

# Winsome Winnie

"See, your style of costume prevents you," the younger lady assented, with a grave, scrutinizing glance at the snowy hair, the slightly-bowed figure; the soft languid hands buried in the warm crimson folds of the shawl. "When the weather gets fine, you must come up to Tregarthen and see my improvements."

Madam Vivian shivered again—affectionately this time.

"Thank you, my dear—I can hardly fancy that wretched old ruin an inviting place to explore in such weather as this! She pointed on finger at the curtained window, and then she stroked her shoulders, as all people very often do to convince young people of their ignorance and simplicity on most discussed subjects.

"Yes, it rains a little," the younger lady said, importantly; "but it will not run for three weeks, I trust. Tregarthen will be ready for its master then."

"Really?" exclaimed Madam, beginning to disengage her fingers on her duped fingers, and smiling a little demurely. "I fancied that the house was a hopeless ruin, and that it would require at least half a year's rebuilding and renovating."

"Perhaps in your opinion it could, Madam," her companion rejoined, coolly and indifferently as before. "I think it is safely habitable now, at least."

"Oh, I dare say you have worked wonders, my dear," said Madam, graciously, and smiling still; "but it is of no use hoping to make that most restless person, Captain Tredennick, settle down in the home of his fathers, as he should have done long ago—ah, twenty years ago," went on Madam Vivian, more positively than she had yet spoken—"twenty years ago, instead of going into the mercantile navy, too—the sort of his name who ever did so! He should have looked after his property, married some suitable girl with money and of good birth, and had a name and a place in the county, instead of being more like a wail or a stray than any thing else."

The old diacord, freshly touched, jarred as it had jarred for these many years.

"Perhaps that most restless person, Captain Tredennick, enjoys life," the lady suggested, coldly. "Be he a wail or stray, or whatever else the puissant potentates of the Cornish aristocracy choose to call him, he is envied in that case."

"I don't believe he enjoys it one bit down properly," retorted Madam Vivian, sharply. "People are never one whit happier, for being allowed to follow their own unconventional ideas and whimsical fancies unopposed and untrammelled. I thought Stephen looked exceedingly old and weather-beaten, quite a solid, solid, elderly man, with grizzled hair, when he was here last—old enough for fifty instead of forty."

"And I," said the younger lady, a pleasant, affectionate smile lighting up her cold, proud, unfathomable eyes. "Thought he looked just as kind and pleasant and generous as ever."

"I do not gainsay my nephew's excellent qualities of head and heart in the least, I assure you," explained Madam, statelyly. "I regretted his prematurely aged appearance, and his lack of all near home ties. It grieves me to think that I shall never see Stephen Tredennick's children."

"How can you tell, Madam," questioned her companion, with a quizzical smile. "Stephen Tredennick may be bringing a wife home in the Chittoo at this moment."

"Some one to make him miserable, then, if he is," said Madam, scornfully. "Men of his age are always taken in by the first designing girls that get

a chance of bewitching them. I have often told him that I expected to see some pallid, lazy young Anglo-Indian or brown-skinned Hindoo brought home to me as Mrs. Stephen Tredennick."

"Orest possible!" assented the younger lady, laughing. "Stephen Tredennick always had peculiar tastes about feminine charms; still, it would supply the dismal vacancy in Tregarthen House, Madam, if the yellow young Anglo-Indian, or the swarthy Hindoo maid were installed there as mistress."

Madam Vivian's chiseled lips tightened after the old haughty fashion.

"I should not consider the vacancy of the mistress of Tregarthen's place filled if Stephen Tredennick were unhappy enough to be deluded into a low marriage," she said leily; "and so far from having a niece to acknowledge, I should from that time cease to have even a nephew."

The proud old lady stifled the pang in her heart which her own words had occasioned, and sat composedly turning her rings, and warming her daintily-shrippled feet, as if she did not know that the loss of him who had been for more than thirty years as a son to her would send her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Poor Stephen," commiserated the younger lady, mockingly, "he had better not meddle with matrimony, then, as he is sure to do something as odd and unconventional as most of his simple, chivalrous, kindly deeds—poor old fellow!"

"I am sure my nephew will never marry any one whom I should be ashamed to own," said Madam, hotly.

"And I am equally sure of the same thing," returned the other lady, composedly.

Madam was silent. She was getting the worst of the discussion; she always did with this opponent—and sat for a long time buried in her downy chair and her crimson shawl, gazing dreamily and sadly at the bright fire. Playing with diamond rings, and toasting gold-buckled shoes, however easy and interesting an employment, is apt to pall and become wearisome. Many other employments, occupations, and interests had palled and become wearisome to Madam Vivian of late years. Handsome, proud and stately as she was, she was an old woman, and growing a feeble and helpless one. A lifetime spent in the society of dowdy chairs, Indian shawls and diamond rings, oddly enough, is not always conducive to lengthened years of strength and activity. Madam's time had begun to hang heavily on her hands, and the shadow of the vampire wings of ennui to darken the atmosphere of the green drawing room, in spite of tinted wax lights and the blazing warmth of radiant fires.

Was it a premonition, in this silent evening hour, which brought her lonely life, advancing years, lack of relatives and devoted friends, sadly to her mind, making her delicate hands tremble nervously, and reminding her of ebbing strength and vigor—making her feel, as she had often felt of late, but more keenly to-night than ever, that she was but an old, widowed, childless woman, and that she would gladly barter all the triumphs of her youthful belle-ship, her middle aged fascination and cleverness, her position, her pride, her name, to possess one real heart-satisfying affection—all her own—to cherish and take pride in as other women did—a child, a grandchild, even? Poor Madam Vivian! Drearier and drearier grew the cold lady's sad thoughts, while that cold, stately, handsome companion of hers sat aloof, guiding the gleaming gold fringe over her white fingers—not from heartlessness, in spite of those marble-like, unmoved features, cold clear eyes, and firmly moulded lips, but from the hopeless indifference to any attempt at being understood in ideas, tastes, or feelings—the hopeless indifference to most persons and things—the hopeless indifference to the fatiguing and unattractive effort to be loving and beloved, which possessed the handsome peeress, Lady Mountrevor, at six and twenty years of age.

And so the evening passed on, as many an evening had passed between those two, in lonely luxury, irksome companionship, unsocial relationship; and Madam Vivian, stretching out her hand to touch the bell spring beyond her chair, felt with a weary sigh that she would gladly have welcomed any one or any event that might break the monotonous flow of the current of existence.

But the bell brought only old Llanon the butler, his snowy hair whiter than his mistress'; and so the only even likely to occur until bedtime for Madam Vivian was the arrival on a silver tray of a certain cordial drink which the butler was summoned to prepare.

Madam Vivian scarcely ever paid much heed to her servants' countenances when addressing them; now she scarcely looked up from her languid toy with her rings, or she might have noticed that the old man's usually stolid face was excited and bright, and that he rubbed his hands quickly and mechanically together whilst he waited.

"You will be sure to remember the pineapple essence, Llanon," madam reminded him as he was quitting the room.

"Yes, madam, I will be sure—certainly," he said, hurriedly.

"And bring it soon, Llanon," his mistress ordered.

"Certainly, madam, as soon as possible," he rubbed his hands faster, and a smile seemed struggling hard with the deprecating gravity of his face.

"Llanon looks as if he had heard some good news," said Lady Mountrevor.

She was quick to notice, if Madam Vivian was not quick to notice the joy or sorrow of any one, rich or poor, to notice, to feel, to sympathize—this proud, cold, untruffed, stately peeress.

In half an hour madam had calculated on being brought the luscious port wine cordial which her accommodating physician had ordered her to strengthen her and induce sound sleep, he implied in his prescription; he did no say, to thank for a while by its cheerful stim-

## PIMPLES BROKE OUT AROUND CHIN

Burst and Formed Ugly Scabs. Burning, then Itching. Had to Go Without Shaving for Weeks. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Skin Perfectly Clear.

181 Close St., Toronto, Ont.—"I was troubled with facial eczema for nearly ten years. The first signs were pimples breaking out and then bursting and forming nasty ugly scabs around my chin. Very often the sensation was that of burning, then itching so that I scratched the sore. I had to go without shaving for weeks at a time. I tried many patent remedies but did not find a permanent cure. Every spring and fall the disease appeared at its worst. I sometimes got rid of it for a few months, then it returned as bad as ever.

"About six months ago I received a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and found great relief after a few applications. I purchased two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap and used them as directed and now my skin is perfectly clear. I can shave with pleasure." (Signed) Wm. MacBean, May 27, 1912.

Not only are Cuticura Soap and Ointment most valuable in the treatment of eczema and other distressing eruptions of skin and scalp, but no other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalp, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and chapped nails, nor do it so economically. A single cake of Cuticura Soap (25c.) and box of Cuticura Ointment (50c.) are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 43D, Boston, U. S. A.

ulation the dark presence of ennui, or to drug the unused muscles and nervous membranes, corroding, beneath the rust of half a century of slothful ease, into drowsy quiescence—for he was a polite, white-handed, courteous physician—yet he meant it all the same. But in twenty minutes came a gentle tap at the door, and madam heard the clink of the glass and silver.

"Come in," she said, and never turned her head, whilst Llanon laid the silver, claret jug and tumbler at her elbow.

How lightly he moved about, madam thought, as she glanced towards Lady Mountrevor, and saw that her work had dropped from her hand, and that she was gazing with puzzled interest at some one else. Who—who was it?

"Who is it?" madam cried aloud, in surprise and perturbation, as, in swiftly turning, she caught a glimpse of a young lady, dressed in mourning, standing partly behind her chair—a fair, graceful, slender girl, with rich nut-brown hair fashionably arranged in clustering masses of silky curling ends above her brow, and wearing a massive dull-gold watch-chain as the only ornament on her black dress.

Her whole fair face was lit up with color and excitement, her gray eyes were dark and dewy with tears.

"Madam—dear madam, I brought in your tray; I asked Llanon to allow me to clear madam." The girl had clasped her little hands together in unconscious entreaty, and half knelt before the old lady's chair.

Her reception was characteristic of Madam Vivian.

"Who is it? Who is it?" she asked, sharply and impetuously, although she had recognized the long-absent face in a moment. "Who are you to come startling me? Is this Winnie Caerlyon come home again—Winnie?"

"Yes, dear madam."

"Indeed! I should scarcely know you, I fancied you were quite settled in America. How are you, my dear?" and she touched the girl's cheek with her lips. "I am glad to see you again, although I think you could scarcely expect me to say so after the way in which you took your departure from me without word

or message"—at this juncture Lady Mountrevor resumed her work, while a faintly sarcastic smile flickered over her lips—"but I'm glad to see you looking so well—quite improved, indeed! When did you return?"

"Yesterday evening, madam," said Winnie, timidly, feeling all the old, half-loving, half-fearing awe of her stately patroness; her smiles and tears almost quenched in the cool dry atmosphere of her reception, while all the time, in reality, madam was in a fever of pleasure and amazement and longing hopes that she might now and henceforth have Winnie's company as of old. She could—she must! She would make arrangements with that dreadful step-mother—pay her well—do anything—but she would have Winnie for her own pet and protegee and companion for this evening forward.

She determined on it instantly, and faint would she have imperiously carried her desire into execution instantly also; and her disappointment came with a blow that shattered a whole fabric of pleasant hopes when she learned that Winnie Caerlyon was beyond the need of any money bribe that she could offer her to become her patient little reader and companion as of old.

"Two hundred a year! Why, you are quite a little heiress, Winnie!" remarked the old lady, with a slightly patronizing smile. "And what are you going to do with it?"

Winnie never dreamt of resenting the inquiry, although the other listener at the work-table curled her haughty lip as she went on assiduously with her gold-fringing.

"Oh, there will be plenty of use found for it, madam, or three times as much, in such a house as ours!" she remarked, cheerfully.

"And are you going to give it all to your step-mother and her seven children?" madam demanded, sharply.

"I am going to share it all, of course, madam, to the last sixpence, with them," replied Winnie, so quietly, and with such simple earnestness and dignity that Madam Vivian felt deeply rebuked.

"Oh, certainly—they are your father's children," madam said, hastily; "you were always extremely fond of them, Winnie. I believe. Ah, there is half-past nine chiming."

"And it is quite time for me to return home," remarked Winnie, rising from the low ottoman at madam's side.

She understood the arching of madam's eyebrows, and the change of tone that

## Weak, Tired Folks Given New Vigor

STRENGTH RETURNS, HEALTH RENEWED, VITALITY OF YOUTH RE-CREATED.

Exhaustion and Bodily Tiredness Every Day Being Turned Into Vigor and Ambition by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

From Cheboque Pt., N. S., comes the following from Mr. W. A. Reynolds: "A year ago my health began to fail. I lost appetite, became nervous and sleepless. My weight ran down, I became thin, hollow-cheeked, and had black rings under my eyes. I really felt as if the charm of life had left me and when springtime arrived I was in the 'blues.' I read of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and got five boxes at once.

"Within a month my appetite and color were good. I gained strength and felt like a new woman. New life and vigor returned, and my friends scarcely knew me. A medicine that will do this should be in every home."

Good health means much to you. Success and happiness depend upon it. The maintenance and source of health is found in Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or by mail from The Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

"No," said Lady Mountrevor; and Winnie, looking up hastily, encountered the haughty penetrating eyes that had indeed once before overwhelmed her in girlish shame and mortification.

The stately, handsome peeress, Lady Mountrevor, and the beautiful young lady, Mildred Tredennick, were one!

"No," Lady Mountrevor repeated gravely, but with a peculiar marked courtesy which rather contrasted with Madam's bearing toward her former protegee, "I have never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Caerlyon—I have heard of her very often."

"I saw you, though," several times, Lady Mountrevor, said Winnie, smiling, "before I went to America—when you were staying here eight years ago."

"Oh! that was before my niece became Lady Mountrevor, Winnie," explained Madam.

"Yes—that was before I became Lady Mountrevor," said Madam's niece, with a strange smile. "My cousin Stephen Tredennick was here then also—You knew Stephen Tredennick, Miss Caerlyon?"

"A little—I met him two or three times," answered Winnie.

She turned away her head with a pretence at pushing a chair farther off, but Lady Mountrevor detected the quick troubled change that came over her fair placid face.

"She remembers him still," she said within herself; "she can be faithful to a memory. These frail, weak, gentle-looking beings have wonderful powers of endurance," she mused, with the sting of bitter memories rising up within her.

"Goodnight, Miss Caerlyon," she said, in her accustomed grave, cold voice, with, however, a slight smile of cordiality in the proud steady eyes that scanned the girl's pure, earnest face so closely. "I trust we shall see you soon again—shall we not, aunt?"

Madam had no resource but to yield as graciously as she might.

"I hope so," said she, unbending a little. "Will you come and dine with Lady Mountrevor and myself on Monday, Winnie?"

## Japanese Health Rules

The following rules for the general guidance of people in health matters have been printed and widely distributed by the Japanese Government:

- First—Spend as much time out of doors as possible. Bask much in the sun and take plenty of exercise. Take care that your respiration is always deep and regular.
- Second—As regards meals eat meat only once a day and let the diet be eggs, cereals and vegetables, fruits and fresh cows' milk. Take the last named as much as possible. Masticate your food carefully.
- Third—Take a hot bath every day and a steam bath once or twice a week, if the heart is strong enough to bear it.
- Fourth—Early to bed and early to rise.
- Fifth—Sleep in a very dark and very quiet room, with windows open. Let the minimum of sleeping hours be six or six and one-half hours. In case of woman eight and one-half hours is advisable.
- Sixth—Take one day of absolute rest each week in which you must refrain from even reading or writing.
- Seventh—Try to avoid any outbursts of passion and strong mental stimulations. Do not tax your brain at the occurrence of inevitable incidents or of coming events. Do not say unpleasant things nor listen, if possible to avoid it, to disagreeable things.
- Eighth—Be married! Widows and widowers should be married with the least possible delay.
- Ninth—Be moderate in the consumption of even tea and coffee, not to say tobacco and alcoholic beverages.
- Tenth—Avoid places that are too warm, especially steam heated and badly ventilated rooms.

## IT IS NEWS WORTH GIVING TO THE WORLD

HOW RAVAGES OF KIDNEY DISEASE ARE CHECKED IN QUEBEC.

Mrs. Julien Painchaud, for Seven Years a Sufferer, Finds Quick Relief and Complete Cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Whitworth, Temiscouata, Co., Que., Jan. 20.—(Special)—With the coming of winter the ravages of Kidney Disease are again felt in this province, and the fact that a sure cure is vouchsafed for in this village is news worth giving to the world. Mrs. Julien Painchaud is the person cured and she states without hesitation that she found her cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For seven years my heart and kidneys bothered me," Mrs. Painchaud states, "I was always tired and nervous. I could not sleep. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. My eyes had dark circles under them and were puffed and swollen. I was so ill I could hardly drag myself around to do my housework."

"A neighbor advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I found relief in the first box. Six boxes made me perfectly well."

If you have any two of Mrs. Painchaud's symptoms your kidneys are diseased. Cure them and guard against serious, if not fatal results by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

## Little Baptiste.

I know where you come from, little Baptiste—  
Twas out of that big white star  
That wings and rocks in the opal east,  
Where the little star-craddles are;  
And, oh, the time you have deftly swung  
Tucked under your silvery covers,  
Over the world when the night was young,  
Over the haunts of lovers.

I know what you're made of, little Baptiste—  
You're made of the angels' dreams,  
And your eyes are part of the sky—  
at least  
They're spiked with its starry beams;  
And out of a cloud your hair was spun,  
One night in your youth impassioned,  
And out of a thought of the coming sun  
The red of your mouth was fashioned.

I know how you came here, little Baptiste—  
From the midst of the great star  
flock,  
For I have learned from the kind old priest  
At the church of the good Saint Roch,  
That you were a prayer your mother  
prayed  
(When she was lonely, maybe),  
And back from the portals of God you  
strayed—  
Her dear star-eyed baby!  
—Ella Bentley Arthur in New Orleans  
Times-Democrat.

## MANY FORMS OF HANDICUFFS.

It is in the Aenid that we find the first reference to the handcuff. Virgil informs us that Proteus was by means of such a device fettered and rendered helpless by Aristaeus.

It is of record that about 400 years before the Christian era an army of victorious Greeks came upon several chariots of Carthaginians which, among other things, contained a large number of handcuffs.

Our term "handcuff" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "handcup." In the Saxon days these handcuffs were used in the case of nobles, while "footcops" were reserved for kings. The terms employed in the fourteenth century were "shack bolt" and "swivel manacle," and the specimens thereof which have come down to us show that the instruments were as cumbersome as their names.

Only two kinds of handcuffs were employed previously to the nineteenth century. One, the flexible, was very similar to that now in use, and the other, which was called the "figure eight," was utilized to restrain violent prisoners. This "figure eight" was greatly dreaded, since severe pain was occasioned the fettered person did he attempt to move a link.

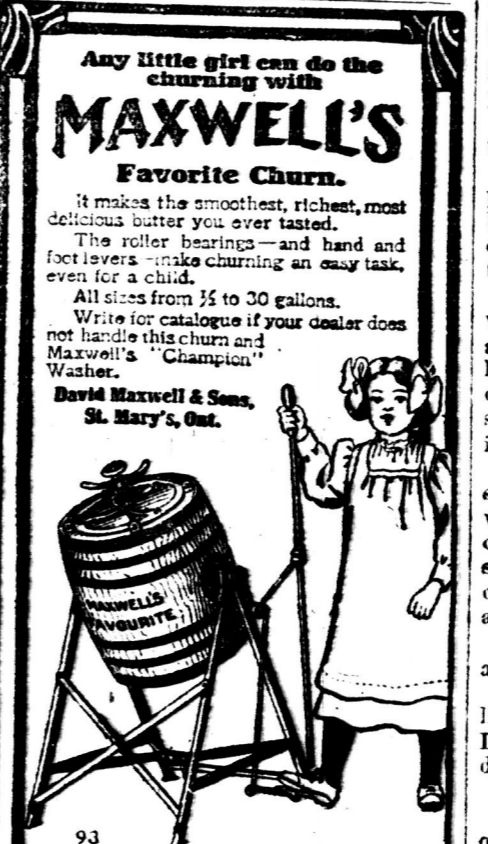
—Harper's Weekly.

## WHAT A REAL TONIC WILL DO

Strikes at the Root of Disease and Gives New Health.

If you look in your dictionary you will find the word "tonic" defined as "a medicine that increases the strength and vigor of the system." That tells why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a real tonic. Thousands of men and women are ailing to-day, not sick in bed, but without strength and ambition, utterly tired out after a day's work. No one organ seems to be at fault, yet the whole system is lacking in health. They do not sleep well and are always tired and nervous, many have headaches, back-aches and stomach troubles. All these people need the tonic help of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The beneficial influence of this medicine reaches the whole system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do more than relieve the symptoms; they actually remove the cause of the trouble. The case of Mrs. J. H. Sharpe, London, Ont., is one in proof of the above statements. Mrs. Sharpe says: "I was so run down and weak that life was a burden. The least exertion would exhaust me so greatly that I could hardly breathe. If going up stairs, I would have to rest several minutes when I reached the top. My heart would palpitate until I felt as if it would choke me. I was extremely nervous, in fact a complete wreck, and would sometimes have to remain in bed for a couple of days or more at a time. I found no help from medicine until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and my experience with them was that they made a complete cure. I gained in weight and my friends tell me I look younger than I did ten years ago. I know I certainly feel younger. I feel sure that what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has done for me they will do for other women if given a fair chance."

If you are at all unwell do not fail to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you will find new health and strength. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Any little girl can do the churning with MAXWELL'S Favorite Churn.

It makes the smoothest, richest, most delicious butter you ever tasted. The roller bearings and hand and foot levers make churning an easy task for a child. All sizes from 1/2 to 30 gallons. Write for catalogue if your dealer does not handle this churn and Maxwell's "Champion" Washboards.

Davis, Maxwell & Sons, St. Mary's, Ont.

always meant dismissal from her presence in the old days. She accepted it quietly and meekly, as merely a return to the old days. Her money made no difference to a great lady like Madam Vivian—her handsome, high-bred, wealthy patroness, whom she had been accustomed to describe with such loving pride to her American friends in Winston as the very personification of the blue-blooded English aristocracy whom they had never seen.

The young girl's money, however, had made a difference. Winnie Caerlyon came back as poor as she went, hoping and willing to be taken up again by Madam Vivian, petted, blamed, indulged, tyrannized over, treated as a friend and as an intruder, as an equal and a servant, whichever way the haughty old lady's capricious moods inclined her, would have been, at least on this evening, as demonstratively welcomed as if she were a returned prodigal. If she had her for going away without her knowledge or permission, she would have put her arms around her and kissed her; but this cheerful, gentle, dignified young lady, with her moneyed independence, and a certain pleasant independence of word and manner, who needed nothing from her, and had but come to visit her from an old kindly remembrance—all this displeased and disappointed the poor old lady in her pre-eminence, and she could not help showing it. Therefore she dismissed the girl's presence that was better than sun-light on the dreary waste of her friend's life, and would not even say to her, "Come soon again to me! I have missed you sorely."

"Good night! Good night, my dear!" she said, extending her little, plump, satin fair hand, with the icy brilliance of its splendid rose-diamonds restlessly scintillating the object of Winnie's most fervent admiration and admiring memory through nearly eleven years.

There was a rustle of sweeping silken robes as she bade Winnie the coldly-polite farewell that she might have bestowed as well after an absence of seven days as seven years, and from the depths of the chair by the distant table, where she had been partially hidden, Lady Mountrevor's tall imperial figure moved forward, and stood at the opposite side of Madam Vivian's chair.

Winnie had not ventured on more than a swift passing glance when she entered the room; now her eyes fell, and the shy color rose in her cheeks beneath the steady light of the proud gold gaze bent on her slender, short girlish figure.

Madam glanced up in some surprise.

"Ah—you have not met my little friend, Miss Winnie Caerlyon, before, I think, Lady Mountrevor?"



## Cold Sores

Are your hands chapped, cracked or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold sore, frost bite, chilblains, or a "raw" place, which at times makes it agony for you to go about your household duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief, and will heal the frost-damaged skin. Anoint the sore places at night, Zam-Buk's rich healing essence will sink into the wounds, and the smarting, and will heal quickly.

Mrs. Yellen, of Portland, says: "My hands were so sore and cracked that it was agony to put them near water. When I did so they would smart and burn as if I had scalded them. I seemed quite unable to get relief from anything I put on them until I tried Zam-Buk, and it succeeded when all else had failed. It closed the big cracks, gave me ease, soothed the inflammation, and in a very short time healed my hands."

Some-bulk cure chapped, cracked, raw, winter sores, pits, ulcers, burning sores, sore throats, and blisters, abrasions, rashes, eczema, etc. It cures, burns, blisters, ulcers, eczema, etc. It cures, burns, blisters, ulcers, eczema, etc. It cures, burns, blisters, ulcers, eczema, etc.

**Zam-Buk**