

## What COMFORT LYE

Comfort Lye is a very powerful cleanser. It is used for cleaning up the oldest and hardest dirt, grease, etc. Comfort Lye is fine for making sinks, drains and closets sweet and clean. Comfort Lye kills rats, mice, roaches and insect pests. Comfort Lye will do the hardest spring cleaning you've got. Comfort Lye is good for making soap. It's powdered, perfumed and 100% pure.



is splendid for —

SIR WILLIAM'S  
WILL

"Not in the very least," he replied. "The horse scarcely touched me. Now you have spoken of the affair, Miss Bramley, I should like to apologize for my exhibition of temper yesterday. Of course, it was unpardonable. I ought to have remembered that there were ladies present, but I am afraid that I am not a particularly good-tempered man, and that I lose my head too quickly." He sighed as he thought of the old days when he and his father had faced each other, both aflame with anger, with a passion which burned so fiercely in the veins of both of them. "I'm afraid you were very much upset and annoyed."

The words, the manner, were so unlike those of an ordinary fisherman that Clytie felt faintly surprised, and unconsciously responded as if she were addressing an equal.

"I think there was some excuse for you," she said. "You were anxious about the child, and—and no man likes to be struck, can't you endure a blow? You and Mr. Carton lost your tempers; and I have no doubt he regrets his part in the affair as much as you do. Would you like to tell him that you are sorry for having been so—so rough with him?"

"No, I shouldn't," replied Jack, with a grim laugh, as if he were forced to speak the truth. Clytie laughed, and blushed slightly. "No, I suppose you wouldn't; and, if I were in your place, I should be as reluctant to own that I was in fault. But you see that your bad temper has robbed you of the advantage you would have gained."

"That's so," assented Jack, moodily. "It's not the first time it has cost me something."

Clytie regarded him calmly, thoughtfully. "You do not look like a bad-tempered man," she said, and more to herself than to him.

Jack laughed, and the color rose to his face. "I am certainly not in a bad temper at this moment," he said, "and I can generally keep my head unless I'm hard pushed; but after a point I lose it entirely, and I don't know what I'm saying or doing."

Clytie remembered these significant words, this admission of his, in the after-time. "You must guard against it," she said. "Forewarned is forearmed. That sounds like a copy-book heading," she added, with a smile at her own banality.

"It's very good advice, anyway; and thank you," said Jack, quite humbly. There was silence for a minute or two; Clytie's thoughts returned to their usual subject, and presently she said, with sudden interest:

"You have been in Australia?"

The question came so unexpectedly that Jack was almost guilty of a start; but he was on his guard instantly, and he replied promptly, and, of course, quite calmly.

"Yes, miss."

She leaned forward, her chin in her hand, her eyes resting on his with a barely repressed eagerness. Jack thought she made the most beautiful picture he had ever seen.

"Do you know it very well?" she asked.

"Fairly well," he replied; "it's a large place."

"Yes, I know," she said, with a sigh. "It would be very difficult to find anyone there, would it not? I mean anyone who had become lost, or did not wish to be found."

"Well, it would," said Jack. He was prepared for what was coming, and his tone was polite, respectful, but by no means an interested one.

"Do you happen to know a place called Minton?" asked Clytie, after a pause.

"Minton?" he repeated, as if he were trying to recall the name. "I think I've heard of it."

She breathed a little sigh of disappointment. "You have never been there? No; it would be too strange a coincidence if you had. I—I am trying to find someone who is there, or used to be there."

Jack nodded. "A man?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Clytie. She hesitated for a moment, then she said: "It is Sir William Carton. But it is very probable that he did not bear that name, that he was living in Australia under an assumed name."

"Ah, yes," said Jack, thoughtfully; "there are a great many men over there who don't care about their real names being known."

"I am afraid that is the case with this gentleman," said Sir William. She said with a sigh.

"That is Sir William Carton's son?" said Jack, quite steadily, his eyes fixed on the flower in the bosom of her dress.

"Yes," said Clytie. "He left England some time ago, and though letters have been addressed to him at this place, Minton, no reply has been received, nothing has been heard of him—but it is not very likely; the country is so large." She dropped back with a sigh.

"Yes," said Jack. "It's like the good people here who ask anybody, when they've come from London, if he has met their cousin, George."

Clytie smiled. "It was rather foolish of me," she admitted.

"Not at all," said Jack, hurriedly. "What sort of man is this Sir William Carton?" he asked, as if he were desirous of helping her, if he could.

Clytie gave a little shrug of her shoulders, and her brow came together with a touch of impatience.

"Oh, I'm afraid I can't describe him," she said. "I haven't seen him since he was a boy. He was a very good-looking, handsome boy, with fine presence of mind, Jack succeeded in keeping his countenance, which looked absolutely wooden at the moment—but a very wild one. I should think he had grown up."

She paused as if doubtful how to continue her description. Jack came to her aid.

"A thoroughly bad lot?" he said.

She flushed, and bit her lip. "I don't know," she said. "I know nothing about him. No; why should you think he was a bad character? It doesn't follow." She pulled herself up and caught her lips again, as if she were annoyed with herself for talking in this strain, on such a private matter as Sir William's character.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said Jack. "One meets so many men in Australia who are right down bad lots."

Clytie broke in upon his apology by calling to Mollie. Jack rowed in to shore, and Mollie and Lord Stanton got into the boat; and Jack silently rowed them back.

As Lord Stanton was helping him to haul up the boat, his lordship said: "Look here, Douglas, Miss Mollie's been telling me about the plucky way you saved the ship yesterday. She said it was splendidly done. What Mollie really remarked was, that she couldn't have done it better herself."

"You're the sort of man I like, and I'm going to take you on for good. Seems to me you're a bit above the common or garden fisherman. I'm going to employ you to—to—the lad looked about him as if he were rather puzzled—well, to help me with this blessed jetty. So consider yourself engaged as foreman, head cook and bottle-washer, or whatever you like to call yourself, till further notice. We'll settle about the screw next time I come down."

Without waiting for Jack's acceptance or refusal of this vaguely described position, the lad hurried up to join the two girls; but suddenly and with something extremely like a wink:

"Of course, you'll hold yourself in readiness to take the young ladies boating when they want to go. And I dare say I shall want to row round to Perthwick pretty often."

Jack said nothing; he felt as if he were not equal to speech, and he lit his pipe and stared thoughtfully and frowningly at the pebbles on the beach.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"You don't let the grass grow under your feet."

It was Mollie who spoke, and she was seated on the old quay wall at Perthwick, her long legs swinging, her tam-o'-shanter all on one side. Beside her, also seated on the wall, but more decorously, was Clytie, with a book, which was turned page downward on her lap as she gazed thoughtfully out to sea.

Between them, lounging on the quay, with a cigarette in his mouth, was Lord Stanton, to whom Mollie's complimentary remark was addressed.

"No; why should I?" he responded, looking up at her with a smile. "I'm not a horse. But we've done a lot in the time, haven't we?" he added, complacently, as he looked down the valley road, which only a few weeks ago had been so quiet and seemed a road through a quiet of dreams, and was now all alive with men and carts, and humming with the sound of voices, shouting, laughing, men calling orders to their horses and each other mingled with the "chip, chip" of chisel on stone as the masons cut and trimmed the huge blocks which would be used for building the new jetty.

"Yes, you have wrought a change," said Mollie. "I'll give you due credit, Lord Stanton."

The lad colored with pleasure, then turned and looked up the road, whence came the sound of a horse coming down the hill, a horse ridden at what seemed a dangerous pace by a rider who sat in the saddle as if he had been born there.

"Douglas deserves his share. We shouldn't have been where we are if it hadn't been for him, you know. Now, he pushes the world round, if you like! Never knew such a fellow! Give him an order, and he's on to it like a knife; and he is simply as chook-full of ideas of his own as a pudding's full of raisins."

"Was it his idea to begin building a jetty in the autumn, so that the winter storms could wash it away as fast as you put it up?" said Mollie, demurely.

"There you are!" exclaimed Stanton, triumphantly. "That's just what I said; but Douglas knew his book. As he says, most of the bad weather comes after Christmas, in these parts, not before; and, of course, the thing to do was to haul down the material while the roads are good, and get the granite round by sea while the weather's fine. Then, by the time the wet season comes, we shall have the sheds up, and the men can work under shelter and everything ready to begin building in May or June."

"I see," said Mollie. "Oh, wise young man!"

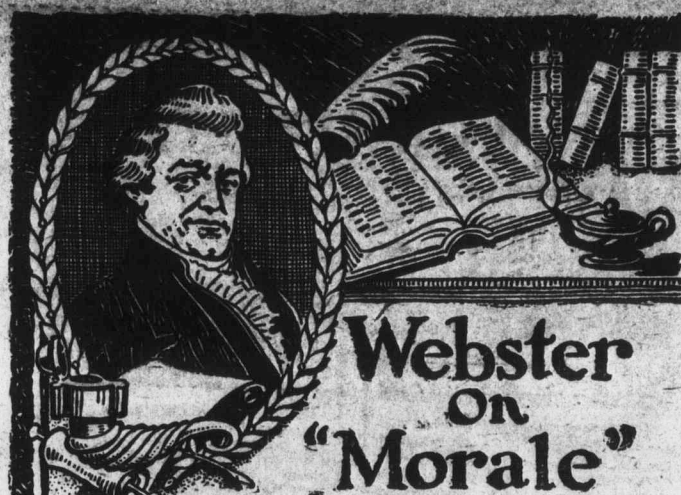
Stanton laughed as if there were something deliciously witty in her caustic comment.

"Oh, he's wise enough, you bet!" he said, his eyes wandering from Mollie to Jack, as he came down the hill. "It's my opinion that that fellow is a genius; there's no end to the things he knows, and no end to his resources. He has got this business in hand, as if he'd been used to it all his life; and he sends the thing spinning along as easily as if it were a shell or a pea."

"General servant!" murmured Mollie. "He seems to be able to do anything and everything."

Stanton laughed. "That's it! Nothing comes amiss to him. He was up in the Towers the other day, and he doctored one of the horses, just as if he'd been a vet, you know. The coachman said—"

"That he was a masterpiece," cut in

Webster  
On  
"Morale"

MORALE (Mor-ah) n. (F. See Moral, et) the moral condition, or the condition in other respects, so far as it is affected by, or dependent upon, moral considerations, such as zeal, spirit, hope and confidence; mental state, as of a body of men, an army, and like.

HAT is Dr. Webster's definition. Many of us know the word only in its war-time application.

Webster dwells firstly upon the usage of the word "morale" as applied to the common-place happenings of everyday life. His allusion to its reference to an army comes later. And Webster is correct—metaculously so.

It was their private-life morale that made such splendid soldiers of our boys when the time came for them to don the khaki. It was that, and that alone, that made them take the first step, and it was that which carried them through to victory. If their every-day morale had been neglected, the Army could have done little with them and success would not have crowned their efforts.

It is the many little incidents of your daily routine that make up your morale—the morning shave, your clean linen, polished shoes, brushed clothes. Webster speaks of zeal, spirit, hope and confidence. It is by attention to the small details of your personal appearance that these may be attained.

The Gillette Safety Razor enters as much into the morale of every-day life as it did into that of the trenches. It helped our soldiers to maintain their confidence and bearing. It will do the same for you. The Gillette Safety Razor makes the daily shave come easy—there is no pulling or scraping—no honing, or stropping—just five minutes of perfect shaving comfort. And, afterwards, a chin that tells of morale and self-respect.

Sold at most stores catering to men's needs.

MADE IN CANADA  
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER  
The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Que.

Mollie. "It's a good word. He can ride, among other things," she added, lowering her voice, for Jack was very near them now.

"Rather. The other day he was up at the Towers he got on an ill-tempered beast of a colt, a wretch I wouldn't mount for love or money."

"Same thing."

"And Douglas took the trills out of him in as pretty a half-hour tussle as I've ever seen; and I've been through the riding-school, you know."

"And didn't he cure a smoking chimney, mend the clocks and set a broken leg or two?" asked Mollie.

Stanton laughed. "Pon my word, I think he's equal to all that. Anyway, I haven't tried him at anything he's refused as yet."

Jack rode by, raising his hat, but scarcely glancing at the group on the wall. He had exchanged his fisherman's loose kit for a riding-suit, and looked now decidedly more like a young squire than the foreman of the Perthwick jetty-works.

"Hi, Douglas!" called Stanton; but Jack did not hear him, and, riding down to the men, dismounted and joined them.

"His lordship did not deign to stop," remarked Mollie blandly. "Oh, he didn't hear," said Stanton easily.

"Oh, come," said Mollie, with an air of relief; "it is comforting to find that he has one defect—that he is deaf."

"Got ears like a lynx," said Stanton easily.

"And eyes like a hawk, and a nose like a fox-hound."

"He's gone into his shed, office," said Stanton. "I wonder—Excuse me a moment," he broke off, as he went quickly to the office.

"Lord Stanton appears to have caught a paragon," remarked Mollie; "a sort of Admirable Crichton. Well, I suppose there is some excuse for his enthusiasm. Douglas is rather a wonderful young man, isn't he?" said Mollie reflectively.

"Is he?" said Clytie, looking up from her book. "Yes, I suppose he is."

"You don't like him?" suggested Mollie.

Clytie looked up again, as if with faint surprise.

"Not like him? Why do you say that, Mollie? I don't dislike him. Why should I? Indeed, I think he is rather a nice young fellow; and we know that he has plenty of pluck; and that he is very good-natured and kind."

"Yes, he's that," said Mollie, as if she were conceding a point. "However busy may be, he is always ready to take you for a row or a sail."

"Take us," corrected Clytie absent-mindedly.

"Didn't I say 'us'? Of course. And he is very good to that kid."

Clytie laughed. "You mean Polly," she said. "Kid is scarcely the word."

"Sorry. I don't mean to bring a blush to the face of my proper sister."

Kid is a word which I learned from the young gentleman who has now gone to worship in the temple of his divinity; and who will probably forget that he has left two ladies waiting for him."

"You learn a great many slang words from Lord Stanton," said Clytie with a laugh.

"I do, I do! But I'm teaching him something in return—mangers. He's rather a backward pupil."

"Well, he has rather a forward mistress."

"But I shall succeed in time; perhaps when I am a white-haired old woman."

"Do you propose continuing the lessons for so long a period?" asked Clytie demurely.

Mollie colored. Now and then she found that Clytie's wit matched her own.

"I shall see. But we weren't talking of that hobbledoy, but of Mr. Douglas. The men call him 'mister' now, you know. He's not a bad sort, though I do chaff Lord Stanton about him."

"No," assented Clytie. "He seems a particularly good sort. Polly worships him. But that's not wonderful. He is so good to her. I should think," she went on, almost to herself, "he had a warmer heart than most men. Have you noticed how he treats his horse?"

"No," replied Mollie, looking straight before her.

Clytie laughed softly. "And you are usually such an observant young person!"

"Oh, only of things and persons I'm interested in," retorted Mollie innocently, but with a sharp, sideways glance at Clytie.

"Look. There it stands, quite free; and it will stand there until he comes to it; or, if it should wander a little way, it will come directly he calls it."

"That's a trick," said Mollie, with a disparaging shrug of her shoulders.

"And the horse has learned it in a fortnight," remarked Clytie.

Mollie laughed. "You're as bad as Lord Stanton," she declared, "and Polly!"

Clytie's gray eyes opened with surprise; then she shrugged her shoulders and returned to her book.

Stanton had entered the shed and found Jack examining some accounts.

"Oh, Douglas," said the lad, "do you think you could give us some tea? I know you keep some crockery here, and it's such a deuce of a climb up to one of the cottages; besides, they make such a fuss, and the ladies would have to tramp down again to the boat."

Jack looked up with no great readiness.

"I've only the roughest kind of crocks here, Lord Stanton," he said.

"Anything will do," said the lad. "Here, I'll help you!"

"Thanks," said Jack. "I've got to check the stone tally before the men knock off."

(To Be Continued.)

## Small Things Once Precious.

In the reign of Henry VIII, a needle was so valuable a thing that an English comedy was written about the loss of one. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth (a pair of gloves were held to be a fitting gift for the sovereign. Henry IV. of France, a poor and a frugal monarch, committed one extravagance, which was commented upon by the court and noted down in Sully's memoirs. He used as many handkerchiefs as he required when he had a cold in his head.

Muggins—Strange that Wigwag isn't more successful in business. He's pretty quick to catch on. Muggins—Maybe he doesn't know when to let go.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

In a paper read before the members of the French Academy of Sciences, Monsieur Guignard calls attention to the use of the sorghum plant as a source of sugar, especially on account of its abundant growth in the north of Africa and other places. His researches show that the amount of sugar may reach as high as 14 per cent. Although sorghum sugar does not crystallize as well as beet sugar and is inferior to it in quality, it will be useful to develop the production from this source now that other supplies are lacking.

The discharge of the River Amazon is greater than that of any other river in the world.

The origin of the word "magnet" is a matter of some uncertainty. By some authorities it is claimed that it is derived from the name of the city of Magnesia, in Asia Minor, where the properties of the lodestone are said to have been discovered. It has, however, been asserted the names comes from Magnes, the name of a shepherd who discovered magnetic power by being held on Mount Ida, in Greece, by its attraction for the nails in his shoes.

The salmon can swim 25 miles an hour.

India rubber was used for the first time as an eraser in 1770. Prior to this the crumb of bread was used for erasing purposes.

A Japanese industry which has made remarkable progress in recent years is that concerned with the extraction of vegetable wax, which is coming into greater demand on foreign markets.

## Acre of Bananas.

In India and the Malay peninsula the produce from one acre of bananas—or plantains, as the fruit is termed in that region—will support a much greater number of people than a similar area under any other crop. Plantain meal is made by stripping off the husk, slicing the core, dropping it in the sun and then reducing it to powder, and finally sifting. It is calculated that the fresh core will give 40 per cent. of meal, and that an acre of average quality will yield over a ton.

WOMAN'S BEST  
LAXATIVE

Proved Every Day That Dr. Hamilton's Pills Are Just Right for Women's Ills

Little wonder woman suffers so much from constipation. She always hesitates, continually puts off taking medicine.

Of course a woman's system is delicate, is easily injured by drastic purgatives. Bitter experience with harsh medicines makes her cautious, and to her great injury, chronic sluggishness of the system is permitted.

Few pills are suited to the actual needs of woman—they are too strong. But there is a good woman's laxative, and it combines mildness with thoroughness of activity—it is known to the people of many nations as Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which never gripe, never cause nausea and are safe to use no matter what the conditions of strength or circumstances of health may be. A naturalness and regularity of the system, so important to every woman, is quickly acquired by the regular use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

As a health-bringer, as a tonic laxative, as an all-round ladies' medicine, there is positively nothing so efficacious as Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut; 25c per box, at all dealers.

Some folks are the very picture of misery. Their mouths are so constantly in a sour pout that they get ugly before they get gray. The kiddies take to their heels when they see the nagger coming down the street. Objectors are always wanting a new boss. Dismal old age stares the unfortunate victim in the face and he's bound to get soured on the world for the world has little to offer him. You can't take such risks—Exchange.

Strive to Keep Sweet.

The major prophets of the Old Testament were Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel. The Old Testament books contain their prophecies. The minor prophets of the group of Old Testament writers from Hosea to Malachi are so called because of the brevity of their prophecies. Malachi was the last of the minor prophets.

Try to Read Wisely.

The habit of reading wisely is by no means an easy one to acquire, but unless acquired, the mind is likely to become so cloyed with literary sweet meats or satiated with academic treatises that it revolts indignantly and for the time at least refuses to respond to the demands which habit places upon it.

Major and Minor Prophets.

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