

Winsome Winnie

"Thank goodness, it is over!" said Stephen Fredrickson, with relief, as he followed his aunt and cousin, carefully escorted by Lord Mountrevor, to the waiting carriage, and saw the peer, as he pressed Mildred's hand, petition quite fascinatingly for a gift which she seemed awfully willing to give, though scarcely willing to give, though it was but one drooping white rose from her fading bouquet. But he obtained it, nevertheless; and as Mildred watched him bowing and smiling, with the soft, white rose drooping in his hand as they drove away, her cousin saw a quick, passionate revision of look and manner come over the girl as she took the rest of the flowers from the gold bouquiere and flung them far behind in the street pavement from the carriage window.

Madam Vivian had fallen asleep, muffled up in a crimson downy-wadded stole and hat, and there was none but Stephen Fredrickson to see.

"Why did you do that, Mildred?" he asked, gravely, almost sternly.

The brilliance and glow and pride were fast fading from the girl's weary pale face. Her bright eyes filled with sudden tears as her cousin's question.

"I was sorry I gave him one," she said, with a contemptuous backward glance and gesture towards Hollingsley House. "They were Bertie's favorites. He gave me a cluster of them one evening just before he went away. He liked white roses better than any other flowers, Bertie did."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The dew drops were pecking the long waving grass, and glittering tremulously on the rustling ivy leaves, which shook off the translucent gossamer in a passing breeze, down upon the fresh, rosy-tinted faces of the little daisies beneath, scarce unclouded as yet to the warm smile of the sunlight. The blossoms of the dewy white roses stirred softly, too, and the perfumed liquid of their snowy chalice dropped on the thirsty leaves of the purple-flowered geranium, that clustered in shrub-like rounded masses of downy leaves and blue-starred petals.

But the birds were silent in the shadow of the elm-trees; chirp and song and fluttering gladness alike were hushed. The feathered occupants waited, watching in fear and surprise, to see the final issue of the strange invasion of that sunny, peaceful corner by the elm trees, where the white roses and purple geraniums had bloomed in wild luxuriance for so many years, where the dark clustering ivy twined and crept over the mossy wall, and the pink-tipped daisies starred the sod—sunny, peaceful corner in the old English cemetery of the town of Winton, State of Massachusetts, United States of America.

Unwonted and strange the invasion appeared; for the peace and quiet of that little old out-of-the-way cemetery and its weed-grown flower grown graves was seldom disturbed by the arrival of another occupant for one of the many narrow houses in that silent land. More seldom still was one brought to the sunny corner beneath the elm trees—the stranger's corner—where the bones of shipwrecked emigrants from English homes far over the sea had been lying more than forty years.

Yet one more coming now; for the new home—oh, so narrow, so dark, so cheerless—was prepared, and the pink-tipped daisies and tender dewy grasses, cut and shorn away, drooped and died, heralding the arrival of the new tenant to his home. Presently a group of dark clothed men had gathered, and one, robed in white, with open book solemnly gave possession to the new occupant of his six feet of earth in the God's acre of the sunny old cemetery. Then the small group of men led the stranger down, to that strange home in a foreign land, with a few signs and grave sad looks, but no tears, no sobs, no pallid bearded faces; there were only a few grave, sober men—no women, save one, and she was weeping.

The hour was early; the cemetery was distant from the town; no women were there, save this one, who was young and pale and fair, and wore fresh mourning tokens, and quietly behind her thick blue veil.

She had a cluster of beautiful dewy white roses, buds, and half-blown blossoms in her hand; and, as the men prepared to lower the oak coffin, with its burnished plate flashing in the rays of the morning sun, down from the flowers and sunshine, the stirring blossoms, the glittering dew-drops, the breath of the sweet summer morning's life, into the dank, deep, silent place appointed, she pushed gently forward, and, if you please, sir, will you let me—if you please sir!" she begged timidly of the quiet, gentlemanly young man before her.

"Certainly—I beg your pardon," he said, stepping back with alacrity, and glancing with quiet interest at the slender, girlish figure in the dark dress, and with the cluster of white fragrant flowers.

The oak coffin was at her feet as she moved into the vacated place, and kneeling beside it, she laid the dewy branches of roses round the name-plate. She kept back one half-blown flower, and it was wet with the fast-falling tears that were dropping on the coffin ere she could hide it beneath her veil.

Then the adjusted ropes were lowered, and the coffin and its white roses soon were lying down there where light and life and love could come no more until the resurrection morning.

"A friend of yours, I suppose?" the gentleman asked, with much courteous sympathy.

"I never saw him—never knew anything about him until he was dead," answered Winifred Caerlyon; "but oh, I am sure some one knows him and loves him far away in England, and I came for their sakes!"

Some one knew him and loved him of a surety—that handsome fair-haired lad who lay beneath that coffin in his lonely grave, with Winifred Caerlyon's white roses, enclosing his name—

ALBERT GARDNER, Aged 22. Ensign in Her Britannic Majesty's 8—th Regiment of Foot. Died July 29, 18—.

Just in the dawning that had closed the last ball of the season!

CHAPTER XIX.

As one that had passed away from their world for ever, yet keeping their memories of her fresh and living by messages of love, by words and deeds of thoughtful affection, with her cheerful laboriousness, so constantly and unavoidably missed, sister Winnie, far away in North America, became, to the younger members of the Caerlyon family a dreamy, mythical personage, to be invested with all manner of attributes and perfections, but mythical. Although she did send home those tank-bills to "mother" that put her in such a good temper for the whole day, and the picture-papers to Sarah Matilda and Tommy, still she was mythical. "Sister Winnie," who used to bake the bread, and wash their faces, and curl Sarah Matilda's hair, to be away off in that pink-bordered country just where the edge of the atlas map came, with the cold, blue colored Atlantic by its side—impossible!

It was understood on all hands that there never was anybody—never could be anybody—half so clever as accomplished, as that long-lost mythical "sister Winnie"; and, strangely enough, Winnie's once harsh step-mother and task mistress never discouraged this thial by word or deed.

On the contrary, Sarah Matilda, now a smart, self-willed, high-tempered pretty girl, blooming into "the maiden blossoms of her teens," grew disheartened sometimes with herself and her endeavors, in comparison with all the related achievements and perfections she was so often reproachfully reminded of as belonging solely to that banished elder sister. Did she forget a message, there was a running comment on the worthlessness of "heedless maids" accompanying the lamentation of regret for the "nice quiet careful ways" of the sister who never forgot—no not if she was sent for five and twenty cents together! (Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Caerlyon's "muzzing" powers had not diminished in the least.) Did she forget to wash the prompt Sarah Matilda to passionately desire hats and white feathers therein, and urge her mother to the extravagant purchase, she received scolding homilies without number relative to "your poor sister Winnie, who never asked an inch of cloth she could do without."

Madam of Rosworthy, when she mentally compared her self-willed, proud, handsome niece-disadvantageously with her poor little, summarily-dismissed successor, was not alone in the remorseful rendering of justice to patient Winnie Caerlyon.

She had had time to recall the sterling memories of her gentle and kindness and long-suffering, who had had time to remember the sweet, low voice that was heard no more, the sweet, pale face that she could never see—she had had time to think of these things in seven years—of late years even more than at first.

And so it came to pass the truth—strange and strangely flattering, as the meed awarded her for the first time in her life, as the long due reward freely and fully offered—that Winnie Caerlyon was sorely missed, was deeply regretted, though seven years of absence had made her memory like a dream of the dead and gone.

"What ages it seems since poor little Winnie Caerlyon used to run over every second evening to read to me and play for me—poor little thing!" Madam Vivian remarked, late one cold dark evening in February.

She was sipping the favorite green tea from her favorite cup of pale buff and gold evening china, and with jeweled fingers, dimpled more deeply but less whitely fair than of yore, faintly crumbling—after her usual fashion—the morsels of cake; she sighed as she spoke glancing across the table at her vis-a-vis.

"Trevella reads to you, does she not, madam?" inquired the vis-a-vis carelessly.

"Trevella!" said Madam, with a shrug. "Yes—sometimes. She has no notion of modulation or expression, poor woman! A dernier resort when my eyes ache. I assure you, my dear. It is not much more pleasure to me to listen to her reading than it is to her to read. A woman of her class, at forty-five years of age, has long outgrown the time when love-stories and romances are interesting; still she fancies it keeps up her dignity."

"Her dignity!" echoed the vis-a-vis, with a kind of leisurely scorn. "What have people of her class to do with dignity, I wonder? You pay her wages to make herself useful and agreeable to you, just as you used to pay Winnie Caerlyon to make herself useful and agreeable; and when she ceased to do so you dismissed her. I believe."

"I never dismissed her," said Madam, with peevish protest—"that is not finally, you know. I meant to take her back—I have said so dozens of times."

"I never dismissed her," said Madam, vis-a-vis, the leisurely scorn glimmering in a cold smile; "and, whilst you were deliberating about the possibility of forgiving her heinous offences, she fled out of the country. The little fool, she should have waited until you thought proper to remember her existence."

"She should!" cried Madam, sharply, and it seemed defiantly, in the face of that haughty mocking smile. "She should have been more grateful and docile—I have been a good friend to Winnie for three years before, from the time her father came to Tolgooth. She should not have treated me so unkindly."

"There was a flush on madam's face and there were tears in her eyes, the brightness of which was a good deal dimmed; her brow grew lined, and the wrinkles in her fine skin deepened; and, as she sank back rather heavily in her cushioned chair, it could be seen that handsome Madam Vivian was growing an old woman very fast.

Sergeant-Major Under General French

Veteran of Boer War Who Lost Health on the Veldt Tells Experience.

Good Advice for All Who Have Indigestion or Stomach Disorders.

In his home at Waldegrave, N. S., no one is better known than Sergeant-Major Cross, late of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. Speaking of the ill-effects of a campaign upon a man's constitution, the Sgt-Major writes: "I served under General French during the late Boer War, in the capacity of Sgt-Major. It was perhaps owing to a continued diet of bully beef, hard tack, and bad water, but at any rate my stomach entirely gave out. I was in such a state that I could eat nothing without the greatest suffering. The army doctors did not help me much, and since leaving the service I have been very miserable. Some few months ago a friend told me he had been a great sufferer from indigestion until he tried Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they cured him. I confess it was without much faith I bought a box, but the first dose made me feel better than I had been for a long time. Dr. Hamilton's Pills completely cured, and now I can eat everything and anything, I have recommended them to others and in every case the result has been similar to mine."

Quick, sure results attend the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure disorders of the stomach, correct indigestion, make you feel uplifted and strengthened. To renew or maintain health, Dr. Hamilton's Pills always prove a good prescription. 25c. per box, five boxes for \$1.00. All dealers, or the Catawarrhoe Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

"I never intended to forget or forsake her—I meant quite to adopt her in time," she resumed, complacently, "I always treated her like a lady, and required my servants to do so, too. Winnie treated me very ill, I think."

"Possibly," observed the other, in the same cool measured way; "there is no such thing as gratitude to be found, you know. I don't see why you should trouble yourself to remember a young person who was so forgetful of your extraordinary benefits. She was designing and forgetful of her humble station, too, you recollect."

"I don't recollect anything of the kind!" Madam retorted, the cold measured voice, the barred, mocking, polite asseverations seeming to goad her. "I am well aware that there is no such thing as gratitude to be found—your ladyship has no need to remind me of it—but I don't believe poor little Winnie was anything worse than a foolish simpleton; and, if I had advised her in kindness and confidence, I believe there would have been an end of it. She was always a truthful, honorable little girl."

Madam had wiped away three or four angry tears while she spoke—seven years before her nerves would not have been so easily shaken. But neither tears nor anger seemed to ruffle the composed face and smile and voice of the "ladyship" she addressed.

"But there was another person in the case, I understood," she persisted, smiling, lying back in her chair to face Madam more directly, and fanning herself slowly; "and there might not have been an end of it in the way you would have wished, Madam. It was much better plan to dismiss her—send her packing, as—keepers say—return."

Madam's eyes shot a quick flash of indignation, and her lips parted; but a second glance at the calm, haughty face, the mocking smile playing about the downcast eyelids and sharply-cut lips, she indolent repose of the figure and the play of the fan, stopped the indignation reproof trembling on her lips. She turned her head away, and gazed steadily at the fire for a few moments; then she half-turned round and addressed her companion with an attempt at composure and indifference that was rather a failure.

"Did you tell me that you had heard from Lord Henry this morning?"

"Yes," the lady replied, arching her eyebrows slightly, in a tone the perfection of indifference; "and, as you have reminded me of domestic relations, I had better look after Lord Henry's heir—though Jeanneton decidedly ignores any claims or directions of mine with reference to her spoiled pet."

There was a subdued gliding rustle as the heavy stifled folds of a train of lustrous dark blue velvet softly over the carpet, and the tall, imperially-moulded figure of the wearer passed through the doorway, and Madam was left alone.

"Yes, gone—gone, never to return!" she muttered, half aloud, shaking her head; and the brilliant freighth shone upon the very lined and sad old face.

Despite the silvery curls, the careful head-dress, the silks and laces and diamond rings—yes, even the dainty kid, rosetted, gold-luckied shoes of a yore Madam Vivian looked an old, weary, sorrowful, lonely woman, as she sat there in the luxurious green drawing-room, in the restless glow and blaze of the freighth, and the steady, clear luncheon of her favorite wax lights, listening to the steady roll and crash of the waves out by the Black Reef of Treaghton Head, as she had done these many, many years alone.

"It is a lonely life," she went on, the weak tears rising that she scarcely cared to wipe away; "neither son, nor daughter, and scarcely a friend—alone in my old age! And I preferred her to Winnie—my poor little Winnie, who would have been at a child to me—I preferred her to Winnie!"

CHAPTER XX.

"I don't see that it's any use speaking to me about like you at all! Why, I never think of a thing while a person's

crossing the floor after telling of you! 'Tis quite a shame for a great girl of your age to be going about her work like a baby that never saw a bit of bread properly made! To leave the sponge a-working in that sort of way!"

And Mrs. Caerlyon, rolling up her sleeves in vexatious haste, was making up the neglected dough as fast as possible, flouring it as she went, and, in the process, whilst the neglected Sarah Matilda went sulkily about some other work.

"Now," her mother began afresh, punctuating her words by vigorous kneadings, "this is no less than four batches of bread you've been and spoilt, since I was fool enough to let 'e meddle with it. Four! I never knew your sister Winnie to spoil—no, not as much as a posty about her when she went to work! I don't know what 'e mean to make of yourself if 'e grow up like that!"

"Ma!" interrupted Louie, looking up from a praiseworthy attempt at darning her stockings.

"Well child?"

"When shall we hear from sister Winnie again, ma? It's a long time, ma, isn't it?"

"Long enough," returned Mrs. Caerlyon, shortly, but determined to finish Sarah Matilda's "muzzing" in spite of the interruption. "But sister Winnie will write regularly, never fear; she was never one to forget her business. Every bit of 'e'll be heavy—every bit! Serve 'e right, Sarah, if you had to eat it all yourself—kept on it for a month!"

"Ma!"—the interruption came from another youngster, who was amusing himself with putting the tips of his fingers between the bars of the kitchen grate.

"Ma—I say, ma—didn't sister Winnie promise 'e something in her next letter? Didn't she, ma?"

"Yes—she did. What are 'e at, driving your fingers into the fire for, Johnnie, like that? I never saw the like. Take your hands out of the coals this minute, and go wash them—you dirty, dirty boy!"

"Now," said Johnnie, with a grimace of triumph at his younger sister, and quite unmoved at the maternal abjuration—now, miss—sister Winnie did! Now! Ma says it too!"

"Don't care," returned Louie, stoutly, darning away; but Johnnie's triumph, or the longing desire for "something" in a letter herself, or the fact of having her hands made into her finger, broken down her resolution. "Ma," she began afresh in the whimpering tone she had never quite got rid of from babyhood—"ma, won't sister Winnie send me something, too? I wish sister Winnie would come back."

"She'll never come back any more," said Johnnie, with a nod of assurance. "She won't, will she, ma? Sister Winnie won't come back ever again, will she?"

"I don't know—I am sure I wish she would," replied Mrs. Caerlyon, tartly, for Sarah Matilda's benefit again. "I should have a person with a head on their shoulders, and a pair of willing hands to help me, if she did. Bless me! what on earth are 'e all trooping in for like that?" This was addressed to a well-mell crowd rushing down the tiled passage from the hall-door. "Just see where 'e are all going—and the tiles just rattled—and the—"

"Ma," burst forth the foremost of the throng, who nearly tumbled into the dough-pan in his headlong career—"ma, there's lady coming in!"

"A lady in black, ma," panted another sister—"coming in here. She's—she's there!" The words were uttered in a whisper of alarm, for right behind them, in the little tiled entry, stood the figure of a lady veiled and dressed in fresh mourning.

Mrs. Caerlyon rubbed the flour off her hands, dropped her white apron, and, using herself for the emergency by the recollection that, "whoever she was, she had no business to walk in like that, when a person was busy," came forward.

(To be Continued.)

How to Treat Sprains and Strains

After Ten Days' Suffering Mr. Quinn Says Nothing Cures Like Nerviline.

Thousands Recommend "Nerviline"

One of the most soul-distressing accidents that can befall one is a bad ankle or wrist sprain. "If I had only known of Nerviline earlier, I could have saved myself an enormous amount of pain and many agonizing nights of sleeplessness." Thus writes P. P. Quinn.

"I tumbled from a hay loft to the barn floor and sprained my right ankle and left wrist. They swelled rapidly and caused excruciating pains. It was not convenient to go to the city, and the liniment in the house was useless. When I got Nerviline relief came quickly. It took down the swelling, relieved the pain and gave me wonderful comfort."

"I can recommend Nerviline for sprains, bruises, swellings, muscular pains and sore back. I have proved it sure cure in such cases."

"Think what it might some day mean to you to have right in your house ready for an accident or emergent illness, a bottle or two of Nerviline. It is today.

Large size bottles, 50c., or Sample 25c., at all dealers, or The Catwarrhoe Co., Kingston, Ont.

Covington regarded curiously the solitary girl at the table across the aisle. He was not alone in his curiosity for a score of late comers were eyeing the table with open amusement.

Finally one of the party of men veiled uncertainly toward the table and, with a hurried look at the probability of the girl having expected some one who had not come, he offered to take the abandoned ones to the next table. The waiter distinctly Bohemian.

With an exclamation of protest Covington rose from his seat. He crossed to the girl's side. The inhibited daintily shambled on with a muttered apology and Covington dropped into a chair opposite the girl.

"You must let me sit here," he said, decidedly. "This is no place for a young woman dining alone. The waiter's place is here."

"But it was the only place apparently, where a woman alone could dine," was the demure answer. "I was hurried away from half a dozen places of course there were the lunch rooms, but—I was hungry."

Covington smiled at the naive confession and glanced at the table spread with an order which showed that the girl was not only hungry but possessed of a knowledge of the good things on the menu.

"I don't blame you for side-stepping the 'lunch-room' places," he said sympathetically, "but the crowd here is just a trifle gay, and it is expected that in the absence of a cavalier some one will volunteer to take the recreant's place." The girl's face flamed scarlet and the blood dyed the stiff white neck as well.

"I had no idea that—that—"

"Certainly not," he argued promptly, "else you wouldn't be here. But, come, you mustn't let the waiter's presence spoil your appetite. The place is respectable enough, and I'll stand guard."

The girl eyed him shrewdly. She was evidently satisfied with her inspection, for the color in her cheeks turned to a softer pink, and she gave her attention to her plate.

Covington's face was one that inspired confidence, and Beth Horton was well content that her interloper guardian.

"I am between trains," she explained, while a waiter brought Covington's coffee to his new seat. "I'm going out on the midnight. My father is very ill, and my aunt, with whom I was visiting is also ill, and so unable to accompany me, and I had just time to catch the train to town by losing my lunch. There was no buffet car on the train and the eating places near the station were impossible. I was about to go back to them, though, when I found that I could have dinner here."

"And a good one, too," declared Covington. "It's like a ward caucus held in a church. The place is all right. It's the company that makes the objection."

"Present company always excepted," quoted Bob, with a grateful smile. "It is very good of you to take me in your care."

"Only too glad," responded Covington, promptly. "I was wondering how I could do with myself and you have provided a solution for a part of the time."

He drew his coffee toward him and began to chat on general topics, but put the girl at her ease. Covington was a clever conversationalist, and soon Beth had forgotten her embarrassment and was enjoying her planked steak with sweets and coffee.

At last she laid down her napkin.

"I have you to thank for the dinner," she said. "But for you I would have fled when that horrid man spoke to me."

"You would do well to permit me to escort you back to the station," he suggested. "It is not always pleasant at this time of the evening to be without escort."

Beth inclined her head in assent and was about to rise when Covington laid his hand on her arm.

"Wait a moment, please," he said, and he beckoned to the waiter, who brought a small bottle of medicine.

"I'll give you a little of this," he said, and he poured a few drops into a glass.

"It is called 'Nerviline,'" he said, and he handed the glass to Beth.

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BETWEEN TRAINS

Left Weak, Miserable and Prey to Disease in Many Forms.

One of the most treacherous diseases afflicting the people of Canada during the winter months is the grippe, or influenza. It almost invariably ends with a complication of troubles. It tortures its victims with alternate fevers and chills, headaches and backaches. It leaves him an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis and even consumption. Indeed, the deadly after-effects of the grippe may leave a person permanently invalid. General weakness may be kept up for months by an occasional attack of "Pink Pills."

"I have been suffering from the grippe for several weeks, and while I appeared to get over the first stages of the trouble, I did not regain my usual health. I suffered from headaches, loss of appetite and extreme weakness. I did not sleep well at nights, and would arise in the morning feeling tired and worn out. This continued for about two months, during which time I was taking treatment, but apparently without avail. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a half dozen boxes. By the time I had taken three boxes there was a decided improvement, and actually before I had completed the sixth box I was enjoying my old-time health. I was strong as ever, could sleep well and eat well, and no longer suffered from lassitude and headaches. I have proven the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the pernicious after-effects of the grippe, and can therefore recommend them to others."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the trouble in the blood, which they enrich, and make red and pure. These pills cure all troubles due to bad blood, and if you are ailing you should start to cure yourself by taking this great medicine. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS

Afternoon Tea Gown in a Golden Tone of Panne Velvet

Although we hear that the rage for yellow is decreasing we see no signs of it yet. At every afternoon tea or reception we find at least one-third of the women wearing gowns of some shade of yellow.

The illustration shows an afternoon dress of gold colored panne velvet made in that delusive style that is so popular at present—a style that looks as though it were very full, but which is quite as narrow as ever.

The skirt of this frock is slightly gathered about the waist and is caught up at the sides just over the front with buttons. The waist is cut with the long shoulder and is fastened across the front with another group of buttons and buttonholes that match those on the skirt. These buttons are of clouded amber. There is a slit across the right side of the waist and in it is inserted a triangular piece of lace. Little triangles of the same lace form the trimming on the long sleeves.

Under the panne skirt there is a very narrow petticoat of gold satin trimmed with martin fur. The satin also is used for the belt and for the bow, which is tied below the martin collar. The hat worn with this gown is of the plush, the color of the martin fur, and it is trimmed with a beautiful bird of paradise in the nape shades.



CUTS & SORES

Apply Zam-Buk to all wounds and sores and you will be surprised how quickly it stops the smarting and brings ease. It covers the wound with a layer of protective balm, kills all poison germs already in the wound, and prevents others entering. Its rich healing herbal essences then build up from the bottom, fresh tissues and in a wonderfully short time the wound is healed!

Zam-Buk's popularity is based on merit. Instantaneous relief from cuts, sores and all other ailments. Zam-Buk is printed on every packet of the genuine. Beware of all others. All drug stores and stores of Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

ZAM-BUK

Trevella reads to you, does she not.