

MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM

Winsome Winnie

"Just as you like, since you are find inquiry to propose it," she returned, listlessly. "I do not wish to wake my maid—servants are not always acceptable attendants, and the girl is better asleep. There is wine in that little buffet at the window, Miss Caerlyon—pray take a little yourself; and there is some salt-water on the table in my dressing-room."

"Had madame not better make the inquiry of madame?" persisted the nurse. "Madame does not as usual permit her petit to remain in her boudoir." "Very well," said Winnie, leaving the little buffet and stamping and howling at not being permitted to follow her.

A MOTHER'S DUTY TO HER DAUGHTER

Requires That Her Blood Supply be Kept Rich, Red and Pure.

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

"What was it?" Winnie asked, timidly. "The wrong of compelling me to sacrifice and trample upon my feelings in spite of every instinct of my nature, which shrank from the trial," said Lady Mountrevor, with gloomy hopelessness—the wrong of compelling me by fear of

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!

"Who was he?" Winnie asked, overwhelmed with bewildered fear. "Lady Mountrevor, who was Albert Gardiner?" "The question seemed to reach her to herself. She looked her head of Winnie Caerlyon and turned away with a groan and a sinking in a faint, bitter face on her hands.

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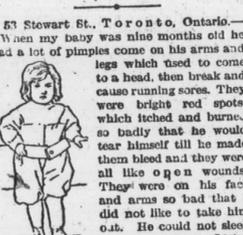
OLD PROSPECTOR TELLS HIS STORY

HIS REAL TROUBLES STARTED WHEN RHEUMATISM GOT HIM.

Plasters, ointments and sulphur were alike useless, but Dodd's Kidney Pills made a man of him. Pelletier, B. C., Feb. 10.—(Special).—All over Canada people are telling of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, and even in the Rock Mountain fastnesses, where nature hides her treasures, men are telling of cures made after 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 rheumatism claimed him.

PIMPLES ITCHED AND BURNED

On Arms and Legs. Caused Running 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 any better.

her displeasure, the force of her authority the dread of her ridicule on a night 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 weeping—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 my dear prize, my wedding more propitiously offered in exchange for me—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 Lord Henry Mountrevor to Madam Vivian's express desire; I promenade the conservatory with him; I sat with him behind bowers of orange trees in blossom; with smiles I listened to his protestations of admiration; I gave him every artificial encouragement that a golden prize in matrimony—and I gave him a flower from my bouquet at parting. I remember—a rose—a white rose—and I 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 case of the last ball of the season with Lord Mountrevor? It was the twenty-ninth of July eighteen hundred and—

"The day—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, there 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 cheeks, 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 vindictive misery of this proud, noble, misguided nursery. "But heaven helped you to forgive yourself and every one else for that unintentional wrong—if wrong it could be called, when no one meant to do you wrong, although it was so cruel; and towards Lord Mountrevor, of course, as you married him afterwards, you must have felt differently," said Lady Mildred, kindly. "As you say, I became the wife of Lord Mountrevor 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."

notorious roaring of the waters the short, sharply-defined booming sound. A terrible thought arose in Winnie's mind. She would faint have rushed to open doors or windows and braved the storm, to look or listen for the news that she dreaded; but she was unwilling to disturb Lady Mountrevor at the moment. "Dear Winnie," Lady Mildred said, "knit up with a calmer face, and a little of Mildred Tredennick's old careless 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?"

"The sudden excitement of her quick sympathies was as a counter irritant, relieving and nerve-strengthening her struggling fevered nerves." Winnie said, listening—"I hear footsteps on the stairs." The footsteps came nearer, and a tremulous knock sounded at the outer door of Lady Mildred's rooms. Presently Lord Llanoy's white head appeared against the dark background of velvet drapery. "My lady, my lady," he cried, agitatedly, "I think 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!"

"Home Dyeing has no terrors for me—it is simply my delight. Even Professional Dyers cannot equal my Perfect Results. That's because I use DYOLA. ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS. It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy. Why don't you even have to know what KIND OF Cloth your Goods are made of—No Mistakes are possible. Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over four colors. THE JOHNSON-REIDMANSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Canada."

BANISHING THE BLACKHEAD PEST. The green soap treatment is an excellent weapon with which to fight the blackhead. Green soap, as many of my readers know, is really not green at all, but yellow in color, and can be obtained at any drug store that is worthy of the name. 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 hair complexion brush if the blackheads are peculiarly obstinate. Avoid irritating the skin by too rough treatment, however. 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 no 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.

Vigorous Health Restored To Run-Down Woman

Seemed to Have Lost All Ambition, Was Pale and Anæmic.



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 Lebanon, "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 house-keeping, but it kept me tired all the time. Mrs. Loehner, my neighbor, looked well made up by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I only thought of pills as a physic, but now I know that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are more, for 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. Hamilton's Pills should be used by every woman—that's why I write this letter."

No medicine purifies and renews blood and spirits like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid from the Central Dispensary Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

NEW HEAD OF JAPANESE GOVERNMENT



The violent political riots that overthrew the Japanese ministry have resulted in Japan's leading naval authority assuming control of the government. 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 in 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. I slipped in the station and fell on a freight truck, sustaining a bad cut on the front of my leg. I thought this would heal, but instead of doing so it developed into a bad ulcer and later into a 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 doctor 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, ointments and liniments I heard of, but instead of getting better I got worse. "This was my condition when I got my first box of Zam-Buk. Gladly to my delight that first box gave me relief. I continued to apply it to the sores, and day by day they got better. I could see that at last I had a hold of something which would cure me, and in the end it did. "It is now over a year that Zam-Buk worked a cure in my case, and there has been no return of the eczema or any trace of it. "Such is the nature of the brand cures which Zam-Buk is daily curing. Purely herbal in composition, this great balm is a sure cure for all skin diseases, and sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, scalp eczema, ringworm, inflamed patches, cuts, burns and bruises. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. per box or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price."