

Winsome Winnie

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half the annals of a lifetime with the children, in its succession of wonders and delights; they all stared themselves blind and talked themselves hoarse, and having—after protracted delays to an abnormally late hour—gone to bed at length, everybody stayed awake until early morning, and so spent next day both actually and figuratively in dreamland.

The house was full of delightful things—there had not been such a dinner since Christmas day as was cooking in the kitchen—roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and a splendid rice and custard pudding full of raisins! Well might Johnnie warn Tommy on no account to be seduced into antepandrial repasts on hunkies of cold pastry or bread and cheese, but "leave plenty of room" for the beef and pudding! And there were curious delicate odors floating about—odors of cedar trunks, of perfume sachets, of dried and ripe American apples, and millinery goods.

As for the new carpet and chairs, Winnie had arranged for them, as well as a new drawing-room, or rather new house, to go with them—a nice rented house of their own, where the Caerlyons would not be "cabineted, cribbled, confined," a family of eleven persons in a six-roomed house—the one perched above Tolgooth Bay, provided by Government for their accommodation.

Every room was strewn with new, curious, pretty and eatable things—pictures, books, old china, dresses, jars of jelly, bottles of syrup, toys, packing cases; and everybody was examining everything, praising, wondering, discussing, questioning to their heart's content; while Winnie—her neat black dress covered up with a large white apron and bib, such as she used to wear long ago—was running about, arranging, unpacking, tidying, cooking, talking and laughing, all the seven children following her from room to room, up and down stairs, to look at her and listen to her with breathless interest.

"I never saw any one wear their age better than 'e do, Winnie," her step-mother remarked, with her usual blunt straightforwardness; "really, to look at 'e, one would never take 'e for more than one-and-twenty."

Winnie was sitting on the edge of a trunk which Sarah Matilda was unpacking, and Mrs. Caerlyon, seated at a little distance, was attentively studying Winnie's small delicate face, flushed so brightly, her smiling eyes and lips, and her beautiful carefully-arranged hair.

"Instead of going on for eight-and-twenty, mamma," supplemented Winnie; and for a moment the brightness faded from her face.

"Well, what if you are?" Mrs. Caerlyon began, when Sarah Matilda, delightedly investigating every corner and parcel in the large travelling trunk, held up a large square cedar box.

"What's in this, sister?"

"That! O, nothing! At least—Winnibox, but Sarah Matilda noticed how very red "sister Winnie" had grown—she stooped down as if to examine the "it's nothing but a—jacket."

"A jacket! Oh, do let's see!" Sarah Matilda said, pulling eagerly at the twine. "Yours, sister? Where did you buy it? What kind is it?"

"It's only a very old one, dear," answered Winnie; and Sarah Matilda noticed how the red flush had totally disappeared. "Some other time we'll look at it—it's not worth opening now; I've had it for years."

"What did 'e do with the splendid sealskin jacket, Winnie," asked her step-mother "the one Captain Tredaniel gave 'e before 'e went away?"

Winnie hesitated a moment, and the color dyed all her face in a burning blush that she strove to hide.

"Why—that is it!" she said, with a short, nervous laugh, pointing to the cedar box. "It is as good as ever, and it has kept me warm for seven long winters. It was a beautiful one, certainly."

"'E took good care of it, at all events," observed Mrs. Caerlyon, with a dry insinuating smile, looking at the soft, unbrushed fur and satin linings. And then she sat a long time in silence, covertly studying her step-daughter's winsome gentle face and light figure, and troubling her poor, manoeuvring brains with numberless hastily sketched-out plans.

"It won't do to say a word she was always such a queer maid," she said to herself. But "one word" Mrs. Caerlyon felt that she must say, prompted as she was by the sight of Stephen Tredaniel's long-ago gift, and those hastily-sketched mental plans. "It might be who could tell? stranger things had happened," she thought, shoving by words aloud whether the secret current of her meditations had gone.

"Did 'e know, Winnie, that the East

"Tian! Miss Trehwella—I'd like to see the saucy old thing put her foot in my house!" Mrs. Caerlyon thought, in dire surprise and alarm almost, as, after a moment's hesitation, the lady in black rushed forward, meeting her before she reached the kitchen door, and, flinging back her veil, stretched forth both her arms.

"Mamma, I've come back," she cried—"I've come back, dear mamma, to you and poor dear father, and the children, and—"

"Winnie! Winnie!" Mrs. Caerlyon screamed, after a scare of blank surprise. "Winnie, darling, I'm glad to see you! Glad—gl—ad, Winnie!" and forthwith Mrs. Caerlyon clutched her step-daughter in her arms, kissing her loudly, and crying vociferously, as is the manner of high-tempered, sharp-featured women when excited.

"Sister Winnie—the myth—who lived in the little pink colored country in North America—"sister Winnie," this lady in black! Was the world coming to an end?"

The children almost thought so, and, after huddling together for a moment, the younger ones joined in their mother's hysterical crying, until Winnie—fair, graceful sister—Winnie, with the lovely golden hair all in a mass of little glittering curls over her forehead, beneath her black cap—turned to them also with open arms, kissing them and crying over them in tears.

One of the coast-guard happened to pass at the moment, and with grave alarm he told his officer, five minutes afterwards, that there was a strange lady all in black gone into his—the officer's—house, and "he hoped as she had brought no bad news to the missus, for he thought as he had heard the children all a-crying."

Poor Lieutenant Caerlyon ran in panting, uncovering his gray head respectfully, as he entered the strange lady's presence, and remembered nothing more, when she turned round, then a confused scene of much talking and laughing and crying, and questioning and answering for the next hour, until poor Sarah Matilda, eager to redeem her character, before the eyes of the perfect sister, got tea ready, and some small loaves, nicely baked, and eggs boiled, and a bit of ham fried, and the lump sugar and sweet-cake put on the table—all which constituted the fatted calf that the poor Caerlyons had to offer to the returned wanderer—and they were all seated at the tea-table, Winnie next her father, and the tears and excitement blinding and confusing her so that she did not know where she was eating or not.

Poor Lieutenant Caerlyon had been crying plentifully himself, but now he wiped his eyes determinedly dry, and gazed at his long-absent daughter proudly.

"Elizabeth, hasn't she grown a—nice little woman?" he asked, longing to say more, but withheld as he had ever been from giving his child her meed of praise.

"She has grown downright elegant and pretty," said Mrs. Caerlyon, with one of her short laughs; "I'd never have known her, I think, only she came into the kitchen. She's nicer-looking to my mind than Lady Mountrevor—grand as she is."

Winnie blushed deeply—one of her old vivid, rose-red blushes.

"Oh, mamma!"

"Elizabeth, my dear," said Lieutenant Caerlyon, laughing, "that's too far. Lady Mountrevor, Elizabeth!" But in his secret heart he had never felt so great a glow of gratitude to his wife as he felt at that instant.

"Is Lady Mountrevor here now?" Winnie asked, looking up with a quick, keen interest darkening her brilliant grey eyes.

"Yes, she is," answered Mrs. Caerlyon, slightly, and she further proceeded to state, in the decisive, off-hand way that people assume when they wish to convince others of their democratic indifference to wealth and rank, and beauty and fashion, that for her part she saw nothing particular in this grand Lady Mountrevor that people made such a "to-do" about, as if she were a queen—a tall, stout, showy woman, dressed like a doll in a window, with her white muslin dresses and lilac ribbons, walking along the dusty roads in summer, with a French nurse for her child—her "bone" she believed they called her. "And why she isn't at home with her husband, instead of wandering about the country, no one can make out," concluded Mrs. Caerlyon, with a saucy nod. "Not much love lost between them, sure enough."

"Ah, I hope such is not the case," said Winnie earnestly; and, in order to change the subject—she knew to what lengths "making out" cases was carried by the maids and matrons of Tolgooth and its vicinity in the old days—she asked, "Do you ever see Madam Vivian, mamma?"

"Yes, at church, sometimes," replied Mrs. Caerlyon, with a fresh accession of the saucy tone; "and she's getting a real old woman, too, for all her grand bonnets and ribbons, and furs and things. I saw her last Sunday, and she asked when we had heard last from you. She's as proud and stiff as ever, poor old lady—shut up there in Roseworthy for half the year, without a soul to talk to but that that tawny-faced old maid, Trehwella."

"Oh, Trehwella's not married yet, then?" remarked Winnie, laughing.

"Indeed, she's not, nor never will be," returned the step-mother, "for all her dressed-up impudence. Coming here in her blue silks and gold chains, and running there, about the mines, after my cousin Thomas, no less—I wondered a good many times why she seemed to have a spite against 'e, Winnie, long ago; and that was one reason I'll lay any wager."

"She needed not," said Winnie, in a lower tone, a slight troubled flush rising over her face. Throbbing memories quickened the beating of her heart, and her lips trembled a little as she said, with an assured air of gaiety, "It was Madam Vivian who should have been the object of her jealousy, if any one

was. She was Mr. Pascoe's sweetheart ten years ago, and is his wife now. I think the real cause of her dislike was jealousy of her mistress's favor. She needed not to have troubled herself about that either—poor Trehwella."

"No indeed," put in Mrs. Caerlyon, with a sniff; "we don't want Madam Vivian's or Mme. Anybody's favor, thank goodness! We can pay our way honest, and look to nobody for help or credit!"

"No one—no, indeed," assented Lieut. Caerlyon, doubtfully, looking from his wife's to his daughter's face, and shifting restlessly in his seat; "we—we've helped each other along, thank heaven!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Caerlyon, intercepting the glance, and no squeamish delicacy restraining her from intercepting it fully—Mrs. Caerlyon "always spoke her mind out" on all subjects—"if 'e all, as 'e grow up, and be able to fill useful situations—with an obliquity of tone directing the general address into a particular one for Sarah Matilda's ear—are as good at remembering your father and mother as your sister Winnie here, 'ell all do well, and prosper, and live long in the land," Mrs. Caerlyon concluded, with a sudden grasp at a quotation of the fifth commandment.

The quick shy color burned in Winnie's pure delicate face at this praise of her step-mother's—it was so grateful, so strange to her ears, poor girl! And the flush grew deeper under the embarrassing weight of the communication she had to make.

"I have done only what it is my duty to do," she said, looking down nervously and fingering her teaspoon; "I don't deserve any thanks for that, mamma. Whatever I sent you I could well spare—poor dear Aunt Sarah was so good to me."

The grim, eccentric old woman's generous kindness and indulgence had indeed won for her, for the first time in her life, the grateful love and trust of a fresh, fond young heart; and surely, at her years, of shrewd astuteness, she had never bargained so wisely and well as when she thus purchased that fond filial cure for the evening of her life, and the loving remembrance of her death, which stirred the true heart beneath the fresh mourning dress of Winnie Caerlyon.

"I did all I could, or course, as was my duty," resumed Winnie, speaking rather tremblingly, for fear she might seem proud or arrogant—poor frail pale-faced little woman!—"but I shall be able to do much more for the future, dear father—a great deal more, mamma."

Winnie was shedding tears of genuine pleasure and satisfaction. "Aunt Sarah left—left me all—her money!" sobbed Winnie, quite breaking down.

"Hannah, her servant, had the house and furniture—and a hundred dollars a year for her life; and I've—I've a thousand dollars a year! That's about two hundred pounds, you know, dear," she said, appealing to Sarah Matilda, who had grown pale with surprise and delight.

Viets of hats with white feathers, and kid gloves, and long gossamer veils, like Lady Mountrevor's, began to be conjured up in Sarah Matilda's girlish, vain young head, whilst her sister spoke.

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Caerlyon, her face quite in a blaze of flushed color and excitement and gratification, her housewifely soul moved at the possibilities of a new carpet, and parlor chairs in blue damask, like her cousin Bella's, to be obtained from her step-daughter's lavish generosity.

"Oh, my goodness, Winnie, child, that will be splendid! Two hundred a year! Not but what we wanted it badly," she added, beginning to cry over past priva-

PALE ANAEMIC GIRLS Find New Health Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

There must be no guesswork in the treatment of pale, anaemic girls. If your daughter is languid, has a pale, yellow complexion, is short of breath, especially on going upstairs; if she has palpitation of the heart, a poor appetite, or a tendency to faint, she has anaemia—which means poverty of the blood. Any delay in treatment may leave her weak and sickly for the rest of her life—delay may even result in consumption, that most hopeless of diseases. When the blood is poor and watery, there is only one certain cure—that is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, compounded with nourishing food, and gentle out-of-door exercise. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood, which flowing through the veins stimulates the nerves, increases the appetite, gives brightness to the eye, a glow of health to the cheek, and makes weak, dependent girls full of healthy activity. The case of Miss J. H. Lassalle, Sorel, Que., is typical of the cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "I was weak and all run down. My face was pale and covered with pimples. My lips were pale. I suffered from pains in all my limbs, which would at times be swollen. I was hardly ever free from headaches, and I found work about the house a burden, as the least effort left me fatigued and breathless. I had no appetite, and notwithstanding that I was constantly doctoring I seemed to be growing worse all the time. One day mother said that she thought I ought to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so. I soon discovered that I had found the right medicine, and after using nine boxes I was once more enjoying the best of health, and I have not been unwell a day since."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HE FOUND THEM NO FAITH CURE BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CLEARED OUT W. F. BLACK'S SCIATICA

He Was in Agony When a Friend Gave Him a Box. Now He Recommends Them to Everybody.

Newcastle, N. B., Jan. 27—(Special)—In these cold winter days when the chill winds crystallize the uric acid in the blood and cause the pangs of Rheumatism and Sciatica to bring sleepless nights to many a home, a man's best friend is he who can tell his neighbor of a sure cure for his tortures. Such a friend is Wm. F. Black, of this place. He suffered from Sciatica and lame back. He was so bad that he could not lace his boots or turn in bed. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him, and he wants all his neighbors to know of the cure.

"Yes," Mr. Black says, in an interview, "I was so bad with Sciatica and Lame Back that I couldn't lace my shoes or turn in bed, when a friend gave me about a third of a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I started taking them without much faith in their curative powers, and found them all they were recommended. Now I am recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are no faith cure. They're a simple but sure cure for diseased kidneys.

MONKEYSHINES

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HELP

A Bad Heart, Its Cause and Cure

Many, Firmly Convinced They Are Dying of Heart Trouble, Have Often the Strongest Hearts.

Sometimes you wake up at night, heart throbbing like a steam engine. Your breathing is short and irregular; pains shoot through the chest and abdomen, and cause horrible anxiety.

Your trouble isn't with the heart at all. These sensations are the outcome of indigestion, which has caused gas to form on the stomach and press against the heart.

Just read what happened to Isaac Malloux, of Belle River, Ont.:

"Three months ago I was a weak, sickly man. My appetite was poor, food fermented in my stomach. I had sour risings and indigestion. At night I would often awaken with gas in the stomach and heart palpitation.

"I consulted my doctor and used remedies that my friends advised. Nothing helped.

"One day I received a sample of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and my cure commenced. To-day I have a vigorous appetite, strong heart action, and no sign of indigestion. I feel younger and healthier than ever before."

Your druggist or storekeeper sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box or five boxes for \$1.00. By mail from The Catabarhose Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

Currah, No More Lame Backs!

This Case Proves That the Best and Strongest Liniment Ever Made is Nerviline.

When it comes to determining the real merit of a medicine, no weight of evidence is more convincing than the straightforward statement of some reliable and well-known person who has been cured. For this reason we print the verbatim statement of Juan E. Powell, written from his home in Carleton Place, Ontario.

"I am a strong, powerful man, six feet tall, and weigh nearly two hundred. I have been accustomed all my life to lift great weights, but one day I overdid it, and wrenched my back badly. Every tendon and muscle was sore. To stoop or bend was agony. I had a whole bottle of Nerviline rubbed on in one day, and by night I was well again. I know of no liniment possessing one-half the penetration and pain-subduing properties of Nerviline. I urge its use strongly as an invaluable liniment and household cure for all minor ailments, such as strains, sprains, swellings, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, and muscular pain."

No better medicine for curing pain was ever put in a bottle than Nerviline—rub it on and rub it in—that rubs out all aches, pains and soreness. Large family size, 50c; trial size, 25c, all dealers, or The Catabarhose Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

FICTION AND FACT

I JUST PURCHASED A RARE OLD RELIC FROM THE BANK OF BURGUNDY FOR ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

ON THE STAGE

GIMME A HAM SANDWICH AND A CUP OF COFFEE

OFF THE STAGE

CUSTOMS IN NEW GUINEA.

Fresh details of interest concerning the little known land of New Guinea, have recently been brought home by the Finnish student and traveller, Dr. Gunnar Landtman.

Few parts of the world still contain so many remnants of the life of the pure, savage as does this vast island, and for many years past it has naturally attracted a large share of attention from all who make a study of anthropology. Until recently cannibalism was prevalent, but it is now confined to a few tribes, and when Archbishop Donaldson was among them some years ago he found that the natives, many of whom had been converted into Christianity, were extremely unwilling to talk about their old ways.

R. W. Williamson, who returned from a year stay among the Malulu savages, had, however, another story to tell, for this section of the people can still enjoy a banquet of human flesh. They do not slaughter their victims merely for greed, but wait until a battle or private fight can give them both a meal and the excuse for taking it.

In other respects he described them as being a simple and quiet race, with an extremely complicated religion, the origin of which they did not in the least know. They believed that the fig tree and certain other plants were haunted, while their lives were to a great extent spent in fear of sorcery.

Dr. Landtman entirely confirms these stories of their wonderful imaginative nature, and he relates how they tell remarkably long and complicated tales of romance, in which the fortunes of hero and heroine are marred by the machinations of witches. In most of their stories can be seen a dim resemblance to the fairy legends of Europe, a point which should attract the attention of the student of comparative religion. Of their morals he speaks in the highest terms, yet he relates that their code allows a ceremonial exchange of wives.

The Papuans, who comprise the majority of the inhabitants, are a people of fine physique, and according to the latest reports, are fond of sports, in which the women join with the men, the game being not unlike our English hockey. Many of the tribes in the mountains still live by raids on lowland districts, but in other parts the people are quietly earning a living from cultivating the soil.—London Standard.

Pocket Again.

We have it. It's on the blouse. It is on the coat also. But it is never on blouses. It is on the left side of the chest. In it a handkerchief is painted & placed. It also is large enough for one's ear fare purse.

Many a man has been sold who didn't get the price. The cadets will leave Halifax for England on February 1st. Autograph hunters hereafter will have to pay a mark for each request to a member of the Protective Association of German Authors.

A woman may know a man like a book, but she can't look ahead and see his finish.