Konnanian mananan mananan mananan mananan mananan kanan kana Winsome Winnie

And Winnie shook her head in unconscious earnestness at its reflection in the glass, wherein she saw it crowned with great braids and masses of tmy curls of lustrous golden grown, with a stiffly decorous bow and wave of his hand, consigned Winnie to Madam's maid, standing a spray of lustr-blown white roses and buds fastened at the side—for Winnie was dressing for the dinner party at Roseworthy, and all Winnie's toilette was undergoing inspection by at least half-a-dozen of Winnie's brothers and delight, were gathered into the lettle crowded bedroom, bestowing themselves on bedrand chairs, and the floor—anwhere, so khat they could get a good look at "sister Winnie."

"Winnie has black veils—black lace allover her beautiful silk gown!" Johnnie whispered in an awe-stricken voice to Tommy.

"That's not veils—that's gennydea and hard to see hister's necklace, eithermor her bracelets, nor her slippers, all that I have rouged very highly, as she tat I have rouged very highly as the tat I have rouged very highly as the tat I have rouged very highly as t

You didn't see hister's necklace, either, nor her bracelets, nor her slippers, all made of satin—real satin!"

Both Johnnie and Tommy joined in a sarcastic "guffaw" at this last announce-

Tommy, "Satin'll not keep out much water—and the road's running like a

mill-stream!"
Sarah Matilda, from her post at the dressing table as a loving, but most in-efficient time-woman, look d round with

a grand and lofty rebuke.

"A lady always goes to a party in a covered carriage," she said to the abash-covered carriage, she said to the abash-covered carriage. She said to the abash-covered carriage, she said to the abash-covered carriage. She said to the abash-covered carriage. ed boys, "Sister is going in Madam Vivian's carriage"; and beenath the weight of the grandeur of this amauncement their sister's adorning with mingled

anazement and fascination.

It was the first time that they had ever seen anything like it in their lives the speciacle of a lady robed in silk and ganzy black, with a white, bare neck adorned by a necklet of flashing get, bare arm bleaming pearly-white get, bare arm. bleaming pearly-white against the soft blackness of her flowher bair, and her feet shed, with black satin. It was an event as unpre-cedented as undreamed of in the menotonous years of that poverty-helged, meagre household. Thir sister's simple attire was regal magnificence in the children's eves; and "sister Winnie" herself, in victic of her assumption of it had become once more the mythical mythical. and beautiful presents she could not be one of them, dressed in sills and the he of the committee of the six and the he of heliotrepe softly emanating from the grazy distening folds of her lovely

Somewhat of this was in the wistful lift and the stairs after Winnie to see her get into the carriage a real carriage, with two splendid herees, and the conchman in livery waiting at the porch! They crowled round timidly and respectfully, with every eyes and parted line erowled round timidly and respectfully with eager eyes and parted lips, watching Winnie putting on a large warm shawl. Her foof was on the step to go in, when she turned back—bow often the children recalled it how well they remembered it for yours afterwards!

"My darlings, go in out of the cold," she said, with tears in her 'oving eyes because of those longing, wisful, timidly-admiring ones watching her—"go in and we will have a beautiful party of our own, when we go into our new larges gradpass."

"No. I.sha'u't! No. I.sha'u't! Let me ind. when we go into our new larges gradpass."

"No. I.sha'u't! No. I.sha'u't! Let me ind. will have a beautiful party of our new larges gradpass."

"Acanneton." 'My darlings, go in out of the cold,

When the entringe door was shut, and "sister Winnie's" bright, gestle face, looking so lovely with its bright color ad southing eyes, was lest to view, the children ran back to the fireside. Singurg and dancing with gice, which will be singular to the color of the de singing and dancing with glee. Sister Winnie" was retily at home "Sister Winnie" was really at home-at home forever and always! "Sister at home forever and always! "Sister Winele" was at home and all the pleasant future and its promised delights, which they should share with her, appeared close at hand!

"It's a terrible night. Miss Winnie," old Llanvon said, as he received her, with a certain kind of gratification hemiting in his without old face. "A

beaming in his withered old face—"a terrible night, indeed!" He lowered his voice a little "Madam's fretting a good deal. Miss Winnie. You know the Captain is coming home in about ten days Madam often feels like that when Cant. Stephen is ahom! Madam's maid, is waiting for you, Miss Winnie." With a total change of manner the



that would have provoked that injured lady even more deeply could she have known it—"she is trying to insinuate that I have rouged very highly, as she used to tell me long ago' that she did not admire the queer yellowish shade that was in my hair."

Indeed Miss Trewhella, with knitted brows, and formally smiling mouth,

"They'll stick in the mud, then!" cried brows and formally smiling mouth brown. "Satin'll not keep out much glancing at the burnished braids and silky curls, looked as if she would much life to insinuate that Miss Caerlyon had bought a great quantity of false tresses, and that they shone too much and were too abundant; for Miss Winnie was altogether displeasing to Madam Vivian's genteel waiting wo-

"The idea." she said, with much in-ward envious disturbance, "of her hav-ing upper skirts of net edged with blonde, tike her ladyship's, over eight and sixperice a yard black gros grain!" She was absorbed in this cause of provocation, and Winnie in trying to adjust her white crape tucker without any assistance from the lady in quasi-attendance where a loud investion rat-

any assistance from the may in quasi-attendance, when a loud impatient rat-tle of the door handle stirtled both, and before Winnie could utter a word of permission to enter, the bolt was shot back and the door itself flung against the wall and a young gentleman of some four or five years of age made an abrupt and unceremonious entrance, rushing towards Winnie with a violent clutch at her fragile flounces of net and gossamer, and imperiously demanding:

Who are you? "Who is this little boy?" asked Winnie, striving to rescue her attirc.
Miss Trehella drew her chin back, and Miss Trehella drew her enn back, and her forhead-up, and dropped her eyelids with a withering air of reproof: "This is Lord Eustace Mountrevor, Miss Caerlyon," she said, with a pity-

ing smile and a cough—"a lovely boy Were you looking for me, Lord Eustace darling?" she inquired, with melting pathos and sweetness, bending down as if she were going to worship the small ided in the crimson velvet tunic.
"No. I wasn't!" retorted his lordship.

aining a kick at his devotee. "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you. I say?" he repeated, with an impatient dance on Win-

his struggles, while Miss Trewhella's eyes dilated and she fairly snorted with surprise and indignation, "stand quietly

Jeanneton!'

But Lord Enstace, knowing perfectly well, with a child's anfailing acute perception, that beneath all Miss Trewhella's sugared tenderness of words she entertained as much real love for him as for a monkey viper, or toad, or any other novious and troublesome little creature, repelled her, caresses with even more threatening demonstrations. "Are you Lady Mountrevor's little son?" asked Winnie, gently, looking earnestly and wistfully at the child. His existence, seen in the light of that far-off past, seemed so strange—that

far-off past, seemed so strange that far-off time over the remembrance of which the years had drawn a gentle veining to soothe the unforcotten sorrow. when she had shrunk before his beaut ful young mother, in the proud leveliness of her early girlhood, as her joy ous, successful rival.

Why had she not been such indeed? Winnie goald never tell. She had not married the cousin who loved and admarried the cousin who loved and admired her so, whose plighted wife she had been. Why? The story of Mildred Tredennick's grand alliance, the coronet she had won for her haughty brow, the title of "my lady," and the poss ssion of the Mountrevor rent roll, formed answer sufficient to Winnifred's simple romantic nature; and her fond, constant heart had requested even its own silent relief and gratification at the unexpected news which reached he across the Atlantic, for did it not tell of pain and disappointment to him of pain and disappointment to him who, as she believed had loved proud Mildred Tredennick? And, besides, that foully cherished growth of her own wild folly had been too severely crash-ed ever to bloom again. What was it to Winnie Caeriyon whether Tredemick of Tregarthen live! wedde! or unwe

with the air of a small emperor. "My father is Henry, Lord Mountrever, and my mother's Mildred, "Lady Mountre-ver, and I am Eustace, Lord Mountre-

vor, and I am Eustace, Lord Moantree, vor; and I am—"

"Decidedly are egotistical and valgar little boy!" spoke his mother's—crar, haughty tones belind. Aim from the open doorway, "Miss Cacrlyon, I we to applogize for my rude child. What brings you here, sir, and where is your naise?"

"I felt a benefit after toking the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pille, and eight or nine boxes eured me so completely I can now walk a mile without fatigue."

If you haven't used Dodd's Kidney Pills yourself almost any of your neighbors will tell you they always will tell you they always.

RISH ON ARMS ALMOST UNBEARABLE

Looked Like Raw Meat. Itched and Burned So Badly Could Not Rost Night or Day. Arms Sore from Wrist to Elbow. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

Lower Blandford, Nova Scotia .- "Three years a so I became troubled with sore arms.
It came as a rash. My arms looked lifto raw meat and itched and burned so badly scratched they became awfully sore. long as the weather was warm it didn t bother me so much, but in winter it was almost unbearable. My arms were soro from the wrist to the elbow. "I used several cures which were recom-

mended to me but without any avail. I saw how I could get a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ciutment which I did. I used samples and found an improvement. er I applied the Cuticura Ointment enever 1 applied the Customer Control of the Customer Control of Cuttomer Control of Cuttomer and a ke of Cuttomer Scap and only used about of when it disappeared and since then I have not been troubled. That was six non-hange. Cutieura Soap and Ointment purple ely cured me." (Signed) Miss Elsio

icura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalps, dandruff, dry, thin and alling hair, chapped hands and shapeless almost criminal not to use them. A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all elso has failed. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. (2007), 48D, Bostan 11. 2007.

indulgent, motherly smile or caress and, with a feeling of surprise and dismay, Winnie watched her firm white hand grasp the child's shoulder tightly, push him before her out of the room, and shot the door.

"Between Lord Mountrevor and his French pure his how her between Lord Mountrevor and his beautiful to the how here were the lord with the lord when the lord with the

French nurse the boy has completely become that domestic nuisance, a spoiled pet!" she said, with a careless laugh "Ah, poor dear little fellow, he was only asking me who I was!" extenuated Winnie, whose tender maternal ed Winnie, whose tender materna heart this little episode had troubled neart this intre episone had crounted, causing her at the same time a quick, intangible sensation of wonder and pity for the young mother whose child was evidently so small a source of ei-

ther pride or pleasure.

"I think he was giving you a good deal of gratuitous information beside," replied Lady Mountrévor, in the same tone, "Feaunot imagine who teaches the tone. "I cannot imagine who teaches the child to speak in that detestably parvenu style," and the light of displeasure in her ladyship's flashing eves shone right on Miss Trewhella's moon shiny, deferential simper, and extin-guished it on the spot, "Will you come into my sitting room until it is time for into my sitting room until it is time for the guests to arrive? Lady Mountrevor said, courteously. "I fear they will be a very limited number on such a ter-rible night as this. This way. Miss Caerlyon, The room is warmer and more comfortable than the drawing groom just now. I think," and she pushed aside one of the heavy velvet portieres that hung before the doors of all-the prin-cipal rooms in Roseworthy, and discloscipal rooms in Roseworthy, and disclos-of her suite of apartments —four in all communicating with each other beautiful nests of rooms, all blue-vel-vet pile and amber-silk hangings, redolent of exotic perfumes from rare for-eign plants in tall marble jardinieres and flowers in a Dresden lily vase, and aglow with the warm light of ruddy fires on the murble hearths.

Miss Trewhella paused to watch,

silks, without a touch of color to re the massive bands of dead gold and emeralds clasped on her waxen arms, and the great locket hanging from the black velvet ribbon around her broat-the splendid locket with magnificent eneralds, which her lady-ship were so constantly. And then the velvet curtain closed, and hid the teteastete interview between Winnie and Lady Mountrevor from Miss Trewhelicalous gaze.

"What's up now?" she muttered, per "What's un now?" she muttered, per-turbedly, "Her high and mighty lady-ship a-taking of her up so! I though she wouldn't notice her no more than if it was Jeanneton."

SHE COULD NOT HOLD CUP OF TEA

DOCTORS AGREED TORONTO NURSE HAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her after five years' suffering-Felt a benefit after first box.

Toronto, Ont., Jan. 27. - (Special). Mrs. Alberta Goffin, a nurse, living at 40 Wright avenue, this city, has been interviewed in regard to her reported cure of nervous or Kidney Trouble by Dodd's Kidney Pills, She states - that the report is true in every particular. "My sickness," Mrs. Goffin says, "was caused from a nervous break-down and what the doctors called incurable Bright's Disease brought on by cold and

long weeks of nursing. I suffered for was a patient in two hospitals but gradually got weaker. Reading the ex-periences of other sufferers like my-self lead me to try Dodd's Kidney

self lead me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. At that time, I was so weak and nervous I could not hold a cup of tea without spilling some of its con-

To Miss Trewnella the good fortune hat fell to others was looked upon as positive loss to herself; all that was ot for her was against her in her es-imation; and it was with a martyred of unredressed wrongs njured lady betook herself to her mis-

rices's toilette.

"Reely, Madam, you'll be delighted with you see Miss Winnie," she committed with so many smiles and such excessive amiability that her mistress at once, with inward impatience, per-ceived her abigail to be in one of her warst moods—"she's da'ssed up so stytich, reely, and in such spirits! No won

"Why?" Madam asked.
"Oh. Madam, no wonder! Why, everything! Your inviting of her here so beautiful and kind, and sending your carriage and horses for her. Michael's wet through and through going up that terrible hill at Tolgooth in the torrents of rain, and the carriage's one patch of yellow mud. You never saw the like, Madam!"

"Do hurry with that plait!" inter-"Do hurry with that platt!" interrupted her mistress, shortly.

"And her ladyship making so much
of her, too!" pureued Miss Trewdella,
gatisfied with the irritating effect of
her first piece of information, and quitting it for another, productive of possibly greater annoyance. "Reely, I was
surprised—quite as if Miss Winnie was
her sister—a great lady like Lady
Mountrevor! Such condescension, you

Her ladyship has a great many farcies." said Madam, coldly, "She has no reason to feel my peculiarly deep inter-est in Miss Caerlyon that I was aware

"Ah, well, of course it's a very nice Lady Mountrevor notice her like that!" the amiable waiting-woman continued: smiling meditatively over her mistress's violet dinner-dress. "Lady Mountrevor has just the same ways as her cousin Captain Tredennick, hasn't she, Madam't Captain Tredennick, hasn't she, Madam? Takes up fancies, and likings and dislikings for people, just like Captain Stephen used"—she was putting the last touches to Madam velvet's drapery, and reserved her trump card to the last. "It's a terrible stormy night," she murmured plaintively, as if partly to herself, "I do hope it's all pass away, and the fine weather come before Captain Stephen comes into the channel. Madam, it is a week or ten days now until

Chest Colds, Wheezing Cured Over Night

You Can Break Up Cold, Feel Fine Next Morning, by Following the "Nerviline" Method.

Experience of a Trained Nurse

Every mother knows how difficult it Every mother knows how difficult it is to get a young child to take a cough mixture. Seldom will one help urless given in large doses, and the result is to completely upset the stemach and make the child sick.

Speaking of the promotest cure for chest troubles and children's colds, Nurse Carrington says: In all my experience in nursing I haven't met any prepara-

in nursing I haven't met any preparation so dependable as Nerviline. It is the ideal liniment. Every drop you rul on is absorbed quickly sinks through the pores to the congested misseles, cases in nursing I haven't met any prepara the pores to the engage of the mass cases relieves and cures quickly. Especially for chest colds, pain in the side, stiff neck earache, toothache, I have found Nerviline invaluable. In treating the minor ills of children Xerviline has no caual. I think Nerviline should be in

Hundreds of thousands of bottles Nerviline used every year-proof that it is the ideal limiment for the home. Re-Miss Trewhella paused to watch, searcely crediting her powers of vision, until she saw Winnie's black dress glide in, followed by the haughty peeres in her long robe of glistening snowwhite and Kingston, Ont.

> we may expect him? Miss Winnie reckoning the time, but I forget what she said."
> "Miss Minnie!" Madam exaculated, in-

voluntarily, with an argry start and contraction of her eyebrows. "Miss Win-nic knows nothing about the probable time of Captain Tredennick's return, fur ther than she might learn from commo report," she continued, more quietly and carelessly. "You must have been mis taken, Trewhella."

"Oh, I daresay-perhaps I was, Ma dam," Miss Trewhella returned, sneer-

ing as broadly as she dared. "Yes; and you think I was mistaken too, don't you? Oh, yes, and you're no vexed at all? Oh, dear no!" Miss Tre whella muttered to herself malevolently as she stood to watch her stately mis tress descending the mide marble stair case with slow, deliberate steps, look ing so like a noble old white-haired queen in her purple velvet train, and with a jet tiana on her silvery rippled tresses. "You're too proud and grand and haughty to see what's under your eyes; but it's not for want of me showing of it to you," she went on, cycing Lady Mountrevon's drawn portiere venomously, and debating whether to the kevirole for a few minutes. are so grand, and everyone belonging to never dare! And she wouldn't, eithe oh, no, not at all! And you wouldn't have had for your niece, seven years ago, the Coastguardman's daugater, Mrs. Stephen Tredennick, only for me a-put ting of you up to things, and a-telling of you what be meant-a great soft dolt with his paying visits and taking walks, and twenty-pound presents—oh, dear no! And she haven't been to America for nothing, with her painted cheeks and heaps of curls, like one of the girls in heaps of curls, like one of the girls in the stairyscope platures, running over here fetching and carrying for Madam as soon as ever she heard tell of the Captain coming home-such meanness! the gentle soliloquist said, with a writhe of her upper lip that completely uncovered one sharp yellow eye-tooth to the roots. "And my lady, with her notions, a taking of her up, and making much of her, just for her contrary ways

Women's Ailments Caused by Neglect

Proper Treatment Will Quickly Bring Back Robust Health and Good Spirits



Women are on the whole more sick ly than men. One reason is that their system is more complicated; another and more important reason is they put off measures of relief too long. At the beginning, constipation lady like Lady is the cause of nine-tenths of wondescension, you men's ailments. The blood becomes weakened and polluted—the nerves suffer and a run-down condition takes

> Because of their mildness of action as a system regulator, no medicine for women can compare with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The kidneys quickly respond to the remedial action of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the result is as you would expect—pain in the that of the Prime Minster. He proas you would expect-pain in the back and side, shortness of breath and bad color disappear—the functions of the body then operate naturally, Congestion and pain are prevented and perfect health returns.

Thousands of nappy women say Dr Thousands of happy.
Hamilton's Pills are the best blood-purifier, the fines plexion renewer, the most regulating medicine known. Sold by all druggists and storekeepers, 25c per box, five for \$1.00 postpaid. The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

But notwithstanding this alarming comparison of Lady Mountrevor's powers of punishing unrelished interference, as the minutes slipped by and that blue velvet curtain remained provokingly immovable, Miss Trewhella found it impossible, to restrict our floring continuous and the continuous continuou possible to resist one fleeting gratification of her angry curiosity, and noise lessly sife slipped inside the folds.

Unhappily the reward for her painful pursuit of knowledge, demanding the doubling of her angular frame nearly in two, keeping the keyhole uncovered and disagreeably squeezed agains the orifice, was scanty and unsatisfac tory, resulting, in point of fact, simply in "white roses"—a cluster of waxen in "white roses"—a cluster of waxen-while blossoms and drooping bads. Costly, fragrant, carefully-nurtured green-liouse treasures they were, nestled amidst dark green leaves and mossy stems, in the slender primrose-hued lib

As Lady Mountrevor and Winnie rose to leave the room the former noticed her companion's silent gaze of admira-tion at the flowers.

"Do you like flowers, Miss Caerlyon?" Very much," said Winnie, her eyes

fixed on the roses as she turned refue-tantly away - and those are so beau-tiful."

iful."

Lady-Mountrevor drew away from the table where the vase stood with a slightly embarrassed air.

one's dress or hair .

"And yet you wear them!" her ladyship said, with a slight simle, glancing at the spray on Winne's brown tresses.

(To be Continued.)

LITTLE V.CTIMS OF ST. VITUS DANCE

It is Most Common Among Chil-

is fidgery, emotional and awkward, you should warely it carefully, as it may develop St. Vitus dance. Frequently children cament beep still, they move with strange actions, their limbs jerk and their features twitch a revously. Speech is confused and the whole muscular system not under centrol. These are among the symptoms of St. Vitus dance, a trouble that afflicts growing girls and boys, most figuremently during the school age. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are such a splendid nerve tonic that they have curred the worst cases of St. Vitus dance. They do this because the new, rich blood they make feeds and strengthens the starved nerves, thus throwing off the starved nerves, thus throwing off the disease. Here is an example. Mrs. L. L. Gifford, Westover, Ont., says: "For disease. Here is an example. Mrs. L. L. Gifford, Westover, Ont., says: "For over two years my little girl, Constance, was a sufferer from St. Vitus dence. She was frightened badly by a dog, which seemed to bring on the trouble, and not withstending all we did for her it seems to be seen to be a seam for some seems follow the coal seam for some seems follows. withstanding all we did for her it seem of to be growing worse. She grew so had that she could not feed herself, and her speech was so hadly affected that we could scarcely understand her. The twitching and jerking of her limbs was pitiable. At this inneture we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and to our great joy they have completely cured her, and she is now as healthy a child as you can find."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50

much of her, just for her contrary ways. It let her know what Miss Winnie was planning, so meek and mild, if I dared to speak to her at all—only one might as well go catch a needle or, a hot flat 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 iron as meddle with my Lady Mounts from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., to 100, principally by philartheeple of the contract of the processing of the contract of th

"THE CITY."

Something About Lord Mayer's Square Mile.

The powers and duties of the Lore Mayor of London, in presiding over his square mile of territory, present some curious teatures. Theoretically, at least, the consent of this important personage must be obtained before even the King may enter the city of London; at the same time, it may be pointed out; the Lord Mayor spends a considerable portion of each morning disposing of petty offenders against the majesty of the law in the small area over which he rules. Most of these are plain "drunks." Imagine the mayor of New York, of Boston, or of Chicago engaged in the dispensation of such Solomon-like justice.

The "city" in London comprises but

one square mile, the greater part whereof is occupied by the great business houses that control the finances of the world. For instance, there is the Bank of England containing a re-serve fund of \$100,000,000 in gold. Twenty-eight soldiers are detailed to guard the treasure within, but without it is still further watched, inasmuch as within the square mile mentioned there circulate no fewer than 1,800 policemen. After 9 o'clock in the exening the silence of the streets there is broken only by the slow tread of the "bobbles." It would be a bold burglar, indeed, who attempted work in this well-guarded area.

The result of all this is that as demander where the result of all this is that as the result of all this is that as the well-guarded area.

The Lord Mayor's salary is twice that of the Prime Minister hie pre-ceives as much pay as does the President of the United States. He is the highest salaried magistrate world.

It is not to be assumed; however, that, aside from disposing of the morn-ing's "drunks," the Lord Mayor has nothing to de. One such official, who kept a record of his activities during the course of one year, has tabulated for our information some interesting figures in this connection. It appears that he attended 85 balls and recop tions, 365 meetings and comm He delivered 1,100 speeches and paid

20 state visits to churches.
When the above-mentioned class of duties militates against his dispensa-tion of justice, a brother alderman takes the Lord Mayor's place on the hench.-Harper's Weekly.

Operation for Piles Failed Zam-Buk Was Then Tried and Worked a Cure.

Writing from Poplar, B. C., Mrs. C. Hanson, wife of the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, says: "I suffered for years with bleeding piles. The pain was so bad at times that I could hardly walk, and ordinary remedies seemed utterly unable to give me any case. Finally I decided to undergo an opera-Finally I decided to undergo an tion, and went to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane. There they performed an operation and did al they could for me. For a time I was certainly better, but within 12 months the trouble started again and the piles became as painful as ever-1 tried liniments, hot poulties, various 'pile cures,' and ndeed everything I could think would be likely to do any good but still I continued to suffer, and the shooting, burning, stinging pains, dull, aching and wretched 'wor feeling that the disease causes, continued as bad as ever.

iy embarrassed air.

"Come downstairs with me, and you shall choose from the greenhouse," she said, hurriedly: "you will pardon my not offering you those. I—I never wear them—they are so fragile, and fade so soon, you know."

"Oh day I read about Zam-Buk and thought I would try it. The first one on two days gave me more ease than anything clse I had tried, so I went on with the treatment. In a short time to began to feel altogether different and better and I am that Zam-Buk. soon, you know."
"Oh, Lady Mountrevor, how could you think that I wished for the flowers from your vase!" exclaimed Winnie, in surprise, "They are indeed too fragile and six boxes I was delighted to find my hire." elf entirely cured. years ago, and from then to the present time there has been no return of the trouble."

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for piles. unings," returned Winnie, slightingly:
"but these are levely pure white real
ones. Besides." She paused with a
timid flush and giruce at Lady Mountrevor's cold, calm face.

ezema, ulcers, absecses, cold sorce,
chapped hands, varicose 'sorcs burns,
scalds, bruises inflamed patches, and
all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores everywhere, but has a Zam-Buk Co., harmful substitutes.

Coal Mining in a City Park.

Most city parks have their zoos, museums, floral displays, band concerts and such things that make them as and suce timing that make them as similar as two peas. But the horor of being distinctive, with a real and geclasive difference, belongs to Nay Aug Park, of Scrauton. Pa. Here the visitors of Scrauton, Pa. Here the visitors with wonderment a real authracite coal mine. And he does not baye to go underground to see the coal seams and the mining ourselines for the