iumammannammann) Winsome Winnie

"I am going to learn my polkas, you see, Winifred," put in Aunt Sarah, looking very humorous and cheery from some cause or other.

Miss Green was smiling and looking

wry humorous too; and, following the glances of their eyes, Winifred street hard at the new occupant of the recess beyond the old-fashioned fire-place.

"Where—where did that dear little plane come from?" she cried, dropping

the paper bag and rushing over to open the dark, shining lid. "Whose is it? Oh

"Mine, of course, said Miss Whitney, gruffly: "didn't I tell you that I was going to learn polkas and operas, and everything that can be learned?"

"Oh, aunt," entreated Winnie, speaking in all good faith in her eager long

For the first time for a considerable

She poured out the tea and heaped the

"Come to your tea, child, and present-

"Oh, aunt, is it for me to play on?" asked Winifred, falteringly.
"I guess it is," said Miss Whitney,
shortly—"unless you leave it to me to

play all those fine things I'm so clever

"Did you buy it this evening, Aunt rah?" she questioned, unbelievingly.
"Indeed I didn't—Miss Green did,

though. Sit down, Winifred, the tea's

her friends and acquaintances. "Miss Caerlyon got up, went over to the old

lady, sitting as still as a post, and look-

ing as hard and grim as a stone image 'Aunt, you are so kind, so thoughtful-

n't think a girl living would venture to kiss Miss Sarah Whitney like that. It's just because the loving little soul is fond of her stern old aunt; and I will say

that she's the sweetest little thing

I never saw thanks more gracefully

your music.

"won't you let me learn then

m no fault of my step-know, as I told you, explained Winnie, sor-ling—"I had been very pleading—"I had been very nd fretting—and—and nervous foolish of me, but I soon got unt," she added, with a faint 'er of a smile. "Things were ne, and I was not very strong, -oh, Aunt Sarah dear," she ssionately. "you sannot tell onately, "you cannot tell it was to me when you ht that you were come to I I had been feeling that y somewhere or I should praying to God to help oraying to God to help ome; and when I came trange aunt sitting by d her say that she y with her at once, to America,

number of years Miss Sarah Whitney burst into a fit of laughter that shook her from head to foot.

"I—I will—oh, never fear, I will, Winifed!" n her work fred!" she said, losing her breath and coughin gviolently. "But you and Miss Green will have—hard work—to keep ahead of me, I guess—I'll learn the pol-kas and operas so fast!"

getting cold." given," said Miss Green afterwards to a drudge and a slave of here, as you have given me such pleasure, dear aunt, and I will try to repay it, she said, and put her pretty pale little face "it could not be helped! know what mamma will do nowdown on the old lady's breast, with her two arms around her neck. How she ventured to do it a don't know. I did-

She'll do without you when she can't returned Miss itney, crustily. "I don't see what ness she had to make my sister's

arah," said Winnie, strivings for the oft answer that turneth away wrath; than you, I guess. Go over te Miss than you, I guess. Go over te Miss silk scarf on it for? That's mourning shall I go and make the pot-pie?"

than you, I guese. The come over the she come over the she come over this afternoon—I want to speak to this afternoon—I want to speak to white crape-like material, and that folded, soft black lustring with fringed ends—quite mourning, my dear—Miss liminors were just that in half-black for her brockler.

t?" said Winnie, a little puzzled. Yes," replied Miss Whitney, with "Yes," replied Miss Whitney, with grim humon looking at her shrivelled. "If aunt doesn't object, I should prespectly hands "don't you know that fer it to any colors, or bows, or flowers," said Winnie, timidly, her color ers," said winnie.

I'm going to learn to play polkas?"

Miss Whitney seemed determined, on that brilliant, balmy summer day, to keep her pale young grand-niece abroad in the pleasant tree-shaded streets and lanes, for late in the pleasant tree-shaded streets and lanes, for late in the pleasant tree-shaded streets and lanes, for late in the land then she spoke the truth flower-scented lanes, for late in the afternoon she was dispatched again on her cheek, and then she spoke the truth an errand to a distant part of the quiet, in her own simple way.

straggling town.
"And you needn't run back like hare, panting for breath!" cutioned the grim, kindly old woman, who, in down-right truth, dearly loved and tried to indulge, in an old-fashioned, grave, undemonstrative fashion, the had taken from her di dreary English home, as she never yet had loved or in-dulged any one or anything in her life only she did not Winifred should perceive this. It was very injurious to children, according to the strict. grim Puritanism of Miss Whitney's dectrine, that they should know themselves to be objects of tenwatchful love, heeding their every and fancy. "And that black hat wish and fancy. "And that black hat of yours is too heavy for this hot wea-ther," Miss Whitney remarked in disther," Miss Whitney remarked in disapproval, as if she merely disliked the did not think that a new hat would be a source of some pleasure to a young grl. "You'd better go into Fletcher's when you're out, and get a white one—plain, Winifred, with a bit of black lace or something simple. There's three dol-lars for you—will that be enough?" "Oh, aunt, thank you—it will be plenty!" said Winnie, gratefully, "I'll get a nice one—one that you will be

And when Winnie was safely gone and the gate closed behind her, two tears immed the glasses of Miss Sarah Whit-

wy's formidable spectacles.

"It's not many a nece or daughter either," she muttered, "that would think first of all of getting what I'd 'be sure to like.' Sife's been Elizabeth Anne Caerlyon's daughter long enough," con-tinued the old lady, beginning to count er a roll of bank bills from a pleov pric pocket book, "and a hard-worked, the lected poor slave, of a child, too! meg she's mine now," said Miss Whit-But, laying down a comfortable-looking 1963 of ten-dollar bills, "and I guess she shall have just as good a time as oth!" daughters have in a free course

It was after sunset when Winifred re turned, and, entering the parlor slowly with a paper parcel in her hand, found Miss Green vis a vis with her aunt at the tea table, spread with the best lam-ask cloth and napkins, the red and white china, fresh corn bread, flaky biscuits and raspberry jam in one of Miss Whitney's old and treasured Dresden

Well, Miss Caerlyon, here I am agair you see; your aunt has been kind crough to insist on my staying," said Miss Green, a clover, lively, agreeable "school-madam" of some five and thirty. years of age.

prove Your Complexion, Hands or Hair?

If you wish a skin clear of pimples, blackheads and other annoying eruptions, hands soft and white, hair live and glossy, and scalp free from dandruff and itching, begin today the regular use of Cuticura Soap for the toilet, bath and shampoo. assisted by an occasional light application of Cuticura Ointment. No other method is so agreeable, so often effective and so economical in treating poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair. Cuticura Soap and Ointment have been sold throughout the world for more than a generation, but to those wishing to try them without cost, a liberal sample of each will be sent free with 32-p, book on the care and treatment of the skin preserved fruit and golden cream on her and hair. Address 'Cuticura,' Dept. 25D, Boston, U.S.A. ly we'll look at your hat; afterwards we'll see you you are getting on with

Do You Wish to Im-

"There will be a funeral tomorrow morning in the English cemetery—an English stranger's funeral; and I sshould like to go, if you will not forbid me. I feel as if I must go, aunt, dear," said Winnie, sinking beside her aunt's chair, and laying her face on one of the grim, hard, carved arms, "and must wear a little token of mourning for the poor young English stranger that they are going to bury in that sun-ny corner, like the place where my moth-er is buried in Trewillian churchyard."

"Land sakes, I never heard such a queer girl as you are!" ejaculated Miss Whitney. "Who on earth is it? And what do you want to go to the funeral

"Oh, it's the poor young fellow that was hurt in the railway accident a month ago, I guess," said Miss Green, wiping her eyes. "It was very sad. Miss Whitney; he was a roung English of-ficer from Canada, down on leave to New York, and the poor fellow was so badly hurt that time when the cars ran off the rails, a month ago, you remem-ber, that he had to be just carried into Farmer Healy's, at Place Vale, and has been lying there ever since. I heard that he was dead vesterday morning. It's very sad, poer young fellow!"

"He was a stranger in a strange land, dear Ann Sarah, Winnifred pleaded, "no mother or sister to nurse him, or weep for him now. that he is dead; and I thought that perhaps some one that loved him in England would be glad if I followed him to the grave, and plant

cd a few flowers there."

She was weeping now from the depths of her tender emotion, and, although she did not know it, there were no dry eyes with those who had heard her speak, "Won't you play something, Miss Caerlyon, my dear?" said the school

mistress, gently, some time afterwards.

And Winifred, feeling as if it were a onsecration of her aunt's kind gift, played softly and solemnly, while her tears fell for the young soldier's memorys "The Dead March in Saul." CHAPTER XVI.

It was the last ball of the seasonthis grand exclusive reception at Lady Hollingsley's—and all Belgravia and Tyburnia, from the Dan to the Beersheeba of the fashionable world, was astir with eagerness to obtain cards of invitation; for the last ball of the season at Holingsley House was not as other ballsrather was it viewed as the reserved piece of music to adorn the wind-up of soiree musicale, the grand chorus of a sorree musicate, the grain chorus of a feetival, the final dazzling burst of splendor of a pyrotechnic exhibition, the triumphal march, with bands playing, colors flying, arms burnished, uniforms gleaming and glowing, a conquering the state of the st ing army quitting a well won field.

For the pleasure of an evening in Lady Hollingsley's airy, elegant, bril-liantly lighted rooms, amidst the wearers of coronets, the great, the gifted, the nobles by rank and by nature—for Lady Hollingsley gave as much honor to one as to the other—for the chances of boudoir tete-a-tetes, of semi-royal quadrilles, of a supper over which laudatory newspaper paragraphs exhausted their stock of French encomiums—for onors and glories and delights like these, and more, chaperons and debutantes, wives and mothers young men and maidens, old men and staid maid-ens, intrigued and hoped, and were disappointed or rejoiced, according as Louisa, Lady Hollingsley, selected to pass over or delighted to honor.

It was the last ball of the season,

but it had not quite arrived yet. It was fixed for the twenty-eighth of July, and guests were not expected to arrive pectant had scarcely emerged from their bed chambers, if indeed, the weary de-butaantes and wearier chaperons be-fore alluded to had risen from their pil-

ows at all. "I am not sure, my love," said one weary chaperon, loosely robed in mauve silk embroidered cachemire, seated in an easy chair, and l'anguid'y sipping cho-colate, "I never expected for a moment to see you until luncheon time, after that wearisome musical affair of last

night."
"Why did you go, then " cooly demanded the ungrateful debutante. "I am sure it afforded no particular delight to me to hear those wretched ugues, and syncopated passages, and olos, and shricking violos, and moan-ng violincell's for three hours."
"Nor to me, Miss Tradenizek!" retort-

eren, sharely, "I went sime reason that, brought me, w

Mildred Tredennick w was weary of the subje-tween her clever, indom ed, handsome aunt and h as she was of the Londor "Three more years a shall be 21," she though am only eighteen and

the fatigue and turme

eason."
Mildred Tredennick

shall be 21," she though am only eighteen and What is the use of hay being handsome? I migh slave to aunt Vivian."

The thought was perhipust to "aunt Vivian." tain that, if Mildred To alave to that lady's and nurposes she was to was the ward nurposes. and purposes, she was bellious and troubleso "I declare," Madam, from the very depth soul, to her nephew, nick, "if Mildred Tre-coronet, I shall decoronet, I shall than she!"

than she!"

And Stephen Tred
vised, "Then don't
marry her to a core
ing that it would
avail to restrain
the course of work
scheming, and mat
was so desperately
troublesome ward. troublesome ward.

Madam had almo
of the match she
planned Even if a
flatter Mildred int totally despaired

often ad-

d first so fondly could coax and wedding the couas a brother, she Stephen Tredennick to marry the be hom his quiet, tender spirited girl on whom his quiet, tender affections coul never rest in perfect peace as his wife and comforter— the dear, gentle, soft-handed, sweet-voiced, loving woman he sometimes dreamily pictured as his wife, if such he might ever possess—some one to sit by his side at the fire while he smoked or read the paper, some one to write him long loving letters when he was away, some one to long and pray for sach refurn, to make the dreary old house at Tregarthen a happy, sunny home, alive with children's voices, playing in the light of a gentle mother's

Imperial, self-willed Mildred Tredennick was to him as a beautiful sister, of whom he was proud, and for whom he was very anxious. Those restless, reckless, brilliant ones are so often a source of pain and anxiety to the quiet Tredeunick knew that passionate, strong-willed, fiery Mildred's girlish heart was given away, never, by a nature like hers, to be quite recalled hearts that love them! Besides, Stephen

"I wish aunt Vivian knew all Millie has told me," he said, regretfully, "she might spare herself the trouble of trying to make her marry a coronet— for she is one to give her hand with her heart, in spite of a world arrayed against her. Poor Millie!"

"Poor Millie," did not look, on this morning of Lady Hollingsley's ball, as if she quite deserved the cousinly pity. She was decidedly in one of her most arrogant and sarcastic moods; and both the chaperon and chaperon's maid -much-enduring Miss T had to suffer in consequence.

"What an intolerable nuisance it is!" she said, crossly, as Miss Trewhella and Mildred's own maid divested her of her morning robe, and fitted on a silken corsage, which had just been altered beneath Madam Vivian's inspection. "When are you going to leave town aunt?"

"Perhaps you would like to leave this morning, Miss Tredennick?" Madam re-torted, with the cold gleam of a stormy smile, evidently plainly that she was losing temper. "It doesn't matter about losing temper. "It doesn' Lady Hollingsley's ball."

Lady Hollingsley's ball."

"Oh, but it does though," objected
"Oh, but it does though, "for I have Mildred, with a slight laugh, "for I have extorted a solomn promise from Ste-phen to be there, and to dance at least three times with me; he cares as much

three times with me; he cares as much for the affair as I do, but we mean to try to enjoy ourselves."

There was little hope in this for Madam's first project, which she was almost content to abandon, considering the unattainable grapes to be sour in comparison with the lusciously rich the unattainable grapes to be sour in comparison with the lusciously rich ones bending at hand. Mildred might never be her favorite nephew's wife, but it would be something after all to be aunt by marriage to a most complai-sant peer of the realm, who declared to sant peer of the realm, who declared to intimate friends that he admired the aunt almost as much as the niece.

aunt almost as much as the niece.

"I hope you will enjoy yourself, my dear," said Madâm suavely; "a debutante of eighteen, one of the bells of the season, at a ball at Hollingsley House, wearing one of Worth's dresses, ought to enjoy herself—not to allude to such things," Madam added, more suavely, brightly smiling—"such additions to the pleasures of a splendid festive gathering as devoted partners who tive gathering as devoted partners who wear coronets."

Mildred frowned at herself in the mirror—she was fond of standing mirror—she was fond of standing of fore mirrors, this girl who was wealthy, handsome, and not nineteen. "I wonder how many devoted part-ners wearing coronets I should have if I had had smallpox," she rejoined,

slightingly

WAS A CUNFIRMED DYSPEPTIC New Finds it a Pleasure to Enjoy Meals

"If it had disfigured you, not one,"

Here is a case which seemed as bad and as hopeless as yours can possibly be. This is the experience of Mr. H. J. Brown, 384 Bathurst St., Toronto, in his own

"Gentlemen-I have much pleasure in mentioning to you the benefits received from your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and can cheerfully recommend them, I simply had confirmed dyspepsia with all its wretched symptoms, and tried about all the advertised cures with no success. You have in Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets the best curative agent I could find. It is now such a pleasure to enjoy meals with their consequent nourishment that I want to mention this for the benefit of others."

The fact that a lot of prescriptions or The fact that a lot of prescriptions or so-called "cures" have failed to help you is no sign that you have fot to go on suffering. Try Na-Dru-Co Dyspersia. Tablets and see how quickly this sterling remedy will give you relief and start your stomach working properly. If it doesn't help you, you get your mohey back. see a box at your drivenist's. Compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Stomach Always Baulked. **Had Constant Indigestion**

Smell of Cooking Made Him Sick-Bilious Two Days a Week.

Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Mr. Clemmons' experience is not unusual. Nowadays poor atomachs are
more the rule than the exception. But
the proper treatment is sure to make a
quick cure. You can always depend on
Dr. Hamilton's Pills, they reach the
trouble at once, go right to business,
work while you sleep and have you feeling better if not cured next morning.
"My food seemed to decompose in
my stomach," writes Mr. Ralph Clemmons, of Newbridge P. O. "I had a
stomach that failed in some way to perform its work. Digestion seemed more

form its work. Digestion seemed more or less arrested and I grew thin, yellow nervous. The stomach became distended and impeded, apparently the action of the heart, for often at night it would do great stunts. At times I would vomit a mucous mass, and at these times my head ached most terribly. A friend who had been cured of a similar condition, advised me to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly, which I did. The result in my case was simply marvelous. Dr. Hamilton's Pills removed the cause, strengthened the stomach, excited the liver to normal action, the kidneys were released of excessive work. Health soon grew within me. I can now eat, sleep, and live like a live man.' Be advised—use Dr. Hamilton's Pills—

they are sure to do you good. 25c. per box, five for \$1,00, at all druggists and sterekepers or by mail from the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

Madam affirmed, cooly; "titled and untitled would leave you to vegetate as a wall-flower then, Mildred. Prize your beauty while it lasts, my dear."

Mildred was in one of her worst moods; her nerves and also her temper were somewhat upset, and unstrung by three monthe of the fashionable slavery which her nature, yet fresh and pure and healthy

nature, yet fresh and pure and health revolted from so constantly; and Mada Vivian's smooth worldliness jarred angry Mildred very roughly.
"Why shouldn't I prize it, madar she asked, sharply. "I don't want

she asked, sharply. "I don't want be ugly, and I don't see any reaso set such a wonderful value on beauty. It will last long enough, I say, and I don't see that it has say, and I don't see that it has anything particular for me, or ned anything. I don't intend to sell money—I have enough of my, or satisfy me. I want my liberty young debutante cried, arrogantly liberty to go where I please, and I please, and be independent of the control of I please. one, if I please! I should like the Mediterranean, or the Nile of baking in this hot, detestab town; I'd like to go wandering over the world, to go to India regiment," continued Mildred, eckless before her aunt's haug and cold smile-"go up to the side over Indian racecourses

(To be Continued.)

The Man Who the World's Riv est "Old Maid



LEY. J. SHEPARD.

BREATHE DEEPLY.

Only Thus Will You Have Good Health.

No piece of advice that the physician can give will hear more frequent repetition than the pithy sentence: "Breathe deeply." It is a perfectly simple rule of health, yet it is constantly broken. There is no reason why our lungs should not have all the fresh air they need for their work; the supply is unlimited. But in our folly we refuse to give them their fair share of it, because we are too lasy to remember to breathe deeply.

We go on from day to day drawing in little, inadequate puffs of air, living from hand to mouth, as it were; and then we wonder why we feel tired and nervous, why our skin is sallow and our eyes dull, why we catch cold easily and digest our food badly. When things have come to this pass there is nothing for it except to put ourselves to school

and learn patiently to do what we were meant to do unconeciously.

There are two ways to learn to breathe. If our powers of self-discipline are poor, as is the case with most insufficient breathers, it is a good plan to join a gymnasium or calisthenic class and earn to use the lungs as a baby learns to use its feet and hands. But remem-ber that lessons in breathing will do no good if the scholar thinks he is absolved from his task except when he is in the

A simpler method for those who have A simpler method for those who have not time or opportunity for the gymnasium is to turn life's dully routine into a continuous discipline in breattens. If the poor breather takes the trouble to water

he is engaged upon any work that calls for close attention he does not even breathe as deeply as usual; he almost invariably holds his breath. Thus the blood current is vitiated when it ought to be cleansed; and the worker exhausts himself not so much by his labors as by

Learn to make a breathing lesson of dressing in the morning, of going up and down stairs, of your duties in house hold, office or shop, of your walks, you games and your rest. Draw in deep draughts of air every time you take a breath and every little walk stop everything else and fill your lungs a few times with breaths that test their capacity. You will be surprised to see the improvement that it will make in your general condition.—Youth's Companion.

A LOISY CITY.

Chinese Capital's Streets Have

An analysis of the street noi

net profits for previous year. and \$71,000 carried previous year, made or distribution. Four at the rate of 2 per \$397,000. The sum

written off bank prem-\$10,000 contributed to ion fund, leaving a balto be carried forward. per cent. on the average A further examin epartment of the bank's w stands at \$5,000,000 int is also augmented, and at \$3,300,000. Large gains hade in deposits, current total assets. The deposits over \$55,643,000, a gain of ade in deposits. over \$55,043,000, a gain or during the year. Of the \$1,219,000 is interest bearing, 3,000 non-interest bearing. The are at over \$45,000,000 show a

000,000 during the year, while the to a assets amounting to \$69,400,000, show the large gain of \$11,000,000 over the figures for the previous year.
Another feature of the report worthy of n, is the large proportion of gold, silver, Dominion notes and other quickly available assets. These bear a very large proportion to the liabilities

to the public.

The Union Bank of Canada is rapidly orging to the front, and is occupying a continually large place in the business affairs of the country. The fact that the current loans for the year amounted to over \$45,000,000, or a gain of \$7,000,000 over the previous year, indicates that the bank is doing a continually larger share of the country's business. share of the country's business, and is catering to the business needs of the communities where its branches are located. The fact that it opened 43 branches during the year is another indication of its continual expansion. The bank has now 285 branches, making it

bank has now 285 branches, making it one of the best equipped banks in the Dominion in this respect.

The address of President Galt was a splendid review of the financial and industrial conditions prevailing in the country at the present time, and showed that the officials of the bank kept in the very closest touch with the progress. the very closest touch with the progress being made by the Dominion. An interbeing made by the Dominion. An inter-esting feature of his report was the re-lating of the history and growth of the Union Bank and the reason for the transfer of the head office from Quebee to Winnipeg. He showed that eight and one-half years ago, when the present one-half years ago, when the present general manager took charge, the bank's capital was just one-half what it is to-day, the reserve fund less than one-tihrd and tottal assets considerably less than one-third. one-third.

Altogether the report and the addresses of the President and General Manager form one of the best combina-tions issued by any bank this year.

Makes Magnesia Floors.

They are making the floors of big office buildings in Germany of a mix-ture of magnesium chloride, pulver-ized magnesia and sawdust, laid from two to four inches thick. Consul-Gen. Robert P. Skinner reports from Ham-burg that such floors are waterproof. almost fireproof, crack-free, warm under foot, elastic, sound-proof and cheaper than pine flooring, tiing or der foot. stone.

The Illinois Supreme Court, has decid-

DO YOU KNOW -

That when you put a salve onto your child's skin, It passes through the pores and enters the blood, just as surely as if you put it into the child's stomach?

You would not put a coarse mass of animal fat, colored by various mineral poisons (such as many crude salves are) into your child's blood by way of the stomach? Then why do so by way of the pores?

Take no risk. Use always the pure herbal essences provided in Zam-Buk. Z.m-Buk contains no trace of any animal oil or fat, and no poisonous mineral col r-ing matter. From start to finish

It will heal sores, ulcers, abscesset, eruptions, varicose ulcers, cuts, burns and bruises more quickly than any other known preparation. It is a theptic, quickly stops the smarting of a sore or cut, cures piles, infiamed sores and blood poisoning. It is a combination of healing power and scientific purity. Ask those who have proved it.

All druggists and stores 50e box er Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

SHOULD BE IN YOUR HOME