

Winsome Winnie

with even the quiver of a composed pale endurance "Yes, it is a very suitable Tredenniek is very handthem both good evening, wiftly away. inkles came on Mr. Pas-

't have thought that Miss ild have liked to hear tell of Miss Trewbella: but she m to mind. She always was

somer, silent maid, without much to herself."

"Tes," stid the waiting woman, with disappointed enmity, "she pretends you well; but I've he doubt it's a pretty hand bles to her,"

ty hand bles to her to

ty hand bles to her wher

there eyingh to strike her to the could hard enough to strike her down there by the cold gray sea, where the drifted snow iny deep and white, veil-rocks in cold ing the black, cruel rocks in cold wrate-like softness; and gladly with the gladness of morbid misery, would have felt it enfold her prostrate her outstretched hands and rigid with the chill, suffocating softness of a shroud. It seemed as if it enwrap and soothe her into the she said, "It is better for me to die

get, if the stricken girl - the sweet, tremulous dawning of womanfood had tarkened into impenetrable nightpure flowers of whose tenloved and guarded hopes had been saked what it was that es, disfigured rning for with and bleeding heart, she at not if she would, have made reply ent to other than Him who reads rt, and to whom the anguished the wild, incoherent petiagmentary prayer broken by trembling lips, are the clear s trembling lips, are the clear as of the hidden language of which no man born of men can and say with certainty, "This is ratation Thereof."

tious, ambitious, un by love, and its speedy, well-mer-numbers was it the wild wild. is folly of a passionate, halfeditated girl who flung away all the treature of her young heart in exchange for a stranger's transient liking, transient admiration and transient caresses? Als, poor little friendless, unloved girl ir pitying, gnardian angel gave it a

It had been the idyl-tender, imagina time of a commonplace, work-a-dayis existence—the poem—the passion-formunious embodiment of the song, att. meriody of which stipred the enthus-ingle girlish soul all through its slumwdife, it had been a beautiful erring

inifred Caertyon replied, very worship, a fond false faith, a devoted mistaken creed. She had treasured it as a jewel of great price and heauty, 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, overcrowded home. the hard work, the hard hands, her father's frowns, Thomas Pascoe's detested presence, had all as it were passed away, and left her alone and peacefully happy by her young mother's grave in Trewillian churchyard, or singing the plaintive hullaby 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 yearn-

> Sweet and low, sweet and low. Wind of the western sea." It had been something to think of in her meek maiden prayers, with an added voiceless petition-something to ponder in timid wonderment and sad tender yearning, when she knelt beside her mother's grave in Trewillian churchyard washed the simple slab, cut the waving grass, softly, carefully, with loving painstaking, as though she were fashioning a garment for the quiet sleeper's wear, and kissed- "Winifred, the beloved wife of John Caertyon."

ing breath of the tender words:

She wondered so if "mother" knewknew him-him whom her child loved. She had whispered if so often down amongst the daisy roots and clastering mosses, she wondered did "mother" know -know that upon the lonery altar a fire was kindled, upon the snowy tablet a name was graven deep and dark, upon "the virgin page; pure and unwritten," empty heart-temple was niched an idol -a brave, beautiful kind, beleved, worshipped idel, glorified by her fond womanly love, reverenced by her childish timid devotion. And now, now it was all over the idol profaned, the harmony turned to harshest discord, the worship annihilated—the god of her idolatry had fallen and crushed her.

Alast she had never even the right to worship, to treasure sacredly, to helieve in, to devote hemself to that idolsimply no right. She was but intruding her ignorant thoughts, her ridiculous devotion, her absurd affection, where her pronumptuous feet had led her astraywhere she, and her love and faith and constancy, were alike unexpected, un welcome, contemptible. The idyl, peem, the Paradise of lofty, tender thoughts and prayers had been all a dream a long, bright morning dream a dream the product of which was delirious agony of pain, desolation, and burning, mortified shame the anguished shame which those equally proud and pureminded alone can know.

She was awake now, to dream her sweet dream no more. Awaket not

even the soft stow's deadly shrouding could hill the pain to sleep. Awake! for the waves of the cold gray sea rang a ceaseless dirge, and she must arise and gather up the crushed, ruined remnants 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.

"I suppose I cannot die," she said. wildly, looking up to heaven in her tearless misery; "I shall live on and on as I have done for years and years. But, oh, the girl cried, assailed with the devilish whispering temptation that lurks in the dark, mantling folds of despair, "1 am not yet twenty-one, and life is such a dreadful thing!

MBeckoning arms from the tossing waves seemed to be outstretched to her, the deep, gargling waters amidst the rocks reled in a soothing murmur, the ripples rushed towards her and slipped softly back into their ocean bed as if wooing her young feet, so bruised and weary from the pathway of life, to follow them. She knew nothing of heathen doctrines of the right to die and the sinlessness of the suicide's act; she was only a poor, simple-minded, half heartbroken little girl; and a wilder prayer of supplication followed the ejaculatory one of despair. In the helpless simplicity of her Christianity, she turned to heaven for relief.

"Heaven help me-pity me!" sobbed Winnie, upstretching her thin white arms, as if seeking the clasp of a friend ly hand; and, gazing upward, she saw that the eevning star had arisen, and was looking down upon her from the dark evening sky. Down into the gulf of her despair, like a pitying eternal eye, shone the slender silver ray. And the star-angel. God's messenger to his sorrowing child, lighting her gently on her homeward path, seemed to sooth her at once with assurance of succor and relief.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I can not quite understand, Mildred bout Miss Winnie Caerlyon -- has Aun Vivian quarrelled with her?"

"Quarrelled; Aunt Vivian quarrelled with Miss Winnie Caertyon! Profane mortal!" Mildred responded, her haughty amile resolving into a sunshine of mischievous fun. "Aunt Vivian quarrel led 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?"

"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 funcied last night from her manner. Has Winnie Caerlyon done anything to offend her?"

"You had better ask her, cousin, Mildred replied, her face sparkling all over with satirical mirth "Ask her where is Winnie Caerlyon-why was she banished from Roseworthy-and gef that she may be instantly recalled Stephen-to oblige me!"

"Why are you laughing, Mildred?" he said, smiling in spite of himself. "Is silken sheen of her sweeping robes of there any reason why I should not ask Aunt Vivian about her little friend?"

"I think you had better apply to Aunt Vivian herself if you want any information on the subject, Cousin Stephen,' Mildred returned, more quietly and coldly; "she might not think the affair one in which I could possibly, or with propriety, be interested, or with which ought to be acquainted," and the sarcastic lips took an additional sharp curve as she spoke.

With propriety,' Mildred aboutbout little Winnie Catriyon!" Stephen Tredennick's very lips had grown pale, and he gasped out the words breathlessly in convulsive alarm.

"About little Winnie Caerlyon," Mildred repeated, her handsome face growing hard, and her bright eyes peering in their handsome gaze into her cousin's troubled changing face. "I am sorry to see that the news affect; you so much, Captain Treednnick."

"Afrects me!" Stephen Tredennick ried, his alarm and bewilderment growing stronger. "Why, Mildred what is there to be sorry for? What is it about poor little Winnie Catriyon?"

The cold haughty face grew colder and Mildred Tredennick's eves flashed

in a sudden blaze of indignation. "Captain Tredennick, I hate hypocrisy as I hate craftiness," she said ; "it does not become one of our name stoop so low as to touch either!" And, having given utterance to her sentiments, her imperial highness gathered her satin-lined morning-robes around her as if they had been in truth the regal purples, and swept out of Stephen Tredennick's offending presence, leaving him hurt, amazed, angry, and confused beyond measure.

"I don't believe Stephen is to blame one bit, in spite of all they may ay," muttered to herself, twitching her dress away from Miss Trewhella's solicitous touching and arranging, and marching off imperiously, fastening her silken sash and adjusting her lace collar as she went. in a highly independent manner. She fearlessly invaded her cousin's privacy in his study, where he sat before the fire in the dark, dull aftermoon, in a deep reverie of thought and tobacco smoke hazily intermingled. "Cousin Stephen," she said abruptly,

"I beg your pardon—I speke rudely a while ago, but you annoyed me." "I was nota aware of having done so," rejoined Stephen Tredennick, quietly and to earth's dreary drudgery? What gravely. There was no one on earth who could manage Mildred Tredennick so easily and exert such an influence over her, as her cousin. Stephen; at least his aunt and hers. Madam Vivian, had constantly assured him of the fact. "But you annoved and troubled me. Unkind insinuations and malicious hints ought to be as far beneath a Tredennick

as hypocrisy and craftiness, Millie." "And I have not stooped to either, Stephen." said Mildred hotly; "but I thought you were descending to an elaborate pretence of ignorance of something of which you were perfectly aware at least, so they said.

"Who said?" Stephen Tredennick demanded, laying down his pipe. "Everybody—the world of Roand the parish of St. Awen."

"What did they my, Mildred," the mp

e lik up with a sudden flush and glow t due to the flickering radiance of the took up his pipe with a ste

hand, and sat down quietly again in the easy chair; but Mildred did not lear the low heavy sigh of relief breathed by lips that quivered with sudden surprised emetion—nor did she perceive how his a nor did she perceive town how how steady fingers had closed like on the carvings of his meersch and atem.

"Who said so, Militred?"

Body Covered With Running Sores. Could Not Sleep from Itshing and

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Fifty Remedies Without Result.

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I have a five-year-old boy who was suffer-

ing from what the doctor said was "la

pain, and I did not know what to do with

him. It made him cross and fretful. If I

have tried one. I have tried fifty remedies

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Cuticura Scap and Cintment, and after

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I then bought a full-sized cake of Cuticura

Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and

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tain of the Chittoor asked, sternly, con-

fronting his handsome, haughty cousin, haughtier than herself, looking down

from his stalwart height on even her

Juno-like stature; and imperious, self-

possessed Mildred quailed ever so lit-

tle, and faltered, with a girlish rising

Caerlyon, noticed her, walked out with

her, paid her visits, liked and admired

her. and paid her attention-you know,

Stephen"-imperious Mildred faltered

"Then what?" He struck his clenched

hand with an involuntary force against

the arm of his chair, and a storm over

taking the Chittoor on the wide ocean

never brought so dark a cloud as then

little thing-" Mildred's very temples

had colored now-her keen womanly

pride and delicacy shrank from what

must have seemed casting ridicule on an-

other woman's hopeless affection. That

poor little miserable, pale-faced, shabby

creature why should she render her

absurd and unworthy of respect in

the braids of her shining bronze-bued

hair, her aristocratic jewelled hands,

the satin fairness of which one hour's

hard work had never sullied-at all the

queenly elegance and grace which were

so natural to her in the pride of her

beauty, and she hesitated, with the un-

willingness of a noble nature, to crush

the weak, to mock the helpless, to slight

a sister woman because she was inferior

But Stephen Tredennick's face admit-

ted of little hesitation, of no denial:

beneath the magnetism of his clear.

stern gaze, capricious Mildred had no

"They said, Stephen—gossiping wom-en—tattlers—those kind of people, you

know," she went on, reluctantly-"that

"What about Winnie." Stephen Tre-

The childish name brought back in a

flood of recollection the announcement

of the little dark dripping figure in the

lighted entry—the pale-faced child with

the beautiful tresses of hair and the

passionate womanly eyes—the shivering

little woman whom he had escorted

home through the wild March morning

-the gentle girl by whose side he had

sat on that sunny afternoon, listening

to her sweet voice, as it mingled with

the plashing of the waves-the patient,

dear little creature, busy in the tidy

kitchen, with her white apron and her

Stephen Tredennick had often laugh-

ed since, calling to mind what a large

knife and a great pile of bread were

there, and how slight and small was the

deft little housewife—poor dear little Winnie, who had blushed beneath his

gaze as he had never seen a woman

blush before or since, whom he had tak-

en into his heart, although he did not

know it, whose pure lips he had kissed,

and had felt ever since as if he dared

never sully his own by a coarse word

or a lighter caress, for their dear maid-

Winnie! Poor dear little pale faced,

quaint, simple-hearted Winnie-fiery,

proud. passionate little woman-patient.

dutiful, loving little maiden-what had

the serpent tongues of gossips and scan-

dal mongers to lay to her charge that

innocent child with the wistful face and

dark pathetic eyes, like a sea-spirit ex-

iled from the beauty of her ocean home

had they to say about her? What

did they dare to say? , And Stephen

Trerennick's stout heart grew still in

the breathless waiting for his cousin's

"What do they say about Winnie?" he

And Mildred Tredennick looked straight

into his eyes angrily almost for in her

royal womanliness she dreaded to see a sneer or self-satisfied sneer there and

answered, bringing out the sharp bare

truth of the assertion with a stern re-

"That Winnie Caerlyon loves you."

There was dead silence for a minute

or two in the warm fire-lit room, for the

gray shades of evening were failing fast over the snow-covered landscape. The smile that Milited feared she did not

see although Stephen Tredenn

big knife, cutting bread and butter.

power but obediently to reply:

in birth and station.

dennick reiterated.

Winnie

enly sake.

rentv.

repeated hoursely.

proachful directness

"They said that Winnie Caerlyon, poor

here "and then-

swent over his brow.

Stephen Tredennick's eyes

They said that you admired Winnie

cured and has not been troubled since."

(Signed) R. Cloutier, Dec. 12, 1911.

gratelle." His body was all

covered with running sores.

The trouble started with

pimples and opened up into

sores. Of course syratching

made it worse. The erup-

tions appeared on his face

and disfigured him awfully,

The boy could not sleep at

night from the itching and

Soap and Cintment.

GO

He spoke so quietly, without an ejacu-lation of wonderment or disbelled, that Mikhed's curiosity aroused afresh her usual sarcaetic, mirthful temper.

"Everybody, I tell you, Stephen," she answered, with a selemn chake of her head, closely watching her cousin's somewhat inscrutable expression and en-deavoring to decipher it. "It is true, then, I suppose!" she went on deter-mined to tease him. "Alas! false man, you have been regarding Tolgooth Bay se 'Alf in the Downs' where the fleet was moored,

The streamers waving in the wind, and poor little Black-eyed Susan' comin

aboard singing 'O where shall I my true love find?' I am afraid it is all perfectly true, Cap-tain Tredennick; and I never thought it would be my fate to see my hitherto highly esteemed relative, who gravely reproved my definquencies 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 scandalloving inhabitants of the parish of St.

"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 silken-robed, beautiful young woman in such a manner; but Stephen Tredennick atways 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 Haing.

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

"And I thought you cared more for me." Captain Tredemick remarked quietly and represchfully, "than to allow valgar gossip, in your hearing to tamper with my name—not to mention the poor manocent little girl's—in that absurd and impressible manner."

"You tampered with it yourself before ever heard the girl's name mentioned or entered the cloistered seclusion Rosworthy," retorted Mildred, sharply. One could wager with far greater certrainty of the event of a bright, mild. sumstring morning than on Miss Treden-nick's mood for half an hour togerher. The meerscaum was roughly pushed

aside now.
"I," he said, the veins in his temple standing out darlely in relief - I, Mildred! How, pray!"

"Through that fur jacket, I believe." Mildred responded, briefly. Her cousin looked both excited and

seriously disturbed and angry. She was of her own splendid form, in the glory further; but the temptation to tease of her blooming womanhood-at the was irresistable with the tyrannical young lady besides, after all, what royal blue Mildred would have liked could this poor little Winnie Caerlyon be to him? to wear purple velvet and ermine every day had it not been inconvenient—the massive gold comb and pins fastening

"That fur jacket, concerning which I have heard such sensational accountswhy did you give it to her, Stephen?"
"The fur Jacken" Stephen Thedennick repeated, in the slow utterance of mingled aster ishment and indignation why did I give the her? Because I chose to do se, and had the money in my pocket, I suppose."
(To be Continued.)

Cramps at Night Require Prompt Remedy

Agonizing Pain Provented by Keeping Nervilline Handy on the Shelf

A Case in Point Illustrated

Deadly cramps—the symptoms are not to be mistaken. Suddenly and without warning the patient experiences such agony in the storrach as to contort the countenance and cause him to ery aloud for help.

Then it is that the wonderful power of Nerviline can make itself felt. - it cures so quickly.

"Last summer I was stricker with frightful attack of crampe. I feared the pain in my stomach would kis me. "My eyes bulged out and the veins

in my forehead stood out like whincords. "My cries attracted 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 charm ed away the pain. In ten seconds, I was well. Nerviline has a wonderful name in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, stomach and bowel disorders I urge all my friends to use Nerviline

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE,

"Williamsburg." 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, all dealers, or The Cutarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

TWO PROCESSIONS.

(Philadelphia Record) The Mayor of Lawrence is in New York The Mayor of Lawrence is in New York making remarks about his town and its recent troubles. He says the striks got along very comfortably until the Industrial Workers of the World got in there and tried 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 the "expulsion of the children" was a piece of stage play. Parents were often coerced into sending their children away and these were dressed in rays when they and these were dressed in rags when they had good clothes in order to make an impression. The strikers and the L. W. had a permit to start a process W. had a permit to start a procession at 1.39 and to march with no flag except at 1.39 and to march with no flag except the stars and stripes. They started the procession at 10.39, with red flags all over and one black flag inscribed "No God. No Master." Then the law-abiding people of Lawrence got to work and had on expressive of loyalty, order

It's the successful man who argues

Do You Feel Mood Initable Depressed?

When That Languid, Langy, Gird Tired Feeling Comes, Liver in Siew.

Tells How To Cure Quickly

"Even when I wase young I was not robust and healthy like other girls. suffered from headaches, and had surb of blue feelings that deprived me of the joyful spirts and pleasures other girls seemed to get. After I married I found I could not throw worries off like other women, and those full feelings of deunhappy. There was no cause to fact so, and my doctor said my liver wan singgish, 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. Descens 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 manualous degree with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I now maintain the most perfect kind 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 aff 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, 25e a box, five for \$1.06, as all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid by the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

HR HAD REVENCE.

Stage Hand Got Even With Disliked Actress.

Many of the small revenges practiced on actors by the stagehand who has conceived a dislike for them, for on eason or another-generally groundle -are nothing greater than petty ann ances, writes Mary Shaw, in the Str But sometimes, if he happens to vicious, these acts may be made dangerous. Knowing this, the actorconsciously—always has the good

the stagehand in mind with Helen Bar heroic build-eix made en a big e ing and conseid made herself w stage crew. A was impersonatin who, to carry out put on the uniform up and down the stade ficiently wrought up out of her way. kicked was an m

to it.

One night, w with her, I had my back to erranging my hat in the g and heard a terrible crash. I swu around, and, to my amazement, Miss Barry, disguised as the officer, Bak on her back and wrigging about in an attempt to regain the perpendicular. The audience had gone wild with sies. I was so shocked that I did nothing but stand and stare at the woman. I did not knew whether or not it was a new piece of business that had been introduced. But I quickly realized one thing the had fallen and wanted to get up. Har saltre had get underneath her in some way and prevented her sising. I suggest and tagged away at her, for she was very heavy, and, after a very ridiculation tug-of-war between us, she managed to get on her feet.

As the play was a comedy fivere was no great harm done, for I doubt if the audience realized what had really hap-When the curtain fell 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 stagehand revenge and was filled with rage and furv.

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. life face beaming, and, before the fari-ous 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 nighti"

A CLEVER THIEF.

Prisoner Had Knife Hidden in His Mouth.

Some years ago in the district of Jal paigort, Bengal, 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 magesterial investigation. was remanded in custody with a view to further inquiries as to his antecedents.

On being searched a policeman, smnecting he had something concealed in his mouth, ordered him to open it, when, embedded around one of his back teeth, was found a hard substance which, on being extracted, proved to be a small. semi-circular clasp knife. The prisoner, who had hitherto protested his irmocence, now made a full confession, and eventually turned out to be one of the notorious criminal tribe of "Burwars" from the district of Gonda, in Oudh, and had already been convicted of fourteen previous offences!

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

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

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



up families and furnish the divorce w look at that. There is Mrs. m Dollars! See what a tastesimple 'lid' she is wearing. She is strord a fine hat, too, if she It. It takes these rich women eys wear simple things, but wo-

Here is one of those 'simple" little low plume and a bunch of ragbag hate that have been known to break flowers." The hat illustrated is one of the most expensive of the season's ideas in millinery. It is made of court with susiness. It is the kind black chiffon velvet over a very small of a hat that makes a man, who in- cap shape with no trimming except a that his wife can buy a wear- flat bow of the material on one side hat for one ninety-eight, say, and a rosette on the other to hold on the feathers. But with these feathers the inexpensiveness of the hat ends, as every woman knows who looks at it. They are feathers from the breast of the cross egret, which are the most expensive feathers known to the trade. The "simple" meh on this