

# Winsome Winnie

## CHAPTER I.

"You have been such a time away, Winnie!"

The lady spoke with a little aggrieved smile, and in tones of reproach, as of those of a person so accustomed to regard and consideration that the mere involuntary absence of her votaries is resented as an approach to neglect, placing as she did so her tiny feet, in their dainty black silk stockings and kid shoes, all rosetted and gold-buckled, rearer, on her velvet-covered fender stool, to the warmth of the crimson-glowing fire.

"Hand me my large fan, please—that black-bugled affair. Thank you"; and she adjusted the black glittering to shade her pale smooth cheek from the radiant glare, and arranged her fine cambric face-veiled handkerchief over her little, white jewelled hand to protect its fairness also.

Some vain existing beauty she doubtless appears, this fair dame. Hasty judgments are always unwise—nearly always incorrect.

Madam Vivian had been a beauty without doubt, and possessed a beauty of her own yet—had been just as vain and exacting as most young, courted, flattered beauties are, and no less so, and was as gracefully impudent, as self-sufficient, self-willed and self-possessed, as handsome, haughty, well-bred, well-born and wealthy elderly ladies generally are.

Despite her dark brilliant eyes, her smooth fair cheeks, her scarcely lined brow, her well-cut lips and white even teeth—all her own beauty, her own natural gift without a touch of art to add to it—Madam Vivian of Roseworthy, was fifty-six years of age, and wore on her hair, which was beautiful, brown, wavy and silver-grey, a fragile kind of diadem of black lace, all be- sprinkled with glittering tremulous stars and crescents of jet, to denote her kind of widowhood, although it dated back some seven years before.

The person addressed as Tredennick therefore was not that subservient, humble-minded and somewhat timid individual who had the unparalled good fortune to be the husband of a flattered, imperious beauty, nor was he her son, although his years numbered some twenty-four less than hers.

"My dear aunt," he said, quietly, "the best Indianan Chittoor is rather different in character from your little Bluffell, in the days when you went yachting, to go here and there by the favor of wind and tide."

"Dear me, Tredennick, I should think I know that!" said Madam Vivian, rather petulantly. "But you have been away a very long time. I repeat—it seems to me that each of your voyages is longer than the last. Of course I know there are no attractions in England to make you hasten home."

The black glittering fan in Madam Vivian's hand, and the black be-ribboned face on her silvery hair stirred and fluttered with an air of misery and reproach.

The keen, expressive blue-grey eyes of Stephen Tredennick, captain of the East Indianan Chittoor, sparkled with a passing gleam of amusement; and then he replied as quietly as before:

"No attractions outside the home my dear aunt is kind enough to welcome a poor sailor to."

The compliments and tribute, warmly as they were expressed, nevertheless failed in quite pacifying Madam Vivian. She frowned her fan more impatiently for a few moments, glancing at it with her dark eyes flashing in a manner which showed what deadly service the dainty weapon might have one in the days of her early ballroom campaigns.

"It is your own fault entirely, Stephen," she said, sharply and suddenly; "you might have other attractions, and other homes to welcome you, if you cared."

"Yes, but I do not care, aunt," he replied more quietly, "a certain stern look coming into his kind blue eyes; 'Have said all we can say on that subject, and you know my mind.'"

"Yes; you will never marry unless you meet a girl whom you can love," said Madam Vivian, in rather a shrill tone, as of one laboring under much apprehension. "You only say that for want of a better answer to make me, Stephen. It cannot be possible that an educated man of thirty, with no other ideas on the subject of an eligible wife than the mere Jack-Tar notion of 'a girl to love!'"

"I regret to say—such is the density of my ignorance and the narrow mindedness of my obstinate determination," returned Captain Tredennick, smiling still, but looking a little irritated—"the mere Jack-Tar notion is the very one for me."

"Well," said madam, changing her tactics, and beginning to reason anew, with all the pertinacity of a self-willed woman, "why can you not find the girl to love? What is to hinder you?"

"Where am I to find her? I don't admire the black-eyed Susans or lovely Nans of seaport towns; and I assure you, dear aunt, my acquaintance with London belles is excessively limited."

"Excessively limited—I should think," retorted madam, petulantly, as she saw in her nephew's face the glimmer of amusement at her anxiety. "No wonder it should be limited, when you spend your time in the smoky, groggy society of a set of sailors, and go poking about their 'snug cribs' as they call their out-of-the-way villas and cottages that are kept like ship cabins, and with not even a female housekeeper sometimes!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, aunt," said he, laughing; "Martyn has a remarkable pretty housekeeper, whom he adores and a household of pretty maid-servants."

"Captain Martyn had sense enough to marry, and marry well, too," said madam, shortly.

"And Stephen Tredennick has not sense enough to marry and, if he every does, is likely to marry ill," retorted the captain of the Chittoor, rising and walking away to the window.

"I do not at all doubt it," said madam sharply.

"That wet water is blowing pretty

still," Captain Tredennick remarked presently, glad to change the subject of conversation, as he drew back the thick green damask curtains, and looked out into the misty stormy night. "Dirty weather in the channel to-night, I fear," he went on, talking to himself, for Madam Vivian sat with her head turned away, her little slippered foot pettishly beating the footstool; there will be a gale before midnight. I think I will go out and have a look—smoke my pipe on the cliffs—that is, if it won't be put out," and he laughed as he turned to leave the room.

"At this hour, Stephen—in the darkness and storm!" Madam Vivian exclaimed, her affection and anxiety quite overcoming her ill-humor. "My dear boy, you must not think of it! Are there not your own room and the study—both with good fires, and warm and cozy?" Stephen, dear, pray do not!"

"Very well then, aunt, to please you," he said, going towards the door nevertheless; "but I shall just have a look at the night."

"Not on the cliffs—pray, Stephen, not on the cliffs!" Madam Vivian reiterated. "Stephen, do you hear me?"

"I hear you, dear aunt," he replied, with a kind of grave patience; "are you afraid of a little rain? Are you afraid to take me off my legs and blow me over Tregarten Head?"

"A capful of wind do you call it?" cried madam, indignantly, pointing her white hand to the wildly-swaying boughs of the great elm outside, as their dark forms were visible against the lighter background of stormy, cloudy sky, through which the faint moonlight struggled dimly. "I have been out in a gale of wind before now, and I know one as well as you do, Captain Tredennick! Come and sit down to chess this instant, under peril of my displeasure—Llanyon will send us up some tea presently—and forget your quarterdeck and dirty, weather and night watches for once."

"My dear aunt, I am no more able to refuse compliance with any request of yours than my late uncle was," said her nephew; "and there was a glimmer of ridicule in the sailor's keen pleasuring eyes as he turned obediently, moved from the ill-lit table in front of madam's easy chair, and placed thereon the splendidly carved chessmen which he himself had brought home from Canada, as a gift. Common report would have it, indeed, that the late John Vivian, square of Roseworthy, parish of St. Awen, Cornwall, had carried the trait of conjugal amiability, to which his nephew alluded, to an extreme degree; that he had length into the reign of conjugal slavery—but then common report is always slanderous."

Chess was Madam Vivian's favorite game; she delighted as much as she excelled in its intriguing, its deeply-laid policy, its ambushes, and well-won victory, and it was her boast to say that she never met her match on the field of the chequered board, except in a Tredennick of Tregarten.

She certainly did meet her match, and her victory very often, in a Tredennick of Tregarten; but then she could gracefully yield the palm to those of her own kindred, for she had been a Tredennick of Tregarten before she came to rule over Spurge Vivian's handsome home and well-filled purse in Roseworthy.

"I had intended to go up to Tregarten this evening," Stephen Tredennick remarked, absently, toying with a captured pawn, and oblivious of an awful menace to his bishop from Madam's last move. "It is too late now; I must go up to-morrow. The Tregartens are keeping the old house together, I suppose, aunt?"

"Yes, keeping it together," Madam replied, with a slight shrug; "it is a perfect ruin, you know, Stephen, do you intend that pawn to remain?"

"I am sorry for it," said Captain Tredennick, moving the pawn carelessly; "I should not like the old home to fall to ruins, even if I never lived in it."

"It would take full three thousand pounds to rebuild and renovate," observed Madam, with another shrug; "if you are never going to live there, and three thousand pounds, I suppose, if I had, I should have spent it on a new house for the sake of the name of the Tredennicks of Tregarten, but, have not, so I suppose it must go as they will, you are the last of the Tredennicks, and I dare say, another half century will blot even the memory of them of the face of the earth."

"I dare say," replied Stephen Tredennick, gravely.

"There goes your bishop!" cried Madam, sharply, swooning down on the neglected chess-board. "What are you thinking of? You are playing very badly to-night."

"I shall not spend three thousand certainly," Stephen Tredennick said, taking the loss of the bishop very philosophically. "but I certainly must spend a few pounds in making it weather-tight. I shall go up there to-morrow."

"It is sad to see it in the state it is in," returned Madam, speaking in meaning accents still. "I should like before I die to see the Tredennicks of Tregarten there once more; but I never shall, I suppose."

The unpleasant subject was cropping up again. Captain Tredennick made another reckless move, and turned his head towards the window.

"Ah, the gale is upon us sooner than I thought," he said, the sigh of the trees and the mournful sighing of the night wind rising, as he spoke, into a sudden shrieking blast, that roared above the thundering din of the crashing billows out by the headland crags, and swept over the mansion with a fearful beating at its closed doors and windows, screaming round the grouped chimneys, the angles and gables, and burying itself with long, tremulous wails in the surging hurricane of sound of the wild, leafless woodlands behind.

"Check to your Queen!" said Madam. Captain Tredennick made a few feeble efforts to save the game, but a move or two more placed it entirely in Madam's hands.

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"I do not call that a gale, now—it was merely a squall," said he, pushing her chair away in pique. "If you did not want to play, why did you not say so? Ring for tea, please, Stephen."

"I really do not feel my head quite clear to-night, aunt," he explained, apologetically; "my mind kept wandering all the time. Hark! It is a bad night for the Channel, and no mistake!"

Llanyon, Madam Vivian's maid, grave butler, entered at this juncture with Madam's favorite china—pale buff and gold—and Madam's silver service, with the fragrant green tea, the sparkling sugar, the silver-stoppered bottle of lemon essence, with which she always flavored her cup, and the little melba-chest over of scented cream.

Llanyon had, beside the silver beautiful basket, another colored dish. "Look! said some heavy cake, Madam," she said, a little apologetically. "She says it is very nice, if you and the Captain would like to try it. Miss Winnie is very fond of it, only she has not come tonight."

"Oh, I see," said Madam, laughing, "carelessly—it was made for Miss Winnie, then, and cook kindly condescends to give me a morsel. I am sure we are flattered! No, of course the child has not come tonight—she has not even peeped in. Llanyon! Come, Stephen! I always like my green tea after chess; indeed, during a prolonged and well-played game, I like it to sip at intervals whilst I am playing; but we are hardly in need of it to-night."

Madam Vivian was one of those people who do not easily forgive. "Who is 'Miss Winnie'?" Captain Tredennick asked, never heard of that young lady before."

"Oh, a little girl who comes to read or play to me in the evening," said Madam, intent on the exact flavoring of her tea. "Won't you try the lemon essence, Tredennick? It's a vast improvement. She's a nice little creature, poor child."

Tredennick's eyes appeared to question, whilst he spoke no word—he was, in truth, at that moment calculating the time of the tide, and the probable position of some homeward-bound vessels of which he knew.

"Not a very comfortable home, poor child," said madam, in reply to his look; "a step-mother, and a parcel of disagreeable children, you know, and poor Winnie made a kind of refuge for them. I would have taken her altogether as a dear companion, but her step-mother has not told me of her, so I cannot tell you."

"I repeated madam, setting back her well-shaped head, with its trembling diadem of lace, and her full white throat—"that Winnie could not be spared from home! Her father came to apologize, and wished me to take Winnie, but I, of course, refused."

Stephen Tredennick did not quite see the force or justice of the "of course," but he merely asked: "What is her?"

"A distinguished officer. He has been in the royal navy and held the rank of lieutenant," replied Madam Vivian. "You really should taste this 'heavy cake,' Tredennick; cook always makes it deliciously. Of course, only that she is a gentleman's daughter, I would not make a companion of poor little Winnie, though she is such a clever little being—plays quite prettily, and sings a little, and reads beautifully—quite a natural gift, poor child!"

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said; she liked wax-candles and large fires; and she chose black walnut in preference to gayer and less chaste carvings)—to the contemplation of madam's pale, handsome face with a faint hue, the last flush of the once exquisite roses of her cheeks, relieving it from actual pallor and sallowiness—to the contemplation of her silvery waves of shining hair, her rich lustrous trailing black silk, the dainty festal, and madam's jeweled fingers, with sparks of rainbow fire on them as they moved hither and thither amongst the tea-equipage; and then the wild storm and rain, drenching the windows outside, claimed him again.

"Hark!" said madam, suddenly, dropping the sugar tongs with a deafening crash—"it never can be! Did you not hear a knock and ring, Tredennick?"

"Certainly, I did," he replied, in some surprise.

"It can never be that child!" said madam, irritably. "It could not be possible! How slow Llanyon is!"

To alleviate her impatience, Tredennick had risen and laid his hand on the lock, when he heard the hall door unbarred, and then shut hastily against the storm, as some one rushed in with an ejaculation.

"It's Miss Winnie, madam," said the old butler, as Tredennick opened the drawing-room door; and at the same time, a small muffled figure, apparently dripping with wet, appeared in the brightly lit portico.

"Winifred!" cried Madam Vivian, sharply—madam's voice was very clear, and rather high-pitched, and could be very shrill and sharp when she chose.

"Yes, madam," came in rather muffled tones from the dripping figure.

"What on earth induced you to come out on such a night?" madam demanded, her fair smooth forehead lined with displeasure. "In torrents of rain, darkness and storm, and at this hour, too! Did you imagine that I wanted to be read to at nine o'clock in the evening?"

It was much earlier when I left home, madam! The little wet bundled-up figure said humbly. I was half-past seven when I left home, and the storm overtook me—and I had to go errands besides."

Madam compressed her well-cut pink lips, and poured out another cup of tea for herself.

"With Winifred"—sighing, exclaiming, and favoring the beverage very delicately, but without raising her eyes from her employment—she had been too ridiculous enough to quit her own home, and come through darkness and storm until you are covered with mud and wet from head to foot, for the very purpose of reading to me at nine o'clock in the evening?"

"You had better go down to your room and get your clothes dried, and have some hot tea or something. Such an idea! I am sure, Tredennick, you must think me a considerate woman to expect a young girl to come more than two miles along the cliffs, on such a night as this, to read to me!"

Madam was very angry, and spilt some of her delicate tea over her chambermaid's shoulder. "Shut the door, please, Winifred, and go down to cook, as I told you."

The little dark wet figure listened quietly to the last word of the reproof, and then softly shut the door and stole away.

(To be Continued.)

**STOP! READ! AND CONSIDER!!**  
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It is now about three months since I finished with the medicine and I am enjoying the best of health. I intend to visit you in the course of a few days to make arrangements for sending you ten bottles to my brother in England, who is anxious to benefit by your wonderful remedy.

I am, gentlemen,  
Yours truly,  
J. Henry Wagg  
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The Sanol Manufacturing Co., Ltd.,  
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Dear Sir,  
Your Sanol has cured my husband and son. I might tell you more of our best doctors in our city had prepared him for an operation, so I thought I would see what Sanol would do for me. I took it, but to my surprise it made a well man of him. I am sure we had ten doctors to see him, all gave him the same advice, with no result, but our doctor said the operation was the only thing which he would not do. Thanking you for your patience and trouble with him, and I will always thank you for Sanol. I will tell you my husband is in his eightieth year.

Yours truly,  
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## ONLY ONE WAY TO CURE RHEUMATISM

### It Must Be Treated Through the Blood and the Poisonous Acid Driven Out.

The twinges and tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather as so many persons suppose. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. This is a medical truth which every sufferer should realize. There is only one way to cure rheumatism—it must be treated through the blood. The liniments and rubbing and so-called electric treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism, and the sufferer who tries them is not only wasting money, but is allowing the trouble to become more deeply-rooted in the system and harder to cure when the proper remedy is tried. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give cure rheumatism because they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. These Pills make the new, rich blood of health, and in this way drive out the poisonous acid which causes rheumatism. Thousands of instances of cures might be given, among which the following one, Mrs. G. R. Dulmage, Cherry Valley, Ont., says: "I was attacked with rheumatism which gradually grew worse until I was confined to my bed. For about two weeks I had to be shifted and turned in bed as I was utterly unable to help myself. I was under the doctor's care and so far recovered that I was able to get up and move about, but the trouble still remained in my system. If I put my hands in cold water, or if I went out in the evening or in damp weather the trouble would return, and for four years I thus suffered from rheumatism, until I began to think it could not be driven from my system. Finally I gave up all other medicine and began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using them for a couple of months I was completely cured and have not had a twinge of rheumatism since. I can recommend the Pills to anyone suffering from this trouble."

These Pills are 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.

## A Lesson In Evolution

The bill has been passed by the House of Commons, and the Ministry is supported in regard to it by the majority composed of the ultra-Frederick, the ultra-Conservative, and the moderate Liberals, Democrats and Socialists, but its passage is assured.

The national budget contemplates appropriations of \$22,000,000, with estimated revenues of \$20,000,000. There is therefore on the surface a deficit of 20,000,000, but the Minister of Finance, Mr. Borden, says that the appropriations may be classified as extraordinary and by some other parting expedient the Finance Minister expects to reduce the actual shortage on the year's expenditure to \$5,000,000, or about \$2,400,000. Even this is not regarded by critics of the Government as a very brilliant achievement for a prosperous country which is planning to increase its army.

Had Bad Sores for Years  
ZAM-BUK HAS HEALED IT!

Mrs. Wilson, 110 Wickson Avenue, Toronto, says: "About four years ago a sore spot appeared on the right side of my face. This spot increased in size until it became about half an inch in diameter and very painful. I went to a doctor, but the ointment he gave me did not have any good effect. The sore continued to discharge freely, and was most painful. I had it cauterized, tried poultices, and all kinds of salves, but it was no good, and I continued to suffer from it for years."

A sample of Zam-Buk was one day given to me, and I used it. Although the quantity was so small it seemed to do me some good, and I continued to suffer from it for years."

"Each box did me more and more good, and, to my delight, before I had been using Zam-Buk three weeks, I saw that it was going to heal the sore. In less than a month it was healed!"

"I know a lady in the east of the city, whose husband suffered for years with an open sore on his leg. On my recommendation, Zam-Buk was tried in that case. The other day, when I saw her, she told me that it had healed the sore completely."

"My daughter, who lives in Lethbridge, Alta., has also used Zam-Buk, and with same satisfactory