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SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

CHAPTER XXX.

The days, the weeks, the months, dragged along wearily for Jack, and he was given every opportunity of realizing the grim fact that success and wealth cannot of themselves bring happiness.

They had found gold in even larger quantities than Choche had expected, and Jack's third share already amounted to that which in less plethoric days than these would have been considered a fortune.

Choche was, naturally, in a state of continual satisfaction, and every night, as they sat beside their fire and smoked, he indulged in the anticipatory joy of planning the delightful future which his wealth would secure for him.

"I suppose you'll do the same kind of thing, Douglas," he remarked one night. "A man can't do better with his money than settle down in the dear old country; and you're just cut out for that line; you're a gentleman already made, whereas I shall have to learn the part. I can see you in a big old mansion of a place, married to a nobleman's daughter, or some such kind of swell, hunting the hounds and sitting on the Bench. Yes, you will be in your proper place, then."

Jack always evaded these questions with a shrug of the shoulders, and deftly changed the subject. He knew that no return to England was possible for him, and that he should probably end his days at Parraluna or Silver Ridge; he would never go back to claim Clytie, to exact of her the consequences of her sacrifice.

Jack was not given to brooding at the worst of times—few healthy men are—and, indeed, there was too much occupation for his mind to permit of much musing. The work was incessant, and the overseeing of it, which he shared with Choche, entailed a large responsibility, and, in addition to the ordinary cares of so great an undertaking, the two men were harassed by a larger influx of lawless and rowdy element to Red Gulch. Against this large number of desperadoes the Silver Ridge men had all they could do to hold their own.

There was a kind of guerilla warfare between the two camps. The ruffian Snyder, with whom Jack had thrice come in contact, had disappeared; but other ringleaders had taken his place, and had, so to speak, organized the villainy of Red Gulch. Jack had found his greatest difficulty to lie in the conveyance of stores, machinery and similar things from Parraluna to Silver Ridge.

It was not always possible to send sufficient escort to protect them from parties of the Red Gulch desperadoes, who somehow or other contrived to learn the dates on which the stores were dispatched, and now and again succeeded in intercepting the wagons and making off with the more portable property. Jack and Choche had issued a notice, in the shape of a warning, that these highwaymen of the backwoods would, if caught in the act, and in the event of their offering any resistance, be shot on the spot; and the notice had for a time restrained the gang. Great caution was used also in starting the wagons secretly, so that a large escort should not be necessary, for every man was wanted at the diggings. And Jack was beginning to flatter himself that no further attempt need be made to hold up the supply.

But his confidence was rudely dispelled. One evening, just as the men had knocked off, Choche came into the hut with a disturbed countenance which told Jack that something was the matter. "Anything wrong?" "Yes," replied Choche, going for his gun and hurriedly putting on his riding-boots. "Those fellows at Red Gulch have found out by some means or other that the wagon started last night. Teddy brought me the news. Sharp lad, that boy. He was scouting round their camp before dawn this morning, and he saw four men, the

worst of them, ride out of the camp. They went eastward, but Teddy, knowing that they could have no business in that direction, started to strike the Parraluna road, and presently he saw my gentlemen coming onto it; they had made a round to divert suspicion. Teddy made for home for all he was worth, and has just brought me the news. The boy was pretty nigh worn out, and I gave him some grub and made him turn in. Teddy will find his wages raised from next Saturday, eh, Douglas?"

"There is a future before 'Teddy,'" said Jack, quietly, as he got his gun and filled his cartridge-belt.

"I told them to get your horse ready," said Choche, "and I've got two men, old Parraluna hands, waiting with it under the clump of trees in the hollow. And I told them to hold their tongues. We want to work this little affair quietly, and to down these fellows red-handed. We'll tie 'em up and send them to the nearest magistrate."

"It's rather a heavy lot of supplies we expected, isn't it?" said Jack. Choche nodded gravely. "Yes, things we want badly. Are you ready?"

"Quite," said Jack, cheerfully, "and I'm looking forward to the fun. We don't get too much diversion, as the Irishman would call it, and it will be a pleasant change."

They found the two Parraluna men waiting for them under the trees, and, almost in silence, they rode in the direction of Parraluna. It was not long before they came up with the tracks of the Red Gulch men, and they put their horses to a quicker pace. They were running over with suppressed excitement, but presently they received a check. The horse of one of the Parraluna men went lame, and grumbling and swearing fearfully, the man had to return to the camp.

"Three will be enough," remarked Choche, with unabated cheerfulness. Jack rode by his side, the cool night air fanning his cheeks. For the moment he had forgotten the work in which he was engaged, and was feeling the soft breeze of the Cornish coast, as it filled the sail of the boat in which Clytie sat so close to him that he could touch her. His thought of her was very vivid that night, and he started from his dream of that happy past, when Choche exclaimed, as he bent forward in his saddle and peered through the mist:

"There are the wagons!" They rode up quickly, then pulled up agnast. The wagons were there right enough, but they were huddled together; some of the horses were browsing on the short turf with their cut harness hanging to them, and a group of men were bending over something lying in their midst. Jack rode up to them and they sprang up from their knees.

"What's happened?" he asked, as he dropped from his horse. "We've been held up, Mr. Douglas," said one of the men. "Took by surprise coming through the trees there, or they wouldn't have got the best of it. We put up a right, but they'd drawn on us first, and one of us was shot."

Jack knelt beside the man who had been wounded and examined him. He was unconscious. "I don't know this man," said Jack. "No, sir," was the reply. "He is a stranger; he came with the ladies."

"Ladies? What ladies?" Jack asked, glancing toward one of the wagons which had a tilt to it. "Three ladies from Parraluna," replied the man. "They were coming on to Silver Ridge with him."

"Oh?" said Jack. "They are in that wagon, I suppose? I'll go and speak to them; they will be frightened out of their lives."

"They are not there," said the man, reddening and biting his lip. "They've been carried off."

"Carried off!" he said. "Who were they—Mrs. Jarrow?" "Who were they—Mrs. Douglas?" replied the man; "three lady visitors, from England, I think. They came with this man."

Jack leaped on his horse and went to Choche, who was examining the wagons and the harness. "They have got the money, the money I wanted to pay the men," began Choche; but Jack cut him short. "They've taken three women," he

said. "We must be after them at once. Choche, you and I will be enough; the others can help with the wagon. The hurt man must be put in the tilt one. There is no time to lose; three women and those devils!" Choche looked up at the sky with the sharp gaze of an experienced scout. "There is just light enough to track them," he said. "Come in!"

They had to proceed slowly at first, for the mass of hoofmarks around the spot where the fight had taken place made the track difficult; but they spotted it presently, and were soon keen upon it.

"The old hut!" said Jack, meaning a hut which had been used by outriders. Choche nodded. "It's almost possible for us to get there before they do," he said. "Who are the women?" Jack shook his head. "I don't know," he replied; "some of the diggers' sweetheart or wives, I expect. These scoundrels will hold them up for ransom."

"Or worse," said Choche, between his teeth. After a while the ground grew broken, and they had to go cautiously. They were passing through a pine-wood when Jack laid his hand on Choche's arm, for Jack's quick ear had caught the sound of the tap-tap of horses in the open space beyond the wood. The stopped to listen, and a faint cry, in a woman's voice, for help, was wafted toward them. With a rush, they got clear of the wood, and there, in the plain below them, they saw a group of riders, consisting of four men and three women; one man was riding some little distance in advance, leading a horse with a woman on it; behind the other two women were led and guarded by the three men.

"We've got 'em!" said Choche, exultantly, "you take one of the men to the left, and I'll take the one on the right; shoot your man or his horse, I don't care which; it's not a time to stand on etiquette; they deserve all they'll get."

He fired almost as he spoke; his man reeled in the saddle and yelled, but kept his seat. Jack fired and brought down the horse of one of the other men. Cries for help rose from the two women, mingled with yells of alarm and warning from the men. Jack raised his gun again; then dropped it suddenly from his shoulder and uttered a cry of amazement and incredulity.

"I know them—the women!" he said brokenly. "One of them is Mary Seaton, the other is—Merciful Heaven, what do you mean!" He struck his spurs into his horse and tore toward the group. Choche shouted in a kind of frenzy. The three men, no doubt thinking that their pursuers outnumbered them, released the horses of their prisoners and took to the hills; but the man who was in advance, looking over his shoulder and seeing that only two men emerged from the wood, still held his captive's bridle, and, urging the horses to their topmost speed, kept on his course.

Jack was the first to come up to the two women, who had been released, for Choche had waited a moment or two to take aim at the ruffian in front, but missed him. The two women had slipped from their horses and were clinging together, and Jack almost rode onto them, for he was scarcely conscious of what he was doing.

"Mollie!" he cried. "Mollie! You here! Am I mad! Mary!" Mollie flung herself upon him, half-frantic with terror, but not on her own account. "Jack, Jack!" she cried. "Yes, we are here, but come to you! But Clytie!" She looked in the direction in which Clytie had almost disappeared, and wrung her hands.

"Clytie!" he echoed hoarsely, his eyes following hers. Then, springing on his horse and shouting over his shoulder to Choche, "Take them back to the wagon to Parraluna!" he started in pursuit of Clytie and her captor, feeling as if he were moving, and with only one desire, a desire that burnt in every fibre of his being like a consuming fire—to gain her side, to save her. (To be continued.)

Sentenced to Immediate Death It happens every time you treat a corn with "Putnam's"—Corn dies—never returns. Nothing so certain and painless as Putnam's Corn Extract. Try it. Fifty years' success guarantees its merit. 25c bottles at all dealers.

THE COTILLION IN MULLIGAN'S FLAT

(By Mr. O'Rafferty, Boot and Shoe Artist.)

Ye may talk of yer great balls at London or Paris, Of New York's 'four hundred,' an' 'an' stolle, an' 'all that; But of all these great functions not wan to compare is Wid our big cotillion in Mulligan's Flat!

Chorus— Whack fal-al fal-a-lay, falladilly! Whack, hurroo fer Mulligan's Flat!

On that festive avenu' the big village tavern, From which the Invites Mistress Mulligan sint, Was blazin' wid lamps loike Aladdin's bright cavern, To welcome the guests of that mighty event!

Chorus— Thin to see the elect of the district a pranchin' In the rooms av our hostess up on the first floight, The bowin' and smollin', the drinkin'—

The huggin' an' squazin', was just out av sight!

Chorus— The "imparial nectar" the tavern provided Wint down jist as quick as a man cut say sint! And most of the guests was a bit undec'ed

FACE WAS FULL OF PIMPLES

For Three Years, Hard and Awfully Sore, Disfigured. Cuticura Heals.

"I had been suffering with a pimply face for three years. My face was full of pimples and they were hard and awfully sore. They festered and dried up, and were scaly, and disfigured my face. They caused me to lose a lot of sleep, and were awfully itchy, making me scratch and irritate my face."

"I started to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment when I was healed." (Signed) Clifford Yeomans, East Chesham, N. S.

Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Bathe with soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

When they woke up next mornin' jist where they were at! Chorus.

Thin to see Mistress Mulligan start the cotillion. A boundin' around loike a swate rubber ball, With the "nectar" an' dancin' her face was vermillion, As she chassed around in that gay festive ball!

Chorus. An' to see Mither Bumble, the great an' the wilty. Who weighs half a ton, but can skip loike a rat; Oh, he capered around so nimble an' hilly. Wid swate Biddy Doolan, the belle av the Flat!

Chorus. Oh, the stolle an' refinement av that charmin' mattin. The "verve an' engrammang," cotillions an' chat, The boundin' an' squazin', the drinkin' in an' attin, Av the crame de la crame in Mulligan's Flat!

Chorus. Whin I woke up next mornin', me fate on the pilly. Me cat in the stove, an' me shoes in me hat, I found that the rapture had knocked me quite silly. Of our great cotillion in Mulligan's Flat!

Chorus. Reginald Gourlay. "JAZZ."

Where Did the Word and the Music Come From.

Etymologists, whether they are musically inclined or not, says the Portland Oregonian, will follow with interest a promising controversy over the origin of the word "jazz." As noun, verb and adjective it has found a place in the American language and may be expected to find its way into the dictionaries in due course. About the only issue upon which recent contributors to the discussion seem to agree is that the word probably was born in or near New Orleans. Lieut. James Europe, a negro officer with U. S. troops in France, says that the first "jazz band" of record was conducted by a Mr. Razz, whose name survives in altered form. But another historian has discovered that the name of the leader of the band was Brown. And, according to an earlier authority, the verb "to jazz," in the sense of "speeding up things," is older than jazz music itself. Lafcadio Hearn is credited with having found it in a creole patois. The patient seeker after the ultimate roots of words will suppose that the quest at this point has only begun.

Jazz music, however, is admittedly a recent product. The ancients probably would not claim credit for it if they could. We are willing to accept the explanation that it owed its existence to pure love of the "peculiar," but it is difficult to follow Prof. Lois Morrison Patterson, who declared that "the laws that govern jazz rule in the rhythms of great original prose, verse that sings itself, and opera of ultramodernity." One of the interesting disclosures made by Lieut. Europe, who led a jazz band in Europe, is that he found it necessary to hold daily rehearsals in order to prevent the musicians from adding to their music more than I wished them to. Jazz obeys no law, apparently. Like vers libre, it represents chiefly the quest of the "different." This is found in the character of the original orchestration, no less than in the little mechanical tricks to which it owed its further development.

The colored musician is convinced that negroes should write negro music. "We have our own racial copyings," he says, "and if we try to copy whites we make bad copies." Jazz music does not appear to be so deeply rooted that there is no hope that we shall some day hear the last of it. Its present vogue has continued four or five years, which is less than half the time that ragtime, the immediate predecessor of jazz, was the popular rage. We are picking in our taste for entertainment. It is safe to predict that the jazz band will last only until some daring originator succeeds in devising another novelty to take its place.

And when a man you sometimes find, Who often knows what I suffered. As though about to flee; While by his side a lovely dame, With scarlet cheeks, and eyes of flame, Converses loud and free. You may infer that man's good wife Has found out something in his life Not just what it should be.

And when you see a man to stand Outside a stately mansion grand At midnight's hour so drear; A man who mutters, "I'm all right!" Detained at offish! Ballash night! I'm really sorry, dear!" You may infer that guilty man Is putting up a useless plan To fool his wife austere. —Reginald Gourlay, Picton, Ont.

A MAN OF PARTS. Census Taker—What's your husband's business? Mrs. Dibkins (who takes in washing)—He's a contractor. Census Taker—What line? Mrs. Dibkins—He contracts debts cold and a jag whenever he gets a change.

SURE SIGN. Payne—"What would you say is the first indication of insanity?" Ike—"When a fellow believes that two can live cheaper than one."

Some Desert Reptiles.

Quaint and curious are the ways of some reptiles of the desert, as revealed by the famous naturalist, Mr. C. L. Camp, who has been studying them in the Colorado Desert.

He tells of some reptiles—the burrowing snake sonora, the gridiron-tailed lizard, the ocellated sand-lizard, and the desert "horned toad"—which actually swim into the loose sand by the strong lateral movements of their heads. The gridiron-tailed lizard is very swift and agile, and when chased will race over the sand at fifteen miles an hour.

Most of the desert reptiles of the Colorado Desert are colored like their surroundings and are difficult to detect. Others can change their colors to suit their surroundings, while not a few of the desert lizards are able to part with their tails very rapidly when they are seized.

There is humor in the ways of desert tortoises. When one meets another—unless both are males, when a fight invariably takes place—each nods his head rapidly up and down as though in salutation, and sometimes noses are touched as they pass. —Tit-Bits.

Studying Far-off Nyanzas.

Rev. John Roscoe, for many years a missionary in Uganda and author of two standard works on the people of the region, left England last April to conduct an expedition into the territory west of Victoria Nyanza, for the purpose especially of studying the diverse pastoral tribes that occupy the elevated grasslands between Victoria Nyanza and the Western Rift Valley. The cannibal tribes about Mt. Elgon may also be visited. The expedition is expected to be in the field for two years. It will be supervised by a committee of the Royal Society. Sir James G. Frazer, the eminent anthropologist and folklorist, has been the leading spirit in launching this undertaking.

THE BEST TONIC FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE

Increase Your Nervous Energy by Building Up the Blood With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Nervous people who have not yet developed a disease that will be recognized and treated by the medical profession have the greatest trouble in finding relief. Irritation, headache, sleeplessness, nervous indigestion, all these discomforts make life miserable but are endured rather than run a doctor's bill without hope of recovery. Every such sufferer should know the danger of such a condition to the nervous system. Nervous debility and even paralysis may result if the tone of the nerves is not restored by building up the blood. As a tonic for the blood and nerves Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been used with the greatest success. They have a direct action on the blood and therefore enable it to carry to the nerves the elements they need to fully restore their normal function—and at the same time improve the general health. The benefits that follow the use of this medicine is shown by the statement of Mrs. Jenny Marr, R.R. No. 3, Port Rowan, a well known school teacher, who says: "Some years ago I became greatly run down, and was in this condition for nearly a year. A doctor whom I called in said I was suffering from complete nervous prostration. It would hardly be possible to tell all the symptoms of my case, but anyone who has passed through a nervous breakdown will know what I suffered. As I did not seem to improve under the doctor's treatment, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the decision was a fortunate one for me, as I soon found some relief through the use of the pills, and after taking eight boxes I was fully restored to health. To-day I am strong and hearty, without an ache or pain, and feel I am indebted to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and can heartily recommend them to anyone suffering from nervous troubles."

You can procure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or they will be sent you by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SIDE WALK INFERENCES

When you observe a youthful pair, A stalwart man and maiden fair, Walk closely side by side, Engaged in converse close and sly— While their friends pass unnoticed by, You may infer that maiden bright, Whose eyes are lit with love's soft light, Will shortly be a bride.

And when a man you sometimes find, Who often knows what I suffered. As though about to flee; While by his side a lovely dame, With scarlet cheeks, and eyes of flame, Converses loud and free. You may infer that man's good wife Has found out something in his life Not just what it should be.

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EVIDENTLY IN LOVE. (Louisville Courier-Journal.) "I fear the bookkeeper is in love," said the teller. "Why?" "He just passed me a gush poem to be certified."

Keep the warmth IN and the cold OUT. Have a cup of hot Oxo every day. It will warm you through and through—fortify against fatigue—ward off colds and chills—and keep you A.I.

DISHES FOR INVALIDS

It is not an easy thing to tempt the appetite of the invalid, because the diet of the convalescent is naturally restricted to simple dishes, but variety is just as essential on the invalid's tray as on the dinner table, so here are a few suggestions that may make the lot of the home nurse a bit easier for another week of convalescence: HAMBURG CREAM.

A dainty dessert is this made from the yolk of an egg, one and a half tablespoonsful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Cook all this over boiling water or in a double boiler until it thickens and add the beaten white of the egg. Serve cool.

HOT CHOCOLATE. So often hot chocolate, though a very soothing drink for invalids, cannot be served because the boiled milk has a tendency to constipate. Here is a way to make it so that it will not have any harmful effect: Boil about half a cup of water and add to it a teaspoonful of cocoa and one of sugar, mixed thoroughly. Let this all boil up well, add a pinch of salt and a dash of nutmeg, and lastly the cup of milk. Don't let the milk come to a boil, but remove it just before the boiling point. If the milk is not rich enough add a small lump of butter to the boiling water, sugar and cocoa. Instead of nutmeg, a few drops of vanilla will make it very tasty.

ORANGE MILK AND EGG. A refreshing and nourishing drink for between meals is made in this way: Squeeze the juice of one orange into a glass, beat up the yolk of one egg with a teaspoonful of sugar, add half a cup of milk and add to the orange juice in the glass. Now add last the beaten white of the egg, mixing it very carefully through the rest of the liquid. Pour into a fresh glass and serve cool, but not too cold.

BAKED APPLE SURPRISE. Peel a medium-sized apple very thin, remove the core carefully so that there is not a bit of the hard tissue left. Let the apple bake slowly, sprinkling just a bit of sugar over it to make a syrup. When finished, take the space left by the core put a spoonful of orange marmalade or currant jelly, and top the apple with a dab of whipped cream and a candied cherry.

SPANISH SALAD. Peel and slice one large Spanish onion and one fresh cucumber; slice three tomatoes, and take out the seeds; arrange carefully in a shallow earthen pan, tier upon tier, salting and peppering each to taste, pouring in plenty of oil and vinegar. Let of all, let the salad lie in a cool spot for an hour or two, then sprinkle over it two handfuls of bread crumbs.

EFFECTS OF FROST ON FOOD. And breaks its shell. Apples contract so much that a full barrel will shrink until the top layer is a foot below the chine. When the frost is drawn out the apples assume their normal size and fill the barrel again. Certain varieties are not appreciably injured by being frozen if the frost is drawn out gradually. Apples will carry safely in a refrigerator for weeks where the mercury is registering fully 20 degrees below zero.

Potatoes, being so largely composed of water, are easily frozen. Once touched by frost they are ruined.

Record Novels.

Nowadays the shorter novel is in vogue as well as the short story. Occasionally a novel runs to 100,000 words, and sometimes a little over, but 30,000 is about the limit as a rule.

Martin Chuzzlewit and Dombey and Son probably run to 400,000 words. The longest novel in the English language is Richardson's "Clarissa Harlow," published in 1749. It was originally issued in eight volumes. It runs to over 800,000 words!

But even this is far surpassed by Mile. de Scudery's famous novel of the seventeenth century, La Grand Cyrus. This ran to ten volumes, and was translated into English and appeared in five folios of 500 pages each. Yet it was read widely.

Then there was La Capricieuse, who wrote Cleopatra. This novel, which found hosts of readers, actually ran

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TEMPLETON'S RHEUMATIC CAPSULES. For fifteen years the standard specific for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia. Many doctors prescribe them. Write to Templeton, 140 King St. W., Toronto, for free sample. Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for 64c per box.

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