

"as from no fault of my step-
 sarah," explained Winnie, sor-
 pleading—"I had been very
 and fretting—and and nervous
 to foolish of me, but I soon got
 unt," she added, with a faint
 er," of a smile. "Things were
 me, and I was not very strong."
 "Oh, Aunt Sarah dear," she
 sively, "you cannot tell
 ef it was to me when you
 felt that you were come to
 I had been feeling that
 y somewhere or I should
 praying to God to help
 come; and when I came
 strange aunt sitting by
 and her say that she
 with her at once, to
 to America, I
 angel sent from
 on her work,
 and, grumble
 her patch-
 thousands
 "Tut Sarah,"
 "are light-
 "I have
 "Auntie,
 "any-
 "ev-
 "nise
 "he
 "ale
 "its
 "it-
 "it-
 "fre-
 "nch
 "nien
 "thought
 "You're not
 "a
 "a drudge and a slave of here, as
 "father's wife made of you."
 "Oh, dear Aunt Sarah," Winnie plead-
 "ed, "it would not be helped! I
 "know what mamma will do now—
 "there's poor little Louie!"
 "he'll do without you when she can't
 "you, I suppose,"
 "Yes," replied Winnie, "I don't see what
 "she had to make my sister's
 "father's child her 'help'!"
 "this stocking's darned now. Aunt
 "said Winnie, striving for the
 "answer that turned away wrath
 "I'll go and make the patch-
 "to, you shan't," answered Miss
 "Gree, "Hannah! what it is right
 "than you, I guess. Go over to Miss
 "and, and ask her if she can't come over
 "this afternoon—I want to speak to
 "Miss Gree, the music teacher."
 "said Winnie, a little puzzled.
 "Yes," replied Miss Gree, "I'll
 "hurry, looking at her shriveled
 "city hands "don't you know that
 "going to learn to play polkaes?"
 "Miss Whitney seemed determined, and
 "brilliant, balmy summer day, the
 "her pale young grand-niece abroad
 "the pleasant tree-shaded streets
 "represented lanes, for late in the
 "noon she was dispatched again to
 "toward a distant part of the quiet
 "giggling town.
 "And you needn't run back like
 "p, panting for breath!" cautioned the
 "n, kindly old woman, who, in the
 "ing, should preserve this. It was
 "n, in an old-fashioned, grave, un-
 "constrative fashion, the girl-niece she
 "taken from her dreary English
 "as, as she never yet had loved or in-
 "tered any one or anything in her life
 "n; only she did not possess the
 "affured spirit, pervasive this. It was
 "y injuries to children, according to
 "strict, grim Puritanism of Miss
 "Whitney's doctrine, that they should
 "own themselves to be objects of ten-
 "er, watchful love, heeding their every
 "id and fancy. "And that black he-
 "ours is too heavy for this hot sun-
 "day!" Miss Whitney remarked in dis-
 "approval, as if she merely disliked this
 "of a sunstroke for her niece, and
 "not think that a new hat would be
 "source of some pleasure to a young
 "lady. "You'd better go into Fletcher
 "and buy one out, and get a white one
 "in, with a dash of a bit of black in
 "something simple. There's three do-
 "lars for you—you will that be enough?"
 "Oh, aunt, thank you—it will
 "be plenty!" said Winnie, gratefully. "I
 "am a nice one—one that you will
 "not be like to."
 "And when Winnie was safely gone and
 "the gate closed behind her, two tea-
 "table glasses of Miss Sarah Whit-
 "ney's formidable spectacles.
 "It's not many a niece or daughter
 "like her," she muttered, "that would
 "risk first of all of getting what I'd
 "be to like." Sibs' been in the
 "house for a daughter long enough,"
 "said the old lady, beginning to count
 "over a roll of bank bills from a p-
 "cket-pocket-book, "and a hard-work-
 "ing slave, of a child, to
 "she's mine now," said Miss Whit-
 "ney, laying down a comfortable-looking
 "all have just as good a time as she
 "her daughters have in a free coun-
 "try!"
 "It was after sunset when Winifred
 "returned, and entering the parlor slowly
 "with a paper parcel in her hand, found
 "Miss Gree vis-a-vis with her aunt
 "at the tea-table, spread with the best la-
 "ce cloth and napkins, the red
 "china, fresh corn bread, flaky
 "raspberry jam in one corner,
 "Winifred's old and treasured Dres-
 "dener.
 "Well, Miss Carolyn, I am ag-
 "ain to see; your aunt has been
 "tough to insist on my staying,"
 "said Miss Gree, looking at her
 "school-maid of some five and
 "thirty."

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

Miss Green was smiling and looking very humorous too; and, following the glances of their eyes, Winifred stared hard at the new occupant of the re-cases beyond the old-fashioned fire-place.

"Where—where did that dear little piano come from?" she cried, dropping the paper bag and rushing over to open the dark, shining lid. "Whose is it? Oh, aunt's!"

"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 longing—"won't you let me learn them, too?"

For the first time for a considerable 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, Winifred!" she said, losing her breath and coughing violently. "But you and Miss Green will have—hard work—to keep ahead of me, I guess—I'll learn the polkas and operas so fast!"

She poured out the tea and heaped the preserved fruit and golden cream on her niece's plate.

"Come to your tea, child, and presently we'll look at your hat; afterwards we'll see you are you getting on with your music."

"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 at!"

"Did you buy it this evening, Aunt Sarah?" she questioned, unbelievably.

"Indeed I didn't—Miss Green did, though. Sit down, Winifred, the tea's getting cold."

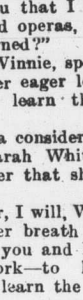
"I never saw thanks more gracefully given," said Miss Green afterwards to her friends and acquaintances. "Miss Greenly got up, went over to the old lady, sitting as still as a post, and looking as hard and grim as a stone image." "Aunt, you are so kind, so thoughtful—you have given me such pleasure, dear aunt, and I will try to repay it," she said, and put her pretty pink little face down on the old lady's breast, with her two arms around her neck. How she ventured to do it, Al don't know. I didn'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 ever met, whether she's English or not!"

"It's a pretty hat, my dear," said Miss Green presently, surveying Winnie's new acquisition with a critical eye—"but what did you get that plain black silk scarf on it for? That's mourning—half-mourning, you know—that enow white crape-like material, and that folded, soft black lustrous with fringed ends—quite mourning, my dear—Miss Simmons wore just that in half-black for her brother."

"If aunt doesn't object, I should prefer it to any colors, or bows, or flowers," said Winnie, timidly, her color coming and going.

"I think it looks very neat and nice," declared Miss Whitney; "but what did you want to wear mourning for, child?"

Winnie paused, the flush deepening on her cheek, and then she spoke the truth in her own simple way.



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 and hair. Address 'Cuticura,' Dept. 25D, Boston, U. S. A.

"There will be a funeral tomorrow morning in the English cemetery—English stranger's funeral; and I should like to go, if you will not forbid me. I feel as if I must bury dear, dear, dear Winnie, sinking beside her aunt's chair, and laying her face on one of the grim, hard, carved 'and'—and the young English mother-in-law for the poor, young English stranger that they are going to bury in that sunny corner, like the place where my mother is buried in Trevelian churchyard."

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

"Oh, it's the poor young fellow that was hurt in the railway accident a month ago, I guess," said Miss Grey, wiping her eyes. "It was very sad, Mr. Whitney; he was a young English flier from Canada, down on leave in New York, and the poor fellow was a sad, sad, heart, and on the cars he was riding the rails, a month ago, I remember, that he had to be just carried off by Farmer Healy's, at Place Vale, and he been lying there ever since. I heard that he was dead yesterday morning. It's very sad, poor young fellow!"

"He was a stranger in a strange land, dear Aunt Sarah. Winnifred pleaded for him, or I should have done so, but now for him now that he is dead, I thought that perhaps some one I loved him in England would be glad to follow him to the grave, and placed a few flowers there."

She was weeping now from the depth of her tender emotion, and though she was crying, it did not seem to her as if she were not crying with those who had heard her speak.

"Won't you play something, Mr. Caerlyon, my dear?" said the schoolmistress, gently, some time afterwards.

And Winnifred, feeling as if it were consecration of her aunt's kind gestures, and as if she were playing a prayer for the young soldier's memory, "The Dead March in Saul."

[illegible][illegible]

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 stomachs are everywhere the rule rather than the exception. But the sure remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They give 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," says Mr. R. Ralph Clemmons, Lehighville, Pa. "I had a stomach that failed in some way to perform its work. Digestion seemed more or less arrested and I grew thin, yellow and nervous. The stomach became distended and impeded, apparently the action of the heart, for often at night it would be as if I were lying on a bed of 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 is my case was simply marvelous. Dr. Hamilton's Pills removed the trouble. As I recovered, the excitement of life 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 if you are sure to do you good. 25c per box, five for \$1.00, at all drug stores. Or, by mail from the Carterhorne Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

Madam affirmed, coolly: "titled and u
titled would leave you to vegetate as
wall-flower then, Mildred, Prize you
beauty while it lasts, my dear."

Mildred was in one of her worst
moods; her nerves and also her
temper were somewhat upon
and she was angry by three months
of the fashionable slavery which her
nature, yet fresh and pure and health
revolted from so constantly; and Mad
Vivian's smooth worldliness jarred
angry Mildred very roughly.

"Why shouldn't I prize it, madam
she said sharply. "I don't want to
be ugly, and I don't see any reason
to set such a wonderful value on
beauty. It will last long enough, I
say, and I don't see that it has
anything particular for me, or need
anything. I don't want to sell it
for anything, I have enough of my own
to satisfy me. I want my liberty
young debutante cried, arrogantly
liberty to go where I please, and
I please, and be independent of
one, if I please! I should like to
the Minister of Education, of the
of bakins in this hot, detestable
town; I'd like to go wandering
over the world, to go to India
regiment," continued Mildred,
reckless before her aunt's haught
and cold smile—"go up to the hi
side over the world, to go to the
to a boat or a tiger hunt, and
bungalow!"

LEY. J. SHEPARD.

BREATHE DEEPLY.

Only Thus Will You Have Good Health.

No piece of advice that the physician can give will bear 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 have all the fresh air they need for their work; the supply is unlimited. But we so fully we refuse to give them their fair share of it, because we are too lazy to remember to breathe deeply.

Now Finds it a Pleasure to Enjoy Meals

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 words:

"I mention— I have much pleasure in mentioning to you the benefits received from your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and can cheerfully recommend them. I have simply had confirmed dyspepsia with all the usual symptoms of indigestion and 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 so much a pleasant to go to bed and get up the next morning feeling that that I want to mention this for the benefit of others."

The fact that a lot of prescriptions or so-called "cures" have failed to help you is no reason why you should give up suffering. Try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and see how quickly this sterling remedy will give you relief; and start your stomach working properly. It doesn't hurt. It's pleasant. It's black and white. Get a box at your druggist's. Compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

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 his neglect.

Learn to make a breathing lesson of dressing in the morning, of going up and down stairs, of your duties in school, hold, office or shop, of your walks, your games and your rest. Draw in deep draughts of air every time you take a breath and every little while stop every thing 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
ferent Noises.

An analysis of the street noise
kin has been made by the cor
of an American newspaper and
be useful when the anti-noise
reaches the Orient.

The great cause of con
is the various street
whom is armed with
instrument by which
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and thus makes a
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the annual
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place dur-
net profits
which compar-
the previous year,
the year 1912,
derived as prem-
previous year, more
for distribution. For
at the rate of 2
\$397,000. The amount
transferred to the re-
written off bank pre-
\$10,000 contributed

to be carried forward

A further examination shows that approximately 70 per cent of the bank's paid-up capital was now stands at \$5,000,000. The amount is also augmented, as shown by the balance sheet, at \$3,300,000. Large gains made in deposits, current assets, etc., have increased the deposit total assets. The deposits are now \$55,643,000, a gain during the year. Of this \$129,000 is interest bearing; \$3,000 non-interest-bearing. Loans are at over \$45,000,000 showing a gain of \$8,000,000 during the year, while the other assets amounting to \$69,443,000, show a gain of \$1,000,000 over the figures for the previous year.

Another feature of the report worthy special mention, 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 forging 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 over \$45,000,000, or a gain of \$7,000,000 over the previous year, indicates that the bank is doing a continually large share of the country's business, and catering to the business needs of communities where its branches are located. The fact that it is opened on Saturdays during the year is another indication of its continual expansion. The bank has now 285 branches, making one of the best equipped banks in Dominion in this respect.

The address of President Galt was a splendid review of the financial and economic conditions prevailing in the country during the recent time, and showed that the officials of the bank were the very closest touch with the people being made by the Dominion. An interesting feature of his report was the telling of the history and growth of the bank and the reason for transfer of the office from Quebec to Winnipeg. He showed that eight months ago, when the bank's general manager took charge, the bank's capital was just one-half what it is today, the reserve fund half more than one-half, and the total assets considerably less than one-half of what they are today.

addresses of the President and General Manager form one of the best

Makes Magnesia Floors.
They are making the floors of office buildings in Germany of a mixture of magnesium chloride, pulverized magnesia and sawdust, laid two to four inches thick. Consul Robert R. Skinner reports from Hamburg that such floors are waterproof, almost fireproof, crack-free, warm under foot, elastic, sound-proof, cheaper than pine flooring, tiling

The Illinois Supreme Court, based on that case, held that the state's interest in the child's welfare outweighed the parent's right to privacy.