

Winsome Winnie

"Why, Mildred replied. She herself excessively—recited the very person most concerned because which he aunt utterly ignored and decided to rid herself of her companion. Madam any account have all-tredennick to discover the slightest appreciation to poor Winnie's gross attractiveness. Of course, discovered this, here of her astute aunt's as an adviser, as a bold, started nature will often cover the craftiest policy of a world-hampered brain at a single effort—she had a score on her own account—like-wise to pay off, and dutifully discomfited in the thought of Madam's discomfiture. "Very likely," she repeated, laughing, "but I have heard of fatal fits before now, Captain Tredennick. Dejanira's poisoned garment may have been poisoned enough—doubtless as pretty as that beautiful scaliskin jacket I have heard so much of—but you know what Dejanira's gift did for poor Hercules."

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 overwhelmed. "Why, Mildred, what harm was it? Did I—was it wrong?" he stammered. "I thought I might give a young lady—a girl of her age—a present—a little gift for a keepsake. It is not unusual, I think? Was it wrong? What harm was it, Mildred? I did not think there could be any harm indeed."

In his earnestness he stood clasping his cousin's fair jeweled hands while Mildred's handsome face glowed radiant with girlish fun, both on account of poor Stephen's uneasiness, and at the sudden belief that there was a deeper feeling than mere annoyance prompting his earnestness and excitement which her clever teasing had brought to light.

The red glow of the firelight revealed them standing so together—Mildred's bright, upturned face gleaming with smiles, Stephen's full of earnest questioning—revealed them so plainly that a watcher outside in the chill winter gloaming of the dark, frozen shrubbery could notice even the pattern of the fragile white lace collar and sleeves which adorned Mildred Tredennick's rich dark silk dress, the brilliant cluster of golden toys swaying at her watch-chain, 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 glimmering from floor to ceiling—that dark oiled wall, with its close-packed rows of books—the light, warmth, comfort, happiness, and the beauty of beautiful Mildred Tredennick—these were the accessories of the picture whose central figure she had alone come to look upon—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—near that had Captain Tredennick not been looking into his cousin's eyes, he must have met the gaze of those deep, dark, yearning ones outside in the evening glow. "Heaven bless her—Stephen Tredennick's wife!" whispered the pale, quivering lips; and then the dark evergreens 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 her prolonged tete-a-tete in the study—Mildred and Stephen were rather fond of tete-a-tete interviews and tete-a-tete rambles. Madam Vivian noticed, with much stately satisfaction—"and I promise you that, as far as I am concerned, there shall be no further ground for people's unkind remarks about your poor little Winnie Caerlyon."

"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 shall be my friend, and I shall be quiet, 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 my ambassador 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 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 person."

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

"Nonsense, Mildred—I will go," he said, quickly; "not this evening, though—it is too late now, I think."

"Rather," returned Mildred, laconically—"unless you want me to make my appearance in half an hour at the dinner-table alone, and when my cousin is inquired for, tell Madam that it is gone after my Winnie Caerlyon!"

"Mildred, how can you be so ridiculous?" her cousin cried, laughing excessively, in a rather unbecoming manner indeed. But as he turned to leave the room to dress for dinner, he put his arms round Mildred in a brotherly embrace. "Mildred, I said earnestly, "you are a good girl—a good girl with a true, kind heart, my dear. Whoever thinks you have no misjudged you sorely, and

Weary Tiredness Changed to Vigor

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

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

"My life for years has been of secondary character," writes T. B. Titchfield, head of a well known firm in Buckingham. "Nine hours every day I spent at office work and took exercise only on Sunday. I disregarded the symptoms of ill-health, which were all too apparent to my family. I grew thin, then pale, and before long I was jaundiced—my eyes and skin were yellow, my strength and nerve energy were lowered, and I was quite unfit for business. In the morning a lightness in the head, particularly when I bent over, made me very worried about my health. Most of the laxative medicines I found weakening, and knowing that I had to be at business every day I neglected myself rather 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 without causing any unpleasant after effects. Dr. Hamilton's Pills acted with me just as gentle as nature—they gave me new life to my liver, strengthened my stomach, and won me back to perfect good health. My skin is clear, my appetite has disappeared, and my appetite, 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 Cingarozzo Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada."

While he spoke, he glanced anxiously for a sign of the little shabby black straw hat, the thin gray lined jacket. Anxiously he looked for the sound of the light footfall, the soft patient voice. More anxiously than he could have believed possible—with a strange long longing—he looked for the pale little face, 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 keep-sake he had requested during that cold walk in the wild March morning on their way from Roseworthy—if she would come with him—if she would but come!

"You can't see her," Mrs. Caerlyon said shortly. "Not here," repeated Stephen Tredennick, feeling as if a cold wave of disappointment had chilled him to the heart.

"No," returned Mrs. Caerlyon, with a spiteful air of triumph in her gloomy face. "You'll never see her again, Captain Tredennick. She's gone!"

"Gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Caerlyon, shortly, taking up her darning again. "Winifred Caerlyon is gone to America!"

Six months sped quietly away, and it was in the town of Winstown, state of Massachusetts, United States of America, summer in Miss Sarah Whitney's front parlor, in Miss Sarah Whitney's own purchased dwelling house, No. 30 East street. Miss Whitney had just "washed up" her breakfast things, locked up the buffet, and now stood surveying with some disfavor a large bouquet of white roses, with sweet geranium, and drooping maple leaves which her niece, Miss Winifred Caerlyon, was tastefully arranging in a great china vase.

"You'll mess the room and break my green jar that I've had these thirty years!" cried Miss Whitney, with a frown. "Where did you get those flowers?"

"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 gathering 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, Winifred? It is," she added, putting on her spectacles, "you'd had better left it behind you."

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

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

"What took you into that old cemetery at all?" queried Miss Whitney. "You're for ever going there. It is because those 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 Winifred, truthfully; "but the chief reason is that there is one corner in it so like Tredennick Churchyard at home, with the ivy creeping over the stones, and tufts of pink daisies, and one tall elm tree, that I could almost declare it was my mother's grave that lay in the sunny angle; and I feel as if I were actually back in Cornwall again when I sit there and hear the sea down at Saunders' Point."

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're 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—Miss Whitney never let "rubbing fancy-work" enter her house—"on would think that a decent quiet home would content you after that?"

"Oh, Aunt Sarah," cried Winifred, lifting a pained white face, "you know that I am contented and very grateful for it!"

"Then you oughtn't to mope!" retorted Miss Whitney, sharply. "I suppose 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 fallals under my roof!"

Six months before Winifred would 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 her hidden sorrow.

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

"Oh, girls'll be girls to the end of days," rejoined Miss Whitney; "and you won't have any 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, grimly, "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 growing."

"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, looking 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 are always going on with that rubbish!"

Winifred smiled slightly, but made no reply; and Miss Whitney impatiently regarded the quiet attitude and the busy fingers for a few moments in silence.

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 have been merciless in rebuke and chiding.

"That's what he is, I suppose, Winifred," she resumed, with a sour smile on her wrinkled face, "that rubbish!"

"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 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 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 Winifred, with a touch of bitterness. "No one ever wanted or asked to marry me, except that man I told you of the first night that you came, Aunt Sarah—you remember?"

"Ay, I remember well enough, I guess," responded Miss Whitney, sup-

BREEDS WILD GESE

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 of ducks and geese, to say nothing of the waders and long bills, come out of the north and spend the winter in the marshes and on the prairies of the Delta State.

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 brancher, the Florida duck or canard des isles, an occasional pair of teal—that is about all. As for geese, at the earliest sign of spring these big fellows start for the north and select the wildest and most inaccessible portions for their summer homes.

Not until the past season, it is believed, 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 was 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 flying, 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 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 had it not been for the fact that neither could fly.

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

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

The damage it seemed was irreparable, for no other wild goose could be secured as a mate for the old gander. With the fall of spring, however, the old fellow 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 wild stock.

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 Doctors Said "No Cure."

Yet Zam-Bul Has Worked Complete Cure.

This is the experience of a man of high reputation, highly known in Montreal, and whose case can readily be investigated. Mr. T. M. Matis, the gentleman referred to, lives at 101 D'Arbormie avenue, Montreal, and has lived there for years. For twenty-five years he has had eczema on his hands 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 affairs lasted for twenty-five years.

In that men tried up the case Mr. Matis but he, also two years and night's itching when he just med: the fe

THE WEARY SMILE THAT COVERS PAIN

Women Are Themselves to Blame For Much of Their Suffering.

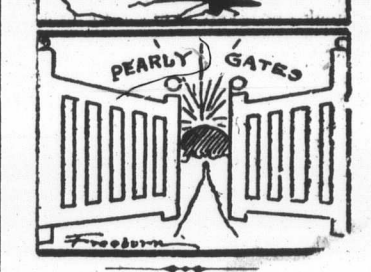
Women are weak, yet, under a smile they will try to hide pain and suffering that no man could not bear patiently. If you would only remember that their frequent failures of health arise from feeble or impure blood their lives would be smoother and they would longer retain their natural charm.

When the blood fails then begin those disagreeing 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 dull and the complexion bleached.

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 vanish. Thousands of women know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brightened their lives by making the new, good 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 indigestion, 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 clerking 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 taking the pills for several months until I felt perfectly well. Although my doctor advised me not to go back to my old position, I decided to do so and have not felt any ill effect. I never have headache now, seldom a headache, and all traces of the indigestion have disappeared. I can't 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 at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN ELEGY



WHAT TO DO FOR

(BY A PHYSICIAN)

GROUP is the smartest. Though the symptoms of eczema are alarming and distressing, it is rarely ever cured.

EFFICIENCY ON THE FARM



THE HENS ARE TRAINED TO LAY EGGS FOR OMELETS AT ME TIME.

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