

GILLETTS Gillett's Perfumed Soap. Conforms to the high standard of Gillett's goods. Useful for five hundred purposes. Made in Canada.

Winsome Winnie

And Winifred Caerlyon replied, very calm, with even the quiver of a smile on the composed pale endurance of her face. "Yes, it is a very suitable match; Miss Tredennick is very handsome."

worship, a fond false faith, a devoted mistaken creed. She had treated it as a jewel of great price and beauty, to be looked at, cherished, delighted in, in those rare sweet hours of freedom when the shrewish step-mother, the seven noisy children, the small, overworked home, the hard work, the hard hands, her father's frowns, Thomas Pascoe's dejected presence, had all as it were passed away, and left her alone and peacefully happy by her young mother's grave in the Trowillian churchyard, or singing the plaintive lullaby for little Louie, when from the little dormer window looking seawards, there floated down on the wide expanse of rippling waters lost in the silver mists of the far horizon, the yearning breath of the tender words: "Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea."

THIS "SIMPLE" LITTLE HAT HAS A \$300 FEATHER---MOST EXPENSIVE KNOWN



Here is one of those "simple" little hats that have been known to break up families and furnish the divorce court with business. It is the kind of a hat that makes a man who insists that his wife can buy a wearable hat for one ninety-eight, say, "Now look at that. There is Mrs. Million Dollars! See what a tasteful simple lid she is wearing. She could afford a fine hat, too, if she wanted it. It takes these rich women to always wear simple things, but women like you whose husband works on a salary wants to spend all the money in the pay envelope on a will-

even the soft stow's deadly shrouding could dull the pain to sleep. Awake! for the waves of the cold gray sea rang a ceaseless dirge, and the sea was gathered up the crushed, ruined remains of the shattered treasure of her young life, wipe away her tears, and bury it deep for ever out of the sight of those who would mock her woe.

CHAPTER XIII

"I can not quite understand, Mildred, about Miss Winnie Caerlyon--has Aunt Vivian quarrelled with her?" "Quarrelled? Aunt Vivian quarrelled with Miss Winnie Caerlyon! Profane mortal! Mildred responded, her laughing smile veiling into a sunshine of mischievous fun. "Aunt Vivian quarrelled with her poor little hired companion, amanuensis, or whatever other office she was honored by being appointed to? Does Her Gracious Majesty box the ears of the royal pages when they fail in their duty in the ante-chamber?" "Well, then, what is the cause of aunt's totally ignoring the poor little thing's existence?" asked Captain Tredennick, rather irritably. "I fancied that Madam regarded her more in the light of an adopted child than anything else, and now I discover that she never sees her, never mentions her name, and prevents it from being mentioned, as I fancied last night from her manner. Has Winnie Caerlyon done anything to offend her?"

DISFIGURED WITH ERUPTIONS ON FACE

Body Covered With Running Sores. Could Not Sleep from Itching and Pain. Cross and Fretful. Tried Fifty Remedies Without Result. Cured in Nine Days by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.



"I have a five-year-old boy who was suffering from what the doctor called was 'a grapple.' His body was all covered with running sores. The trouble started with pimples and opened up into eruptions of the most annoying kind. The eruptions appeared on his face and disfigured him awfully. The boy could not sleep at night from the itching and pain, and I did not know what to do with him. It made him cross and fretful. I have tried one, I have tried fifty remedies without result. At last I got samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using them two days I noticed a change. I then bought a full-sized cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and I used a goodly quantity of both daily using Cuticura Soap freely, and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. He had suffered three months with the horrible disease before I started to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and nine days after the boy was cured and has not been troubled since."

(Signed) E. Cloutier, Dec. 12, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. A single set is often sufficient to cause a sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 40D, Boston, U.S.A.

was lit up with a sudden flush and glow not due to the flickering radiance of the ruddy fire.

He took up his pipe with a steady hand, and sat down quietly again in the easy chair; but Mildred did not hear the low heavy sigh of relief breathed by lips that quivered with sudden surprised emotion--nor did she perceive how his steady fingers had closed like a vise on the carvings of his meerschaum bowl and stem.

"Who said so, Mildred?" "He spoke so quietly, without an ejaculation of wondrenment or disbelief, that Mildred's curiosity aroused afresh her usual sarcastic, ungrateful temper. "Everybody, I tell you, Stephen," she answered, with a solemn shake of her head, closely watching her cousin's somewhat inscrutable expression, and endeavoring to decipher it. "It is true, then, I suppose!" she went on, determined to tease him. "Alas! false man, you have been regarding Tolgouth Bay as 'all in the lows' where 'the fleet was moored, the steamers waving in the wind, and poor little 'Black-eyed Susan' coming aboard singing-- 'Who shall I my true love find? I am afraid it is all perfectly true, Captain Tredennick; and I never thought it would be my fate to see my hitherto highly esteemed relative, who gravely reproved my delinquencies when I was young, and gravely admonished me as to the way in which I should go when I grew old, branded as a gay sea-rover by the highly respectable and scandal-loving inhabitants of the parish of St. Avon.'"

"You need not talk such utter nonsense if you must jest," said Stephen Tredennick, shortly.

"There was not another man on earth who would have dared to address that silent-robed, beautiful young woman in such a manner; but Stephen Tredennick always spoke as he felt to his cousin Mildred, and Mildred liked him as she liked none other on earth--save one. That one she loved--and Mildred Tredennick's love was a feeling very different from liking.

"It is not utter nonsense by any means, but particularly good sense, as you may find out," Mildred returned, jesting still, but with a certain weight of meaning in her tones.

"And I thought you cared more for quietly and reproachfully, 'than to allow vulgar gossip, in your hearing, to tempt with my name--not to mention the poor innocent little girl's--in that absurd and improbable manner."

"You tampered with it yourself before I ever heard the girl's name mentioned, or entered the cloistered seclusion of Roworthy," retorted Mildred, sharply. One could wager with far greater certainty of the event of a bright, mild, sunny morning than on Miss Tredennick's mood for half an hour together. The meerschaum was roughly pushed aside now.

"He mid the veins in his temples standing out darkly in relief--", Mildred said, "How, pray?" "Through that fur jacket, I believe," Mildred responded, briefly.

Her cousin looked both excited and seriously disturbed and angry. She was a little afraid of provoking him much further; but the temptation to tease the young lady--besides, after all, what could this poor little Winnie Caerlyon be to him?"

"That fur jacket, concerning which I have heard such sensational accounts--why did you give it to her, Stephen?" "The fur-jacket," Stephen Tredennick repeated, in the slow utterance of mingled astonishment and indignation--"why did I give it to her? Because I chose to do so, and had the money in my pocket, I suppose."

(To Be Continued.)

Cramps at Night Require Prompt Remedy

Agonizing Pain Prevented by Keeping Nerviline Handy on the Shelf

A Case in Point Illustrated

Deadly cramps--the symptoms are not to be mistaken, sudden and with- out warning the patient experiences such agony in the stomach as to con- sider the countenance and cause him to cry aloud for help.

"Last summer I was stricken with a frightful attack of cramps. I feared the pain in my stomach would kill me. "My eyes bulged out and the veins in my forehead stood out like whips, and I was afraid to sleep. A neighbor, who came to my assistance, and in a moment or two handed me half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in some sweetened water.

"It seemed as if an angel had charmed away the pain. In ten seconds, I was well. Nerviline has a wonderful name in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulences, stomach and bowel disorders. I urge all my friends to use Nerviline."

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE, "Willoughby."

No home is safe or can afford to miss the manifold advantages of having Nerviline on hand in case of accident or emergent sickness. Large family size bottles of Nerviline, 50c; trial size, 25c. The Catarrhose Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

TWO PROCESSIONS.

(Philadelphia Record)

The Mayor of Lawrence is in New York making remarks about his town and its people. He says the streets got stank very comfortably until the Industrial Workers of the World got in there to make trouble. There was never the slightest excuse for spectacular "expulsion of the children." The city was ready to take care of the needy persons and these were dressed in rags when they were expelled. The strikers and the W. I. W. had a permit to start a procession at 12 o'clock, with no flag except the stars and stripes. They started the procession at 10.30, with red flags all over the place, and the mayor, who is God, No Master. Then the law-abiding people of Lawrence got to work and had a procession expressive of loyalty, order and religion."

It's the successful man who argues that there is no such thing as luck.

Do You Feel Moody, Irritable, Depressed?

When That Languid, Laggard, Easily-Tired Feeling Comes, Your Liver Is Slow. Tells How To Cure Quickly.

"Even when I was young I was not robust and healthy like other girls. I suffered from headaches, and had sort of blue feelings that deprived me of the joyful spirits and pleasures other girls seemed to get. After I married I found I could not throw worries off like other women, and these full feelings of despondency and weariness made me very unhappy. There was no cause to feel so, and my doctor said my liver was sluggish, and this accounted for my poor color, my tiredness, languor and despair. The pills the doctor gave me were too purgative, made me weaker because they were too active for my constitution. Dozens of my friends recommended Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and they were so mild and helpful. Well, I never used a pill that acted so quietly as Dr. Hamilton's. They are so comfortable to use, I was afraid they might not help. But in a week I knew they had been actively engaged in cleaning up my system. They did the work of a tonic and blood medicine combined. I improved to a marvelous degree with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I now maintain the most perfect kind of health by using them just once or twice a week."

It is Mrs. E. V. Erlanger, well known at Gloucester, who relates the above experience. She proved what you and all others, men and women, can prove--that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are best for restoring health and best for keeping the system in perfect running order. Don't be misled into using anything but Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c a box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid by the Catarrhose Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

HE HAD REVENGE.

Stage Hand Got Even With Disliked Actress.

Many of the small revenges practised on actors by the stagehand who has conceived a dislike for them, for one reason or another--generally groundless--are nothing greater than petty annoyances, writes Mary Shaw, in the Strand. But some, these acts may be made very vicious. Knowing this, the actor--subconsciously, always has the good will of the stagehand in mind.

I recall an incident when I was playing with Helen Barry. She was a woman of heroic build--six feet tall, and otherwise made on a big scale. She was an exacting and conscientious woman, and had made herself very unpopular with the stage crew. At this time Miss Barry was impersonating a society woman who, to carry out a little intrigue, had put on the uniform of an army officer. One scene it was her business to stalk up and down the stage, and when sufficiently wrought up, to kick a foot stool out of her way. The foot stool that she kicked was an upright box with a cover on top.

One night, when I was on the scene with her, I had my back to her and was arranging my hat in the wardrobe. Suddenly I felt the most fearful vibration and heard a terrible crash. I swung around, and, to my amazement, saw Miss Barry, disguised as the officer, flat on her back, and wriggling about in an attempt to regain the perpendicular. The audience had gone wild with glee. I was shocked that I did nothing but stand and stare at the woman. I did not know whether or not it was a new piece of business that had been introduced. But I quickly realized one thing--she had fallen and wanted to get up. Her sabbre had got underneath her in some way and prevented her rising. I tugged and tugged away at her, for she was very heavy, and, after a very ridiculous tug-of-war between us, she managed to get on her feet.

As the play was a comedy there was no great harm done, for I doubt if the audience realized what had really happened. When the curtain fell Miss Barry informed me that someone had filled the footstool with lead and that when she gave it a kick the recoil threw her on her back. She realized instantly that she was a victim of stage-hand revenge and was filled with rage and fury.

Quite as funny as the incident itself was the remark of the stage manager when he came behind. Miss Barry had sent for this bearer of all men's burdens. He must have realized what her complaint would be, for he hurried in, his face beaming, and, before the furious actress could begin her protest, gaily cried out: "That's splendid! Fine! You made a big hit with that new piece of business! Put it on every night!"

A CLEVER THIEF.

Prisoner Had Knife Hidden in His Mouth.

Some years ago in the district of Jalapa, Vera Cruz, there was a sudden epidemic of petty thefts and burglaries, says the Strand. The police, completely baffled for some time, finally arrested an individual on suspicion, who, after a preliminary magisterial investigation, was remained in custody with a view to further inquiries as to his antecedents.

On being searched a policeman, suspecting he had something concealed, his mouth, ordered him to open it, which he did. He was then ordered to open his mouth, and he did so. He was then ordered to open his mouth, and he did so. He was then ordered to open his mouth, and he did so.

He admitted that the knife had been specially made for him, and that he used it for cutting open holes of cloth and also for pocket picking.

A map of man's errors would serve to make the next one laugh instead of avoiding the rocky Florida Times-Union.