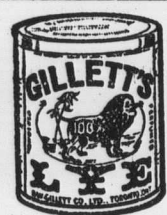


# GILLET'S PERFUMED LYE



**FOR MAKING SOAP,  
SOFTENING WATER,  
REMOVING PAINT,  
DISINFECTING SINKS,  
CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.**

**SOLD EVERYWHERE  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES**

## Winsome Winnie

"My dear Miss Carolyn, stop a minute, please," he said, haughtily. "You are laboring under a mistake. Mr. Pascoe. You cannot be very long in the mine-office in Tolgooth, sir, or you would have known me," he added, suppressing an explosion of quarter-deck wrath for the sake of the young girl by his side. "My name is Stephen Tredennick, of Tregarthen, sir; and, as I said just now, when you interrupted me, I overtook Miss Carolyn on the road as she was returning from my aunt, Madam Vivian's house, where I met her yesterday evening."

"Oh, indeed—Captain Tredennick of Tregarthen! Indeed, sir, I did not know, I am sure," said Mr. Pascoe, resuming his refined accent with an effort, and smiling and rubbing the palms of his hands with an air of sudden fawning politeness. "I know ye by report, very well indeed, sir—have heard tell of ye very often, Captain Tredennick. Long returned from your last voyage, sir?"

"No, sir—not long," answered Stephen Tredennick, shortly; "but I think in any case you need not have been afraid that this young lady was in improper company."

"Well, no, indeed, sir," said Mr. Pascoe, smiling again; "but I did not know I could not bring to my mind at all, sir—but that 'e were a stranger; and a young maid like Miss Carolyn Carleton cannot be too particular, sir, ye know."

He had edged himself up to Captain Tredennick's side, and was beginning to chat fluently, with an evident intention of constituting himself a third in the party. If he calculated on the sailor's easy good-fellowship and pleasant conversation, he was fated to be instantly undeceived.

"Sir," said the Captain of the Chit-tror, halting abruptly, and surveying Mr. Pascoe with the hauteur of the proud Tredennicks of Tregarthen, and a fresh accession of the haughty quarter-deck politeness of a presuming inferior. "I will take care of the young lady for the rest of the way, and will wish you a very good morning."

Mr. Pascoe muttered a response rather confusedly and sullenly, and stood watching the pair as they went down Tregarthen Hill.

"Ye saucy young madam! I'll make 'e hear of 'e again!" he exclaimed vindictively—and resolutions of this kind Mr. Pascoe was not wont to forget, as that personage's numerous enemies were well aware.

Down Tregarthen Hill, up by the Head, where the road skirted the ocean cliffs, past Tolgooth Mine, and down by the little land-locked bay, where the Coastguard station, with its small, white, clean, bar-looking habitations, and the larger, whiter, cleaner, habitation of the officer in command, with the flagstaff and fluttering Union Jack before the door, were all perched high up on the sloping brow of a low cliff overlooking the deep water and blue-pebbled shore of the little beach below.

Winnie's escort never quitted her until the colored banding fluttered above their heads, and from the white two-story house at hand, with domed windows in its seaward gable, came the echoes of the voices of crying children.

"Good-bye, sir; thank you very much!" Her timid hand just touched his, and the downcast, pained girlish face, that had not even raised since the encounter at Tregarthen gates, was upturned just for a very few moments, gazing anxiously into his own. "I would ask you in," she faltered, "but I fear you would not be comfortable. I hear the children crying, and—"

"Oh, no, thank you," said he, hastily. "I shall have much pleasure in calling on your father some afternoon. Good-bye—good-bye, Winnie."

He thought he might take the liberty of addressing her thus; they were not strangers—now, he and this anxious, timid, gentle, passionate little woman. Surely he might speak to her as to a dear little girl friend! Who could misunderstand him, except one like that underbred fellow, who said—said they were "sweethearting!" Captain Tredennick went over the absurd phrase several times, and laughed each time, as he walked home—laughed as if the absurd idea were not utterly displeasing.

cap of white and violet crepe. "Waited, dear aunt?—Of course I have."

"Without a cup of coffee or chocolate or anything after your long walk?" exclaimed Madam, sitting down before her silver breakfast equipage. "For I understand from Trebrella, my maid, that you have actually been out of the house since daylight!"

"Yes, I have," said Captain Tredennick—mentally adding, "I wonder how Trebrella knew!"

"Where did you walk?" inquired Madam. "Give me some of that Strasburg pate, please, Stephen. Did you go to Tregarthen?"

"No, I did not," replied Stephen Tredennick, without adding that he had never thought of it until he had returned to the door of Roseworthy Hall. "By the way, aunt, I saw your little friend going home this morning."

"Indeed, Stephen," said Madam, and a rather amused malicious smile curved her lips. "Where did you meet her?"

"On the road by the Head," answered her nephew, silently restraining his roll and Strasburg pate. "And you escorted her safely home, I hope, with your usual thoughtful consideration?"

"Yes, of course. That is a wild, lonely road for a girl like her to travel of course I went along with her until I saw her safe."

"She has travelled! It is a good many times these last three years," said Madam, carelessly, but with her keen, snuffing eyes fixed on her nephew's face. "But how did you manage to scrape acquaintance with my little protégée, Tredennick? You only saw her standing in the doorway for a minute last evening?"

"Oh, yes, I did," explained Captain Tredennick, laughing in spite of himself. "I went down to the lower regions to inquire of the servants if the poor little girl had gone home again through the rain and the wind, and then—last night, I mean—I saw her in the house-keeper's room. She appears a nice, modest, sensible little creature."

"Yes, indeed," said Madam, agreeing very candidly and earnestly, or smiling gibe becoming more penetrating—"a nice little creature. Poor Winnie! she will make Mr. Pascoe an excellent little wife."

"Pascoe! That ill-tempered, vulgar, bogan Stephen Tredennick, in some excitement, which cooled rather suddenly when Madam again queried: "I was not aware that you knew Mr. Pascoe, Stephen!"

"Oh, ay—I do, though, aunt," he said, somewhat briefly; "and I do not like him. He is a disagreeable, presuming sort of fellow, I think."

"He is a very worthy, honest person," rejoined Madam, reprovingly, "and much attached to Winnie. I shall be glad to see her settled so comfortably, poor child. Pascoe has a fair salary for a mine-purser, and a neat little house, thought it is on the works."

His wife! That underbred, insolent, fox-faced man's wife! To live in the bare, square-built, two-story house, with its few small windows and smelly painted hall door, and its beautiful, soul-inspiring surroundings of dull-colored piles of rubbish and broken ornaments, adze-work wooden tared sheds, simepit, and creaking, grumbling, shrieking, crashing machinery! Pascoe, the purser's wife—there to spend her existence—that pale, pure-faced, sorrowful little maiden, with her passionate gray eyes, and her wealth of beautiful golden tresses—the wedded wife of Thomas Pascoe—his to have and to hold, for ever!

Stephen Tredennick glanced at his aunt's face to discover if she was in earnest, and then a sudden impulse of something like passionate anger filled his heart. Winnie Carolyn Pascoe's wife—never!

He was very near saying so aloud, but restrained himself to say instead, very quietly:

"And what does Miss Winnie herself think of the prospect?"

"Think? Oh, I don't believe she admires him much—he is not an ideal lover, I grant—but what matters that?" said Madam, lightly and scoffingly. "Winnie has no right to indulge in any of that girlish, romantic folly; she knows that what she requires in marriage is an honest, kind husband, who will give her a home of her own, with food to eat and clothes to wear, and very thankful she ought to be to get one."

The tone, words and manner all jarred on Stephen Tredennick—jared very considerably, although it was, in only a poor little stranger-maid's interest.

"Well, aunt," he returned, coldly and sarcastically, in manner very like Madam's own. "If marriage, which poets, and novelists, and artists, and those kind of fools rave about as 'wedded bliss,' as 'crowning the love and honor of a life,' and so forth—be after all a near dry, worldly matter of exchange

and barter, still one ought to make the best exchange, and barter as equally as possible. Looking at the matter from a commercial point of view, a pretty young girl, with a fair share of brains and social attractions, and of decent family, might barter herself for something better than mere clothes and food given to her by a very ill-favored fellow of a fellow whom she detests."

A ringing, sarcastic laugh came from Madam Vivian as he concluded. "Bravissimo, Stephen! I begin to have some hope of you! You are growing romantic!" Then, quite suddenly, looking into the coffee urn as she spoke, Madam asked her sister searching question: "How do you know that she detests him, Stephen?"

"Because—have you not just said that she does not admire him? I am sure no girl could!"

This was an evasion with a vengeance, and Captain Tredennick felt ashamed of it, and coughed two or three times, and resolved to tell Madam the whole story of the morning. It was odd the disinclination that came over him to deliver that short recital in the cold, clear morning sunlight, with Madam Vivian's keen eyes watching his face—about his invitation, and Winnie's refusal to go into Tregarthen House—about the tangled tress of hair, his request for a kee-pake, Pascoe's coarse taunt, and all—ending with poor Winnie's one passionate allusion, as they went down the hill together, to the scene of which his delicate sympathy for her mortification would not suffer him to make any mention.

"You must wonder at me and my friends, sir," she had said, bitterly; "it is my misfortune that that man can claim my relatives as his, though he is neither relative nor friend of mine. I hate him, Captain Tredennick! I want him to like him, and that makes me hate him the more!" Her words were rather unintelligible at the moment, but they were clear enough now. Madam herself changed the subject, however.

"Do you really consider the girl pretty?" she asked, with a smile of compassion for his utter ignorance of the requisites of beauty. "Poor little Winnie! Why the child has not a single good feature in her face; certainly her eyes are nice and bright, but so are most young persons."

"Nice and bright!" those pleading, sad, true, deep dark eyes, with a hint of feeling in their light and shadow! He did not understand them thus far, perhaps, but he felt, as a noble intelligent nature would, the power and worth and truth of the soul which shone through them, and had not noted in them—which Madam Vivian doubtless never had—the fire of passion and glow of beauty created by that soul's strongest emotions.

"She has beautiful hair, though," Madam added, presently. "I have heard her hair known to himself, by this time had arrived at the conclusion that he had better leave the beauty of Winnie's beautiful hair alone."

"Hush!" said he, coolly butting some toast.

A flash of mingled amusement, vexation and contempt crossed Madam Vivian's handsome, laughing face. Through the medium of Miss Trebrella's glib tongue, she knew that on the evening before he had been openly and warmly expressed his admiration of Winnie's hair, and now he pretended not to have noticed it.

"Men are all the same, full of sly double-dealing and petty falsehoods, where women are concerned," thought the fair habitant of half-rooms during five-and-twenty years, with a curl of her lip. Then, with something like a pang of alarm or annoyance, she told herself:

"He says nothing, because he admires it so much; admires her, too!" Immediately she recollected herself, smoothed her brow, and laughed at her own folly. "I am too absurd," she said, mentally. "I think I have been dreaming."

CHAPTER V.

"Winnie, are the children on the rocks?" cried a sharp feminine voice. "They are, mamma."

"Can you see them all there?" questioned the first speaker doubtfully. "Where's baby?" was the ready interrogatory.

"She is here, mamma, creeping about." "Take her up, then. I won't have her second frock dirtied to-day. Take her up and walk about with her. Letting the child make herself in a mess like that, just for laziness to take her up in your arms."

"She was crying so, mamma, when I carried her about, and she is quite quiet now."

"I don't care whether she is quiet or not. You take the child up and walk about with her and amuse her."

All this was screamed in that soothingly delightful, shrill, rasping voice which so many British matrons affect when in the shelter of their household—from an upper window in the Coastguard officer's house, for the benefit of Winnie Carolyn, as she leaned over the little whitewashed wall that enclosed the gravelled space in front, and for the benefit of any chance listener who might be at hand.

There was none, apparently, nothing to listen to Mrs. Carolyn's high-pitched, tuneless voice, as she screamed forth her mandates, but the white sea-gulls, to whom perhaps she unconsciously im-

parted lessons in vocal music, as they ceaselessly swooped, and dived, and soared, and shrieked around the craggy cliffs.

Winnie, aroused from her lounge by the low white breastwork that hemmed in the little yard or terrace before the house, watched the birds mechanically watching the seagulls' flight, the tossing of the green, froth-crested waves in the cold March sunlight, and the flitting lights and cloud shadows out on the great rippling expanse of ocean before her—Winnie's only relaxation, amusement, or pleasure in this world, but one—that one her tri-weekly visit to Roseworthy Hall, to see the baby obedient, who resisted, as she did so, with loud peevish cries; but perseverance in kisses and caresses, and showing the gulls, and the "pretty, pretty sea," and the "beautiful little ships," stilled baby's lamentations at length, and she sat up in her sister's arms, in her little blue hood and cloak, like "a beautiful little deerie," as Winnie said.

This child, the youngest and frailest and sickliest of the seven, it had almost entirely fallen into Winnie's lot to nurse and care for by day and night, from her stepmother's prolonged indisposition at her birth and other causes. Winnie had "got the way" of managing, feeding and soothing the little one better than anyone else; hence, washing, dressing, nursing and putting to sleep were all left entirely to the patient loving hands that never shook or slumped the waiting, fretful little creature—as its mother did in a fit of temper sometimes—that were always ready by day or night to "take baby."

The young girl's rest, desire, amusements, were all curtailed or cut off on account of "baby"—poor little fifteen-months-old Louise, who turned her piteous little face and out-stretched arms away from every one to "Eenie." Sister "Eenie" sacrificed herself ceaselessly and bravely, because of the love, the strong, tender, incipient mother-love, that rose above all self-consideration in her true womanly nature, for the helpless babe dependent on her.

"Winifred! Winifred, I say!" She hastened back from her wearisome parade, with the baby in her arms, to the upper window, and it screamed mandates a second time.

"Take the baby down on the rocks with the rest. You shouldn't leave those children down there so long by themselves! And mind you don't let them wet their shoes!"

"Hush! Sarah Matilda got her brown jacket on!"

"Well, mind you don't let Tom go near the water; his throat's as sore as possible. And, Winifred! Winifred! I say! wait until I have done speaking, will you? I never saw such a headless maid!"

"I wasn't going, mamma."

"Mind you don't let Caroline touch that nasty sea-weed, or those shells. She's always eating tell her she shall have Gregory's powder if she does, and I'll engage she'll let 'em be fast enough!"

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## WEAK STOMACHS

### Need New, Rich Blood to Restore Them to Healthy Condition

Actually in need of food to nourish the body and yet afraid to eat because of the racking pains that follow. That is the condition of the sufferer from indigestion—a choice between starvation or needless torture.

The urgent need of all dyspeptics, of everybody whose organs of digestion have become unfit to perform their important duty, is for stronger stimulants than can extract nourishment from food. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give weak stomachs just the strength they need by enriching the blood supply, thus giving tone and strength to the stomach and its nerves, and enabling it to do the work nature intended it to do.

Thousands of cases of indigestion have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, of which the following is but one. In stance, Miss L. A. Brown, Port Albert, Ont., says: "For a number of years I was a terrible sufferer from indigestion, and as a result I became completely run down, and suffered from backaches and nervous troubles as well. I had to force myself to eat, but never enjoyed a meal owing to the awful pains that followed eating. Life was becoming a burden, and as medicine after medicine failed to help me I felt I was doomed to go through life a constant sufferer. Finally a married sister strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have reason to be thankful that I followed her advice, as they have fully restored my health, and I can now enjoy all kinds of food without the least discomfort, and my friends say I am looking better than I have done for years. At all events I know I feel like a new person, so shall always praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Sold by all medicine dealers 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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The "hat" she had seen on the terrace above, and fled from, was within a yard of her, having followed in her footsteps down the cliff path.

"I never knew a mermaid could run down steep rocky paths—carrying a baby too—so fast before!"

"Oh, Captain Tredennick, you frightened me so!" she said, her heart beating tumultuously, although the slight shock of his unexpected presence had lasted but a moment. "My father is up on the cliffs near the look-out, I think," she continued, confusedly; "perhaps you thought he was down here?"

(To be Continued.)

## FRUIT GROWING IN CANADA.

A year ago the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, through the Branch of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner, undertook an investigation of the fruit growing conditions throughout Canada. The enquiry was intrusted to Mr. William H. Bunting, an extensive fruit grower at St. Catharines, Ont., who secured as much information as possible on the following points:

1. The possibilities of an extension of the fruit growing industry of Canada in the different localities visited.

2. The tendencies in the matters of the planting and growing of different kinds of fruit, and with regard to apples, the varieties which are being most extensively planted in the different districts.

3. The difficulties which are likely to be encountered in the further development of the fruit growing industry.

4. Methods of production and orchard management which have been most successful in the different districts, and the probabilities of over-production.

5. The conditions under which British Columbia, Ontario and Maritime Provinces are marketed in the Prairie Provinces as well as the character and effect of American competition.

The enquiry was concluded in due time and the report has been printed for general distribution. It contains a large amount of detailed information gathered in every province, making it an invaluable guide to persons who desire to take up fruit growing as an industry.

In his general conclusions Mr. Bunting points out that while the growing of fruit offers ample reward to the man of energy, patience and perseverance, there is perhaps no phase of agricultural endeavor which requires to be more closely studied, and in which a wider range of information is more desirable and necessary. The future of the industry, he states, was never brighter than it is to-day, the prospects never more attractive nor the field of extensive effort in all fruit growing provinces more inviting.

The report which contains eighty-four printed pages and many illustrations is available to all who apply for it to the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.

MOTHERS RECOMMEND  
BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mothers having used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones will always be found using them as long as there is a baby in the home. The Tablets are acknowledged by thousands of mothers as being their best friend in keeping the little ones well. Whether it be constipation, colic, indigestion or worms; whether baby is suffering from cold or has simple fever, or whether his teething is difficult, the Tablets are the one safe remedy which will speedily cure him. They are guaranteed by a government analyst to contain not one particle of harmful drug and may be given with benefit to the newborn babe or growing child. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

His First Big Game

"HUNT 'EM, TIE!"

"HUNT 'EM, TIE!"

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