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PARTE POMDER HILLES AND MID DAND TO THE PARTY SIRAND MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM

Winsome Winnie

energy to propose it," she returned, list-leady. "I do not wish to wake my maid "I do not wish to wake my maid strengants are not always acceptable attendants, and the girl is better asleep. Mere is wine in that little buffet at the window, Miss Caerlyon-pray take not being permitted to follow her. a little yourself; and there is some sal-

Passing through the bedchamber to the dressing room beyond, Winnie sought for the bottle of which Lady Mountrevor hell spoken, and, seeing a small phini of essence of cloves lying beside it in the Ittle medicine casket, she secured it also and burned to leave the room, when a strong light, shining beneath a door lead ing to an adjoining apartment, and the would of voices arrested her steps a woman's voice, subdued but full of diswees, mingled soothings and supplica-tions, and a child's fretful, half-articu-lated complitints.

impassively she went forward and opened the door. A dark-skinned, forign looking woman was kneeling on the Seer beside a child's cot, and holding up belore her a large black-and-white crucifix to which she was fervently praying, ag her tearful petition with caressing words to the child, who, partly awake, was staring at the white figure on the chony cross, with his little hands fedded, in imitation of his nurse, peevthe questioning her and crying also.

came in, dropping the crucifix, and rising to her feet. "Mademoiselle!" "Leame in to know if anything is the matter. Pais areadful storm has awoke amo, I perceive," said Winnie, kind-am sitting up with Lady Mount-

Ciel, n'est-ce pas terrible, mam' z a notre Seigneur that

the tempest might soon finish."
"Pray on, then," said Winnie, gently. "Heaven always hears believing prayer.
But the child he would be better arleep, I think; or shall I take him to his mother for a little while?"

"Le petit ange" looked decidelly unprepared for rest or repose, as he kicked and wriggled from beneath the bedstothes, looking as if he had made up his mind to endure this sort of thing

"Does miladi have the wish for the shild, mam'selle?" the nurse inquired, in desptial astonishment, trying to restrain her "bebe," her "petit ange," from linging himself head foremost on the

"Ch, I think she would; he would cheer her up," said simple Winnie, who thought that the presence of a little child must be a panacea for every distress of a mother's breast.

A MOTHER'S DUTY TO HER DAUGHTER

Requires That Her Blood Supply be Kest Rich. Red and Pure.

Every mother who calls to mind her own girlhood knows how urgently her daughter is likely to need help and daughter is likely to need help and except the daring the years between school days and womanhood. It is then that growing girls droop and become fragile, doodless and nervous. Nature is salling fer more nourishment than the blood can supply and signs of distress are plainly evident in dull eyes, pallid cheeks, adding backs, a languid step, fits of depression, headaches and a dislike for sood. These signs mean anaemia—that

The watchful mother takes prompt steps to give her girl the new, rich Medi her system is thirsting for by giv-ing Dr. Williams' Pink Pille, which make ser blood and transform unkappy girls robust, happy, bright eyed young n. No other medicine has ever succeeded like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because no other medicine can make that new, rich, red blood which brings health and vitality to weak, bloodless systems. Miss Mamie Krouse, Cope-town, Out., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a blessing to me. I had been a sufferer for almost two years from anaemia, and seemed, no matter what I tried, to be growing worse. I was very pale and seemed bloodless, suf-

fessed from frequent headaches, the least exertion would leave me completely time out, and I was very much discouraged and fretful. At last I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got shalf dozen boxes, and by the time they were used I was feeling much better. A for more boxes fully restored my health and able once more to enjoy life."

These pills are sold by all medicine colors or will be sent by mail at 50

"Had mam'selle not better make the inquiry of miladi?" persisted the nurse. Miladi does not as usual permit le cher

petit to remain in her boudoir." "Very well," said Winnie, leaving "the little angel" stamping and howling at

own maid are sufficient attendants for the young gentleman without me."

brooding feelings," said Winnie, feeling other from the time that we were a again that stunned sensation of pity and surprise at the tack of maternal tenderness that seemed so unactural to her.

"You have fortunately mistaken me for a very domestic character, I fear, Miss Caerlyon," her ladyship observed. coldby. "I suppose you are astonished because I do not delight in devoting myself to the amateur nursing of Lord Mountrevor's heir? Are you not?" she persisted, as Winnie, shock and distressed, remained silent.

"I thought that a mother always liked to have her child with her," she said,

"Well, then, in that case I am defferrever wished to have a child-t never wished to see him when he was born-I never cared for him-he never eared for me never will-why should the child? He'll hate me when he grows up, and wish me dead for the sake of my jointure income."

"Lady Mountrevor, you cannot mean what you say!"

"I do mean it!" she cried, passionatewere to be trusted—poor, dear Stephen:
went you call full of the tehheur; and
I must get relief from all these maddening thoughts. I think I am delirious. Give me that draught, Winnie; there are such memories surging through my brain—such fancies—such wild fancies! Winnie Caerlyon, may I trust you?" she asked, catching eagerly at her hand. "Can I trust you to hear and see and be silent-for Stephen Tredennick's sake, if not for mine-to be silent nereafter and always never to say that you once saw her ladyship, Mildred Mountrevor, transformed into a mad woman? She, with a harsh, bitter

> "If I were base enough not to be silent for your own sake now and for ever, Lady Mountrevor," answered Winnie, quietly "there would be little use in requesting my discretion for Captain Tredennick's sake. I have unfortunately been the cause of arousing painful reminiscences and uncomfortable feelings more than once during the past evening," she pursued, gently and scothingly, to the woman whom, as she best on earth-"let me try to banish tant, booming sound.

"Banish them? How you talk! Ah, Mildred moaned, drearily. "You could dead and give them to me once more!"

"The dead!" reepated Winnie, sadly. "The dead," Lady Mountrevor return OLD PROSPECTOR ed-and Winnie saw the proud head bowed in weeping-perhaps she was the only one who had so seen it since Mildred's childhood-the dead looking at me from the white faces of those roses over there, the dead presence surrounding me in their perfume, and the buria! of the dead whom I loved and lost sounding in my ears in the muffled

tramp of that 'Dead March'!" "It is so strange!" Winnie Caerlyon whispered, and a cold magsette thall of some impending terror or surprise chilled her blood, while her voice was almost drowned in the notice of the storm.

"No, it is not strange," Lady Mildred said—"it is not strange at all. Death is abroad to-night, Winnie, and the spirits of our dead may be nearer to us than we imagine. You spoke of it,

"Of what?" asked Winnie, trembling Httle, as she drew near to Lary Mild-

"Of some one you had lost-of a lonely grave in a foreign land. The white roses reminded you as well as me." "Ah, yes," said Winnie, willing to

change the dreary current of the unhappy young lady's thoughts by some slight variation in the conversation, "but then it was not one whom I had known and loved, or who had eared for me. It was stranger's grave, dear Lady Mildredyoung English stranger, who was bured in an old cemetery in Winston. where I lived. I could not help going to his funeral, for I was an English stranger, too. I felt as if I had lost a liniments and contments, and took sulfriend, though I had never seen him, poor young fellow; and I put on mourncould a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by ing and went and laid a few sprays of I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and all I She buried her face in her handker-could be the sprays of I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and all I She buried her face in her handker-could be the sprays of the buried her face in her handker-could be the second by the sprays of the second by the second by the second be the second by the second look at them now-never smell their me."

perfume without thinking of the poor young soldier's funeral on that lovely summer morning, and seeing the white flowers around the name-plate as they laid him down in his lonely grave. Poor young Albert Gardiner!"

"What!" The word broke in a shrill. hourse cry from Lady Mountrevor's

white, parched lips.

"Albert Gardiner—a young ensign in the British army," Winnie faltered, shrinking backward in involuntary terror: "did you know him, Lady Mount-

"Know him-know him!" She followed Winnie, clutching at her drais in frantic evgerness. "Tell me—tell met. Did vou ever see him—never once before he died?" she cried, ptieously. "Oh, Albert darling! "Oh, Bertie, my darling Loy Albert dearest! A longly grave in a foreign land! This was what was comme: this was what I dreamed of him-dreamed of him lying in his cof-

'Who was he?" Winnie said, overwheimen with bewildered fear. "Lady Mountrever, who was Albert Gardi-

The question seemed to recall her to herself. She loosed her hold of Winnie Carry n turned away with a groun and sinking in a enair, be ried her face in her hands.

"Who was he indeed!" she moaned. "Who was Albert Gardiner that Lord Mountrevor's wife should mourn him?" "Some one you loved?" whispered Winnie Caerlyon, marvelling if indeed it could be so. "Some one!" Lady Mountrevor cried,

rising from her chair and pacing the room like a caged creature. "The only living creature I ever loved—ever could love ever will love!" the unhappy woman said, raging in fierce rebellion over the bereavement. "They took him from "The child!" eried Lady Mountrevor, me; they persecuted us until they got raising her head in displeased surprise. us asunder-until they drove him out Why on earth should I trouble myself of the country, and hurried me away inwith a cross, screaming child, Miss Caer- to seclusion-we who loved each other lyon I presume that his nurse and my so who would have been so faithful to each other, and so happy if they had let us-they-the worldly, smiling, sel-"Oh, I asked only because I thought fish schemers my father and mother e might cheer you and distract nervous and Madam Vivian! We loved each little boy and girl, Winnie Caerlyon," she went on, passionate sobs shaking her utterance; "we meant to love each other always-to marry as soon as I was of age; and Bertie used to talk to me of our home in some far-off Indian bungalow, or some fort in a distant land-we two together: and we should have been so happy! They did their best to make me forget him-Madam Vivian most of all. She is a hard worldly woman, Winnie Caerlyon, and you know it as well as I, though you have borne with her so well and patiently. They did their best, but it was uselessuseless: if they had been endeavoring ent from all other mothers," Lady ever since, they could not have succeed-Mountrevor retorted, reckiessly. "I ed-never never, but for Death helping them! I never could be false to him, he never could have been false to me in life, but Death stepped in to part Bertie Gardiner and me for ever, much to my dear relatives relief! Much to their relief," she repeated, after a pause, with a slow, concentrated bitterness "though Madam Vivian announced 'the sad news,' as she called it, in so smoothly condoling a voice and manner-We we man cried, clasping her ly. Let me speak: I can trust you much as she announced the dearn or my god-mother, who bequeathed me her for tune. She entreated of me not to say Longchamps race course for a change of

scene to cheer and amuse me." "Oh, dear Lady Mildred, she did not mean to slight your grief. Madam did not understand feelings like yours. Madam never loved and lost as you did," said Winnie, quite forgetting, in the simplicity of her grief, that it was a peeress of the realm she was embracing and crying over so heartily.

"You would excuse her without ceasing, Winnie Caerlyon. Why, I know not unless it is because of your longsuffering amiability," Lady Mildred re-marked, harshly scornful. "Irrespective of other wrongs, Madam Vivian has done me one that I can neither forgive nor forget." What was it?" Winnie asked, tim-

The stormy shricking of the wind had paused for a time, spent and breathless from its rage, but the thundering roar and beat of the wild surges sounded fearfully loud and near in the ominous believed. Stephen Tredennick had loved lull; and in the lull came a faint, dis-

The wrong of compelling me to sacrifice and trample upon my feelings in Winnie you can not bunish them!" Ludy spite of every instinct of my nature. which shrank from the trial," said Lady not, unless you could give me the past | Mountrevor, with gloomy hopelessnessover again unless you could raise the the wrong of compelling me by fear of

TELLS HIS STORY

HIS REAL TROUBLES STARTED WHEN RHEUMATISM GOT HIM.

Plasters, cintments and sulphur were alike useless, but Dodd's Kidney Pills made a man of him.

Priiceton, B. C., Feb. 10, - (Special.) -All over Canada people are telling of the great work Doed's Kidney Pills are doing, and even in the Rock Mountain fastnesses, where nature hides her mines, men are telling of cures made and suffering relieved by the great Canadian Kidney remedy. Wm. Murray, 66 years old, who has tramped the frontier as lumber jack, rancher, prospector miner, hunter and trapper, and who has friends all over the west, is one of these. Many a tale of hardship and danger he can tell, but his first real trouble came when Kheumatism claimed

"I slipped on the mountain eide and strained my kidneys, and then my troubles all seemed to set in at once. I had nearly all the symptoms of Imnbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Diabetea, Dropsy and Bright's Disease," Murray states.

"Then I broke out in a terrible rash that spread all over my body and kept me in tortures. I tried all sorts of phur enough to start a little hades of my ewn. But it was all no use. Then memory."

PIMPLES ITCHED

On Arms and Legs. Caused Hunning Sores. Would Tear Himself Till They Bled. Like Open Wounds. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

53 Stewart St., Toronto, Ontario.-When my baby was nine months old he had a lot of pimples come on his arms and

legs which used to come to a head, then break and cause running sores. They were bright red spots. which itched and burned so badly that he would tear himself till he made them bleed and they were all like open wounds. They were on his face and arms so bad that I did not like to take him out. He could not sleep or rest anywhere. I tried several things at home and lots of different

things people used to advise me, but he did not get a bit better. "I bathed each place in warm water and

Cuticura Soap and then I put some of the Cuticura Ointment on and bound them up in soft rags and he slept better that night than he had for three weeks, and he did not scratch himself once that night. I did that for three days, night and morning, when we noticed the sores were getting drier and healing, so I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment, and after a week and a few days there was not a blemish on him." (Signed) Mrs. F. West, Feb. 29, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 39D. Boston, U. S. A.

her displeasure, the force of her anthority ,the dread of her ridicule on a night a summer night—seven years ago, Winnie Caerlyon-to go to a ball with her with a presentiment of coming sorrow like a leaden weight of my girlish heart, with a fevered brain, a weary, spiritless frame, my eyes burning from weeking—the wrong of compelling me to dress and adorn, bedeck, bejewel myself, banish all traces of the load of apprehension and pain that was resting on me, simulate gaiety and high spirits, and go mingle amongst heartless people of whom I hated one-half and despised nearly all the rest-to dance, and smile, and flirt and attract—to exhibit myself, in a word, for the securing more surely the rich prize my would-be proprietor offered in exchange for me-all to gratify her love of pomp and wealth and vanity-she, the vain, selfish woman, who never experienced one throb of real love! She made me go to the last ball of the season; she chaperoned me, and paraded me, and showed me off-as surely as ever a slave merchant did his Circassians and Georgians before the eyes of rich pashas! I danced with Lou! Henry Mountrevor to Madam Vivian's express desire; I promenaded the conservatory with him; I sat with him found her doom. behind bowers of orange trees in blossom; with smiles I listened to his pro- bout fifteen hundred tons, I shud sany," tune. She entreated of me not to say testations of admiration; I gave him one of the coastguard men remarked to too much, I remember, and proposed every artful encouragement that a ballroom coquette uses to capture a golden prize in matrimony and I gave him a flower from my bonquet at parting, I remember—a rose—a white rose—and he kissed it. and placed it in his coat, to exhibit its withered remains to me for a week after! Winnie, do you know what day it was the day that I danced out the close of the last ball of the season with Lord Mountrevor? It was the twenty-ninth of July eighteen hun-

> "The day that "broke from Winnie's lips involuntarily, in the shock of the moment.

> "The day-the morning-the hour when Albert Gardiner lay dying amongst strangers in a strange land." Lady Mildred said, slowly; "and when I discovered the truth afterwards, bitterly as I hated myself, theer were two others whom I hated still worse-Madam Vivian and Lord Henry Mountrevor. 'I hated every one in the world but my Cousin Stephen-my poor, dear, old, kind-hearted Stephen-who came with the tears running down his chocks, calling me his 'poor bereaved, dearest little Millie.': His sympathy saved me from going mad or acting foolishly."

> "Oh, Lady Mildred, dear!" Winnie sobbed, in her generous sympathy, feeling as if every grief of her own innocent, loving life were as nothing compared to the stormy vindicative miscry of this proud, noble, misguided nature. But heaven helped you to forgive yourself and every one else for that unintentional wrong-if wrong is could be called, when no one meant cruelly to you, although it was so cruel; and towards Lord Mountrevor, of gourse, as you married him afterwards, you must

> have felt differently." "Miss Caerlyon," said Lady Mildred. briefly, "as you say, I became the wife of Lord Montrevor afterwards, and the mother of his heir. Now, if you please, we will change the subject. This storm has affected me strangely, terrified me out of my self-possession and reticence; but I repose perfect confidence in your womanly honor and delicacy of feeling. "Of course you may," responded Winnie, sorrowfully, fearing that she had

offended ber. "I know I may," said Lady Mountrevor, quietly; and then, as Winnie moved from her side to the window to recommence her anxious watching and listening, she put her arm around her. drew her towards her, and kissed her with a gentle cordiality that made Wing nie's heart beat fast with pleasure.

"I think one could make a friend of a woman like vou." the wealthy peeress said, with thoughtful sadness; "be that as it may, you can never be but an object of interest and liking to me, Minnie-I never shall; and I may be able vet." she whistered, laying her cheek to Winunie's, and wetting it with her tears, "to give you some days of happiness-some years of happiness, I hopefor the hours of regret and the tears you gave to-his-Albert Gardiner's

pause there again came across the mo- all the pleasure from it.

notonous roaring of the waters the short, sharply-defined booming sound. A terrible thought arose in Winnie heart. She would fain have rushed to open doors or windows and braved the storm, to look or listen for the news

than she dreaded; but she was unwilling to disturb Lady Mountrevor at the "Dear Winnie," Lady Mildred said, looking up with a calmer face, and a little of Mildred Tredennick's old caress-

ing smile gleaming from her tear-wet eyes, "I have talked too much of myself, my life, my past. It is all over, all its brightness is gone, all its hopes were buried long ago. Now for a change dear Winnie Caerlyon, I shall talk of the future—your future, my future, as far as I can hope for one—the future when Stephen Tredennick comes home, and-Hark! what is that?"

Again across the thondering of the surges came the sharp booming sound. "I have heard it twice before," Winnie cried, edasping her hands. "Oh. Lady Mikired, it is a wreck! I was afraid of this all night."

"A wreck." Lady Mountrevor echoed. ewe-struck-"a wreck near us here? Ob. what can we do? What can we do to

"Nothing," said Winnie, white with despair. "No vessel can hold out for an hour if she once gets near Tregarthen Bay. I often heard father say that no boat can get alongside. Sailors have no chance of life unless they are washed ashore on spars. We can do nothing but stand to see them die. There is the gun again! Oh, poor souls!'

Let us wake up the servants let us go out and see-offer rewards-do something!" Lady Mountrevor broke out, only thought of pills as a physic. but energetically.

The sudden excitement of her quick sympathies was as a counter irritant, relieving and strengthening her unstrung fevered nerves.
They are awake, I think," Winnie

said, listening-"I hear footsteps on the ton's Pills should be used by every stairs." The footsteps came nearer, and a trem-

ulous knock sounded at the outer door of Lady Mildred's rooms. Presently old Llanyon's white head appeared against the dark background of velvet drapery. "My lady, my lady," he cried, agitatedly, "I thought it right to come and tell

you, my lady, that there's a large ship -a merchantman, they think-ashore on the Black Reef of Tregarthen!" CHAPTER XXIV.

The first struggling light of the gray dawn was dimly revealing through the cold mists of the wild March morning the dreary expanse of froth-whitened tossing water, the jagged glittering points of he Black Reef peering above the raging waves; but most noticeable of all to the eyes of the score or two of watchers on the cliffs, did the faint gray haze cling around that dark mass with the torn remnants of sails and cordage beating idly and wildly about, and the splintered spars and masts lying helplesely with their heads submerged under the cruel waves that leaded and dashed over them in fierce mockery.

Whence she had come, or whither she was bound, no one knew; but there, on the Black Reef, beneath the frowning precipice of Tregarthen Head, on the wild Cornish coast, had the good ship

"A hemmegrant ship ner be, sir; an

(To be Continued.)



It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy--Why you don't even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of.--So Mistaken are Impossible. Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and

Booklet giving results of Dysing over other colors.
The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited,
Montreal, Canada.

BANISHING THE BLACKHEAD PEST.

The green soap treatment is an excelent weapon with which to fight the blackhead. Green soap, as many of my readers know, is really not green at all, but vellow in color, and can be obtained at any drug store that is worthy of the

Before using the green soap, wash the face with warm water in order to open the pores and soften the blackheads. Then apply the green soap to the face. rubbing it gently but thoroughly into the pores. Then wash the face again with warm water, using a camel's heir complexion brush if the blackheads are peculiarly obstinate. Avoid irritating the skin by too rough treatment, how-

After the skin has been thoroughly dried, and is still warm, massage with a good skin food or face cream. If the blackheads still remain, rub the cream into that part of the skin and apply hot water. It will be an extraordinarily persistent blackhead that will survive this treatment.

As a rule, I should not advise anyone to attempt to press or squeeze out blackheads. An expert can sometimes do this to advantage, but the efforts of an amateur are likely to leave an ugly mark on the skin that may remain as an actual scar.

Where the pores of the skin are large, the blackhead finds easy lodgment in the face. Cold water is an excellent astringent for large pores, and should always be applied after the face has been bathed in warm water. A mixture of rosewater and benzoin is always helpful on occasion. Take a tablespoonful of rosewater and add to it ten drops of benzoin. Apply to the face with a soft cloth.-Woman's World for January.

From a woman's point of view, to chief for several minutes, and in the be compelled to suffer in silence takes from Zam Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt

Was Pale and Anaemic



Made Wonderful Recovery When Dr. Hamilton's Pills Were Used.

"I . was never actually sick," writes Mrs. Norman La Pierre, wife of a well-known \ resident of Labenione, "yet I never could get strong like other women. I ate well enough, but somehow rich and red blood I could never make. When I married I took a great pride in my housekeeping, but it kept me tired all the time Lechance, my neighbor, looked well -she told me her health had been made up by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. f now I know that Dr. Hamilton's Pilis are more, fore they quickened my stomach, liver and bowels-made me stouter and stronger, gave me such color in my cheeks as I never had before. I sincerely believe Dr Hamilwoman-that's why I write this let-

No medicine invigorates and renews health and spirits like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid from the Catarrhozone Ca. Buffalo. N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

NEW HEAD OF JAP GOVEDNIMENT



COUNT TAMAMUIU. The violent political riots that overthrew the Japanese ministry have resulted in Japan's leading naval authority assuming control of the govern-

Count Yamamoto, the new premier, was for more than 15 years minister of the navy, and did more than any other man to place Japan's navy where it is-in the great powers' class.

He holds the title of admiral, is 55 years old and received his entire naval training in Japan.. In politics he lines up with the constitutional party.

WHAT FOLLOWED A CUT

A Magistrate's Wonderful Experience With Zam Buk.

Mr. J. E. Arsenault, a Justice of the Peace, and station master at Wellington, on the Prince Edward Island Ry., has had a wonderful proof of the healing power of Zam-Buk. He says:

"Four years ago I had an accident. slipped in the station and fell on a freight truck, sustaining a bad cut on the front of my leg. I thought this would heat, but instead of doing so it developed into a bad ulcer and later into form of eczema which spread very rapidly and also started on the other leg. Both legs became so swollen and sore that I could only go about my work by having them bandaged. My doc-

tor said I must stop work and lay up. "After six months of this trouble. I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. I tried all the salves, liniments and lotions I heard of, but instead of getting better I got worse.

"This was my condition when I got my first box of Zam-Buk. Greatly to my delight that first box gave me relief. continued to apply it to the sores, and day by day they got better. I could see that at last I had got hold of something which would cure me, and in the end it did.

"It is now over a year since Zam-Buk worked a cure in my case, and there has been no return of the eczema or any

Such is the nature of the great cures which Zam-Buk is daily effecting. Purele herbal in composition, this great balm is a sure cure for all skin diseases, cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, blood-poisoning, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, euts, burns and bruises. All druggists and stores sell at 50c box or post free