

# COULD NOT REST NIGHT OR DAY

With Irritating Skin Humour—Whole Body Affected—Scalp Itched All the Time and Hair Began to Fall Out—Wonderful Help Received From

## APPLICATION OF CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I am never without Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment since I tried them last summer. About the latter part of July my whole body began to itch. I did not take much notice of it at first, but it began to get worse all the time, and then I began to get uneasy and tried all kinds of baths and other remedies that were recommended for skin humours; but I became worse all the time. My hair began to fall out and my scalp itched all the time. Especially at night, just as soon as I would get in bed and get warm, my whole body would begin to itch and my finger nails would keep it irritated, and it was not long before I could not rest night or day. A friend asked me to try the Cuticura Remedies, and I did, and the first application helped me wonderfully. For about four weeks I would take a hot bath every night and then apply the Cuticura Ointment to my whole body; and I kept getting better, and by the time I used four boxes of Cuticura I was entirely cured, and my hair stopped falling out, but I continue to use the Cuticura on my scalp. It keeps all dandruff out and my scalp is always clean. I always use Ointment on my face after shaving, and have found nothing to equal it. D. E. Blankenship, Indianapolis, Ind. Oct. 27, 1905."

## RECOMMENDED TO ALL MOTHERS

"I have used Cuticura Ointment for chafing of infants, and as they grew older all skin diseases were given treatment with that and the Cuticura Soap. I never found it necessary to call a doctor, as these Remedies are a sure cure, if used as directed. I am glad to recommend them to all mothers. Mrs. F. A. Kebrard, St. Paul Park, Minn. June 21, 1905."

The originals of the above testimonials are on file in the office of the Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Telephone, R. Towns Co., Merchants, Sydney, N. S. W. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. See Notice First How to Cure Skin. Address, R. Towns & Co., by stay, N. S. W.

### YOUR FOOD

must be properly digested and assimilated to be of any value to you, otherwise it is a source of harm instead of good.

If not digested it ferments and decays, causing "sour" stomach, "heart burn," nausea, headache, flatulence, bad breath, and other discomforts.

### DR. SHELDON'S Digestive Tablets

compel proper digestion of the food and sends the food nutriment through the blood into all parts of the body.

The tissues are thus built up, and every organ is restored to health and strength and put in perfect condition.

Disease is driven out to stay out—the cause is removed.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 2/6

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, etc.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' for Coughs and Colds. Of proven efficacy for Bronchial Irritation.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' for Coughs and Colds. Relieves Asthma and relieves breathing.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' of 40 years' proven efficacy for Coughs, Colds, and difficulty of breathing.

COAGULINE, KLINX, TENASITINE. Contents for broken and other articles.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS' of Mountain Flax. An agreeable aperient. Worth a trial.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' Trade Mark of Ray's Compound Remedy of Linseed for Coughs and Colds.

# MY BASEBALL DEBUT

(By L. CONSTANS.)



"Both claimed victory."

hand of the other, then the proof would be positive. Again "the Twister" was triumphant, and Billy now bowed to the result, though by divers remarks still insinuating unfairness—that the knife-blade in all probability had not been held down flatly, and that his opponent had "scrunched."

"The Twister," however, pail small



"Sorrel-top."

WHY it is that an urbanite who invades a rural district for the express purpose of obtaining rest immediately sets himself to the task of discovering excitement, I know not. Nor do I know why, to one under such circumstances of enforced enervation, the vivacity and buoyancy of youth appeal with so much power. I simply know that it was a conjunction of these two cogent forces that incited me, after several days of rustication in the little village of Trent, to follow the sound of boyish voices that reached me in loud altercation. Mounting the raised roadway, I came into full view of the seat of trouble—a smooth, level stretch of ground, upon which a crowd of boys were noisily engaged in a game of baseball.

Their brag and bluster acted like a tonic on my quiet-sated nerves; and subtly, as the moth to the flame, I was drawn toward this source of life-effervescence.

As an entity, my position was unique. I was the only person not an active participant in the proceedings. But I was not long to hold this distinction.

During one of the many arguments that arose as regularly as a batter was declared "out," in which arguments the merits of the case were discussed with much vehemence between the batter and the other players, there came a small, insistent cry of "Let's choose up sides! Choose up!" and the cry was picked up, echoed and re-echoed lustily, as each boy scrambled for the possession of a bat.

Each insisted upon being one of the choosers, but might makes right in the child world, and the two largest boys, heedless of the angry glances and direful mutterings of the discontented rabble, promptly arrogated that much-mooted privilege. "Tommy the Twister," a sobriquet I afterwards learned, born from the ability of the gentlemen to make a ball defy all the known laws of projection and trajectory, was one of the two; the other, a lad named "Billy." Billy bore no titular honours, but subsequent events proved him worthy of the command he had assumed.

A bat, after a bloodless but fierce struggle, was wrested from one of the former aspirants for premiership, and this Tommy pitched to Billy, who cleverly caught it amidway. Above Billy's hand Tommy now clasped his, and above that came Billy's other hand, and so on they alternated as they climbed quickly toward the top. Both claimed victory, Tommy by right of grasp, and Billy by right of foul, the latter protesting loudly that his opponent's hand was

a "fool"—to translate him literally—above the top of the bat.

"Where's a stone? Gimme a brick!" was the general demand, and I expected to see the two dictators slain forthwith, but in this I was unlearned. Justice was to be invoked, the principle thereof being that, if the stone pounded upon the top of the bat did not harm the upper hand, it was prima facie evidence that such hand was within fair bounds.

A dozen judges surrounded the belligerents, each with the official requisite of office, in the shape of a stone or a brick, in his hand; and each putting forth loud argument to convince that certain qualities of his stone or brick made it superior to all others for the purpose at issue.

The trial was a triumph for Tommy, but only a temporary one, for Billy immediately filed a second demurrer, claiming a miscarriage of justice; and in support of this claim he cleverly pointed out that the stone, being round, did not cover the entire top of the bat on a flat plane.

This coterie argument was greeted with mingled cries of approval and disapproval from partisans in the crowd, but Billy was obdurate. With Rhadamantian severity he demanded a knife, contending that if the blade, held flat on the top of the bat, should pass over the



"What'd'ya take us for—he's got whiskers!"