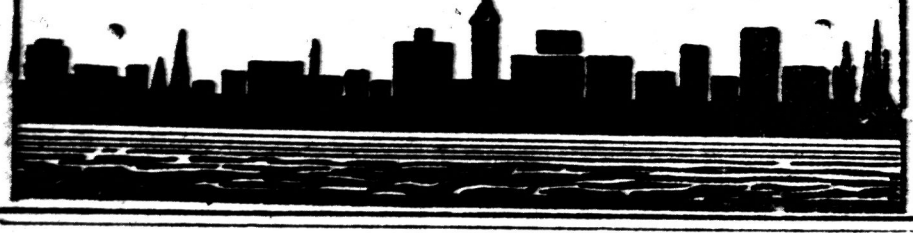


# MAGIC BAKING POWDER

THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND.

MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM



## Winsome Winnie

"Just as you like, since you are kind enough to propose it," she returned, listlessly. "I do not wish to wake my maid servants, and the girl is better asleep. There is wine in that little buffet at the window, Miss Caerlyon—pray take a little yourself; and there is some salmon on the table in my dressing-room."

"Passing through the bedroom to the dressing-room beyond, Winnie sought for the bottle of which Lady Mountrevor had spoken, and seeing a small pile of essence of cloves lying beside it in the little medicine chest, she secured it also, and hurried to leave the room, when a strong light, shining beneath a door leading to an adjoining apartment, and the sound of voices arrested her steps—a woman's voice, subdued but full of distress, mingled soothing and supplicatory, and a child's fretful, half-articulated complaints.

Impulsively she went forward and opened the door. A dark-skinned, foreign-looking woman was kneeling on the floor beside a child's cot, and holding up before her a large black-and-white crucifix, to which she was fervently praying, muttering her words with earnest, imploring words to the child, who, partly awake, was staring at the white figure on the ebony cross, with his little hands, folded in imitation of his nurse, peevishly questioning her and crying also.

"Mon Dieu!" she ejaculated, as Winnie came in, dropping the crucifix, and rising to her feet. "Mademoiselle!"

"I came in to know if anything is the matter. This dreadful storm has awoken me also, I perceive," said Winnie, kindly, as she sat down with Lady Mountrevor.

"Uel, n'est-ce pas terrible, mam?" the woman cried, clasping her hands. "I have been praying que le bon Dieu soit avec vous. Le petit ange, he was when you call full of the pleasure; and we pray a notre Seigneur that the worst might soon finish."

"Only on, then," said Winnie, gently. "Heaven always hears believing prayer. But the child—he would be better asleep, I think; or shall I take him to his mother for a little while?"

"Le petit ange" looked decidedly unprepared for rest or repose, as he kicked and wriggled from beneath the bedclothes, looking as if he had made up his mind to endure this sort of thing no longer.

"Does m'lord have the wish for the child, mam'selle?" the nurse inquired, in doubtful hesitation, trying to restrain her "bab" her "petit ange," from flinging himself head foremost on the floor.

"Oh, I think she would; he would cheer her up," said simple Winnie, who thought that the presence of a little child must be a panacea for every distress of a mother's breast.

### A MOTHER'S DUTY TO HER DAUGHTER

Requires That Her Blood Supply be Kept Rich, Red and Pure.

Every mother who calls to mind her own girlhood knows how urgently her daughter is likely to need help and strength during the years between school days and womanhood. It is then that growing girls droop and become fragile, bloodless and nervous. Nature is calling for more nourishment than the blood can supply and signs of distress are plainly evident in dull eyes, pallid cheeks, aching backs, a languid step, fits of depression, headaches and a dislike for food. These signs mean anemia—that is, bloodlessness.

The watchful mother takes prompt steps to give her girl the new, rich blood her system is thirsting for by giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new blood and transform unhappy girls into robust, happy, bright-eyed young women. No other medicine has ever succeeded like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because no other medicine can make that new, rich, red blood which brings health and vitality to weak, bloodless systems. Miss Mamie Krusse, Opeatawa, Ont., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a blessing to me. I had been a sufferer for almost two years from anemia, and nothing, no matter what I tried, to be getting worse. I was very pale and seemed bloodless, suffered from frequent headaches, the least exertion would leave me completely tired out, and I was very much discouraged and fretful. At last I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got a half dozen boxes, and by the time they were used I was feeling much better. A few more boxes fully restored my health and I have since been well and strong and able once more to enjoy life."

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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"Albert Gardner—a young ensign in the British army." Winnie faltered, shrinking backward in involuntary terror. "Did you know him, Lady Mountrevor?"

"Know him—know him!" She followed Winnie, clutching at her dress in frantic eagerness. "Tell me—tell me! Did you ever see him—never once before he died?" she cried, piteously. "Oh, Albert darling! Oh, Bertie, my darling boy! Albert dearest! A body grave in a foreign land! This was what was common; this was what I dreamed of him—dreamed of him lying in his coffin!"

"Who was he?" Winnie said, overwhelmed with bewildered fear. "Lady Mountrevor, who was Albert Gardner?"

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"Who was he indeed!" she moaned. "Who was Albert Gardner that Lord Mountrevor's wife should mourn him?"

"Some one you loved," whispered Winnie Caerlyon, marveling if indeed it could be so.

"Some one!" Lady Mountrevor cried, rising from her chair and pacing the room like a caged creature. "The only living creature I ever loved—ever loved—ever loved!" the unhappy woman said, raging in fierce rebellion over the bereavement. "They took him from me; they persecuted us until they got us asunder—until they drove him out of the country, and hurried me away into seclusion—we who loved each other so—who would have been so faithful to each other, and so happy if they had let us—my father and mother and Madam Vivian! We loved each other from the time that we were a little boy and girl, Winnie Caerlyon," she went on, passionate sobs shaking her utterance; "we meant to love each other always—to marry as soon as I was of age, and Bertie used to talk to me of our home in some far-off Indian bungalow, or some fort in a distant land—we two together; and we should have been so happy! They did their best to make me forget him—Madam Vivian most of all. She is a hard worldly woman, Winnie Caerlyon, and you know it as well as I, though you have borne with her so well and patiently. They did their best, but it was useless; ever since, they could not have succeeded—never, never, but for Death helping them! I never could be false to him, he never could have been false to me in life. But Death stepped in to part Bertie and me for ever, much to my dear relatives' relief! Much to their relief," she repeated, after a pause, with a slow, concentrated bitterness. "I thought Madam Vivian announced 'the sad news,' as she called it, in so smoothly condoling a voice and manner—much as she announced the death of my god-mother, who bequeathed me her fortune. She entreated me not to say too much, I remember, and proposed next day that we should drive to the Longchamps race course for a change of scene to cheer and amuse me."

"Oh dear Lady Mildred, she did not mean to slight your grief, Madam did not understand feelings like yours. Madam never loved and lost as you did," said Winnie, quite forgetting, in the simplicity of her grief, that it was a peeress of the realm she was embracing and crying over so heartily.

"You would excuse her without ceasing, Winnie Caerlyon. Why, I know not—unless it is because of your long suffering amiability," Lady Mildred remarked, harshly scornful. "Irrespective of other wrongs, Madam Vivian has done me one that I can neither forgive nor forget."

"What was it?" Winnie asked, timidly.

The stormy shrieking of the wind had passed for a time, spent and breathless from its rage by the thundering roar and beat of the wild surges sounded fearfully loud and near in the ominous lull; and in the lull came a faint, distant, booming sound.

"The wrong of compelling me to sacrifice and trample upon my feelings in spite of every instinct of my nature, which shrank from the trial," said Lady Mountrevor, with gloomy hopelessness—the wrong of compelling me by fear of

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"The day—the day that—" broke from Winnie's lips involuntarily, in the shock of the moment.

"The day—the morning—the hour when Albert Gardner lay dying amongst strangers in a strange land," Lady Mildred said, slowly; "and when I discovered the truth afterwards, bitterly as I hated myself, there were two others whom I hated still worse—Madam Vivian and Lord Henry Mountrevor. I hated every one in the world but my Cousin Stephen—my poor, dear, old, kind-hearted Stephen—who came with the tears running down his cheeks, calling me his 'poor bereaved, dearest little Millie.' His sympathy saved me from going mad or acting foolishly."

"Oh, Lady Mildred, dear!" Winnie sobbed, in her generous sympathy, feeling as if every grief of her own innocent, loving life were as nothing compared to the stormy vindictive misery of this proud, noble, misguided nature. "But heaven helped you to forgive yourself and every one else for that unintentional wrong—if wrong it could be called, when no one meant cruelty to you, although it was so cruel; and towards Lord Mountrevor, of course, as you married him afterwards, you must have felt differently."

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"Of course you may," responded Winnie, sorrowfully, fearing that she had offended her.

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### OLD PROSPECTOR TELLS HIS STORY

HIS REAL TROUBLES STARTED WHEN RHEUMATISM GOT HIM.

Plasters, ointments and sulphur were alike useless, but Dodd's Kidney Pills made a man of him.

Priceton, B. C., Feb. 10.—(Special).—All over Canada people are telling of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, and even in the Rock Mountain fastnesses, where nature hides her mines, men are telling of cures made and suffering relieved by the great Canadian Kidney remedy. Wm. Murray, 66 years old, who has tramped the frontier as lumber jack, rancher, prospector, miner, hunter and trapper, and who has friends all over the west, is one of these. Many a tale of hardship and danger he can tell, but his first real trouble came when rheumatism claimed him.

"I slipped on the mountain side and strained my kidneys, and then my troubles all seemed to set in at once. I had nearly all the symptoms of rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Diabetes, Dropsy and Bright's Disease," Mr. Murray states.

"Then I broke out in a terrible rash that spread all over my body and kept me in tortures. I tried all sorts of liniments and ointments, and took sulphur enough to start a little hake of my own. But it was all no use. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and all I can say is they made a new man of me."

### PIMPLES ITCHED AND BURNED

On Arms and Legs. Caused Running Sores. Would Tear Himself Till They Bleed. Like Open Wounds. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

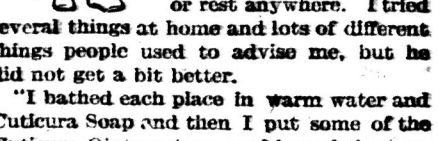
53 Stewart St., Toronto, Ontario.

"When my baby was nine months old he had a lot of pimples come on his arms and legs which used to come to a head, then break and cause running sores. They were bright red spots, which itched and burned so badly that he would tear himself till he made them bleed and they were all like open wounds. They were on his face and arms so bad that I did not like to take him out. He could not sleep or rest any more. I tried several things at home and lots of different things people used to advise me, but he did not get a bit better.

"I bathed each place in warm water and Cuticura Soap and then I put some of the Cuticura Ointment on and bound them up in soft rags and he slept better that night than he had for three weeks, and he did not scratch himself once that night. I did that for three days, night and morning, when the sores were getting drier and healing, so I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment, and after a week and a few days there was not a blemish on him."

(Signed) Mrs. F. West, Feb. 29, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 39D, Boston, U. S. A.



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"The day—the day that—" broke from Winnie's lips involuntarily, in the shock of the moment.

"The day—the morning—the hour when Albert Gardner lay dying amongst strangers in a strange land," Lady Mildred said, slowly; "and when I discovered the truth afterwards, bitterly as I hated myself, there were two others whom I hated still worse—Madam Vivian and Lord Henry Mountrevor. I hated every one in the world but my Cousin Stephen—my poor, dear, old, kind-hearted Stephen—who came with the tears running down his cheeks, calling me his 'poor bereaved, dearest little Millie.' His sympathy saved me from going mad or acting foolishly."

"Oh, Lady Mildred, dear!" Winnie sobbed, in her generous sympathy, feeling as if every grief of her own innocent, loving life were as nothing compared to the stormy vindictive misery of this proud, noble, misguided nature. "But heaven helped you to forgive yourself and every one else for that unintentional wrong—if wrong it could be called, when no one meant cruelty to you, although it was so cruel; and towards Lord Mountrevor, of course, as you married him afterwards, you must have felt differently."

"Miss Caerlyon," said Lady Mildred, briefly, "as you say, I became the wife of Lord Mountrevor afterwards, and the mother of his heir. Now, if you please, we will change the subject. This storm has affected me strangely, terrified me out of my self-possession and reticence; but I repose perfect confidence in your womanly honor and delicacy of feeling."

"Of course you may," responded Winnie, sorrowfully, fearing that she had offended her.

"I know I may," said Lady Mountrevor, quietly; and then, as Winnie moved from her side to the window to recommence her anxious watching and listening, she put her arm around her, drew her towards her, and kissed her with a gentle cordiality that made Winnie's heart beat fast with pleasure.

"I think one could make a friend of a woman like you," the wealthy peeress said, with thoughtful sadness; "be that as it may, you can never be but an object of interest and liking to me, Winnie—I never shall; and I may be able yet," she whispered, laying her cheek to Winnie's, and wetting it with her tears, "to give you some days of happiness—some years of happiness, I hope—for the hours of regret and the tears you gave to—Albert Gardner's memory."

She buried her face in her handkerchief for several minutes, and in the pause there again came across the mo-

perme—without thinking of the poor young soldier's funeral on that lovely summer morning, and seeing the white flowers around the name-plate as they laid him down in his lonely grave. Poor young Albert Gardner!"

"What?" The word broke in a shrill, hoarse cry from Lady Mountrevor's white, parched lips.

"Albert Gardner—a young ensign in the British army." Winnie faltered, shrinking backward in involuntary terror. "Did you know him, Lady Mountrevor?"

"Know him—know him!" She followed Winnie, clutching at her dress in frantic eagerness. "Tell me—tell me! Did you ever see him—never once before he died?" she cried, piteously. "Oh, Albert darling! Oh, Bertie, my darling boy! Albert dearest! A body grave in a foreign land! This was what was common; this was what I dreamed of him—dreamed of him lying in his coffin!"

"Who was he?" Winnie said, overwhelmed with bewildered fear. "Lady Mountrevor, who was Albert Gardner?"

The question seemed to reveal her to herself. She looked her hold of Winnie Caerlyon turned away with a groan and sinking in a convulsive fit on her face in her hands.

"Who was he indeed!" she moaned. "Who was Albert Gardner that Lord Mountrevor's wife should mourn him?"

"Some one you loved," whispered Winnie Caerlyon, marveling if indeed it could be so.

"Some one!" Lady Mountrevor cried, rising from her chair and pacing the room like a caged creature. "The only living creature I ever loved—ever loved—ever loved!" the unhappy woman said, raging in fierce rebellion over the bereavement. "They took him from me; they persecuted us until they got us asunder—until they drove him out of the country, and hurried me away into seclusion—we who loved each other so—who would have been so faithful to each other, and so happy if they had let us—my father and mother and Madam Vivian! We loved each other from the time that we were a little boy and girl, Winnie Caerlyon," she went on, passionate sobs shaking her utterance; "we meant to love each other always—to marry as soon as I was of age, and Bertie used to talk to me of our home in some far-off Indian bungalow, or some fort in a distant land—we two together; and we should have been so happy! They did their best to make me forget him—Madam Vivian most of all. She is a hard worldly woman, Winnie Caerlyon, and you know it as well as I, though you have borne with her so well and patiently. They did their best, but it was useless; ever since, they could not have succeeded—never, never, but for Death helping them! I never could be false to him, he never could have been false to me in life. But Death stepped in to part Bertie and me for ever, much to my dear relatives' relief! Much to their relief," she repeated, after a pause, with a slow, concentrated bitterness. "I thought Madam Vivian announced 'the sad news,' as she called it, in so smoothly condoling a voice and manner—much as she announced the death of my god-mother, who bequeathed me her fortune. She entreated me not to say too much, I remember, and proposed next day that we should drive to the Longchamps race course for a change of scene to cheer and amuse me."

"Oh dear Lady Mildred, she did not mean to slight your grief, Madam did not understand feelings like yours. Madam never loved and lost as you did," said Winnie, quite forgetting, in the simplicity of her grief, that it was a peeress of the realm she was embracing and crying over so heartily.

"You would excuse her without ceasing, Winnie Caerlyon. Why, I know not—unless it is because of your long suffering amiability," Lady Mildred remarked, harshly scornful. "Irrespective of other wrongs, Madam Vivian has done me one that I can neither forgive nor forget."

"What was it?" Winnie asked, timidly.

The stormy shrieking of the wind had passed for a time, spent and breathless from its rage by the thundering roar and beat of the wild surges sounded fearfully loud and near in the ominous lull; and in the lull came a faint, distant, booming sound.

"The wrong of compelling me to sacrifice and trample upon my feelings in spite of every instinct of my nature, which shrank from the trial," said Lady Mountrevor, with gloomy hopelessness—the wrong of compelling me by fear of

perme—without thinking of the poor young soldier's funeral on that lovely summer morning, and seeing the white flowers around the name-plate as they laid him down in his lonely grave. Poor young Albert Gardner!"

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