

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE

THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE

• MOST PERFECT MADE •

Winsome Winnie

"What are all about? What are you cheering for?" Llanoyon asked a man rushing past. "Do you see where you're going? Look at Madam Vivian, man!"

"I beg your pardon, my lady," the man said, touching his cap, but pushing on with a broad grin on his flushed face, all the time—"they're cheering for the sailors—she has saved 'em! Miss Winnie Caerlyon—that little white-faced maid as you waddent think could climb a wall—she's been and gone down that cliff—straight over the head, my lady!"

He restrained himself with evident difficulty until he got a yard past Madam Vivian, and then his throat opened in another cheer, joining the chorus of cheers that fairly deafened the ear.

"The sailors! The sailors!" the sailors and Winnie Caerlyon! Madam cried aloud, in the rage of her grief and uncertainty. "Why did I come here? Llanoyon, take me out of this yelling crowd, and bring me some respectable person—Lieutenant Caerlyon—any one that I can ask a question of. Why did I come? How dare they cheer? How dare they cheer? How dare they cheer? This yelling and shouting will drive me mad!"

But poor old Llanoyon's efforts to release himself and his mistress from the pressure of the crowd were somewhat unavailing, and at length, worn out with struggling, emotion and excitement, madam was obliged to pause, leaning against one of the rough pliant granite boulders that strewn the Head.

"Here she is! Here she is! Bray-vo!" roared the crowd. "Did 'er ever hear tell of the like? The little maid—the lieutenant's daughter!"

A crimson spot was a madam's white cheeks, an angry glitter in her tearless eyes though her breath came in sobs.

"Did I come here to listen to Winnie Caerlyon's wonderful achievements?" she asked, "or to hear her brag?"

"Yes, madam," he answered—"some say 'em—she saved 'em—the young maid—the lieutenant's daughter—have 'er heard tell, madam?"

"Will you answer me properly?" Madam Vivian said, almost frenzied. "What is Winnie Caerlyon to me? How dare you! Where is the captain of the Chitloor while you are yelling over the sailors and Winnie Caerlyon?"

Abashed and frightened by her anger, the poor "kibble lander" from Toghboth mines could only point his finger towards the sea.

"There, madam—him and Winnie Caerlyon!"

"Him and Winnie Caerlyon?" madam shrieked, feeling that a few minutes more of this agonized suspense and confusion would of a surety drive her senses.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The fatal storm of that wild March morning had long passed away, the bright sunshine fretted with moisten still all the great blue shield of ocean, the warm southerly breeze blew soft over Tregarthen Head, stirring the summer grass growing green and deep in sheltered hollows, and the summer dew fell softly on the daisied sod of the shipwrecked sailors' graves in Tregarthen churchyard.

The weight of regret and sorrow that their death had laid so heavily on the kind heart of their captain had been lightened, it is true, for the second crew of fifteen which had quitted the sinking ship, after unswerving hardship and danger, had battled triumphantly with wind and sea through the terrible hours of darkness, and at daybreak rounded themselves eight miles off, driving in on a smooth lee-shore. The boat was stove in as they went aground, but the men all escaped with life, and making their way to Tregarthen, the whole number of the saved—three-and-twenty—were lodged, fed and cared for in some of the Tregarthen House itself, some in the village—until they were able to travel to London and receive their wages from the merchants with whom Captain Tredennick was in partnership.

The ship and cargo were fully insured, and the owners had sustained no loss; but with the wreck of his beloved child, the crew had ended Stephen Tredennick's seafaring life.

"I know every plank in her deck, every scratch and mark; it seems to me as if I knew every rope and seam in her canvas, and I don't feel as if I should care to begin learning such things all over again," he said, despondently, to Lady Mountrevour, "besides—besides, Millie, you know, I could not go away anywhere now, not if my daily bread depended on it!"

"No, no, of course not," she replied.

They were speaking in undertones, and the faces of both were downcast and weary.

"Mildred, isn't she any better?"

He had asked the question so often during these weeks of sorrowful anxiety, and she had so little variation for reply, that her lips had grown tired, and her heart despairing, in the accustomed sorrowful answer, "She is no better, Stephen."

Lady Mildred's brilliant eyes darkened with tears now, as she slightly changed the formula of her response.

"Stephen, dear, I am afraid that she will never be any better. There is no use in denying it. The doctors think so, too."

She over whom the dreary fiat was uttered was lying in the adjoining chamber, a large airy pleasant room rounded by all that love and care could desire or wealth purchase. The downy first floor in Tregarthen House, situated in a sheltered hollow, the beautiful little silk-draped French bed, the noiseless carpets, the bouquets of flowers, the little fountain of fresh deli-

NEW STRENGTH IN THE SPRING

Nature Needs Aid in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

In the spring the system needs a tonic. To be healthy you must have new blood just as the trees must have new sap to renew their vitality. Nature demands it, and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disgusting pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has lessened your vitality. What you need in spring is a tonic medicine to put you right, and in all the world of medicine there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood—your great need in spring. This new blood drives out the seeds of disease and makes easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong.

Mr. John Watfield, La Have Islands, N. S., writes: "I take great pleasure in telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I am a fisherman and fifteen years ago through hard work my system became run down and I could scarcely work at all. I lost in weight, my blood became poor, and I was very weak. I consulted several doctors but their treatment did not help me so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in a short time I was entirely well again. My wife and daughter also used them with benefit. We think so much of the Pills as a family medicine that we always keep them in the house.

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or can be had by mail at 5 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHY ENDURE PIMPLES

CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

Do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are each with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address: Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 293, Boston, U. S. A.

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mother and a father hundreds of miles away!"

The simple, earnest, severely-kind words, spoken from the depths of a heart that she knew to be true and generous, and full of brotherly love for her, touched Mildred Mountrevour to the depths of her wretched soul.

"Cousin Stephen," she said, her hardness breaking down, "I do not want to be cold and unkind and unnatural; but—oh, you do not know all!"

"I know whether your wifely duty should lead you, my poor dear cousin," he said tenderly. "You cannot shirk it without wrong to yourself and the man you have married. I know where your parental duty should lead you—towards your poor little neglected boy, Duty. Mildred, duty in the sight of man and Heaven—let happiness and pleasure go where they will!"

"Stephen! I'll do my best—do my duty—I will!" Lady Mildred said suddenly and passionately. "You shall never have to reproach me so again!"

"Reproach you, my dear Mildred—my dear sister," he returned hastily—"you have been an angel of goodness and kindness and generosity to me! My dear, I only think that if poor Henry Mountrevour received but one-half of the thoughtful affection and attention you lavish on me, I should have the happiness of seeing you, my dear, a beloved wife in a peaceful, happy home!"

"Never!" she exclaimed, shortly, and quitted the room as she spoke. Half an hour after she entered the room again.

"There," she said abruptly, "I have written now. I am going to obey you—to do my duty—to be a pattern wife, a model peeress amongst all the model peeresses in England!"

Stephen Tredennick could hardly restrain a smile.

"You are the same abrupt, impulsive, self-willed Millie as ever!" he said, pleasantly. "I am glad of it; but Mildred, what shall I do—what will she do without you?"

"I don't know," replied Mildred, gloomily. "I must leave her to the tender mercies of Miss Trevellia, I suppose, with Madam visiting once a week and telling her how very grateful she ought to be for all the gifts and blessings her kind friends have showered upon her."

Stephen Tredennick's brow grew dark.

"Winnie knows as better than to mind that I'm not here," he muttered.

"And you must never come up here, you know," Lady Mildred pursued, getting into one of her irritative and malicious moods—"at least, unless when you escort madam up from Roseworthy. She is in a terrible state of mind about the frightful violation of the proprieties which you constantly perpetrate by your visits here. Even the presence of her ladyship, Mildred Mountrevour, your wretched cousin, a peeress, and madam to boot, is scarcely sufficient excuse for your outraging the conveniences by visiting that poor little dying girl there!"

Her ladyship, Mildred Mountrevour, had talked herself into a reckless passion by this time, and taking all that she said for terrible earnest, as simple-minded men will do at the outpourings of a woman's angry tongue, poor Stephen Tredennick sat pale and stunned beneath this new and calamitous aspect of affairs.

"Oh, Mildred," he said, imploringly, "what am I to do? If I had the right?"

He had spoken without heeding his words, but the quick start and involuntary glance of his cousin's eyes revealed a meaning in a way scarcely suggested as yet by his own thoughts.

"Mildred, I will have it," he said, suddenly, his whole face brightening and flushing in the glow of his resolution.

"What, Stephen?" she asked, softly.

"The right, the best right in the world to take care of her, to stay with her and cheer her, and nurse her, my poor little girl!" he said, falteringly, though his eyes shone with hopeful light. "I have a right—the best right in the world; and I will make it mine before all the world, that would shut me out of her presence, and keep me away from her, my poor little suffering Winnie!"

"Oh, Stephen, my dear Stephen," Lady Mildred cried, compassion and admiration struggling for the mastery with her, "it is I who am the sacrificer! Oh, Stephen, the sacrifice of your life!"

"Mildred," he said, in grave reproof, "what did Winnie Caerlyon think of her sacrifice? Would you have her braver, more generous than I, even— even?" he repeated tenderly, "if I did not love her, if she were not—Heaven

The World's Best Liniment Needed in Every Family From Infancy to Old Age

If Your Home Is Without "Nerviline," Read the Following Closely.

The high cost of living to-day demands economy on every side. Sickness is expensive. Far better to treat little ills before they grow serious. For this reason every home should have handy on the shelf a good remedy like Nerviline, which cures the minor ailments that occur in every family.

For example, when the boy comes in with wet feet and a slight cough, Nerviline will cure him. If a cold has settled on his chest, rub on Nerviline and the cold will go.

If something has been eaten that causes cramps, nausea, or diarrhoea, just twenty drops of Nerviline—That's all and a cure is effected.

As a Remedy for outward application in cases of Neuralgia, Lame Back, Sore Limbs, or Rheumatism, it's really hard to imagine how Nerviline relieves, and how soon it cures.

Nerviline is nothing new. No, it's one of the oldest and best known remedies. Used in thousands of homes by the people of many nations, simply because it stops pain, cures sickness, and rids the family of ills before they become troublesome. Get the family size bottle, price 50c; trial size 25c. at all storekeepers and druggists or The Catarrhone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Why Endure Pimples

CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

Do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them.

AN INTOLERABLE NOISANCE.

(Philadelphia Record)

If Harry Thaw is to continue as a source of scandal of the remainder of his life, thanks to the millions of his family, there will be additional regret that District Attorney Jerome failed in his efforts to send him to the electric chair for the murder of Sanford White. The facility with which men of wealth can escape the just consequences of their acts in one of the greatest blot upon America's Courts, if Thaw is not the country at large he is an intolerable nuisance, and to the integrity of New York officials he seems to be a perpetual menace.

Many Reasons Why Liquid Cough Mixtures Can't Cure Bronchitis

But the Healing Fumes of Catarrhone, Which Are Breathed to the Furthest Recesses of the Bronchial Tubes, Bring Quick Relief and Sure Cure.

Every sufferer from coughs, colds, bronchitis and all throat and chest ailments needs a soothing, healing, medicine which goes direct to the breathing organs in the chest and lungs, attacks the trouble at the source, disperses the germs of disease, and cures the ailment thoroughly. And this medicine is "Catarrhone."

The germ-killing balsamic vapor mixes with the breath, descends through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, and finally reaches the deepest air cells in the lungs. All parts are soothed with rich, pure, medicinal essences, whereas with a syrup the affected parts could not be reached and harm would result through benumbing the stomach with drugs.

"I have been a chronic sufferer from catarrh in the nose and throat for over eight years. I think I have spent four hundred dollars trying to get relief. I have spent but six dollars on Catarrhone, and have been completely cured, and, in fact, have been able to find that would not only give temporary relief, but will always cure permanently. Yours sincerely, (Signed) WILLIAM RAGAN, Brockville, Ont.

For absolute permanent cure, use Catarrhone. Two months' outfit costs \$1.00; smaller size, 50c; at all storekeepers and druggists or The Catarrhone Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

FACTS ABOUT TWINS.

When the local Board of Guardians were recently discussing the case of a dear and dumb Chertsey girl for whom admission was being sought to a lunatic asylum, the curious fact came out, says *The Weekly*, that the girl had only been deaf and dumb since the death of her twin sister. The very day the other twin died the survivor lost her speech and hearing.

The amazingly close physical connection which twins often bear to each other if often accompanied by a sympathy that smacks almost of the supernatural. The late Sir Francis Galton, the great scientist, made a special study of the subject and announced that while some pairs of twins had come under his notice the two separated into two separate beings as one out of two, each half feeling whatever afflicted the other, whether the same disease or accident. There is, for instance, a case on record in which two twins had at the age of eight their first experience of toothache. The main cause to be noted in the case was the same tooth had to be extracted in each case. These twins were remarkably alike and very fond of each other, and both obtained Government work, and kept house together. When one sickened and died of typhoid the other followed as a victim of the same disease, as was not contagious shortly after.

That the physical likeness of twins extends much deeper than the skin is shown by a case on record in which the two papers were discussing some case at a Paris hospital doctor had had a charge a patient suffering from a disease of the muscular system, the two twins were not contiguous shortly after.

"My twin brother must be having a pain in his head," said a patient in a hospital. "The doctor smiled at the idea, but next morning the patient handed him a letter from the other twin, then at that moment began to complain of a pain in his head, and when they are very ill, the other twin and when one is in a hospital, the other girl this particular always has the same muscular system, and a similar case on record.

When the characters of twins are exactly the same, it is called a case of identical twins. One will be quick and confident and quick to anger, but quick to forgive. The other will be shy and a good fellow, and slow to anger when aroused.

Many pairs of twins, as every one knows, are different in character and habits to each other. In the case of these two, the resemblance of the similarity of their character was so complete that it was almost impossible to tell the difference between them, or to see very unlike one another. In cases in which they are not so completely alike, the resemblance is called fraternal. I suppose you have a twin, and when one is in a hospital, the other girl this particular always has the same muscular system, and a similar case on record.

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ANOTHER PROOF FROM THE WEST

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Are a Natural Remedy.

For Cases of Exhaustion and Nerve Weakness—How S. Jeremy Found Relief—When He Cured His Kidneys.

S. Jeremy, Alta., March 11, 1904.

That the natural remedy for exhaustion and nerve weakness is a fact that I have found out for myself. I was a well-known resident of this country for many years, and I have been a sufferer from exhaustion and nerve weakness for many years. I have tried many remedies, but none have done me any good. I have been advised to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I have found that they are a natural remedy for my condition. I have been cured of my exhaustion and nerve weakness, and I am now a well-known resident of this country. I have been a sufferer from exhaustion and nerve weakness for many years, and I have found that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a natural remedy for my condition. I have been cured of my exhaustion and nerve weakness, and I am now a well-known resident of this country.

SHOULD BEAR THE CONSEQUENCES.

(Buffalo Courier)

If the suffragettes who commit crimes are insane they should be restrained as lunatics. If found deserving of penal servitude they should be required to serve their sentences. With food sufficient in quality and quantity supplied, should they refuse to eat let them bear the responsibility and suffer the consequences.

THE GOLDEN RULE

The "Golden Rule" Chief of Police of Cleveland, who has been dismissed from his position on charges of gross immorality.