

# SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

Mollie laughed shortly. "Because she wouldn't go."

"What you want is change," he said, after this piece of defiance. "I mean change of scene, place, surroundings, and freedom from worry. Let me see."

He considered for a moment. Mollie waiting with a semblance of patience, and meeting Clytie's reproachful gaze with a grimace. "Yes; I used to send you, when you were a child, to Withycombe. You remember?"

Mollie clapped her hands. "Rather! Of course! Dear old Withycombe! That jolly old farmhouse on the hill running down to the beach. With the fishing-boats and the lime-kiln! The very place! Let's go there, Clytie, dear; go at once. It's only twenty miles; and we can put up at the farm, and take some horses, and the pony jingle, and make a regular picnic of it. Mother Bunce at the farm—what a dear, fat old thing she used to be."

"Mrs. Bunce is dead," said Doctor Mollie. "But the farm is being run by her married daughter." "Yes, I don't remember her," said Mollie.

"I don't say not. Really, I think it would be better than go there, and Miss Mollie says," he repeated.

"And tell Mr. Mollie. 'And tell Mr. Mollie to worry her with letters, and things.'"

"Your royal highness," he said, "I don't at all crushed."

"You are so sensible, with emphatic word to Mrs. Mollie, and we'll bring Clytie back the next day at the Butleys' little black as a nigger; and sound and boast."

"Thank you, I should prescribe matter. I poured a flower pot; shriveled spots, me. Ask me. Ask me; he's displaced and gone, and preparations took three Mrs. Fry, at they were going, for her expected to be sent on, the evening of the arrived at the bombe, or valley, in the hills, wound from the up-urge. It was one of spots imaginable, as it was called, in a thin line of that stood on the road which the proudly designated a bitants were, with the few farm laborers, as simple and as rustic as a larger growth; the place from visited by tourists—who from the neighboring and more combe, Pethwick—and no spot have been better chosen for troubled mind.

"The farmhouse was a large and old one; and Mollie, as she round their sitting-room, gave of satisfaction and approval of the very thing you state, my she declared. "No state; no any, no Sholes, no flunkies—way, I like flunkies—and, better to Mr. Granger and his business and, best of all, no Mr. Hes-Carton! I like Mrs. Fry; looks like a sort of woman, and she threaten to fuss. It's more fortune than her fault that can't remember us. Tells me went abroad with her husband, long years ago." But idently and properly impress-honor of having the two princesses beneath her roof, as, some clotted cream, by I remember them of old, I used to make me! But now; plenty of cream, what are you mooning?"

"Looking out of the window, which lay like an open sun, and she started thinking that it would be there forever," she said.

"Political of your condition, Mollie. Withycombe is all for a time; but give me all, and the flunkies, for a day."

"I slept soundly that night, creeping from her bed and coming at Clytie's door, heard the regular breathing, and nodded approvingly, and the next morning came down with a touch of color in her cheeks."

After breakfast—the wholesome breakfast of broad rashers and golden eggs, of home-made bread and butter and clotted cream—Mollie insisted upon dragging Clytie down to the beach. Some of the fishermen were pottering about their boats, or mending their nets, and they and their wives and children greeted the young ladies with evident interest.

"Well, I doubt it," said Mollie.

vile cordiality, and watched them "And we spoiled your chance this morning. I'm sorry," said Mollie, though she did not look so.

"Not at all," responded Jack politely. "It is very pleasant in the bay this morning. I hope you're comfortable," he added. "The backboard isn't very soft, I'm afraid. I could put this tarpaulin—"

He unshipped the oars, and, foiding the tarpaulin smoothly, arranged it at their backs.

"Thank you," said Clytie, with a little surprise in her voice, for he had moved so easily, had so carefully avoided touching them, though the boat was rocking slightly, with a certain self-possession quite unlike the ordinary rough, though respectful, movements of the ordinary Withycombe men.

"That's much nicer. Are you married, Douglas?" said Mollie, again evoking Clytie's murmured rebuke.

"No, miss," said Jack gravely, but repressing a smile.

"You managed this thing behind us so nicely that I thought you might be," she explained. "You don't mind my asking you?"

"Not in the least," said Jack pleasantly.

"Most men are married, aren't they?" she suggested idly.

"What a number of gulls there are," put in Clytie, before he could respond to this piece of generalization. "Ought we not to turn back, dear?"

"Oh, not yet," replied Mollie. "What could we do better than this, if we went back? I've seen Mrs. Fry's pig, and I've fed the fowls. Let us ask him to take us to Jess' cave. Do you know it?" she asked of Jack.

He replied in the affirmative, and pulled a little more quickly, and presently in toward the shore, and into the mouth of the cave.

"Let us get out," said Mollie. "There used to be a quantity of shells here, and I should like some."

She jumped out and held her hand to Clytie, but as Clytie took it the boat, notwithstanding Jack's efforts to keep it steady, rolled away from the boulder on which Mollie stood, and as she still held Clytie's hand one or both of the girls would have been dragged into the water, if he had not called out rather sharply:

"Mollie obeyed, and they escaped the ducking; but Mollie looked at him rather curiously than indignantly, and Jack said:

"I beg your pardon, miss, but I was afraid—"

## How Sallow Skin Can Be Changed To Rosy Complexion

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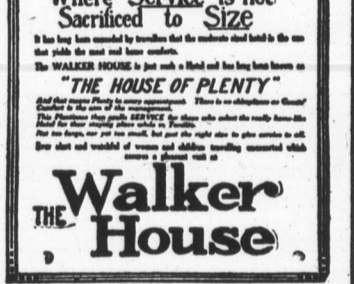
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"Abroad, perhaps. What do you say? Have you been abroad, in foreign lands?" she asked Jack, abruptly, so abruptly that he almost started, for he was aroused to the consciousness of the fact that he was staring at the older girl.

"Yes," he said. "I have traveled a good deal. It's very beautiful, though. Perhaps some of the bits along the Portugal coast—and Sydney Harbor—"

The tone of his voice was so unlike that of the Withycombe fishermen that Clytie's attention was attracted.



to him, but only faintly and transiently.

"Oh, I know," said Mollie. "Australia raves about Sydney Harbor, and when the ship is going into it they run about among the strangers and ask them what they think about it. One man hung a board across his chest with 'Yes, it's a fine harbor; but you didn't make it!'"

Jack laughed. "That's a good story," he said, approvingly.

"I should have thought you'd have heard that," said Mollie, "if you've traveled much."

"I have," he admitted, "but it's worth hearing again."

His sang-froid gave Mollie pause for a moment; then she said: "Are you living here, Douglas?"

"Yes, for the present," replied Jack. "You know it very well?" she asked, casually.

"I only arrived here a week or two ago," he answered, with strict veracity.

"You're a sailor, then?" he nodded. "Yes; and several other things; tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary—yes, most of 'em, barring the thief," said Jack, cheerfully.

"I'm taking a bit of a holiday." "Oh, then, why didn't you say you didn't want any work when I asked you to go to sea?" she demanded.

"Well, this is scarcely work," he said, with a smile. He was amused by her sharpness and pertinacity, and was rapidly taking a liking to her. "I mean—that it isn't hard work."

"You've done a good deal, I suppose, in your time?" she suggested. "A fair amount," he said. "Oh, yes."

"Have you been ill? Why did you want a rest?" she asked. "Just laziness," said Jack. "You don't look lazy," she remarked.

St. Joseph's Lewis, July 14, 1908. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May, and after using several preparations on my leg nothing was done. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES, Commercial Traveller.

ed, with the frankness which in any one but Mollie might have been offensive; but Jack laughed, as most of her victims did.

"Appearances are deceitful, miss," he said, suddenly, remembering that his manner of speech was rather too free and easy for his assumed character. "I'm one of the latest of men—when I get the chance. It isn't often I do, though."

with smiling but unobtrusive interest, as they made their way over the rocks to the sea edge.

"A sail—no; no wind; a row wouldn't be bad," said Mollie. "It's years since I was in a boat. I wonder whether there is a man who could take us," she added, looking round.

A young man, in a blue jersey and fishermen's long sea-boots, was sitting on the edge of a boat with his arm folded and a pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth. He had been observing the girls for some time. Mollie went up to him.

"Can you take us for a row?" she asked, with the calmness, the freedom from embarrassment, which belonged to Mollie.

He took the pipe from his mouth, and his hand went up to his hat, but dropped again, even in the action of lifting the sailor's cap. He eyed her for a moment; then, as if regretting his hesitation, said:

"Certainly, miss. And began pushing his boat into the tideway."

"He will take us," said Mollie, returning to Clytie, who had seated herself on a rock and was looking out to sea.

The young fellow launched the boat, and brought it to a boulder and stood waiting. He helped the two girls in without a word and shipped the oars.

"Not far," said Mollie, "and keep near the coast, in case—" She broke off and looked steadily at the fisherman. "What is your name?" she asked in a casual fashion.

"Douglas—Jack Douglas," he replied. "Oh! Well, don't go too far out, Jack," she said, more casually even than before, and stifled a yawn.

(To Be Continued.)

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### FUEL VALUE OF WOOD

Varies Widely—Should Be Sold by Weight.

Wood for fuel should be sold by weight instead of by cord measure, for the heating value depends not upon the bulk of the wood, but upon its weight, say foresters of the United States Department of Agriculture in a bulletin recently issued.

A pound of dry wood of one species has about as much heating value as a pound of any other species, but two cords may vary 100 per cent. in their value for heating.

It is the custom to sell hard woods and soft woods at slightly different prices because of differences in heating values. This is only a superficial classification, however, as two species

### THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles."

I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.—Mrs. O. E. JOHNSON, R. No. 8, Ellensburg, Wash.

There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.

of hard woods may have heating values widely different. Where hard woods and soft woods are mixed together without regard to the proportion of each the values may be so different that one man may for the same money buy twice as much heating value as another.

The shape and size of the sticks may also cause great variation in the actual amount of wood substance, and therefore of fuel. If weight were the measure, the species, shape and size of sticks would make little difference, provided the wood were thoroughly seasoned. It would be necessary, however, to fix certain standards as to time of seasoning of wood, the specialists say.

The bulletin points out that there is special opportunity for greater use of wood for fuel in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and the lake states, where is a rural population which is estimated to use annually 18,000,000 tons of coal. A considerable proportion of these fuel users will find wood available close enough to their own neighborhood to make long freight hauls unnecessary.

By turning to wood they will not only conserve the fuel supply and relieve transportation, but are likely to contribute to the prosperity of their own community. For one thing the opportunity to sell wood fuel tends to encourage the improvement of farm woodlands by proper thinning.

An increased market for wood fuel should open up good opportunities for operators of thrasher and silo cutting outfits or others who have gasoline or kerosene engines to do custom sawing during the winter, according to the bulletin.

### BELLS.

Britain Makes the Best in the World. Bell makers are looking forward to working overtime at making bells for some years to come, for the Hun on the continent has melted down hundreds of church chimes to supply him with his much needed metal for ammunition.

a more wonderful fact than it sounds. The moulds for the bells are made of bricks and loam that have been thoroughly baked before the white hot metal is poured into them.

Bell metal, by the way, is made of four parts of copper and one of tin, and it was for the copper the bells contained that they were ruthlessly torn from their churches by the Germans.

In the early days most bells were made in the churchyard of the church in which they were to be hung, in order to avoid the great difficulty of transport.

Now, however, they are made in special bell foundries. Some of the bells now chiming have only been hung with great difficulty on account of their huge weight. Big Ben, for example, weighs nearly fourteen tons, and Great Peter of York Minster nearly eleven tons.

One of the mysteries that has puzzled bell makers for years was how the great bell in the bell tower at Pekin was ever hung. It was cast in 1415, and weighs 53½ tons. It measures fifteen feet in height, is nine inches thick, and has a circumference of 43 feet at the rim.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc. Stuffed Potatoes. Six potatoes, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, one very small onion (chopped), two ounces butter, one ounce ham (chopped), a little cream. Bake the potatoes, then cut in half, and scrape out the middle. Mix with the other ingredients until smooth, add cream, fill the cases and bake in the oven until a golden brown.

Wood's Phospholine. The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old veins, Cures Nerve Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Fading Memory. Price 21 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet medicine. THE WOODS MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Solely Makers.)

The Rat Problem. The suggestion has been made that the rat problem might be best solved by making use of the skins of the rodents for the purposes of leather.

Somebody with the gift of guessing computes that there are 100,000,000 rats in this country, and the damage they do would feet a good-sized army. It would take at least 5,000 skins a day to supply a small modern tannery. Nobody wants the rats; they belong to anybody that can catch them. That is the only problem—to catch them and skint them, and then deliver the goods. There is not enough leather to go around. Fish skins are susceptible of tanning, and there are rat skins which make good leather, large enough for many purposes.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere Eskimo High Kickers. Instead of using only one leg in the standing high kick Eskimos employ both feet, just as they would in a high jump. Although handicapped in this way, by throwing the head and the shoulders higher than the feet a record of six feet nine inches has been established. No other people enjoy more than the Eskimos the exhibiting of their athletic abilities. Who ever there is a national celebration they literally flock into Nome by the hundreds, intent on displaying their prowess.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff. Aim High. If you hit the mark you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.—Longfellow.

The fast young man always makes his best time going down hill.

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undertone; and Mollie was silent for a moment or two; then, as if she were pining for intelligent conversation, she began again.

"I suppose you have some friends, relations, here at Withycombe?" "No," said Jack, calmly, and looking over his shoulder. "Nary one. It just happened to come to the place."