

Winsome Winnie

"Isn't Miss Trevhella—I'd like to see the saucy old thing put her foot in my house?" Mrs. Caerlyon thought, in dire surprise and alarm almost, as, after a moment's hesitation, the lady in black rushed forward, meeting her before she reached the kitchen door, and, flinging back her veil, stretched forth both her arms.

"Mamma, I've come back," she cried— "I've come back, dear mamma, to you and poor dear father, and the children, and—"

"Winnie! Winnie!" Mrs. Caerlyon screamed, after a scare of blank surprise. "Winnie, darling, I'm glad to see you! Glad—glad, Winnie!" and forthwith Mrs. Caerlyon clutched her step-daughter in her arms, kissing her loudly, and crying vociferously, as is the manner of high-tempered, sharp-featured women when excited.

"Sister Winnie"—the myth—was lived in the little pink colored country in North America—"sister Winnie," this lady in black! Was the world coming to an end?

The children almost thought so, and, after huddling together for a moment, the younger ones joined in their mother's hysterical crying, until Winnie—fate, graceful sister Winnie, with the lovely golden hair all in a mass of little glittering curls over her forehead, beneath her black crape bonnet—turned to them also with open arms, kissing them and crying over them in turn.

One of the coastguard happened to pass at the moment, and with grave alarm he told his officer, five minutes afterwards, that there was a strange lady all in black gone into his—his office—house, and "he hoped she had brought no bad news to the missus, for he thought as he had heard the children all a-crying."

Poor Lieutenant Caerlyon ran in panting, unweaving his gray head respectfully as he entered the strange lady's presence, and remembered nothing more, when she turned round, then a confused scene and much talking and laughing and crying, and questioning and answering, for the next hour, until poor Sarah Matilda, eager to redeem her character, before the eyes of the perfect sister, got tea ready, and some small loaves nicely baked, and eggs boiled, and a bit of ham fried, and the lump sugar and sweet-cake put on the table—all which constituted the fatted calf that the poor Caerlyons had to offer to the returned wanderer—and they were all seated at the tea-table, Winnie next her father, and the tears and excitement blinding and confusing her so that she did not know where she was eating or not.

Poor Lieutenant Caerlyon had been crying plentifully himself, but now he rubbed his eyes determinedly dry, and gazed at his long-absent daughter proudly.

"Elizabeth, hasn't she grown a—nice little woman?" he asked, longing to say more but withheld as he had ever been from giving his child her meed of praise.

"She has grown downright elegant and pretty," said Mrs. Caerlyon, with one of her short laughs; "I'd never have known her, I think, only she came into the kitchen. She's nice-looking to my mind than Lady Mountrevor—grand as she is."

Winnie blushed deeply—one of her old vivid, rose-red blushes.

"Oh, mamma!"

"Elizabeth, my dear," said Lieutenant Caerlyon, laughing, "that's too far. Lady Mountrevor, Elizabeth!" But in his secret heart he had never felt so great a glow of gratitude to his wife as he felt at that instant.

"Is Lady Mountrevor here now?" Winnie asked, looking up with a quick, keen interest darkening her brilliant grey eyes.

"Yes, she is," answered Mrs. Caerlyon, sighingly, and she further proceeded to state, in the decisive, off-hand way that people assume when they wish to convince others of their democratic indifference to wealth and rank, and beauty and fashion, that for her part she saw nothing particular in this grand Lady Mountrevor that people made such a "to-do" about, as if she were a queen a tall, stout, showy woman, dressed like a doll in a window, with her white muslin dresses and lilac ribbons, walking along the dusty roads in summer, with a French nurse for her child—her "bone" she called her. And why she said anything about the country, Mrs. Caerlyon, with a patient nod. "Not much love lost, between them, sure enough."

"Ah, I hope such is not the case," said Winnie earnestly, and, in order to change the subject, she knew to what lengths "making out" cases was carried by the maids and mistresses of Tidgooth and its vicinity in the old days—she asked, "Do you ever see Madam Vivian, mamma?"

"Yes, in church, sometimes," replied Mrs. Caerlyon, with a fresh accession of the sighing tone; "and she's getting a real old woman, too, for all her grand bonnets and ribbons, and furs and things. I saw her last Sunday, and she looks as proud and stiff as ever, poor old lady, shut up there in Roseworthy for half the year, without a soul to talk to, but that that fawny-faced old maid, Trevhella."

"Oh, Trevhella's wife married yet, mamma?" remarked Winnie, laughing.

"Indeed, she's not, nor never will be," returned the step-mother, "for all her pressed-up impudence. Coming here in her silks and gold chains, and sitting there, about the mines, after my good many times why she seemed to have a spite against 'e, Winnie, long ago, and that was one reason I'll lay any way."

"She need not," said Winnie, in a low tone, a slight troubled frown rising over her face. Thronging memories quickened the beating of her heart, and her lips trembled a little as she said, with an assured air of gaiety, "It was Susanna Edwards who should have been the object of her jealousy, if any one

was. She was Mr. Pascoe's sweetheart ten years ago, and is his wife now. I think the real cause of her dislike was jealousy of her mistress's favor. She needed not to have troubled herself about that either—poor Trevhella."

"No, indeed," put in Mrs. Caerlyon, with a sniff; "we don't want Madam Vivian's or Mmc. Anybody's favor, thank goodness! We can pay our way honest, and look to nobody for help or credit!"

"No one—no, indeed," assented Lieut. Caerlyon, doubtfully, looking from his wife to his daughter's face, and shifting restlessly in his seat; "we—we've helped, each other along, thank heaven!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Caerlyon, intercepting the glance, and no squeamish delicacy restraining her from intercepting fully—Mrs. Caerlyon "always spoke her mind out" on all subjects—"if 'e all, as 'e grow up, and be able to fill useful situations"—with an obliquity of tone directing the general address into a particular one for Sarah Matilda's ear—"are as good at remembering your father and mother as your sister Winnie here, 'e'll all do well, and prosper, and live long in the land." Mrs. Caerlyon concluded, with a sudden grasp at a quotation of the fifth commandment.

The quick, shy color burned in Winnie's pure delicate face at this praise of her step-mother's—she was so grateful, so strange to her ears, poor girl! And the flush grew deeper under the embarrassing weight of the communication she had to make.

"I have done only what it is my duty to do," she said, looking down nervously and fingering her teaspoon; "I don't deserve any thanks for that, mamma. Whatever I sent you I could well spare—poor dear Aunt Sarah was so good to me."

The grim, eccentric old woman's generous kindness and indulgence had indeed won for her, for the first time in her life, the grateful love and trust of a fresh, fond young heart; and surely, in all her years of shrewd astuteness, she had never bargained so wisely and well as when she thus purchased that fond filial care for the evening of her life, and the loving remembrance of her death, which stirred the true heart beneath the fresh mourning dress of Winnie Caerlyon.

"I did all I could, of course, as was my duty," resumed Winnie, speaking rather tremulously, for fear she might seem proud or arrogant—poor frail pale-faced little woman!—but I shall be able to do much more for the future, dear father—a great deal more, mamma."

Winnie was shedding tears of genuine pleasure and satisfaction. "Aunt Sarah left me all—her money!" sobbed Winnie, quite breaking down. "Hannah, her servant, had the house and furniture, and a hundred dollars a year for her life; and I've—I've a thousand dollars a year! That's about two hundred pounds, you know, dear," she said, appealing to Sarah Matilda, who had grown pale with surprise and delight.

"Vests of hats with white feathers, and kid gloves, and long gossamer veils, like Lady Mountrevor," began to be conjured up in Sarah Matilda's girlish, vain young head, whilst her sister spoke.

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Caerlyon, her face quite in a blaze of flushed color, and excitement and gratification, her housewifely soul moved at the possibilities of a new carpet, and parlor chairs in blue damask, like her cousin Bella's, to be obtained from her step-daughter's lavish generosity.

"Oh, my goodness, Winnie, child, that will be splendid! Two hundred a year! Not but what we wanted it badly," she added, beginning to cry over past privations and coming luxuries, and laying claim to Winnie's legacy with an egotism of which she was hardly conscious.

But poor Lieutenant Caerlyon for once put aside his helpmate and her seven children, and all the carking cares that had dragged him down to the level of sordid poverty, and, recalling himself as he was when he married Winnie's mother, proud, high-spirited, eyeslant, and generous, spoke as a father and a gentleman to his neglected daughter.

"I am glad to hear it, my dear," he said, putting a trembling hand on her shoulder—"very glad that your Aunt Sarah made you such a suitable return for your years of care and attendance on her. You deserve it well, Winnie, and—and" she faltered, becoming conscious of the keen, hard brown eyes watching him—"I've no doubt but that you so kindly remembered your poor little brothers and sisters when you had not much to spare from your own wants, you will remember them still—I am sure of that, Winnie—you never were unkind or neglectful to them. But your money's your own, my dear, and you must not spend it all on others; you must take care of it, you'll have a house of your own, and a child of your own, some day, please heaven, and you'll want all you have then."

"No, father, I shan't," opposed Winnie, crying and laughing together, and inquired of Johnnie "sister Winnie" had a lot of little children away over in North America. "When you don't want me any longer, I can take my mummy and myself away, but, until then—why, father, dear, I'll spend half of it!" Winnie said, quite were to dress myself like Lady Mountrevor, and like long fair hair Louis naps. My darling child! She always had beautiful silky hair! And for the rest of the tea-time Winnie chattered incessantly, in dread of her father's talking so about "her money" again—as if it were likely that she would put all that money away in the bank for her own benefit, and see those dear darlings want for anything!

But after tea, when the railway carriages brought over Winnie's heavy luggage in a van, and one of her trunks was opened in the parlor, the previous brightness of this wonderful evening redoubled to amazing intensity for the young Caerlyons. Wonderful! Winnie—she, who could tell strange things, and who had her American-fashioned hair and dress, who they were told was the realization of the mythical sister—she had forgotten nobody, and "everybody" had more beautiful things than "everybody else" for presents.

At the very top of the trunk was a silk umbrella—such a superb rain-shade was never seen in double brown silk, and with ivory handle and silver napkin-plate.

"I know that, you always had a fancy for smart umbrellas," said Winnie; "and I have brought you that from New York."

Then there was a black velvet jacket—"the height of the Paris fashion," very rich, but simply trimmed.

"Mamma, I know that's a fancy of yours," she remarked, smiling; "I wasn't very sure of anything else, but I knew you used to like black velvets—so much."

"My dear, you are very kind," said Elizabeth Caerlyon, touched and surprised out of all volubility, more at the faithful memory that had remembered her likings and fancies all these years than anything else.

"I did not know what to bring Sarah Matilda," began Winnie again, and then paused for a few moments, while that young lady's heart grew colder and heavier, "but I imagined, if you would not think her too young to wear it—that a nice cinnamon-colored silk, with a new kind of fluted trimming in two shades, would become her very well."

"A silk dress—for me?" faintly ejaculated Sarah Matilda.

"Yes, dear—there it is," said Winnie, and, peering reverentially between the folds of silk paper, and occasionally feeling, with quivering fingers, the smoothness and richness of the rustling fabric, Sarah Matilda passed the rest of the evening in a glorified dream.

Other treasures—unrolled from silk paper, cotton wadding, and pastebord boxes—emerged from out that wonderful trunk, the capacity of which seemed to be enormous. That evening blotted out

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half the annals of a lifetime with the children, in its succession of wonders and delights; they all stared themselves blind and talked themselves hoarse, and having—after protracted delays to an abnormally late hour—gone to bed at length, everybody stayed awake until early morning, and so spent next day both actually and figuratively in dreamland.

The house was full of delightful things—there had not been such a dinner since Christmas day as was cooking in the kitchen—roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and a splendid rice and custard pudding full of raisins! Well might Johnnie warn Tommy on no account to be seduced into antepandrial repasts on hunks of cold pastry or bread and cheese, but "leave plenty of room" for the beef and pudding! And there were curious delicate odors floating about—odors of cedar trunks, of perfume sachets, of dried and ripe American apples, and millinery goods!

As for the new carpet and chairs, Winnie had arranged for them, as well as a new drawing-room, or rather new house, to go with them—a nice rented house of their own, where the Caerlyons would not be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," a family of eleven persons in a six-room house, one perched above Tolgooth Bay, provided by Government for their accommodation.

Every room was strewn with new, curious, pretty and eatable things—pictures, books, old china, dresses, jars of jelly, bottles of syrup, toys, packing cases; and everybody was examining everything, praising, wondering, discussing, questioning to their heart's content; while Winnie—her neat black dress covered up with a large white apron and bib, such as she used to wear long ago—was running about, arranging, unpacking, tidying, cooking, talking and laughing, all the seven children following her from room to room, up and down stairs, to look at her and listen to her with breathless interest.

"I never saw any one wear their age better than 'e do, Winnie," her step-mother remarked, with her usual blunt straightforwardness; "really, to look at 'e, one might never take 'e for more than one-and-twenty."

Winnie was sitting on the edge of a trunk which Sarah Matilda was unpacking, and Mrs. Caerlyon, seated at a little distance, was attentively studying Winnie's small delicate face, flushed so brightly, her smiling eyes and lips, and her beautiful carefully-arranged hair.

"Instead of going on for eight-and-twenty, mamma," supplemented Winnie; "and for a moment the brightness faded from her face."

"Well, what if you are?" Mrs. Caerlyon began, when Sarah Matilda, delightedly investigating every corner and parcel in the large travelling trunk, held up a large square cedar box.

"What's in that, sister?"

"That? Oh, nothing. At least—Winnie's in the box. I don't know how that very red 'sister Winnie' had got—she stooped down as if to examine the 'it's nothing but a jacket."

"A jacket! Oh, do let's see!" Sarah Matilda said, pulling eagerly at the twine. "Yours, sister? Where did you buy it? What kind is it?"

"It's only a very old one, dear," answered Winnie; "and Sarah Matilda noticed how the red flush had totally disappeared. "Some other time we'll look at it—it's not worth opening now; I've had it for years."

"What did 'e do with the splendid sealskin jacket, Winnie," asked her step-mother—"the one Captain Tredennick gave 'e before 'e went away?"

Winnie hesitated a moment, and the color dyed all her face in a burning blush that she strove to hide.

"Why—that is it," she said, with a short, nervous laugh, pointing to the cedar box. "It is as good as ever, and it has kept me warm for seven long winters. It was a beautiful one, certainly."

"I took good care of it, at all events," observed Mrs. Caerlyon, with a dry insinuating smile, looking at the soft, uncrushed fur and satin linings. And then she sat a long time in silence, covertly studying her step-daughter's winsome gentle face and light figure, and troubling her poor, manoeuvring brains with numberless hastily sketched-out plans.

"It won't do to say a word—she was always such a queer maid," she said to herself. But "one word" Mrs. Caerlyon felt that she must say, prompted as she was by the sight of Stephen Tredennick's long-ago gift, and those hastily-sketched mental plans. "It might be—she could tell—stranger things had happened," she thought, showing by words aloud whether the secret current of her meditations had gone.

"Did 'e know, Winnie, that the East

Indianan Chittoor is expected home the third week in March!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"I think I never remember so bleak and wild a spring," Madam Vivian observed, with a shiver; "each day seems drearier and colder and stormier than the one preceding. I have never been able to walk in the grounds these three weeks; and how you can go in and out in all weathers as you do passes my comprehension."

"It has been remarked before now, I think," said the lady addressed, "that where there's will there's generally a way; it is tolerably true, I fancy—that is, as true as most of those absurd things which people repeat with such an air of wisdom." She was embroidering a dainty piece of work of rich-lured velvet with some glittering gold fringe, and paused to admire the effect.

"It is not all true and applicable to me," returned Madam peevishly; "I have the will, but I certainly have not the way—unless I wish to catch my death of cold with salt spray and north-west wind." She sank back in her chair, drawing a crimson Indian shawl round her with another shiver. "You wrap up in those extraordinary mackintosh things, and felt hats and boot-tops—such an eccentric costume for a young lady!—and so, I dare say, hail, rain, and snow are alike to you; but my different species of outdoor attire prevents me from attempting such feats of exercise."

(To be Continued.)

HE FOUND THEM NO FAITH CURE

BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CLEAR ED OUT W. F. BLACK'S SCIATICA

He Was in Agony When a Friend Gave Him a Box. Now He Recommends Them to Everybody.

Newcastle, N. B., Jan. 27—(Special.)—In these cold winter days when the chill winds crystallize the uric acid in the blood and cause the pangs of Rheumatism and Sciatica to bring sleepless nights to many a home, a man's best friend is the one who can tell his neighbor of a sure cure for his tortures. Such a friend is Wm. F. Black, of this place. He suffered from Sciatica and lame back. He was so bad that he could not lace his boots or turn in bed. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him, and he wants all his neighbors to know of the cure.

"Yes," Mr. Black says, in an interview, "I was so bad with Sciatica and Lame Back that I couldn't lace my shoes or turn in bed, when a friend gave me about a third of a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I started taking them without much faith in their curative powers, and found them all they were recommended."

"Now I am recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are no faith cure. They're a simple but sure cure for diseased kidneys.

MONKEYSHINES

Many, Firmly Convinced They Are Dying of Heart Trouble, Have Often the Strongest Hearts.

Sometimes you wake up at night, heart throbbing like a steam engine. Your breathing is short and irregular; pains shoot through the chest and abdomen, and cause horrible anxiety.

Your trouble isn't with the heart at all. These sensations are the outcome of indigestion, which has caused gas to form on the stomach and press against the heart.

Just read what happened to Isaac Malloux, of Belle River, Ont.:

"Three months ago I was a weak, sickly man. My appetite was poor, food fermented in my stomach, I had sour risings and indigestion. At night I would often awaken with gas in the stomach and heart palpitation.

"I consulted my doctor and he recommended that my friends advised. Nothing helped.

"One day I received a sample of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and my cure commenced. To-day I have a vigorous appetite, strong heart action, and no sign of indigestion. I feel younger and healthier than ever before."

Your druggist or storekeeper sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box of five boxes for \$1.00. By mail from The Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

A Bad Heart, Its Cause and Cure

Many, Firmly Convinced They Are Dying of Heart Trouble, Have Often the Strongest Hearts.

Sometimes you wake up at night, heart throbbing like a steam engine. Your breathing is short and irregular; pains shoot through the chest and abdomen, and cause horrible anxiety.

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The Wise Child.

It is a mistake. It's too good to be true. Precocity is unnatural. Let the children be read children. What if they don't please older people?

Simply don't let these older people see them.

In short, let the parents monopolize the family wisdom.

If these parents only had more, fewer children would be ruined.

Absolute regularity in rising, retiring and meal hours is one necessity.

Hurrah, No More Lame Backs!

This Case Proves That the Best and Strongest Liniment Ever Made is Nerviline.

When it comes to determining the real merit of a medicine, no weight of evidence is more convincing than the straightforward statement of some reliable and well-known person who has been cured. For this reason we print the verbatim statement of Justin E. Powell, written from his home in Carleton. "I am a strong, powerful man, six feet tall, and weigh nearly two hundred. I have been accustomed all my life to lift great weights, but one day I overdid it, and wrenched my back badly. Every tendon and muscle was sore. To stoop or bend was agony. I had a whole bottle of Nerviline rubbed on in one day, and by night I was well again. I know of no liniment possessing one-half the penetration and pain-subduing properties of Nerviline. I urge its use strongly as an invaluable liniment and household cure for all minor ailments, such as strains, sprains, swellings, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, and muscular pain."

No better medicine for curing pain was ever put in a bottle than Nerviline—rub it on and rub it in—that rubs out all aches, pains and soreness. Large family size, 50c; trial size, 25c, all dealers, or The Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

ON THE STAGE

GIMME A HAM SANDWICH AND A CUP OF COFFEE

OFF THE STAGE

CUSTOMS IN NEW GUINEA.

Fresh details of interest concerning the little known land of New Guinea, have recently been brought home by the Finnish student and traveller, Dr. Gunnar Landtman.

Few parts of the world still contain so many remnants of the life of the pure, savage as does this vast island, and for many years past it has naturally attracted a large share of attention from all who make a study of anthropology.

Until recently cannibalism was prevalent, but it is now confined to a few tribes, and when Archbishop Donaldson was among them some years ago he found that the natives, many of whom had been converted into Christianity, were extremely unwilling to talk about their old ways.

R. W. Williamson, who returned from a year stay among the Malulu savages, had, however, another story to tell, for this section of the people can still enjoy a banquet of human flesh. They do not slaughter their victims merely for greed, but wait until a battle or private fight can give them both a meal and the excuse for taking it.

In other respects he described them as being a simple and quiet race, with an extremely complicated religion, the origin of which they did not in the least know. They believed that the fig tree and certain other plants were haunted, while their lives were to a great extent spent in fear of sorcery.

Dr. Landtman entirely confirms these stories of their wonderful imaginative nature, and he relates how they tell remarkably long and complicated tales of romance, in which the fortunes of hero and heroine are marred by the machinations of witches. In most of their stories can be seen a dim resemblance to the fairy legends of Europe, a point which should attract the attention of the student of comparative religion. Of their morals he speaks in the highest terms, yet he relates that their code allows a ceremonial exchange of wives.

The Papuans, who comprise the majority of the inhabitants, are a people of fine physique, and according to the latest reports, are fond of sports, in which the women join with the men, the game being not unlike our English hockey. Many of the tribes in the mountains still live by raids on lowland districts, but in other parts the people are quietly earning a living from cultivating the soil.—London Standard.

Pocket Again.

We have it. It's on the blouse. It is on the coat also. But it is never on blouses. It is on the left side of the chest. But it a handkerchief is painted placed.

It also is large enough for one's ear fare purse.

Many a man has been sold who didn't get the price.

The cadets will leave Halifax for England on February 1st.

Autograph hunters hereafter will have to pay a mark for each request to a member of the Protective Association of German Authors.

A woman may know a man like a book, but she can't look ahead and see his finish.

PALE ANAEMIC GIRLS

Find New Health Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

There must be no guesswork in the treatment of pale, anaemic girls. If your daughter is languid, has a pale, sallow complexion, is short of breath, especially on going upstairs; if she has palpitation of the heart, a poor appetite, or a tendency to faint, she has anaemia, which means poverty of the blood. Any delay in treatment may leave her weak and sickly for the rest of her life—delay may even result in consumption, that most hopeless of diseases. When the blood is poor and watery, there is only one certain cure—that is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, coupled with nourishing food and gentle out-of-door exercise. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood, which flowing through the veins stimulates the nerves, increases the appetite, gives brightness to the eye, a glow of health to the cheek, and makes weak, despondent girls full of healthy activity. The case of Miss J. H. Lassalle, Sorel, Que., is typical of the cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "I was weak and all run down. My face was pale and covered with pimples. My lips were pale. I suffered from pains in all my limbs, which would at times be swollen. I was hardly ever free from headaches, and I found work about the house a burden, as the least effort left me fatigued and breathless. I had no appetite, and notwithstanding that I was constantly doctoring I seemed to be growing worse all the time. One day mother said that she thought I ought to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so. I soon discovered that I had found the right medicine, and after using nine boxes I was once more enjoying the best of health, and I have not been unwell a day since."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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