

What COMFORT LYE

Comfort Lye is a very powerful cleanser. It is used for cleaning up the oldest and hardest dirt, grime, 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

CHAPTER XVI.

When he saw Clytie, on the day after the girls' return to Bromley, Dr. Morton smiled and nodded with the self-approval which is the doctor's due when his prescription has proved satisfactory; for Clytie was looking in the pink of health and spirits.

"Nothing like a change," he said, cheerfully. "Now, don't you get run down again, or I'll send you packing to the Cannibal Islands, Miss Clytie. As for you, young lady—" he added, to Mollie.

"I'm too tough for the most enterprising of cannibals," she cut in. "Yes, she does look fit, doesn't she? That's thanks to my sisterly care, and the absence of medical men at Withcombe. Now, you'll stay to lunch, won't he, Clytie? Do, and give your other poor patients a chance!"

Clytie went between the house with light step, and often singing to herself; and it was Mollie who now looked somewhat grave and thoughtful, as she eyed her much-changed sister. What had happened to work that change? she asked herself. You see, she was ignorant of what had passed in the boat during that eventful storm.

Clytie no longer showed any desire for solitude, or disinclination to join Mollie in her rides, and the people of the estate noticed, and rejoiced in, the brightness which seemed to radiate from their young mistress.

Be sure that Lord Stanton was an early visitor; indeed, he came over the first day and stayed to the lunch which the doctor had refused; and presently the friendship between the young people was strengthened and, so to speak, put on a proper footing by the arrival of the aunt, who came to run the Towers for the young lord.

"Didn't I tell you she was a brick?" he said, in an undertone to Clytie, when she and Mollie went over to call. He lowered his voice because Lady Mervyn was in the room, at a little distance, talking to Mollie.

"She is quite charming and more than kind," said Clytie; "and appears to have only one fault."

"Oh! what's that?" he asked.

"She is too fond of a certain nephew of hers," she replied, with a smile.

"The lad grinned. 'That's her chief virtue,' he retorted. 'But, I say, hasn't she taken to Miss Mollie? I knew she would. They cottoned to each other at once; did you notice?'"

"Most persons take to Mollie," said Clytie, glancing at that personage with loving admiration.

"Yes, I suppose they do," he assented thoughtfully and rather wistfully. "I suppose she has no end of admirers."

"She is too young and sees too few persons to have as many as that"

means," said Clytie. "But when she goes out into the world—" He stifled a sigh. "Rather! I think she's the jolliest girl I've ever seen; and the prettiest—bar one."

His gaze was so direct that Clytie, laughing and blushing, did not ask him to name the exception. Lady Mervyn came across to them. She was an aristocratic lady whom, in these days of perpetual youth, it would be absurd to call old, though her hair was snowy-white, and she wore upon it a round of Brussels lace which was too small to be described as a cap.

"Your sister has been telling me all about you Miss Bramley," she said, in a peculiarly sweet voice, which had a note of resemblance to Stanton's. "It seems that Percy has been having a very happy time by the seaside; and I think he is much improved."

"We've done our best," remarked Mollie demurely.

Lady Mervyn laughed and patted her hand, and, as Mollie went on to the terrace to pick up a cat, of course followed by Stanton, the old lady said to Clytie:

"It is so good for him to know nice people, especially women; boys are so rough, and sometimes so wild. Not that there's anything of that sort to complain of in Percy," she added quickly, and with fond pride. "He has always been the dearest of boys; and has never given any one a moment's uneasiness, excepting when he spent too much money and got into little boys' scrapes. Yes; it is very fortunate for him that you should be such near neighbors. What a charming girl your sister is, so quick and girlish, and with such delightful spirits! Now, she is just my ideal of what a young girl should be."

Clytie laughed with a little amusement at this unreserved approval.

"I am so glad you like Mollie, Lady Mervyn," she said. "It isn't everybody who understands her."

"Oh, but I do!" Lady Mervyn declared. "I understood her at once; and she found her way to my heart directly. I haven't any children; and I pet Percy, as, no doubt, you see; but I can imagine how delightful it would be to have a girl like Mollie for a daughter."

"And I can imagine how it would be for a girl like Mollie to have such a mother," said Clytie, with a sigh; and so won for herself a share in the heart of the old lady, who laid her hand in Clytie's affectionately, and kissed her.

"You must let me mother you both, my dear," she said, in a low voice, "and you must let me call you Clytie and Mollie."

Clytie's eyes were moist as she returned the kiss; she could not find

words to express her gratitude, and none were necessary. A little later they dined at the Towers; a small party of the nearest neighbors, and a party which was made a merry one by Mollie's inexhaustible spirits; and, soon afterward, Clytie gave a quiet and informal dinner at the Hall.

Among the guests was Hesketh Carton. He had called frequently since the girls' return to the Hall, and had several times proved himself of use to Clytie in some matters relating to the estate; and, Clytie was grateful to him, and treated him with a cordiality which, alas, Mollie did not simulate; for, though he strove hard, without seeming to do so, to win her good-will, Mollie declined to abandon her old dislike and mistrust of him.

And yet he seemed so irreproachable. On the night of the dinner-party he bore himself with such modesty, such perfection of tone and manner, as to gain the favorable opinion of his fellow-guests—excepting always Mollie, who, in a whisper, remarked to Stanton:

"What does Mr. Hesketh Carton remind you of?"

"Eh?" he said. "Remind me?"

"Did you ever see one of the crocodiles at the Zoo?"

"Oh, I say, you know!" he protested, but laughingly. "He doesn't seem at all a bad chap!"

"Nor does the crocodile," retorted Mollie, while it lies basking in the sun with a smile on its face; but you wait till it opens its jaws and makes a snap—ah!" She opened her mouth, and snapped her teeth expressively. "Yes; he looked like a beautiful sleek cat there, talking to Clytie; and she looks like a sweet innocent bird unconscious of danger, and not knowing that there are wicked claws under those silk paws."

"Catch a bird not knowing a cat when it sees it!" he said, with a grin. "And I say, you know, Miss Mollie, you're a bit hard on him—what?"

"All right," retorted Mollie, with a nod. "You wait and see. Anyhow, I wish he wouldn't talk to her so much; he's been hovering about her all the evening."

Other persons, whose eyes were not so sharp and who did not so much reason for watching Clytie, noticed that Mr. Hesketh Carton was particularly attentive to her; and Lady Winchfield remarked to her friend Lady Chillingford that it really would be a good thing if that wild Wilfred Carton proved to be dead, and Miss Bramley and Mr. Carton were to make a match of it. "It would dispose of that absurd wild boy nicely, wouldn't it, dear? And on the subject remember that, if anything happened to Wilfred Carton, Hesketh would be the baronet."

And Lady Chillingford was, of course, of one mind with her friend.

It was Hesketh Carton who turned over her music for her when Clytie sang; and he and Stanton were the last to leave, Hesketh lingering to speak to Clytie about a lease of one of the farms.

The smile which had been so delightful to Mollie vanished as he left the house and walked toward his own home under the shadow of the works, and his face grew moody and thoughtful. He had been a guest in the house which, but for his hideous blunder in burning the "wrong will," would have been his. He had been in the pit Works, among the country people, instead of the masses of Bramley; and the fact ate into his soul as acid eats into metal. But for that mistake! Was there no way of rectifying it, of recovering all that he had lost?

In his safe lay Wilfred Carton's renunciation of Clytie; but it would not take effect before the time for grace had expired. Meanwhile, Wilfred Carton, that vagabond and outcast, might return; all sorts of things might happen to deprive him, Hesketh, of any hope of recovering the money and the estate. Even if Wilfred Carton's renunciation stood, the girl would be mistress of it all. There was one way of achieving the fortune he had lost; he might get Bramley by marrying her. The idea had occurred to him long ago, and he had followed it up by paying her careful, guarded attentions. But he was no fool, and he knew that Clytie Bramley was one who would not be easily won; and the sister—she clenched his teeth at the thought of Mollie—disliked him, and would be dead against him. No, Clytie Bramley was not easy to win; and, if she refused him, she would stand between him and all that he coveted.

There seemed no way open to him. He felt, as he let himself into the dark and gloomy house, that, if a way could be shown, he would follow it up, however crooked it might be.

He turned up the gas, and was drawing a chair to the fire to crouch over it, for Hesketh was of a chilly disposition, when he heard a knock on the outer of the two doors communicating with the works.

He listened for a moment doubtfully, for the hour was late; then, as the knock was repeated, he rose, unlocked the doors and found Merrill standing there.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I'm afraid I'm disturbing you at this late hour; but you had gone out when I came in the evening, and I thought you ought to know!"

"What is the matter?" asked Hesketh, rather curtly.

"It's Martha Brown, sir. She's dead."

"Well?" said Hesketh, rather impatiently. She was one of the ordinary hands; she had been ailing for some time, and her death did not appear to him to be a matter of such importance as to warrant Merrill's coming at this hour of the night to announce it. "I'm very sorry, but—"

"Quite so, sir," Merrill hastened to explain. "But I thought you'd like to know something I've discovered; the cause—"

Hesketh moved impatiently. "It was consumption, was it not?" he said. "A great many of the hands, the girls and women, are consumptive; and I'm not surprised. They spend too much money on finery and cheap jewelry to have enough for warm, sensible clothes and boots."

"That's true, sir, true enough," admitted Merrill, shaking his head; "and it was thought Martha Brown was taken that way. Though I had my doubts from the first."

"Why should you have any doubts?" inquired Hesketh, with barely concealed contempt.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Contains no alum

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best and purest baking powder possible to produce. It possesses elements of food that have to do the building up of brain and nerve matter and is absolutely free from alum or other injurious substitutes.

"Well, sir, I've noticed the girl for some time back, and it didn't seem to me as if she were going the same way as the other girls who are in a decline. She'd be fit by fits and starts; at times she would get quite thin and pale, and seem to have scarcely any life in her; at others—"

"There are always fluctuations in the course of the malady," said Hesketh, still more impatiently.

"But not like those of Martha's, sir," said Merrill. "She scarcely ever coughed, and the only thing she complained of was neuralgia; and it was after one of her bad bouts of neuralgia that she got worse."

"Very likely, I should say," rejoined Hesketh. "People like that are always fond of dosing themselves. I'm very sorry, but—"

Merrill drew a little nearer, and took something from his pocket.

"Well, sir; I went to her stand—you know she worked by herself; just beside the big window—I went there today to put her things together, and I found this."

He held out his hand and showed a small vial. Hesketh took it, and his face grew graver, and his eyelids drooped, as they always did when he was taken by surprise, or wanted to conceal any emotion. He carried the vial to the light; there was no label on it—it had probably been rubbed off—and he uncorked it and smelled the contents.

It had been necessary for him, when he entered at the works, to study chemistry; and he knew that the vial he held in his hand contained one of the recently discovered poisons which can be purchased without any difficulty at any chemist's, because the quantity sold at one time was not sufficient to cause death.

In an instant he saw what had happened. If the girl had taken the whole of the noxious stuff at once, it would not have killed her; but its constant use, a few drops at a time, had, by degrees, proved fatal.

"Have you spoken to any one of this kind of yours, Merrill?" he asked, with a casual air.

"No one, sir. I thought I'd better speak to you first," replied Merrill. "You see, if there wasn't any harm in the stuff, there was no need to make a fuss. They'd probably want an inquest, and her poor people would be put to no end of trouble, and perhaps expense."

"Quite right!" said Hesketh, approvingly. "You acted quite rightly. As a matter of fact, this drug is entirely harmless; it is just one of the remedies for toothache, neuralgia, which can be bought at any chemist's, and certainly—he emphasized the word impressively—"certainly had nothing whatever to do with the death of the girl."

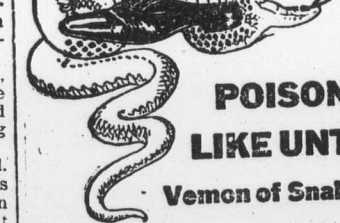
Merrill heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," he said. "I, myself, was inclined to be of that opinion; or else, of course, the doctor would have found out what she'd been taking."

Professor H. Strauss, M. D., of the Royal Charity Hospital, says, "The cause for an attack of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, is supplied by the increase of uric acid in the blood serum, the result of various causes, the most frequent of which is renal. Before an attack, one suffers sometimes from headache, neuralgia, twinges of pain here and there."

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, when the back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; when you suffer with sick headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatic pains or lumbago, gout, sciatica when the weather is bad, do not neglect the warning, but try simple means. Take six or eight glasses of water during the day, then obtain at your nearest drug store 'An-uric' (anti-uric acid).

This is the discovery of Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. 'An-uric' is an antidote for uric acid poisoning and dissolves uric acid in the body much as hot coffee dissolves sugar. 'An-uric' will penetrate into the joints and muscles, and dissolve the poisonous accumulations. It will stamp out toxins. Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.



Nathaniel's "Jinx" Active. Nathaniel Rippe had a terrible experience one afternoon when he was about twelve years old. He opened the doors of the buggy house and was backing the buggy in when the wind blew both doors shut. He propped them open with small sticks, but just as he reached the buggy tongue one of the sticks fell and the doors came around far enough to stop the buggy. A moment later Grandpa Rippe, who was coming down to the barn, said: "What's that you are saying, Nathaniel?"

Cat Victims of the War. During the four and a half years of the war 70,000 disabled, mangled, blind, starved and injured cats were taken off the streets of London by the shelters of Our Dumb Friends' League, and their lives afterwards disposed of by cremation. It is claimed in the fourteenth annual report of the organization that the shelters have done their share of war work, for they have frequently taken in the maimed, feeble, other victims of air raids, explosions and other war disasters. During the year 1917 the seven shelters received over 14,000 stray cats and in 1918 over 15,000.

Hesketh turned away to poke the fire. As the man spoke, he remembered reading an analysis of the thing, and the statement that it was one of the few poisons which leave no trace behind it.

"Just so," he said. "Of course, he would. I'm glad you kept this thing to yourself, Merrill; and that you came to me before mentioning it. Of course, you will say nothing about it. It would only cause useless trouble and pain to her folk. You showed your usual good sense."

"Thank you, sir," responded Merrill, much gratified by his master's approval. "Shall I take the bottle, sir, and throw it away?"

Hesketh held it out, then drew back his hand.

"Oh, don't trouble," he said. "I'll throw it away. Will you have a glass of wine, whiskey, Merrill?"

Merrill declined gratefully and respectfully, and, after a few more words, departed.

Hesketh stood before the fire, with the vial in his hand, pondering over the case.

"This universal drug-taking is the curse of the age," he muttered. "I wonder how many persons die of poison without their friends, or they themselves, for that matter, suspecting it?"

He raised his hand to fling the vial on the fire; then he checked himself as he had checked himself in returning it to Merrill.

"I wonder in what strength they make it up?" he mused. "I'll see to-morrow."

He placed it on the mantelshelf and stood looking at it absently; then, reflecting that one of the servants might be tempted to taste it, he went to the safe and locked it up; it rested on Jack's paper of renunciation, which he had stolen at Mr. Granger's.

(To Be Continued.)

CLOUDS.

"The height maintained by clouds is very variable and generally less than you might suppose," writes Jean Henri Fabre. "There are clouds that lazily trail along the ground; they are the fogs. There are others that cling to the sides of moderately high mountains, and still others that crown the summits. The region where they are commonly found at a height varying from 500 to 1,500 meters. In some rather rare instances, they rise to nearly four leagues. Beyond that, eternal serenity reigns."

PAINFUL NEURALGIA

Is Caused by Thin, Watery Blood and Cured by Enriching the Blood.

Most people think of neuralgia as a pain in the head or in the face, but neuralgia may affect any nerve in the body. Different names are given to it when it affects certain nerves. Thus neuralgia of the sciatic nerve is called sciatica, but the character of the pain and the nature of the disease are the same. The cause being the same, the cure to be effective must be the same. The pain in neuralgia is caused by starved nerves. The blood, which carries nourishment to the nerves, has become thin and impure and no longer does so, and the pain you feel is the cry of the nerves for their natural food. You may ease the pains of neuralgia with hot applications, but you can only cure the trouble by enriching and purifying the blood. For this purpose we know of no medicine that can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich blood and thus act as the most efficient of nerve tonics. If you are suffering from this most dreaded of troubles, or any form of nerve trouble, give these pills a fair trial, and see how speedily you will be restored to good health.

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.

St. John, N.B.

St. John is a city of 63,000 inhabitants, situated on the Bay of Fundy, at the mouth of the River St. John. The St. John River is 450 miles long, and passes through a fertile, productive and most beautiful region. The various products of the Province find their way to the sea at the Port of St. John, where also the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Lines of Railway join forces with ocean steamships from all parts of the world. Its harbor is always open for traffic, winter or summer. In the channel and at the ocean freight wharves there is a depth of water at low tide of 32 feet, which gives a high water depth of about 58 feet. It is the chief winter port of Canada, taking the place of Montreal and Quebec in the winter season, when the St. Lawrence is closed. Having the shortest land haul to the sea of any developed Eastern Canadian Port, it is rapidly progressing as a National Port.

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Cuticura Helps Clear Away Dandruff and Irritation

On retiring, comb the hair out straight, then make a paste, gently rubbing in Cuticura Ointment with the end of the finger. Avoid additional partings until the whole scalp has been treated. Place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stains. The next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of soap, best applied with the hands. Rinse in tepid water. Repeat in two weeks if needed. Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum 25c. each plus Canadian duties.

LAW AND THE AUTOMOBILE

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, was being congratulated at a luncheon on his ordinance forbidding chauffeurs to blow their horns in the crowded business section of the city.

"Chauffeurs think," he said, "that they need only to blow their horns and the pedestrians will leap out of their way. Let the chauffeurs drive with care, remembering that the pedestrian's right is supreme."

"Why, if something isn't done, the chauffeurs, in their arrogance, will be getting up a horn code for the pedestrian to learn and obey—a code something like this:

"One toot—Throw a quick hand-spring for the sidewalk."
"Two toots—Drive over the car."
"Three toots—Lie down calmly; it is too late to escape; but we will go over you as easily as possible, if you keep very still."
"One long and two short toots—Throw yourself forward and we will save both your arms."
"One short and two long toots—Throw yourself backward and one leg will be saved."
"Four toots—It's all up with you, but we promise to notify your family."

The late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the neurologist, was escorting some New York friends through a Philadelphia sanatorium in which he was interested. Opening the door, he remarked:

"This big room has been set aside for the care and cure of chauffeurs who have broken down under the mental strain of driving and repairing automobiles."

"Very fine," said one of the doctor's guests, "but where are the patients—the chauffeurs?"

"Under the bed, mending the slats."

An old woman was put in the witness box to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a prize pig by a motor car. Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the car kill the pig in question.

"I see it," she answered.

"Then," said the counsel, "tell the Court in as few words as possible just how it occurred."

"That I can, sur. It just tooted and tuck him."

A man lay groaning and writing by the wayside when up dashed a constable and proceeded to investigate; but all he could get out of the sufferer was:

"I ate one, two—I ate one, too."
The constable was puzzled, but not for long. "Poison!" was his diagnosis, and, mindful of his training, he at once procured an emetic, which simply electrified the recipient.

Between convulsions he managed to ask the reason for such treatment, and on being told and asked what it was he had eaten, he became more abusive.

"What did I eat?" yelled he. "Why, you idiots, '1812' is the number of the car that knocked me down."

"You tell me," said the Judge, "that this is the person who knocked you down with his motor car. Could you swear to the man?"

"I did," returned the complainant, eagerly, "but he didn't stop to hear me."

BILIOUSNESS

How to Prevent and Cure

Among the earliest symptoms are furred tongue and dull headache. Then come dizzy spells, bad taste, quick pulse, fever and cold sweats. Finally, sleeplessness and vomiting make the condition of the sufferer almost intolerable.

The root of biliousness is with the liver, which is clogged and can't keep bile from getting into the blood. Nothing works with the certainty of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they act directly on the liver, restore the bile to its proper course and prevent it from contaminating the vital fluid.

Of course, the bowels are ordered and relaxed by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and kidneys receive new tonic, the blood is renovated, and the result is a renewal of health.

No need for delay; the sooner you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the sooner you'll feel the brisk, keep-satisfaction of a healthy, well-regulated system. Sold in yellow boxes, 25c.

He—Did you love me when you first saw me? She—Oh, no. I had to get used to you first.—Boston Transcript

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

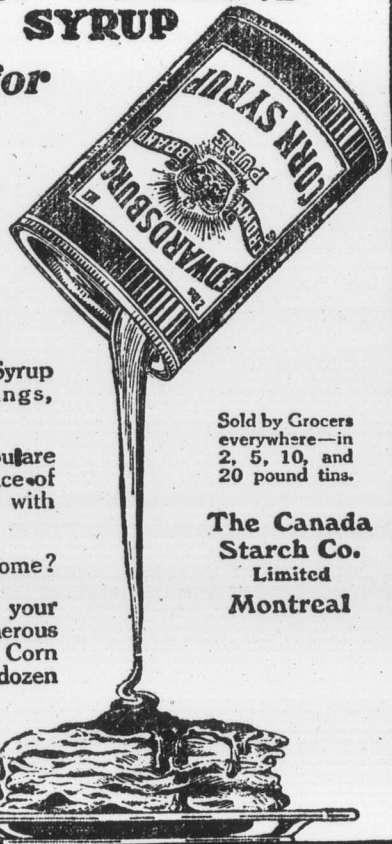
The Syrup for Pancakes

A golden stream of Crown Brand Corn Syrup is the most delicious touch you can give to Pancakes!

In the Kitchen, there is a constant call for Crown Brand Corn Syrup for making puddings, candies, cakes, etc.

Sad the day when you are too big to enjoy a slice of bread spread thick with Crown Brand!

Could that day ever come? Ward it off! Grace your table daily with a generous jug of Crown Brand Corn Syrup, ready for the dozen desserts and dishes it will truly "crown".



Sold by Grocers everywhere—in 2, 5, 10, and 20 pound tins.

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