

A HUMDRUM ROMANCE.

Winifred Graham was an orphan at fourteen; her father, an unsuccessful doctor through life, leaving behind him—utterly destitute had it not been for the charity of two maiden ladies—his cousins, though not related to each other. Both these ladies resignedly accepted the situation and decided that Winifred should spend six months of the year with each of them in turn.

Miss Sarah, the elder—a dark, grim-looking woman—lived gloomily by herself in one of the old Seventh Ward houses, which, once the residences of the fashionable world, wore, to the imaginative observer, an air of reserve and scorn of their altered condition. The house was well suited to its occupant, who lived oblivious of the world outside, rarely going out except to church, her purchases being attended to by a former old servant—mistress and maid suggesting the old idea of witch and familiar.

Miss Harriet, the younger, was, on the contrary, of the world she lived in. She prided herself on her taste in dress, and divided her affections in dress, and a step-brother twenty-five years her junior, and a pretty niece, Miss Kitty Tracy, whom she fondly hoped to see united. The latter was the possessor of a snug little fortune, while Dr. Vincent's coffers, like those of many a young doctor, were sadly empty. This hitherto so happy an arrangement was now to be broken in upon by the advent of Winifred, which Miss Harriet looked upon as a hard necessity to be regarded as one of the trials incident to this life.

Miss Sarah on the other hand, though shy and ill at ease with young people, welcomed Winifred cordially, and bade old Molly prepare a little feast, which on her arrival the little girl was too awkward and homesick to enjoy. Instead she gazed drearily about the dark drawing-rooms with their somber furniture, depressed, above all by the sight of Miss Sarah herself in a high-backed chair near the fire, in which chair she sat year in and year out, knitting stockings for the poor.

Little by little, however, Winifred became accustomed to her surroundings, and read or studied, evening after evening, in almost unbroken silence, while Miss Sarah counted the stitches in her knitting; the old woman glad, in her way, of the girl's companionship. Winifred comforted by the knowledge that she was welcome. It was, therefore, at the end of the half year, a very distinct change to Miss Harriet's cheerful abode, where, however, Winifred felt much greater restraint, and suffered no little under the bitter sense of intrusion. For this reason, for the first two years, she was glad to close the door of Miss Harriet's house behind her, and depart to what she called home.

But a few months after her sixteenth birthday a slight event occurred which gave a new turn to her thoughts. "Being very desirous of earning her own living as soon as possible, she was studying with a view to qualifying for the post of junior teacher in a private school near by, and hard work indeed she found it. One evening in particular she had been working against terrible odds, her little table drawn up as nearly as possible to a gas-bracket—a luxury denied her in her own room. Although already tired out, her fear of Miss Harriet kept her at work, when Dr. Vincent and Kitty Tracy came in from a walk, chaffing and laughing as was their way, and ensconced themselves in the window seat.

She worked away miserably at a difficult problem till, attracted by some remark from Kitty, she glanced toward the window, where that hilarious maiden was holding out wool for Vincent to wind, and scolding merrily when he let it slip from his awkward hands.

She was recalled to her studies by Miss Harriet's sharp touch on her shoulder. "I can tell you, Winifred," said that strict disciplinarian, "that with your moderate abilities you will fail utterly in your examinations if you waste time like this."

Winifred was not of the crying sort as a rule, but she was just in that state in which a trifle would upset her. Miss Harriet's words were the last straw. Letting her book fall she covered her face with her hands with a low cry. Kitty raised her eyebrows; she hated exhibitions.

"Ridiculous!" she murmured. "So trying for poor Aunt Harriet."

Dr. Vincent glanced sharply at the desolate little figure at the table, and a sense of her utter friendlessness was borne in on him.

"You're very inconsiderate, Harriet," he said, going to Winifred's side. "Come," gently pulling away the girl's hands. "Do as your doctor bids you. Close those books, and come and chat a while. No?

You had rather go to bed? Well, perhaps that will be best. Wait, I will get you some oat sedatif. So—steep a handkerchief in this, and lay it on the tired head. Go to sleep, and to-morrow all those horrid problems will be clear as daylight."

Winifred looked doubtfully at Miss Harriet, who stood silently watching the scene.

"Go by all means, if Dr. Vincent says so," she said, coldly. "You should have told me that your head ached. How is one to know?"

Winifred, much distressed by this episode, fled away to her room, where she lay quietly, soothed by the simple remedy, a glow of gratitude warming her heart. And Dr. Vincent, continuing his interrupted flirtation with Kitty, was all unconscious of the passionate gratitude in poor Winifred's breast. It was the magician's touch awakening the heart of a woman. Henceforth that house and no other was and would be home to her, and Miss Harriet's severity as nothing.

Hitherto her dresses had consisted of Miss Harriet's cast-offs, remodelled to suit Winifred's slender little figure. Though good enough in their way, they were very disfiguring to so young a girl. Dr. Vincent was the first to remark this. Having bought three tickets one day a little later, as was often his custom, for an afternoon concert, though Kitty had gone home, he suggested that Miss Harriet should ask Winifred to go with them.

"As you like, Vincent," she said, for she seldom argued with her brother.

"But she can't go in one of those antediluvian get-ups you seem to select for her," he said. "You dress so well yourself, Harriet, that I wonder you don't see how they disfigure her."

"I will see to it," Harriet answered, and next day she bought a pretty dark blue suit and hat for Winifred, to that young person's great delight. The result was so good that Dr. Vincent started at the girl when she came down arrayed for the concert.

"Who is this?" he said, so enthusiastically that Miss Harriet, watching, there and then determined on a change in the existing arrangement with Miss Sarah.

Alas, how short the next few days seemed! On the last evening she came down, her eyes misty, after the melancholy business of packing. Dr. Vincent was dozing over the fire when she came in.

"Well, Winifred," he said, gently, "tell the truth. Aren't you glad to get away from us to-morrow?"

"No, no indeed. Why should I be?" Winifred faltered. "You know I am accustomed to going from one house to another, and I think Miss Sarah likes me better than Miss Harriet does."

"And how about me?" asked the young man, half-jestingly. "Don't I count?"

"You have a good deal of packing to do still, Winifred," broke in Miss Harriet's acid voice; "and your room is very untidy. I think you had better go up."

Dr. Vincent frowned. Winifred, blushing painfully, said "Good-night."

"I am sincerely glad for that child's sake that she goes to-morrow," the young man said, looking angrily at his sister.

"Then you will be glad to hear that she is to remain there permanently. I settled that with Sarah to-day."

"You are her guardian, not I, and I repeat that I think she is to be congratulated on her change of quarters."

Hitherto Miss Harriet had gone regularly every month to see Winifred, but after this her visits were few and far between. Winifred, making many friends among her pupils, was asked from time to time to spend holidays with them, and in this way drifted away to some extent from the old life. Dr. Vincent carried out his long cherished scheme of going abroad to take a three years' course as a specialist in throat diseases. He exchanged quiet, friendly letters with Winifred now and then, with, however, no trace of deeper feeling between the lines. While he was absent Miss Sarah died suddenly, leaving her house and the vestige of an income to Winifred, enjoining her to remain in the house, of which she might easily rent a part, until such time as she should marry. So here this lonely girl remained, despite of somewhat frigid invitations from Miss Harriet, who, apart from Kitty's occasional visits, lived as solitary as herself.

She was thinking about this one evening as she sat alone, correcting some exercises. Her book lay on the table, and her eyes wandered absently about the gloomy room, distrustful of the darker corners. There was a ringing at the door-bell—not

for her, she never had visitors—and yet the door was opened and some one was coming across the room in the firelight.

"Vincent!" she cried joyfully. All the loneliness had taken wing. "You are home again?"

"Did not Harriet tell you?" he said.

"Just the same Winifred," he continued, "no—better, and prettier, and nicer in every way. Winifred, is it true what Harriet says, that you are so much taken up by those grand people who ask you to visit them, and that you neglect your relatives, and that you probably will marry some man who is always walking home from church with you and—"

"Vincent, how can she say such things? Indeed, indeed, they are not true."

"Because I want you to marry me, Winifred, and no one else. What do you say?"

"Say? Oh, Vincent, I always thought it was Kitty!"

"Humbug! You knew very well that I fell in love with you that night long ago when Harriet was so hard on you. I am going to marry my first love. Can you say the same, Winifred?"

"Vincent, you needn't ask. You know."

Strangely enough, pretty Kitty never married, but grew into a fine-looking old maid, with a great taste for dress. And when she pays a visit, as she often does, to Miss Harriet, their chief occupation is to wonder at Dr. Vincent's infatuation for his insignificant little wife.—Mrs. Francis Chadwick, in *Benziger's*.

What the Chinese Do With Bibles.

In Father Bertram Wolferstan's long-expected work, "The Catholic Church in China," startling light is thrown on the use made by the Chinese of the Protestant bibles so lavishly bestowed upon them. About 90 per cent. is lost, a large proportion being used for making the soles of Chinese boots and shoes. That the remaining 10 per cent. do not always conduce to edification is made abundantly clear by Father Wolferstan in a series of well-attested and very remarkable anecdotes. The comments of Lord Curzon on such indiscriminate distribution of bibles are quoted. We are reminded of the incident related by Dr. Campbell Gibson of the missionary who lived at Hong Kong and sent native evangelists to distribute copies of the bible among the people of the interior. The evangelists, however, stopped at home, and sold their bibles to the printer, who resold them to the missionary. So missionary and printer maintained between them a continuous circulation of Bibles!

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

In the Spring Menstrual People Need a Tonic Medicine.

If you want new health and new strength in the spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. Following the long indoor winter months most people feel depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood is impure and watery. It is this state of the blood that causes pimples and unsightly eruptions. To this same condition are due attacks of rheumatism and lumbago; the sharp stabbing pains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite, frequent headaches and a desire to avoid exertion. You can't cure these troubles by the use of purgatives; you need a tonic and a tonic only, and among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic, life-giving, nerve-restoring powers. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired out, ailing men, women and children. If you are feeling out of sorts give this medicine a trial, it will not disappoint you. Mr. Paul Charbonneau, a young man well known in the town of St. Jerome, Que., is one of the host who bears testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "When I left school I became a bookkeeper in an important office. Probably due to confinement I began to suffer from indigestion and loss of strength. I became pale and seemingly bloodless and was often seized with palpitation of the heart and violent headaches. I tried several remedies, but they did not do me a bit of good. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so, and the use of eight boxes brought me back to perfect health and strength. I have since enjoyed the best of health and cannot say too much in praise of this valuable medicine."

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Book Notes.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will publish in a few days "English as we Speak it in Ireland," a new book by Dr. P. W. Joyce. In this book the Irish Dialect of the English language is for the first time subjected to detailed analysis and systematic classification. Great numbers of dialectal words and phrases in use all through Ireland are also given, for which Dr. Joyce has been collecting material for more than twenty years.

The "Summa" of St. Thomas in English.

The interesting announcement is made that the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas is being translated into English by the Fathers of the English Dominican province, under the editorship of Father Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. The translation now in hand comprises Part I., which is in itself a work of very considerable size. Many parts of St. Thomas' works have been translated, but this is the first time that the "Summa," his greatest work, has been garbed in an English dress. The importance of such a translation may be deduced from the importance of the original work itself.—London Catholic Times.

Home-seekers.

The Grand Trunk Railway are planning excursions to the Canadian Northwest. These have been christened Home Seekers' Excursions, and are brought to mind the thought that there are thousands of new homes yet to be found in this ever-growing country—particularly along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The Grand Trunk Pacific has acquired sufficient land to make nearly 100 town sites between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The lots are now placed on the market for sale, and are being rapidly picked up.

Since last September, between Winnipeg and Edmonton, the G.T.P. have been operating passenger and freight services. This is a distance of 708 miles, and all along the line there are villages and towns springing up with surprising activity.

There are four or five divisional points within this mileage that are showing marked development, and would well engage the special attention of those seeking a home or an improvement of their financial condition.

These Excursions will be run on April 5th, 19th, May 3, 17, 31, June 14, 28, July 12, 26, August 9, 23, September 6, 20. Good for return within two months of date of issue.


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Department of Agriculture.

Sale of exhibition grounds of the former "Compagnie Industrielle et Agricole de Saint-Jean," P.Q.

NOTICE.

The Quebec Government has decided to sell the above mentioned exhibition grounds, situate in the town of Saint-John, P.Q., containing about 24 arpents in super-ficies—with the buildings thereon erected.

The Minister of Agriculture invites all those desirous of becoming proprietors of such grounds, to visit same and transmit him their offers. Information may be had concerning the description of the said grounds and also the charges and conditions of the sale, by application to the government office, at Montreal, 9 St. James street, the registrar's office, at St. John, P.Q., and the Department of Agriculture at Quebec.

Tenders for the purchase of the said immovable must be addressed to the Minister of Agriculture, at Quebec, on or before the 15th of April next.

The government does not bind itself to accept any of the tenders.

By order,
B. MICHAUD,
Secretary of the Minister of Agriculture,
Quebec, 21st February, 1910.

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