



Winsome Winnie

CHAPTER XXXII.

There was a small group assembled in the pleasant little sitting room with its open bay window facing the sea, and the summer breeze was coming in, rustling the trailing wreaths of white jasmine...

"What are all the flowers for? Mamma, what are all the flowers for? My small lordship, Eustace Montrevor, demanded, in intense curiosity.

He had been allowed for these last few days to stay at Tregarthen with his mother, after certain strict warnings as to his behavior, and the unaccustomed influence of her constant presence, as well as that of the mysterious sick lady, who spoke to him so gently, and kissed him so softly, and showed him how to go into her room, had altogether had a most tranquillizing effect on the young gentleman's turbulent spirit.

He had taken to his 'uncle Stephen' as he called him, with wonderful affection also; but the fear of being deprived of a romp of a walk with him, and being confined to Jeanetteon and the terrible black and white cerecloth, of which he was so much afraid, and the orderly, silent household at Roseworthy, where he was so constantly shut up in his mother's suit of rooms, would have been sufficient in itself to make him more careful in the matter of temper and obedience.

REPLENISH YOUR BLOOD IN THE SPRING

Just now you are feeling "out of sorts"—not your usual self. You are exhausted at times and cannot devote your real energy to your work. Sleep does not rest you and you wake up feeling "all tired out." Perhaps rheumatism is flying through your muscles and joints, or may be your skin is disfigured by rashes, boils or pimples. Headaches, twinges of neuralgia, fits of nervousness, irritability of temper and a disordered stomach often increase your discomfort in the spring.

flourishing and sound to the core, ready to blossom hereafter, and bring forth good fruit, instead of apples of Sodom, grown from the soil of an embittered spirit and an embittered heart.

"Hush, hush, mon cher! You must go away now, Eustace." "Are you going to have a party?" he inquired, wistfully. "Mightn't I say for the party, mamma—stay with Uncle Stephen?"

"Uncle Stephen doesn't want you at the party," Lady Mildred said, a suppressed smile breaking over her face; "he wouldn't have you here on any account. Go away—go away now, my dear." She added, more gently; "there are gentlemen coming upstairs. By-and-by Uncle Stephen will let you in, perhaps."

"There's nobody coming but uncle Stephen, and the doctor, and a gentleman like a minister," the precocious youngster persisted. "Oh, yes, there is," said Lady Mildred, with a slight laugh—"there is a new aunt coming."

"A new aunt—your aunt, ma, aunt Vivian? Is it aunt Vivian, mamma?" "No," said his mother—"it is aunt Tredennick."

It was poor, long-suffering, loving Jeanetteon who had to suffer from the chaffing of his young lordship's airy grief at being excluded from the party and his "uncle Stephen's" society, who would have let him in if he had seen him—he knew 'uncle Stephen' would, he cried, howling as loudly as he dared, in his disappointment.

"Hush, hush, mon cher! Jeanetteon soother, it is not a party—it is a fête, see you, my little one—a fête—amete fête, tristesse, vairement! There are none of the guests, or the music, or the beautiful roses."

"There are," said Lord Eustace, doggedly, "Mamma had on her blue silk, and the beautiful white thing that she wore at a party one time."

wife. Kiss her, my little fellow; she is your aunt now." "That is your new aunt who I told you was coming, Eustace," said his mother, smiling, as she drew the bewildered child away—"that is your aunt—Winnie Tredennick, my dear."

And then they all went away out of the beautiful, luxurious, invalid-chamber the father, the physician, the minister, Lady Mildred and her child, the assistants and witnesses of that strange, sad, and bridal—and left Stephen Tredennick and his wife alone together.

Alone together they spent their lives—the frail, tender-hearted sailor and the brave, tender-hearted woman, who had loved him so faithfully and well. It was a life so strange, so pathetic in its sadness and tenderness, in the burden of deep affliction laid on the husband and his beloved suffering wife, and borne so cheerfully, so patiently, by both in their deep mutual love, as to move to pity and admiring friendship all who ever knew the brave captain of the Chatterbox and his heroic wife, who had loved him for youth and life for love.

Lord Eustaceon's meeting with some difficulty, and privately informing his intimate acquaintances at the club and elsewhere that he should not wonder at anything Tredennick or Trearthen did—he was always a dutiful, devoted, and true friend to the Tredennicks.

"I would be tortured for months at a time. I was going not only to be tortured, but to be completely disgraced also, but damn fortune smiled upon me one day in the summer of 1910 and laid before my eyes an advertisement of Cuticura Remedies. I used them according to directions and after a few applications I began to feel and see relief ahead. It is nearly a month since I first began and I can truthfully say I've found a cure." (Signed) Miss Louise E. Wilson, Dec. 12, 1911.

One year—two years—three years had passed away since the morning of Stephen's and Winnie's parting. The major and his wife and daughters had resigned their tenancy of Roseworthy, having inherited a house and landed property of their own in the Midland counties, and the old mansion, with its old servants, remained unoccupied during the summer months, the domestics not knowing if they must prepare to receive strange tenants again, or their own rightful mistress, when unexpectedly to their great joy, they had notice of her arrival from an old-fashioned name, which they noticed Madame Vivian followed six hours after in person, accompanied still by Miss Trewhella. Indeed that worthy person's discontent at foreign ways and foreign languages, and worst of all, the perfidy of a foreign gentleman with whom she had formed a sensational friendship, had been a strong motive in causing her mistress's return.

Madam Vivian, from the hour in which she had learned of her arrival, had been the subject of her nephew's observations towards the woman who had saved his life—the very worst, in madam's estimation—were to be speedily realized, and that her former little pet, protegee, companion and amanuensis, her poor little tyrannized-over favorite, whom she used to spoil for wearing shabby dresses, and exert against any attempts at fashion or extravagance in his dress, was to be speedily awarded to a position which she would have awarded to the fairest, wealthiest, best-born of the land—her nephew's wife, the mistress of the old home of the Tredennicks of Tregarthen—from that hour Madame Vivian made no sign or overture of forgiveness, reconciliation or friendship. In fact, those of her own household and her more intimate friends were well aware that their new guest, in the evoking of her haughty displeasure, must mention not even the names of Caeryon or Tredennick in her hearing.

Offensive Breath Caused Usually By Catarrh

A Simple Remedy Discovered That Cures Without Drugs. The American people suffer more from Catarrh than from any other disease. It undermines more constitution and etc. etc. more sickness than all other diseases combined. It is, therefore, very dangerous.

ECZEMA FROM HEAD TO ANKLES

Tortured With Terrible Itching and Burning. Scratched Until Tore Flesh. Lay Awake for Nights at a Time. Used Cuticura Remedies and Found a Cure.

St. Oia, Ontario.—"When I was ten years old I began to be tortured with a terrible itching and burning of the skin, and was told it was eczema. I have had it right along for seven years steady. It getting worse every year. I was affected from head to ankles. It seemed to appear like hives to me. I used to scratch myself up and down. I had to wake myself up at night scratching and my fingers would be just stiff and cramped from scratching, so that I would be hardly able to straighten them out. My hair I have suffered. My face now and then would be just a mass of blotches red as fire and after having soap and water on my face then I would begin to burn. I have lain awake for nights at a time when my eczema was at its worst."

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How to Conquer Rheumatism at Your Own Home

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, back-ache, muscular pains; stiff, painful swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent uric acid in the urine, I write you to send for a generous Free Trial Treatment of my well-known, reliable Chreulone, with reference and full particulars by mail. (This is no C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. Chreulone succeeds where all else fails. Chreulone cleanses the blood and removes the uric acid that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and send to-day for large free packages to MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8, Windsor, Ont.

SMOKING A BENEFIT.

Experimenters Show Tobacco Prevents Disease. It is not surprising to learn that tobacco smoke is inimical to the activity of micro-organisms since it contains, among many other things, pyridin, which has been shown to be a powerful germicide.

Definite experiments, says the Lancet, have recently been made which show that tobacco smoke rapidly destroys in particular the comma bacillus of cholera. A good many years ago it was reported by the senior medical officer of Greenwich workhouse that the tobacco smoking inmate enjoyed comparative immunity from epidemics, if a tobacco smoker was believed to have had a disinfectant action in case of cholera and other infectious diseases.

Again, during a cholera epidemic at Hamburg it was reported that not a single workman engaged in the cigar factory in that city was attacked by the disease. Later it was stated that among a body of 5,000 cigarmakers only eight cases and four deaths from cholera occurred.

Are You Droopy, Tired, Worn Out?

Here is Good Advice to All Who Feel as If Their Vigor and Life Had All Oozed Away.

This Condition Can be Quickly Cured by a Good Cleansing Medicine.

"Your experience is probably somewhat similar to that described by Mr. J. T. Fleming in the following letter from his home in Lebanon: 'I think I must have the most sluggish sort of a liver. In the morning my mouth was bitter, and that foul, soft feeling that tells you, 'No breakfast needed here this morning.' A cup of coffee would sort of brace me up, but in two hours I was obliged to quit work, all energy having oozed out of me. Supper consisted only of good meat, and I just didn't digest very well, for I don't to bed the hard. A friend of mine put me wise to Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I think they must have taken hold of my liver, perhaps my stomach, too, because the very next day I made things go right. Look at me now, so healthy, so bright, so energetic, so full of life, that I don't get up in the morning, and getting me out of my system. That's what Dr. Hamilton's Pills have done for me—made me healthy and reinvigorated my entire system. To keep free from headaches, to feel young and bright, to enjoy my meals, to sleep sound, and look your best, nothing can help like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c per box, five \$1.00, at all druggists and stockholders, or to postpaid from The Cattaraugus Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada."

Split 40 Cords At Age of 85

Thankful to the Medicine That Gave Him Ability For the Task. A VERY INTERESTING CASE.

-Few men of eighty-five years of age can boast of much else but poor health and falling strength. And such was the condition of Mr. Beaj. Marsh, who is known to every soul in the neighborhood of his home at Lime Lake, Ont.

"I wish to say how I have been both cured for years with stomach trouble. I tried everything I could think of without benefit. I was terribly afflicted with swelling and gas, and had much distress between meals. I tried everything I could think of, but without benefit. Then I was recommended Nerviline. My but Nerviline did me a power of good—made a new man of me, so that within the last three weeks I have been able to split about forty cords of atwood wood. I will always stick to Nerviline and will always recommend it, and would like to meet anyone and convince them if in doubt as to what Nerviline has done for me."

IF YOUR HAIR IS RED. The woman who would appear well should give due consideration to the subject of the colors that suit her best, and a safe rule in this is to select the colors that serve as a successful foil to her hair.

HER SYMPATHY MAKES HER SPEAK

DAME MAYER TELLS HOW SHE FOUND A CURE IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Suffered for Three Years From Rheumatism, Headache, Palpitation and Bright's Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her Kidneys and Made Her Well.

Huberdeau, Argenteuil Co., Que., April 7.—(Special)—"I am always glad to tell of my cure, because I sympathize with others who may be suffering as I did."

For three years I was a very sick woman. Rheumatism, headache, palpitation of the heart, and Bright's disease were my succession of troubles, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them all. I used twenty-four boxes to complete my cure, but they certainly made me well."

HINDOS WORK WITH THEIR TOES.

Manual skill is confined to no particular quarter of the globe, but the angry rivalry to nature the toes in various industrial pursuits it is to be found among the Hindus. In the native quarters of many towns of India it is no uncommon sight to behold a butcher seize two or three of the toes of a bullock held between the first and second toes. Sometimes the Indian shoemaker uses no last, but turns the unfinished shoe with his feet while his hands are busily engaged in shaping it. Then, too, the carpenter holds with his great toe the point of his cutting, and the wood-turner jangles his tools as skillfully with his toes as he does with his hands.