wrong in the Potter household next morning. There was no particular thing that you could lay your hand on and grow abusive over and so work the venom out of your system; it was just things in general. Effie's temper crept slowly up to summer heat, hung there a moment, then went steadily on up to boiling point. Mr. Potter, who was taking down stove-pipes and scattering soot and ashes freely over the furniture, waited until his daughter's steam was just beginning to lift the safety