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Winsome Winnie

Winnie started in terrified confusion. She was only secretly idolizing and worshipping the being whom her patroness loved best on earth—only hoping to idolize and worship him in secret to the last hour of her life; but, oh, how dreadful it madam knew! It were better for her to die on the spot!

"I beg your pardon, madam! I forgot—I was thinking. I don't know what sort of jacket I shall have yet."

Madam raised her eyebrows in surprise at her little companion's perturbation.

"That vulgar step-mother has quite destroyed the girl's self-possession," she said to herself. "Don't allow Mrs. Caerlyon to choose for you, Winnie, please."

"You had better have a neat blackcloth jacket and set of grey squirrel furs. That reminds me," she added suddenly—"my new furs may be home to-night."

"Your new furs!" echoed Winnie, with bright eyes. "Oh, are you going to have new furs, madam? What sort?"

"Silver fox," said Madam, smiling. "I have also a pair of Astrakhan. Stephen is to send me as a present; he knows some place in London where he will get the very best, he says, from Russian merchants."

"Oh, how kind—how beautiful!" stammered Winnie, flushing and sparkling in an extraordinary manner.

"Indeed, I don't think it is kind at all," retorted Madam. "Stephen knows that he has behaved unkindly and displeased me, and wants to make up with a present."

"How—how has Captain Tredennick displeased you, madam?" inquired Winnie, the blood rushing to her heart, and leaving her very lips pale.

Madam's eyebrows were elevated a grain in surprise at modest, timid Winnie's downright questioning.

"By paying me a ten days' visit, after three years' absence, and making a business excuse to go off again!" vociferated Madam, with a frown. "But for his writing and making me such a faithful promise to come back in twelve months, and stay at least a quarter of a year with me, I think I should have declined to receive Captain Stephen on his return; still, I must confess that I knew he had heavy business matters to transact at Lloyds' and with several foreign merchants."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Winnie, white and red by turn with the anguish of hearing a fault ascribed to her idol. "I am sure Captain Tredennick would not go unless he could help it, when he knew that it would grieve you, Madam."

"Why, what do you know of Captain Tredennick, Winnie?" asked her patroness, half tauntingly and half sharply.

"Only what I saw of him, madam," answered Winnie, looking down, and making wrong stitches in her embroidery. "You know he came over to see father two or three days before he went."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Madam, affably. "He told me; also that Mr. Pascoe had come to spend the evening, and that you treated him very cruelly. For shame, Winnie!"

"Why, I didn't see him or speak to him at all while Captain Tredennick was here!" exclaimed Winnie, hastily. "It was after he was gone that he—they went on so; and I went out of the house. The mean wretch! I wish he was at Jericho!" broke out Winnie, with confused, passionate tears and gestures.

"My dear, pray, control yourself," said Madam, coolly. "Why did you go on so, as you express it?"

"Because—because—I don't know; because that nasty, hateful, prying creature," answered Winnie, shaking all over and crying, "went on saying things; and mamma took his part, and fashed scolded me, and—"

"Oblige me, Winnie, by being a little more lucid in your language; and pray stop that unladylike crying and shaking," said Madam, in a very cold, hard tone, knitting her fine pencilled brows together. "What did Mr. Pascoe say to make your father scold you, and make you run out of the house?"

"He called me names, madam, replied Winnie, drying her tears, and composing herself with a strong, angry effort. "I was a mad-about and a flirt; and father scolded me, though I did not deserve it. Her pale, quiet face was flushed, and almost sufficed, from a sense of injury. "As if anything, from a mean false story-teller could say would make me think more of him, or be afraid of him!" she added, scornfully.

"And whom did Mr. Pascoe accuse you of flirting with?" asked Madam, smiling, but looking rather perturbed also.

Winnie hesitated, dropped her work on the floor, and Madam caught a glimpse of a frightened spasm passing over her face as the girl said, reluctantly, the angry cloud darkening her patient brow—

"A person whom he had no business to dare to name—of whom he knew nothing. To dare to speak of him," she muttered.

"Ah," said Madam, looking both vexed and pleased. "I have no doubt he was wrong, Winnie. I am sure you are too cautious in your conduct for any one to be able to bring a true charge of forwardness or flirtation against you. You know girls cannot be too circumspect in their behavior, my dear, nor too careful, to avoid the empty attentions of men who give them a passing notice and then forget them, only to remember them with a jest amongst their companions. Never err but on the right side, my dear," concluded the lady, who flirted gracefully, as she had done all through her wifedom, when she had plenty of constant admirers—as she had done in the days of young bellehood, when she reckoned her lovers in number like her gloves, and thought as little of them after their first charm had departed.

Winnie did not reply to the improving exhortation, although she had listened to it most attentively and believingly. She thought of those foreboding words in the firelight of the little red-tiled kitchen; she thought of Stephen Tredennick's parting kiss; and the sound of Madam's words seemed to beat on her heart with a cold, strange pain. It was not the first pain that her love had cost her, poor Winnie. Caerlyon! It was not to be the last!

"I am sure that it was untrue and unfair of Mr. Pascoe to speak so, Winnie dear," Madam continued, more naturally and kindly; "because I know that anything of that sort is quite foreign to his nature. I should be greatly disappointed if I found that it was not."

Miss Trewella's discreet, gentle tap interrupted the smooth little homely remark for the reproof, guidance, direction, and warning of Madam's protegee.

"A large box sent up from Trewella station, madam—from London."

"Oh, my furs!" said Madam, looking quite eager and expectant, despite her slighting remark. "Bring it in, Trewella, please."

The great case was dragged in, and the cords and packing papers were cut and pulled off by the united efforts of Winnie and Miss Trewella—the latter gentle person moaning when the cords hurt her fingers, and the pincers caught her nails instead of the nails in the lid, and the former working away flushed, excited, and smiling at the thought of seeing Madam's new splendors, and admiring them—oh! so much—for the sake of the kind, thoughtful, generous

"There now—at last! Oh, my goodness! Dear Madam, it's magnificent—it's splendid! Oh, Miss Trewella, did you ever see anything so beautiful? Look at the collar and the muff, and the depth of that splendid silvery thing round the velvet!"

"It's very handsome, indeed, Miss Winnie—quite fit for a queen to wear," said Miss Trewella, with a gentle air of complete satisfaction in having at last seen what she considered a perfect article; "light furs become Madam so much, too!"

"Oh, it's superb, exquisite!" murmured Winnie, feasting her eyes on the richness and beauty and softness of the splendid velvet and furs, without con-



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touch of envy or covetousness towards the owner who already possessed several costly sets of furs and fur mantles and jackets, the least valuable of which were never given or promised to her, Winnie Caerlyon.

Madam said to herself that it was of no use to give a poor girl a single rich costly article which would match none of the rest of her attire, and most likely would be appropriated by Miss Caerlyon, besides Trewella would be jealous, and think herself wronged, and all that nonsense. For all Madam's rich silk and handsome millinery because the portion of that watchful dame, who indeed determined at this moment to hint as broadly as she could, on the next favorable opportunity, on the extreme propriety of Madam's making over to her the Astrakhan jacket and muff which she never wore.

"Really it is a quite a handsome present of Stephen's," said Madam, looking much gratified. "That Lyons velvet is superb. Trewella, ask what a depth of that beautiful silvery stuff! It must have cost a great deal!"

Miss Trewella, diving deeper into the box, looked up at this juncture with an air of mingled reproach and comforted assurance.

"Another seal-skin, madam!" she said, lifting a pile of quilted satin and gold-trimmed Astrakhan, a Polish ermine, a velvet and a velvet and calimilla, the Canada otter furs, and—

"What are you talking about?" interrupted her mistress, shortly, understanding the drift of the conversation perfectly. "That is not mine, Trewella; it is some mistake, of course. I didn't want a seal-skin, and told Captain Tredennick not to get one, as I preferred the silver fox for a change. How stupid of the people! But what a beauty it is! It cost twenty guineas, at least!"

If there was a feminine passion in Madam Vivian's calmly desecrated, self-contained, exquisite nature, it was a love of elegant, costly dress; and, despite the treasures of her winter wardrobe which her maid had reckoned upon, she gazed at the splendid seal-skin with longing eyes, and buried her little white fingers in its gold-shaded velvety depths with a covetous appreciation of its richness.

"Oh, I dare say, madam," Miss Trewella said, coveting the jacket in her turn with greedy longing, "that Captain Tredennick thought you'd like a new seal-skin too; though your other one is as good as new nearly. The captain is so generous, and makes such beautiful presents, as if it twenty guineas, even more or less were no great matter. Help me on with this velvet, Trewella; Stephen is bent on making the annette honorable with all his might. Ah, what is that?"

A note fell from the folds of the velvet at Trewella's elbow, and Winnie caught it up and pressed it to her bosom.

"What has Stephen to say, I wonder?" madam murmured, with a satisfied smile, tearing the envelope open.

"My dear Aunt—him—I have at last!—him—him—hope you will like it—very best Siberian fur"—ah—

A very long pause, in which madam stared at the paper, Winnie looked earnestly at the girl, thinking of the gift, and longing to hear every word he had written; and Miss Trewella decided within herself that she would have that very day—madam might give her the other seal-skin too without being overgenerous.

The letter dropped from madam's hand, and her steadfast gaze passed from it to Winnie's unconscious face—a little saddened. The girl could not help it while thinking that a beautiful lot of things—new pocket, and dress, and boots, and bonnet for herself, a little awn-down-trimmed robe for Louie, a new umbrella for father—she knew he would like a nice silk one so much—and a very neat silk-velvet mantlet, the very

thing she was longing for, for mamma—twenty—would buy, which amount had all gone for that jacket that Madam did not want!

The magnetic attraction of madam's eyes made Winnie look up hastily, and the face she saw—so set and cold, with a hostile glimmering smile, like stormy sunlight, on the proud mouth and haughty, curving nostrils—almost made her gasp with apprehensive timidity.

"I did not know that Captain Tredennick promised you a keepsake, my dear!" "No, he did not—that is, I thought he was only joking," stammered Winnie, her heart beating madly. "Why, madam?"

"Oh, no, 'Why' at all, my dear," said madam, flinging the note on the table, the haughty nostrils dilating ominously, and the pale, handsome face growing stony in its unapproachable hauteur of indifference; "only I thought you would have mentioned it when you knew that it was coming to you. Captain Tredennick is so generous, really I think he would give away all that he possessed if he were asked for it. Don't crush my sleeve, Trewella. Do you remember the time when all these Llan-yon girls got Captain Tredennick to them keepsakes, Trewella? I thought I should have expired with laughter to see them all turning out in coral necklaces and Indian silk sashes every Sunday—the captain sent them all one apiece."

"Oh, yes, madam," said Trewella, titling doubtfully, not certain from what quarter had come her mistress' concealed vexation, and looking askance at Winnie, who felt her very limbs trembling beneath her.

"Whenever any one asks him to give is given at once," Madam continued, laughing. "The Llan-yon were all wild for Delhi embroidered sashes and coral necklaces, and he sent them them, so I suppose you gave a hint of your wishes, Miss Winnie?"

"What, madam? I didn't say anything," said Winnie, the tears rising to her eyes. "Captain Tredennick said, the evening he was at our house that he would send me a flying fish, or a string of coral, or something, and I said that I did not want anything, and I did not ask him for anything, madam."

Her throat swelled painfully with passionate excitement and reproach, and she turned away to hide the fast-fading tears.

"Dear me," said madam, coolly sarcas- tically, "do not make such a hysterical piece of work of it, Winnie! I have no doubt you are very proud and grateful for such a handsome, expensive present, but there is no need to cry about it."

"What present, madam? I know of none—I see none—expected none," cried Winnie, goaded into sharpness at last. "Don't you see your fur-jacket?" ask-

with graciousness for the time. "Why don't you put it on, child? Let me see it. There! Well, really! Turn around. You must have a nice dress to go with it, Winnie. Really Captain Tredennick determined you should not be cold any more this spring!"

"He knew I was cold that morning," thought poor Winnie; "it is a charity gift to keep me warm! He need not need not have insulted me. If he had sent me a book or a foreign shell, or any little trifle of remembrance, as I thought he would, but twenty guineas for a jacket for me!"

The frightful price of one article of her attire, the thought of what they would all say at home, the intuitive consciousness that Madam was displeased, the mortification of being made the recipient of what seemed to be Captain Tredennick's compassionate bounty, the secret ranking pain of such being bestowed by him on her, and the excitement of the splendid jacket—all together quite overthrew and shattered Winnie's shaken composure.

"I don't want it—I don't want it!" she sobbed, unhooking and flinging it off, and burying her face in her outstretched arms on the table, while Madam paused in surprise and vexation, un- derstanding the mystery, and she quickly left the room, bidding Miss Trewella carry the fur-box after her—which command that dame obeyed, with various sniffs and indignant glances at sobbing Winnie.

CHAPTER VIII. "Miss Winnie's fur jacket seems to have turned her brain," Madam remarked, as her maid laid the new furs away in her cedar-closet.

"Seems so, madam," responded the abigail, with a verjaine accent; "it was well for Miss Winnie she came over that wet night, else she might never have met the captain. Twenty guineas for a jacket for her—well to be sure! He must think a great deal of her. Rich gentlemen take those fancies sometimes."

"What fancies?" asked Madam, sternly. "Fancies of making splendid presents to young ladies they know aren't well off, madam," said Miss Trewella, very mildly, but tossing her head and making a contemptuous face in the depths of the cedar-closet.

As true as that there never was a man who was a hero to his valet-de-chambre, so true is it that the haughtiest belle, the most brilliant leader of fashionable society, never was, never will be, a heroine, wonderful, admirable, unapproachable perfect. To the adroit personage who knows that she has a fashion of wearing her boots on one side, that she is constantly afflicted with chapped lips, that there are some cunning pads about that charming figure, or that the tooth next her left eye-tooth can be removed at will, Madam of Roseworthy formed no exception to the rule. The only person on earth who slighted Madam's words and despised her pride secretly, who sought opportunities to pay off at trifles or grievances, and who actually, by dint of quarrels, spiteful declarations of her constant and unrequited devotion to her mistress, by despairing threats and by manifestation of heart brokenness and wounded feelings under any provocation, had maintained an ascendancy greater than any one else over Madam Vivian, was her waiting woman—Elizabeth Trewella.

"(To be Continued.)"

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WHITE PINE CULLS NOW ARE IN DEMAND.

A peculiar feature of current lumber demand in the old white pine sections of the north is the extraordinary requirement for low grade stock. It is so persistent and devouring that it takes in culls so rank that 20 to 30 years ago they would have been considered refuse, fit only for the roughest kind of patching up of sheds; and when accumulation became too burdensome they were thrown into the burner or used to build wharves or roadways, or for firewood. (Grading) downward has come with the demand for box material, until "three-men boards," as they have been jocosely called, are now graded as No. 5, or anything below that. The call for low-grade stuff has become so general and insistent that such stuff is more saleable than the medium and better qualities. This feature is true, not only of the lumber market of the Northern States, but pertains also to that of Canada. At Toronto the demand for the lower grades of pine, especially active and large, so that there is a veritable shortage of mill culls and what are called "dead" culls, the latter term applying to lumber that has no sort of "pickings" in it. This condition, with respect to the lumber market of Ontario shows how closely the lumber trade of that Province is connected with that of the States, the same requirement for cull lumber—namely, for box manufacture—prevailing in that Province as in the northern part of the United States. The way in which the cull lumber of the Northern States and Canada is being used up almost to the last carload has more than ordinary significance. It means that anything in the shape of a timber or log is being utilized in the way of saved product, and that timber that was once considered usable only as firewood, is now being converted into lumber that actually sells quicker than good stock.—American Lumberman.

ARE YOUR HANDS CHAPPED?

The particular danger of chapped hands and cold cracks (apart altogether from the pain) is that the cold is likely to penetrate and set up infection, festering or blood-poisoning. The skin is torn by a cut, graze, or scratch, or chafed and cracked by the action of the cold winds and water, the necessary precaution is to apply Zam-Buk quickly.

The pure herbal juices from which Zam-Buk is prepared are so perfectly combined and refined that the immediate effect of these Zam-Buk dressings is soothing, antiseptic and healing. Pain and inflammation are allayed, disease germs expelled from the wound or sore, and the latter is quickly healed.

Zam-Buk is not only a powerful healer and skin purifier, it is strongly antiseptic and germicidal, and also forms the ideal protection for the skin against disease germs.

It quickly heals cold cracks, chaps, chilblains, cold sores, etc.

Mrs. G. M. Pinen, Neuchatel, Alta., writes: "I must tell you how pleased I am with Zam-Buk. My husband had an old frostbite on his foot for many years, and had tried almost every known remedy without any effect, but the first application of Zam-Buk seemed to help him so much that he persevered and the sore is now cured. It would not be without Zam-Buk in the home."

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for piles, eczema, ulcers, abscesses, scalp sores, blood-poison, bad leg eruptions, etc. Its purely herbal composition makes it the ideal balm for babies and young children. All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk. 50c box or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Try also Zam-Buk Soap, 25c tablet.

HE POPPED THE QUESTION.

A certain old bachelor, very rich, was naturally the "catch" of the place, and when he began paying attention to a pretty dark-eyed girl, the girls of the long exactly to the haughty noblesse much and furious was the jealousy displayed. The bachelor, however, not being daunted, gave a dance on the usual basis of being gladly helped by his lady friends. A relative of his, an elderly lady, was well known for her bad temper and also for her wish to keep the bachelor from becoming a benefactor. She had taken more or less control of the dance arrangements and we young people were greatly excited when the news crept out towards the end of the evening that the bachelor had popped the question and had been accepted. Nothing was said then, but the next day we drove in for the articles for the supper tables, and also for the carriage while our friends went in for the things we suddenly heard a yell and then a storm of excited abuse. The next moment the door banged open and the bachelor flew down the steps with a launch glass after him, silencing by a thousand noises, evidently from a furious hand. We heard afterwards that the news of the engagement had proved too much for the girl's relatives and in her anger she, as the children say, "got out at him" with the lamp to her face. The rest dispersed in a subdued condition and it was well to forget the excitement caused by the display of temper.—M. Forsyth Grant, in "Our Old-Time Ontario Events" in the November Canadian Magazine.

THE AMERICAN EXODUS.

(Buffalo) Courier. During the last seven years nearly 700,000 Americans have emigrated to Canada, taking with them money and personal effects valued at \$75,000,000. This is a serious loss, but what can be done about it?

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