



Winsome Winnie

She would be recalled. And on this very day of her return, in the soft, warm, shadowy summer afternoon, Madam Vivian, strong of will and purpose yet, for all her seventy years, put on her travelling attire, which she had scarcely laid off, took her slender, silver-headed walking-stick in her hand, and then quietly set out to walk to her nephew's house at Tregarthen.

Poor Stephen's sorrowful, desolate home—her poor, generous, self-sacrificed boy! What did Trowhella mean by her ridiculous gossiping news about his wife's being nearly well? Those kind of people were so apt to exaggerate everything. The poor, dying, crippled creature was perhaps able to go about in a Bath chair, or be carried in an easy-chair, or something of that kind.

"Poor Winnie! She used to be such an active, nimble little creature. Poor Stephen, to what a life he has doomed himself!" Madam thought again, as she came in sight of the quiet old gray pointed house lying amongst the trees and evergreen shrubberies of Tregarthen, with the blue smoke rising softly on the quiet evening air, not even a ray of sunlight to brighten up the rows of windows, not a sound to be heard on the smoothly-mown lawn or the neatly-raked carriage drive, not a figure of a human being visible about the orderly precincts of the calm, quiet, deserted-looking old mansion.

"It must be nothing less than a prison to him after his free, wandering life—my poor Stephen!" Madam almost groaned. "His days have to be spent in an invalid's room, or in one of those silent downstairs rooms, reading the news paper."

One the silent downstairs rooms had its long French windows standing open. It did not look particularly gloomy or dreary, either, with its vases of flowers, its gay litter of tiny chairs and footstools and tables, its open books, writing cases, and open piano, with loose sheets of music fluttering here and there in the evening breeze, all which Madam caught sight of as she passed on.

She had espied the open door of the high-walled fruit garden lying to the south of the house, and bent her steps thither.

"He is in the garden, perhaps," she thought, with kindly pity. "He was always fond of wandering about in a garden, plucking flowers and fruit, poor fellow!"

Yes, there was no doubt that he was in the garden; for Madam caught the sound of advancing steps and her nephew's voice—not a subdued or sorrowful voice either—indeed, he was laughing gaily with some one.

IMPURE BLOOD IN THE SPRING

The Passing of Winter Leaves People Weak and Depressed.

As winter passes away it leaves many people feeling weak, depressed and easily tired. The body lacks that vital force and energy which pure blood alone can give.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an all-year-round blood builder and nerve tonic, but they are especially useful in the spring. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red blood. Returning strength commences with their use and the vigor and cheerfulness of good health quickly follows.

There is just one cure for lack of blood and that is pure blood. Food is the material from which blood is made, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills double the value of the food we eat. They give strength, tone up the stomach and weak digestion, clear the complexion of pimples, eruptions and blemishes, and drive out rheumatic poisons.

If you are pale and sallow, if you feel continually tired out, breathless after slight exertion, if you have headaches or backaches, if you are irritable and nervous, if your joints ache, if your appetite fails and food does not nourish nor sleep refresh you, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make you well and strong, to build up the blood is the special purpose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that is why they are the best spring medicine.

If you feel the need of a tonic at this season give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and you will rejoice in new health, new strength and new energy. Do not let the trying weather of summer find you weak and ailing. Build yourself up now with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the pills that strengthen.

Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and do not be persuaded to take something else. If your dealer does not keep these Pills they will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"You're a nice young lady!" she heard Captain Stephen say, hilariously. "Do you pretend to have a conscience? I should be glad to know. How many more ripe gooseberries am I to gather for you, scratching my hands? They are so exquisitely white it is a pity certainly. No, you shan't! No, you shan't! I have no intention of spoiling you as your mother is doing, mademoiselle."

"Visitors," madam thought, in vexed disappointment. "What shall I do? It was silly of me to come here unexpectedly; but I never imagined that he would have visitors."

But a retreat being impossible, madam stood her ground quietly, gazing in surprise and confused uncertainty at the group that emerged from the rose-covered archway of the garden door, with the long vista beyond of strawberry beds, gooseberry bushes bending beneath their weight of purplish red, translucent green, and downy amber fruit, wall fruit ripening in the sheltered summer air, open cucumber frames, trailing vines, and the distant green house, with its roof festooned by drooping stems clustered with white grapes.

Was that Stephen—her nephew, Stephen? The great, broad-chested, ruddy-cheeked, jolly-looking country gentleman in a straw hat and gray morning coat, with a dainty bouquet of moss-roses in the top buttonhole. And carrying a baby?

Nothing less. A great, fat, handsome, lively baby of some eight or nine months old, who held an enormous amber gooseberry squeezed in one little pink, chubby hand, and with the other retained a firm and unceremonious clutch of Captain Trednick's necktie!

And by his side, leading on by his other arm, walked a pale, fair delicate looking woman, dressed in a simple graceful dress of pearly gray, with rich claret velvet ribbons in her hair and around her throat; these with a thick silk sash of the same hue knotted at her waist and hanging its heavy rich fringes down as far over her dress, brought out the delicacy of its clear pale hue and the fragile purity of her own complexion in a manner that caught Madam Vivian's artistic eye and charmed it on the instant.

That pale little woman walking rather feebly by his side, the fat, handsome, troublesome baby, and the jolly-looking country gentleman—who were they? Her blank amazement looked Madam Vivian to the ground.

"Aunt Vivian! My dear aunt—my dear aunt!" Stephen Trednick cried, rushing forward, holding the baby tightly yet, even while he embraced and kissed the old lady; whereby the young person in the white embroidered frock was brought into remarkable contiguity to Madam Vivian's bonnet.

"Aunt, dear," he said in the next breath, holding aunt and baby squeezed in one arm, and allowing madam not an instant's opportunity for the tender, severely reproachful, gracious, forgiving little speech she had been preparing all the way from Roseworthy—never even seeming to recollect the necessity for it in his flush of pleasure and gratification. "Aunt, dear—look here!" and he put his other arm around the little woman in the pearly gray poplin dress.

"Aunt, look at my Winnie! As well as ever nearly, thank Heaven! She can walk about the grounds as well as I can now! Isn't it wonderful?"

Winnie Trednick remembered the need for the forgiving speech if her husband did not. The old shy color flooded her face, and her lips trembled, as madam remembered to have seen years ago when giving one of her lengthy replies.

"Dear madam," she faltered, timidly putting out her hand; "I am glad—so glad to see you again."

"And I," said madam, gracefully meeting the greeting hand more than half-way, "am glad to see that you, my dear, have been so mercifully restored."

Madam meant that Winnie should have the benefit of that little reproachful, kindly speech, and was proceeding to say that "the pleasure of knowing that you have recovered your health, Mrs. Trednick, is gratifying enough to cause me to feel less keenly the memory of the past," when, fortunately, or unfortunately, the floating white ostrich feather, curling gracefully on the top of Madam Vivian's black lace bonnet, caught the quick, bright, violet grey eyes of the young person in the embroidered frock, and in an instant both the satiny dimpled hands, dropping the crushed ripe gooseberry, clutched at the white feather in rampant glee.

The baby, screaming with delight, there was an end put from that time, henceforth and forever, to Madam's studied sentences and the grave, rebuking, reconciliatory speech.

"Oh, dear me—the child!" Madam exclaimed, involuntarily.

"My daughter, aunt," said Stephen Trednick, putting the fat, handsome, troublesome baby right into the old lady's arms. "Isn't she a beauty—a regular young Trednick? Hasn't she got the Trednick eyes, aunt, and the Tre-

dennick nose? She's an imperious young dame. And my word! hasn't she got the Trednick temper? She's got Winnie's little mouth, though," he added, more softly—"a gentle, persuasive little mouth—and Winnie's hair. See what thick, curly brown hair she has, and she is not nine months old!"

"Only eight months and three weeks, dear," put in the mother's "gentle, persuasive little mouth—and Winnie's hair. See what thick, curly brown hair she has, and she is not nine months old!"

"Only eight months and three weeks, dear," put in the mother's "gentle, persuasive little mouth," with accurate maternal knowledge. "Dear Madam, isn't she very like Stephen?"

"Very," said Madam, holding the troublesome baby in a closer clasp. A kind of thrill ran through her—a momentary feeling of displeasure and resistance at the sound of the wifely familiar words which seemed to draw Stephen and Stephen's child so tenderly close to her who had been Winnie Caerlyon as to shut out her who was but Madam Vivian, his aunt, into the outer circle of mere relationship.

It was but momentary. In the tender light of Winnie Trednick's wistful, loving eyes, in the radiance of Stephen Trednick's wedded happiness, in the touch of the baby arms of the little one on her bosom, who seemed like a son's child, a grandchild to the lonely old white-haired woman, the last remnant of coldness, jealousy and unworthy pride faded quietly out of her heart.

"We called after you, Madam," Winnie added, softly.

The old lady looked earnestly and inquisitively at her for a moment, and then she gave her the reconciled kiss she had meant to delay for so much longer.

"Did you, my dear?" she said, putting the baby into her arms. "There, Helen Trednick, you shall make peace between your mother and your grand-aunt forever!"

THE END.

Bright, Ruddy Cheeks For Pale Girls

No Longer Any Need to be Pale, Weak or Anaemic.

By Following the Advice of Miss McEwen You Can Quickly Become Strong Again.

The pallid girl always lacks appetite. What little she eats is badly digested. At night she is restless, she dozes, but doesn't sleep soundly.

Vital force must be increased, new blood must be supplied and a general rebuilding take place before she will feel like she ought.

Dr. Hamilton has invaluable experience in these cases and found nothing so prompt in building up young women as his vegetable pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills begin by cleansing the system and purifying the blood; they also improve digestion and render food ready for absorption. Additional nourishment is quickly supplied and the patient is fast strengthened and invigorated.

Full of spirit, ruddy and strong is the girl that assists her system by the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

The following recent letter from Miss Rita McEwen, of Hamilton, speaks for itself.

"In using Dr. Hamilton's Pills I find my system is wonderfully built up. It is certainly the most effective remedy I ever used. I have now a good appetite, sleep more soundly, and awaken in the morning feeling quite refreshed."

"Formerly I felt tired and depressed. I looked as if a severe illness were hanging over my head."

"Nothing could give quicker results than Dr. Hamilton's Pills and I strongly advise every young woman to use them."

All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box or five boxes for \$1.00, by mail or from The Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

Long, Hard Tramp Ere Game Was Bagged.

A native brought in news from a village on the Boni-Mwambi road of three elephants that had for three or four nights successfully plundered the potato and banana "shambas." I set out at 5:20 a.m., accompanied by my gunbearer and a native hunter from the village, who had already proved his prowess as a fearless tracker, writes Basil Duncan in the Field.

We reached the village in question after one and a half hours' trek through the forest. Here I was shown the plundered "shambas," there were the footmarks of three elephants—one large bull and the other two cows.

The chief of the village supplied me with a man who said he knew the forest well but of this more later on. The elephants had evidently only just left, and in twenty minutes we heard them crashing about in the dense forest at a little way ahead. I sent my tracker on, and he soon came back with the good news that the bull had separated from the two cows and had gone to the right, so we followed the bull's spoor through dense rhododendron bushes so thick that one could not see five yards ahead; but then one is accustomed to this in the Congo forest.

The rain which had been threatening now poured down in torrents, making it impossible either for us to hear the elephant or vice versa. Suddenly the tracker pointed at something, and I saw some ten yards ahead—the forest had thinned here a little—a fine bull with long, heavy tusks. Fearing I might not get such another opportunity, although the bushes were still thick enough to give me only an imperfect sight of the elephant, I determined to risk a shot, and gave him both barrels of my 450 in his ear, while my gunbearer fired with the 350 Rigby at the shoulder.

The elephant showed no signs of being wounded, and dashed off. There was nothing else to do but follow up the beast, as I was sure the shots had told. Many elephants show no signs of being struck, but if they are followed up steadily one can generally get another shot at them. The rain meanwhile still continued to fall in torrents.

ARMS AND FACE VERY MUCH DISFIGURED

Skin Cracked and Bled, Causing Much Pain. Was Getting Discouraged. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Soothed Right Away. Used Them Four Weeks. Has Not Been Bothered Since.

5 Hunter St., Davisville, Toronto, Ontario.—"My little girl was troubled with cracked arms and face from the time she was born. They were certainly very much disfigured. The skin was sensitive and cracked and bled, causing much pain by smarting. When healing a little it took the form of itching. The trouble was very cruel. When she cried the tears would make it smart and cause more pain. I tried cold cream, and and and it got better only to break out again when exposed to the air. She suffered for over three years and I was getting discouraged when I read of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for samples. Cuticura Ointment seemed to soothe it right away, where other ointments made it burn, so I bought some more. I used them for four weeks and she has not been bothered since. Her face and arms have never had a mark since. In fact her complexion is wonderfully clear." (Signed) Mrs. Underhill, Dec. 11, 1911.

Cuticura Soap is best for skin and hair because of its extreme purity, delicate yet effective emollient properties, and refreshing fragrance. It costs but little more than ordinary soaps, wears to a water and gives comfort and satisfaction every moment of its use, for toilet, bath and nursery. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 49D, Boston, U. S. A.

anything but pleasant work forcing our way through the dense undergrowth, while the spoor was in places difficult to follow, owing to old tracks.

After two hours my trackers wanted to give up and go home, but I did not wish to lose the chance of a big trophy, and insisted on going on. Soon we had our reward, for after another hour I suddenly saw the elephant standing waiting some twelve yards ahead in a small clump of reeds. The tracker was so engaged in picking up the spoor that he did not see the great brute, and I had no time to call for him, so I fired both barrels as quickly as possible at the elephant's forehead and dashed to one side in case of a charge. However, the heavy bullets had done their work, and a fine elephant he proved to be, as on weighing him next day his tusks scaled 104 pounds and 102 pounds.

The time was now 10:30 o'clock, so I decided to get back as soon as possible. The guide I had obtained from the last village led me a way back which only took two hours, so we started off, the natives carrying as much of the trunk as possible. After three hours' wandering through dense jungle my gunbearer drew our attention to the fact that we had come back to the same point twice, and that the guide had lost his way. This soon became painfully evident.

The abuse heaped on him by my two men only maddened him the more, so I told him to go on by himself and try to find the Myambi road, which I knew could not be far off, and in the meantime halted under a large tree where my gunbearer and the other trackers made a rough hut and as good a fire as the damp surroundings would allow.

At 4 o'clock I had quite made up my mind that we should have to spend the night in the forest, and was delighted when I heard a shout some distance to our right. Ultimately the guide turned up, and we reached his village at 6 o'clock and finally my camp at about 8 p.m.

My cook, guessing that I had got lost, had got the chief to sound a big war drum, which can be heard about four miles away; but once in his own district my tracker had no difficulty in finding his way, and his remarks to me other guide were, to say the least, of them, scathing in the extreme.

The Eskimos have a code of etiquette that runs something like this, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine: "If a stranger has nothing, give him anything you have got; if he has plenty ask him for everything."

The generosity or stinginess of a newcomer on his initial visit forever establishes his reputation among the Eskimos. If he withholds the usual present and pays sparingly for his labor he is blazoned throughout the country as a "tightwad" the Eskimos are promptly converted, so far as he is concerned, into thieves; but if, on the other hand he pays his natives well for unloading his cargo and dispenses with little presents with discretion, he is known as a "good fellow" and the whole tribe stands ready to do his bidding.

Of the general natural honesty of the Eskimo there is no question, the writer continues. "During a three-year residence among them I never lost so much as a pin, and frequently had lost articles returned. They would even take a lump of coal off the school grounds without my permission."

Every year I ordered my supplies in Nome, and had them sent up to the Island and delivered to the natives and although some families might be entirely out of food, they never touched a single box of sugar or biscuit, but stored it carefully in the school building, accounting for every item.

"Any dishonesty shown has been learned from the white man. I might add that the Siberian tribes do not bear their reputation, and when they made their annual visit in the spring we had to put everything under lock and key."

NAPOLEON LOST SOMETHING, TOO. (London Opinion)

Host—That is the sword of my great-uncle. He lost his arm at Waterloo.

Guest—Yes, it's a terrible piece for justice things. I lost a bag there only last week!

A company has been organized in the city of Puebla, Mexico, capital \$25,000, and has asked a concession from the city council to rebuild the old theatre which was destroyed by fire and to erect small theatres for the entertainment of the lower classes.

It's a good plan to stand your ground, but be sure you have some.

With in the last twenty years men

like Joseph Chamberlain's henchman, Jesse Collings have done yeoman service in getting passed allotment acts, providing for the purchase of garden plots by local boards and their renting or sale without profit to the public. In the neighborhood of cities this movement has acquired considerable momentum.

But most of this legislation is permissive, and if the owner of a vast estate does not wish to part with any of this land he need not do so. To American minds it will seem almost incredible, yet it is a plain fact that the land of the great city of Birmingham is owned almost entirely by three families. A little more than a century ago the Calthorpes were a comparatively poor family, but within that hundred years Birmingham has quadrupled its population and become the hardware capital of England. There are cases in which noble families own the greater part of counties. At the same time, as every observant American tourist can testify, the cottages of the laboring class and the patch of ground adjoining are so small that the dwellings cannot be healthy, and the land is insufficient to raise enough vegetables to supply the needs of the smallest family. This is the condition of things which the Welsh statesman declares he will reform, and, if anything will hold the Liberal Government in power long enough to pass the Home Rule Bill, it will be this grappling with the most momentous question in English life—the land question.

"This rich country," declared Mr. George in a speech which thrilled the land from end to end, "does not provide—I will not say adequate, I will not say sufficient—it does not provide decent homes for the laborers engaged in an occupation which is vital to its very existence." What wonder then that the country districts are becoming depopulated and the cities overcrowded? By the greedier class of landowners, Mr. George is regarded as an incendiary; but by the most philosophic among Englishmen he is hailed as the David who will rid the land of the Goliath of landlord tyranny.

Sore Back, No Fun, Cure It To-Day, Rub on "Nerviline"

It will Cure Your Aching Back, Stop Your Suffering, Keep You Well.

Back Sufferers, Read Below.

"I am just so delighted with the comfort of Nerviline brought me that I want to talk about it all the time," writes J. C. Caughlan, of Saskatoon.

"For ages I have been subject to an aching, dragging feeling at the base of the spine. When attacks came on it made my whole body ache. It appeared as if I had taken cold and a soreness developed all through my muscular system. When in Winnipeg one day a friend spoke to me of Nerviline, and I bought a 50c bottle. That was the best half-dollar I ever spent, it did so much for me. It is hard to convince some people of what a really good medicine can do, but there will be no sceptics after they try out Nerviline. I use it for everything now. It's fine for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and all sorts of muscular pain it cures quickly. But internally, if possible, Nerviline is even better. It cures a cramp in ten seconds, and, as for gas and upset or sour stomach, nothing can excel Nerviline. I think it should be kept in every home as a protection against sudden fits, and also to cure ills that resist other treatments."

Family size bottles, 50c; trial size, 25c; at all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., U. S. A.

New Treatment Now Advocated For Bronchitis

Is Having Wonderful Success, and is Making Most Remarkable Cures.

For bronchitis a different form of treatment is now advocated. It consists of a fantastically devised vapor that penetrates to the uttermost recesses of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Every spot that is sore, every surface that is irritated is at once bathed with soothing balsams and healing essences that make chronic bronchitis an impossibility.

This treatment now so universally employed in bronchitis, throat troubles, colds, etc., is called CATARRHOZONE. It acts just as air of the pine woods acts, as a healing antiseptic remedy for all diseases of the breathing organs.

Just think of it—a remedy that can be carried with the very air you breathe to the seat of bronchial or catarrhal inflammation. A remedy powerful enough to kill germ life and yet so healing that disease flees before it. Catarrhozone is truly a wonderful remedy. In many lands it has won its way, and is affording grand results to sufferers from colds, catarrh, throat weakness, asthma, and bronchitis. There is no sufferer from a grippy cold or any winter ill that won't find a cure in Catarrhozone, which is employed by physicians, ministers, lawyers and public men throughout many foreign lands. Large size lasts two months and costs \$1.00 and is guaranteed; small size, 50c sample size 25c.

all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

HOUSECLEANING HELPS.

To clean painted walls. Dirt seems to have an affinity for newly painted walls. For some reason or other the walls of the kitchen are bound to get dirty before the paint becomes dry. There's a way to keep the dirt out. Before the paint has thoroughly dried make up a batch of starch as you would for the laundry. Thin it so that it will flow nicely under a brush and apply a coat to the wall. It will dry clearly and protect the paint.

When the wall gets dirty just wash off the starch and put on another coat. You'll have a good clean wall most of the time and one painting will last about four times as long as if usual methods were followed.

To ebonize wood—Take one pound of log-wood chips and three pints of water, boil to one pint and apply to any grained wood. Let dry and apply another coat. After this dry sandpaper it. Mix one gill of vinegar and three tablespoons of iron or steel filing. Let stand five or ten hours. Put on wood with a brush. After it is thoroughly dry sandpaper and polish.

To clean plaster casts—Bust and statuettes may be cleaned by dipping them into a thick liquid of starch or covering every part. Let it dry two or three days. Then carefully peel off the starch. The dirt will come with it.

Cleaning windows—Be sure and wash your windows when the sun is not shining. If they dry too quickly they may streak before they can get wiped. A good way to clean them quickly is to use whiting and alcohol and benzine, with enough calcined magnesia added to make a thick milk, is excellent. Both these mixtures are much better for cleaning than soap and water.

To clean wood work—Wash white paint with a heavy suds made of white soap and to every quart of suds add one tablespoonful of gasoline.

For mahogany or other polished woods use a mixture of linseed oil, vinegar and turpentine, equal parts. Pour some of the mixture on a cloth, rub the wood well and polish with a dry cloth. On unpainted varnished wood use soap and water and then re-varnish.

To clean door handles—Clean plated handles and hinges on doors by rubbing with a flannel cloth wet with kerosene and dipped in whiting; polish with dry flannel. Clean the woodwork as explained elsewhere for painted or varnished surfaces.

Popular Young Farmer Talks

TELLS WHAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DID FOR HIM!

He's Back at Work Again, After Suffering from the Pains, Nervousness and Depression that Only Kidney Disease Can Bring.

(Point Alexander, Ont., April 14—Special.)—Mr. D. A. Froncare, a well-known and popular young farmer, living near here, who has been a sufferer from kidney disease for some time past, is back at work again, and he says, without hesitation, that his cure is due to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was always tired and nervous," Mr. Froncare says, in speaking of his illness. "I suffered from backache and neuralgia, and my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. My eyes were puffed and there were dark red circles around them."

"My muscles would cramp. I felt heavy and sleepy afterwards, and I was depressed and low-spirited, while shortness of breath and dizzy spells served to make life yet more miserable for me."

"I was always thirsty; my limbs were heavy; and I had a dragging sensation across the loins."

"My symptoms led me to believe I had kidney disease, and I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have taken eight boxes in all, and I am very grateful for the benefit I have received from them."

"If the disease is of the kidneys or from the kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it."

EXTRA! (Judge)

Crabford—It the postscript always the important part of a woman's letter? Crabshaw—It is when it says "my wife. That's where she always mentions how much money she wants."