umumumimini. Vinsome Winnie

ause which he aunt itely ignored and decision to rid herself companion. Madam redennick to discover it the slightest appregard to poor Winnie acrous attractiveness. of course, discovered this, hers of her astute aunt's

es and desires, as a bold, earted nature will often cover the craftiest policy of a world-hampered brain at a single effort—she hampered brain at a single effort—she had a score on her own account like wise to pay off, and dutifully delighted in the thought of Madam's discomfigure, "Very likely," she repeated, laughing, "but I have heard of fatal gifts before now, Captain Tredennick." Dejanira's poisoned garment may have been pretty enought—doubtless as pretty ag that heartful scalakin incher I ty as that beautiful scalskin jacket have heard so much of—but you know what Dejanira's gift did for poor Her

Between the terrible allusion to "poisoned garments," the sarcastic blame implied in his cousin's manner, and the attack upon his mythological memory, Stephen Tredennick felt quite over-

whelmed.
"Why, Mildred, what harm was it?
"Uhy, Mildred, what harm was it."
"I thought I might give a young lady..." a girl of herage—a present—a little gift for a keepake. It is not unusual, 1 think? Was it wrong? What harm was it, Millie? I did not think there could be any harn indeed!"

In his exprestness he stood clasping his cousin's fair jewelled hands, while Mildren's landsome face grew radiant with glrish fun, both on account of poor of Stephen's uneasiness," and st the sudden belief that there was a deeper feeling than mere annoyance prompting his earnestness and excite-unt which her clever teasing had mut which her cl brought to light. her clever teasing

The red glow of the firelight revealed them standing so together —Mild-red's bright, upturned face gleaming with smiles, Stephen's full of carnest questioning — revealed them so plain-ly that a watcher outside in the chill wintry gloaming of the dark, frozen shrubbery could notice even the pat-tern of the fragile white lace collar and sleeves which adorned Mildred Tre-damnistic rish dark silk days the hail dennick's rich dark silk dress, the brilliant cluster of golden toys swaying at her watchchain, the restless flash of the starry rings on her long, thin white

fingers.

The firelit room, with those soft, ample curtains of maroon damask lying on the warm dark carpet— the subdued glitter of dark polished woods, and lines and spots of bright gilding glim-mering from floor to ceiling—that dark cased wall, with its close-packed rows of books—the light, warmth, comfort, happiness, and the beauty of beautiful Mildred Trendennick—these were the accessories of the picture whose central figure she had alone come to look lyon —that little dark-robed watcher in the cold and snow outside-to look

her last upon.
She crept nearer and nearer for that long last farewell look so near that had Captain Trendennick not been lookng into his cousin's eyes, he must have met the gaze of those deep, dark, yearning ones outside in the evening gloom.

"Heaven bless her—Stephen Treden-

nick's wife!" whispered the pale, quivering lips; and then the dark evereens and frozen shrubs rustled softly parted and closed, and the lone little watcher was gone.

"I am very sorry, Stephen; I should not have annoyed you by repeating this spiteful gossip," Mildred said, penitently, at the close of their prolonged tete-atete in the study—Mildred and Stephen were rather fond of tete-atete interviews and tete-a-tete rambles, Madam Vivian noticed, with much stately sat-isfaction—"and I promise you that, as far as I am concerned, there shall be further ground for people's unkind remarks about your poor little Winaie

My poor little Winnie Caerlyon?" Stephen Tredennick said, raising his brows in a frown; whilst in the eyes beneath a curious smile was shining. "Well, my poor little Winnie Caerlyon, then," returned Mildred, coldly. "She shell be my friend and Labell."

"She shall be my friend, and I shall request, Madam Vivian, our worthy and quest, Madam Vivian, our worthy and grievously-mistaken relative, to permit Miss Caerlyon's visits here as my friend. But I believe I must make you friend. But I believe I must make you if was not to be heard. "I wish Mildred had come with me." "I wish Mildred had come with me." friend. But I believe I must make you my ambasador in the first instance, captain Tredennick; it would be less formal and more friendly; besides, to tell the truth, I am half afraid of encountering that terrible step-mother, and should not wish to do so unless you ingly, before he knocked, and paused object to the office. In case it should be too disagreeable and troublesome an undertaking for you, I will defer my invitation until I can pay a visit in

Her sparkling eyes shot glances of barbed satire and malice at her cousin, who, after a struggle to look coolly indifferent or indiguant, failed utterly, and got up a violent fit of coughing instead, which perhaps accounted for the

sively, in a rather uncalled for manner But as he turned to leave the room to dress for dinner, he put has room to dress for dinner, he put has a with me. If you will be kind enough to arms round Mildred in n brotherly carriers. "Millie," he said, earnestly, "you are a good girl—a good girl with a true, stare and gloomy irritating him beyond kind heart, my sear. Whoever thinks measure in anticipation of a curt reyou have no, misjudges you sorely; and fusal.

herself excessively—recitthe very person most conthe very person m

"He is worthy," Mildred cried, passionately, her eyes and cheeks aflame in an instant in proud assurance—"you know he is. Stephen!"

know he is, Stephen!"

"Bertie Gerdiner?" her cousing half queried, with a rather pitying smile, haughty Mildred fancied. "He is a brave, handsome, high-spirited lad, I know; but, oh, Millie, my dear, he is very young, he is very far away, and constancy is not one of the virtues of youth under temptation."

The imperious forhidding gesture of

mder temptation."
The imperious forbidding gesture of hand stopped him her quick upraised hand stopped him suddenly. "Temptation," she said, the proud

tears flooding her brilliant eyes—temp-tation to be false to me, Stephen? Why do you speak so," she demanded in haughty rebuke, "when you know that we love each other—that we mean to live for each other—that no one could tempt us to forsake each other," poor Mildred cried, in her proud devotion to her young lover—"when you know that nothing could separate us—Bertie and me—nothing but death!"
"Nothing but death," her cousin re-peated, mechanically, and he softly

peated, mechanically, and he softly stroked the fair white hand lying in his own, with a certain sense of sadness thrilling him from the proud defiance of the declaration of her fond, impetuous. wayward love-"nothing but death-I elieve it, Millie!"

CHAPTER XIV:

"I must not be too late," he said to himself, as he hastened his steps down the winding descent of the road at the farther side of Tregarthen Head—"I wish I could have gone to deliver Mil-

dred's message yesterday evening—I must not be too late now."

He quickened his steps again—the Coastguard station on the rising cliff beyond was very near now—he would not lose a minute more than he could below

"Heaven bless Mildred! What a kind, generous nature she has!" he went on thinking, pleasantly. "What a brave, true, high-spirited beautiful wife she will be in the years to come—a proud, nobleminded, generous, loving mother ,whom her children will naturally turn to in reverence and admiration! How kindly she spoke of poor little Winnie Caerlyon! She will be a real friend to her. I am sure, quick-tempered and haughty as she is -as haughty as my old grandfather, 'Proud Tredennick,' as people used to call him. She is warm-hearted and true to the core-somewhat similar in character, yet full of dissimilarity, to my poor little Winnie herself." It had a pleasant sound, this last

phrase, to Stephen Tredennick's ear, and he repeated it again ere he angrily ruminated on another topic.

"How dare they gossip about her! "How dare they gossip about her!
How dare they couple my name with
hers—poor, innocent child! Because I
ventured to bestow on her a few friendly words and a friendly gift! If I heard Aunt Vivian is most blamable of all!

She gave the gossiping rumors stability by her unkindly treatment. 'As if the child had done any wrong—thought any wrong! All are unjust, unkind, tyrannical towards her—my poor little Winnie!"

up the buffet, and now stood surveying with some disfavor a a large bouquet of white roses, wild sweet geranium, and drooping maple leaves which her nicec, Miss Winifred Caerlyon, was tastefully arranging in a great china vase.

nie!"

He had almost reached the Coastmard green jur that I've had these thirty station now, and his feelings had quite years!" cried Miss Whitney, with a reached an altitude of indignation and frown. "Where did you get those flowchivairie resolve which would have dis-mayed Madam Vivan's very soul within have dis- | ers." her, as the result of her own injudicious ness, could she but have known it; buthappily for her peace of mind-she knew nothing further that the fact that her much-indulged, imperious niece had made the abrupt and capricious request that she might be allowed to invite Mis Caerlyon to spend the evening at Rose-worthy, to which request Madam, in much surprise and outward-seeming graciousness, gave her assent.

Outside the whitewashed porch, Capt.

Tredennick paused for a moment, in the hope that the busy little housekeeper herself might dart out on an errand and save him from abruptly confronting the high-tempered step-mother.

"She is cutting the bread-and-butter

for the children's supper with her apron and her big knife, I dare say," muttered, laughingly: "or minding the baby that she regrets is so quiet."

He listened to the voices that he could faintly hear through the closed doors

He listened again, uneasily and long-ingly, before he knocked, and paused even when he was told to enter, listen-

ing in vain-"How do you do, Mrs. Caerlyon?" he said, entering through the narrow pas-sage to the meagrely furnished, tidy

sage to the meagrely furnished, tidy little sitting room, with a most feetitious assumption of easy cheerfulness. "I am the bearer of a note from my cousin, Mildred Tredennick, to your daughter, Miss Caerlyon. Is she at home?"

"Good evening. Cappin Tredennick," Mrs. Caerlyon said, rising hastily, but confronting him with hostile stiffness and straightness, keeping the stocking. and got up a stead, which perhaps accounted to stead, and straightness, keeping the stocking the was daring pulled over her left hand, and the worsted needle in her right. "Do ye want to see Winiford?" the answered,

my appearance, in half an hour at the dinner-table alone, and, when my cousin is inquired for, tell Madam that he is gone after my Winnie Caerlyon!"

"Mildred, how can you be so ridiculous!" her cousin cried, laughing excessions with the cousin cried, laughing excessions and the cousin would for many cousin Mildred with the cousin cried, laughing excessions and the cousin would for many cousin Mildred with the cousin cried of the cousin cried want her to spend the evening with us, and I am deputed to bring her back with me. If you will be kind enough to

Weary Tiredness Changed to Vigor

That Played-out Feeling was Quickly Remedied and Health Restored.

story of a Merchant Who Almost Lo His Business and His Health Through Neglecting the Early Symptoms of Disease.

"My life for years has been of se-dentary character," writes T. B. Titch-field, head of a well known firm in Buckingham. "Nine hours every day I Buckingham. "Nine hours every day I spent at office work and took exercise only on Sunday. I desregarded the symptoms of ill-health, which were all too ap parent to my family. I grew thin, then pale, and before long I was jaundiced—eyes and skin were yellow, my strength and nerve energy were lowered, and I was quite unfitted for business. In the norning a lightness in the head, particularly when I bent over, made me very worried about my health. Most of the cularly laxative medicines I found weakening, and knowing that I had to be at bus iness every day I neglected myself ra-ther than risk further weakness. Of course I grew worse, but by a happy chance I began to use Dr. Hamilton's

Pills. I was forcibly struck by the fact that they neither caused griping nor nausea, and it seemed incredible . that pills could tone, cleanse and regulate the system withut causing any unpleas ant after effects. Dr. Hamilton's Pills acted with me just as gentle as nature -they gave new lift to my liver, strang

they gave new lift to my liver, strang-thened my stongach, and won me back to perfect good health. My skin is clear, dizziness has disappeared, and my ap-petite, strength, spirits are perfect."
Refuse anything offered you instead of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are sure to cure. Sold in 25c boxes, five for \$1, at all druggists and storekeepers or postpaid from the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

While he spoke, he glanced anxiously for a sign of the little anxiously for a sign of the little shably black straw hat, the thin gray plaid shawl, or haply that fatal sealskin jacket. Anxiously he longed for the sound of the light footfall, the softpatient voice. More anxiously than he could have believed possible—with a strange keen longing—he looked for the pale little face, the dark sad gray eyes, and the crowning tresses of silken hours. pale little lace, the dark sad gray eyes, and the crowning tresses of silken brown hair. He had even begun to think how he would tease her for not having kept her promise, and would claim the keepsake he had requested during that cold walk in the wild March morning on their way from Roseworthy-if she would "You can't see her," Mrs. Caerlyon said, shortly, "she's not here."
"Not here!" repeated Stephen Tre-

dennick, feeling as if a cold wave of disappointment had chilled him to the heart.

"No." returned Mrs. Caerlyon, with spiteful air of triumph in her gloomy face, "you'll neyer see her again, Cappun Tredennick, She's gone!"

"Gone!"
"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Caerlyon, short ly, taking up her darning again, "Win nifred Caerlyon is gone to America!" CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XV.
Six months sped quietly away, and
it was summer in the town of Winston,
state of Massachusettes, United States
of America, summer in M.ss Sarah Whitthem, they should stow their words faster down their throats than they could uter them!" he said, wrathfully. "And Aunt Vivian is most blamable of all! with some disfavor as a large heavy in the words faster them?" he said, wrathfully. "And William is most blamable of all! with some disfavor as a large heavy in the words are the words." ney's front parlor, in Miss Sarah Whit

vase. "You'll mess the room and break my

"Out of the English cemetery, Aunt, Sarah," replied the gentle voice of the young relative, "there's such a quantity of honey scented geranium growing there, and a great bush of white roses in the corner by the old wall."

"Hum-queer notion to go gatherin' flowers out of a churchyard to bring into a body's sitting room!" returned Miss Whitney, in a dissatisfied tone, sitting down to her mending basket. "Is that an English notion, Winitred If it is" it is," she added, putting on her spec-tacles, "you'd ha better left it behind

you."
"No, I never saw any one do it," Winifred replied, gently as ever. The low, sweet, patient voice sounded lower, softer, perhaps, sadder than of yore, "like the twittering of a lonely bird," Miss Whitney averred shortly, "But the Whitney averred shortly. "But the white roses looked so fresh and beautiful, Aunt Sarah, that I thought it guess," responded Miss Whitney, snip-

would be no harm to pluck a few—I love white flowers so much."

"What took you into that old ceme tery at all?" queried Miss Whiteny. "You're for ever going there. It is because there happened to be English bones laid there fifty years ago that you have such a fancy for sitting among graves and head-stones?"

"Perhaps that is one reason, aunt Sarah," answered Winnie, truthfully; "but the chief reason is that there is one corner in it so like Trevellian

one corner in it so like Trewellian Churchyard at home, with the ivy crooping over the stones, and tufts of pink daisies, and one tall elm tree, that I could almost declare it was my mo-ther's grave that lay in the sunny an-gle; and I feel as if I were actually back in Cornwall again when I sit there and hear the sea down at Saund-

Miss Whitney felt a little softened at the allusion to the fair young niece she was fond of eight-and-twenty years before; but she would not show it "for the world."

"You'ne homesick for Tolgooth Bay,

and your stepmother, and her pack of children, I suppose, miss," she remarked, snipping away at the patching of a kitchen towel—Muss Whitney never let "rubbishing fancy-work" enter her house—"on would think that a decent

"Oh, aunt Sarah," cried Winifred, lifting a pained white face, "you know that I am contented and very grate-ful for it!"

"Then you oughtn't to mope!" re-torted Miss Whitney, sharply. "I sup-pose the house is to quiet for you, or you want girls to chatter with. You may go into other houses, then, for you won't have any chattering in here, Winifred Caerlyon! I'll have no fussing and dressing and talking about beaux and parties and fal-lals under my roof! Six months before Winifred have shrunk, pained, mortified, and displeased, at her old maiden grand-aunt's peevish accusations. She had learned better now. The patient meek girl had grown wiser through the teaching of

grown wiser throu her hidden sorrow. "Give me those stockings to darn, auntie," she said, with a slight smile:

"Give me those stockings to darn, auntie," she said, with a slight smile; "they are a great deal more in my way than tinery and parties."

"Oh girls'll be girls to the end of time rejoined Miss Whitney; "and of course voice your notions about fine clothes and sweethearts and getting married, like all the rest."

Winifred laughed.

"Well, if I have, what is the use of my troubling my head about them, aunt Sarah!" she asked gaily. "You know you wouldn't permit it, if I wanted ever so much to have fine clothes and sweethearts, and get married."

"Oh," Miss Whitney returned, grim-

"Oh," Miss Whitney returned, grim-ly, "old as I am, I am neither so old nor so silly as to think that I could prevent you if you took the notion, any more than I could stop the grass from

"Well, but I shall never take the notion; so you will be spared all trouble about me in that respect ,at least, aunt

Sarah.
"Why, pray?" demanded aunt Sarah ooking over her spectacles, "You'll get married when your time comes, though I dare say you've an idea in your head now that you won't have any one but some fine, tall, handsome fellow with curly hair and a straight nose— girls

wire always going on with that rubbish! Winnfred smiled slightly, but made no reply; and Miss Whitney impatiently regarded the quiet attitude and the busy fingers for a few moments in

Crochety and eccentric as she was there was one thing which provoked her into incessant suspicion and impatient curiosity—her young grand-niece's un-girlish quietness, docility, and reserved old fashioned womanliness: though, had she been otherwise. Miss Whitney would

and chiding.
"That's what he is, I suppose, Winifred?" she resumed, with a sour smile on her wrinkled face.
"Who?" she asked, with a start.

over graves. Your step-mother hinted enough to me."

"Aunt Sarah, you are wrong, and You are wronging me," said Winifred, Winifred, quietly, but trembling. "There is nothing in Cornwall which I have any right to love outside of my father's twenty-five year there's the contraction of the house, except my mother's grave. There is no one that cares for me, unless my father and the children do; and my stepmother knows that," added Wini-fred, with a touch of bitterness. "No one ever wanted or asked to marry me, except that man I told you of the first and night night that you came, aunt Sarah —you

ping away fast and angrily—"I re-member seeing you come in with your white face and swollen eyes and hoarse voice, much more like some white face and swollen eyes and hoarse voice, much more like some poor creature out of an infirmary, or a nurse that had been attending patients for a year running, than a girl of twenty—my nice Winifred's child—and so I told your step-mother!"

(To be Costinued.)

BREEDS WILD GEESE

From Pair Wounded by Louisiana Hunter.

From the time that the earliest settler first reached the shores of Louisiana this state has been famed as a feeding ground for innumerable thousands ducks and geese, to say nothing of the waders and long bills, come out of the north and spend the winter in the marsh-es and on the prairies of the Delta

But of all these thousands of birds scarcely any remain within the borders of the state to nest and rear their young. A few varieties of ducks, such as the wood duck or brancheur, the Florida duck or canard des isles, an oc-casional pair of teal—that is about all. As for geese, at the earliest sign of spring these big fellows start for the far north and select the wildest and most inaccessible portions for their summer

Not until the past season, it is believe ed, have a pair of Canada geese ever been known to young in Louisiana.

About two years ago a sportsman living in West Feliciana, while hunting in the marshes near the Mississippi River shot and slightly wounded a pair, male and female, of wild Canada geese. Seeing that the wounds were very slight and would not permanently injure the birds, except to prevent them from fly-

ing, he took them home and placed them in his barnyard.

As time passed, the birds completely recovered from their injuries, became quite tame and associated with the other domestic fowl. They were novel pets, and were kept and fed for this reason.

Winter passed, and with the coming

wind were kept and red for this reason.
Winter passed, and with the coming of spring the instinct to go north, mate and rear a brood of downy goslings took possession of the birds and they would have carried out their desire it not been for the fact that neither

eould fly.

This being the case, they did the best produces they could, and mated and produced their brood where they were, probably a thousand miles further south than they would under ordoinary circum stances have remained.

The young birds grew and thrived and the flock, now numbering five, was the pride of their owner. Then came tragedy in the shape of a hungry dog, which hap-pened to catch the mother goose on land one day, ran her down and killed her, and the dog was in turn killed b its owner for its murderous propensi

The damage it seemed was irreparable for no other wild goose could be secured as a mate for the old gander. With the advent of spring, however, the old fel-low solved the problem for all by mating with one of the tame geese on the farm and from this mating was produced a hybrid, a pale edition of the Btock

The old gander, with three young birds and the hybrid are now alive and well, according to the owner. Who intends trying a number of experiments in mating with the rare stock that he possesses as a result of two lucky shots.

A MODERN MIRACLE

He Had Eczema 25 Years and Doc tors Said "No Cure."

Yet Zam-Bul Has Worked Complete Cure.

This is the experience of a man of high reput tion, nighty known in Montreal, and twiose cas can readily be "That fine gentleman you left at home in Cornwall. You needn't deny it. I know well enough. That's what you're always thinking about, and going into the old churchyard for, and crying and wrists. The disease first started the old churchyard for, and crying and wrists. The disease first started in red blotches, which itched, and when scratched became painful. Bad sores followed, which discharged, and the discharge spread the disease until his hands were one raw, painful mass of sores. This state of all

> In that up the cas and night e

THE WEARY SMILE THAT COVERS PAIN

Women Are Themselves to Blan For Much of Their Suffering.

Women a weak, yet, under a smile they will fr to hide pain and suffering the main could not bear patiently. If would only remember that their l'fequent failures of health arise from feeble or impure blood their lives would be smoother and they would long-

er retain their natural charm,
When the blood fails then begin those dragging backaches and headaches; unrefreshing sleep that causes dark lines under the eyes; dizziness; fits of depression, palpitation or rapid fluttering of the heart; hot flashes and indigestion. Then the cheeks grow pale the eyes dulk and the complexion blemished. Women should know that much of this

suffering is needless and can be promptly remedied. Purify and enrich 'the blood through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and your suffering will yan-ish. Thousands of women know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brightened their lives by making the new organicated blood of health, and so toning up all the vital organs into healthy, vigorous action. Here is an instance from among many. Miss Cora A. Cornell, St. Catharines, Ont., says: "Ever since the age of fourteen I have suffered terribly with pains in my back, and severe headaches. I was also much troubled with indiges-tion, and had to be extremely careful as to my diet, and sometimes did not feel like eating at all. Some two years ago the headaches became so bad that I had to give up my position, which was clerk-ing in a store, where, of course, I was constantly on my feet. I took a position in an office where I could be seated most of the time, but even then I suffered terribly most of the time. As the medicine I had been taking did not help me, I finally decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a supply, and soon felt they were helping me and I continued takin the pills for several months until 6 felt perfectly well. Although my doctor advised me not to go back to my old posi-tion. I decided to do so and have not felt any ill effect. I never have backache now, seldom a headache, and alatraces of the indirection have disappeared. Lean-not speak too highly of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and I hope this letter will help someone who suffers as I used to." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail to cents a hox or six hoxes for \$2.50 at 50 cents a box or six boxes for from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Brockville, Ont.



PEARLY

WHAT TO DO FC (By a Phys

CROUP is the smar Though the sympto

EFFICIENCY ON THE FARM



THE HENS ARE TRAINED TO LAY EGGS FOR OMELETS AT ME

PART OF THIS PAGE IS MISSING