

# SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

But Jack, though it must be confessed his heart warmed at the kindly welcome—as whose would not?—shook his head, and Lord Chillingford said gracefully:

"We won't disturb Sir Wilfred; but I hope you will not permit him to go home until I and the many friends of his father have shaken hands with him! I now call upon Mr. Hesketh Carton."

Hesketh had turned as white as a ghost for a moment or two, but he had had time to recover himself, had had time to remember that Sir Wilfred had renounced his marriage with Clytie, that he, Hesketh, was still safe. He came forward quickly, with a pleased expression and a genial smile, and began:

"Lord Chillingford, ladies and gentlemen, my first word must be one of extreme pleasure and gratification at the presence here to-night of my cousin, Sir Wilfred Carton, and to assure him that no one welcomes him more gladly and warmly than I do, and that, but for the duty I owe you, I should ask your permission to omit my speech and allow Lord Chillingford to close the meeting, that we might all have an opportunity of greeting Sir Wilfred."

There was cheer and cries of "Go on, go on!" and he went on with his speech. He had never spoken better; at times he was really eloquent; applause and cheers liberally punctuated his stirring address; in a word, the triumph he had anticipated was fully realized; and when the meeting closed, no one present had any doubt whatever of Mr. Hesketh Carton's success at the poll the next day. The audience did not leave the hall until a vast amount of cheering had been got through—Sir Wilfred's name was acclaimed as loudly and enthusiastically as Mr. Hesketh Carton's—and it was some time before Jack was surrounded by his father's old friends.

Hesketh was, of course, one of the first to shake hands. With amazing self-possession and coolness, he completely ignored their former meeting at Withycombe.

"Your return, my dear Sir Wilfred," he said, "might well have been an earlier one, earlier by many years, but it could not have come at a more fortunate time for me. I regard your presence and your support as just making my return to-morrow certain."

Jack nodded, and shook hands with one and another, Mr. Granger standing by his side as if he had a proprietary right in him. Lady Chillingford came forward from the group.

"You must come with us, Sir Wilfred," she said, with suppressed excitement. "We are going to have a kind of supper; we are all hungry; besides, we all want to talk over this wonderful evening. And I have sent to Bramley Hall for Clytie and Mollie. Oh, yes, I dare say they are tired; but they are young, and have had some time in which to rest, and I want them very badly. You must come, Sir Wilfred. Edward," to her husband, "do let us have the carriage! Now, you won't desert us, Sir Wilfred?"

"Thank you, no, Lady Chillingford," said Jack, in his quiet way. "I shall be very glad to come."

When they arrived at the Grange, the Chillingfords' place, they found quite a large party waiting for them; and Jack was immediately surrounded and made a fuss over. Clytie and Mollie, Lord Stanton and Lady Mervyn, were there, and there was a peculiar expression on Percy's face as he looked on at the welcome accorded to Jack. For the first time during the electoral campaign, Mr. Hesketh Carton seemed to take a secondary place. Clytie and Mollie were in the background with Lady Mervyn and Clytie looked on at Jack's reception with a proud smile in her eyes and quivering on her lips. At last the party settled down to the impromptu supper. Lord Chillingford was in his element, and bubbling over with geniality.

## A Smooth skin in any weather:—

Wash well in warm water using absolutely pure soap:

## Baby's Own Soap

—rinse well—and dry carefully.

In the interest of your skin, use Baby's Own Soap.

"Best for Baby and Best for You."

Sold everywhere.

Albert S. Williams, Ltd., 212, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

728

"I think we really must drink Mr. Hesketh Carton's health," he said, rising, glass in hand. "I would join with it that of Sir Wilfred Carton, who has returned to us after so long an absence, and who we are also delighted to see; but I leave that toast to younger hands." He glanced at Percy.

They drank Hesketh Carton's health, and he rose and made a neat speech. He was as self-possessed and pleasant as usual; what had he to fear? Sir Wilfred's renunciation of Clytie, and with her the estates and the money in Mr. Granger's hands. All was well. Then Percy rose. He was shy, but through his shyness shone a kind of determination, of firmness.

"Lord Chillingford has asked me to propose Sir Wilfred Carton's health," he said. "I'm not much of a speaker—haven't had the opportunity—but I shall be very glad to do so, if you will allow me to couple with it the health of—his wife, Lady Carton."

There was an intense silence. The company stared from Percy to Sir Wilfred in amazement, curiosity; then they saw Sir Wilfred, who was seated next to Clytie, take her hand and look round proudly, while she blushed and cast down her eyes in confusion. Mr. Granger was the first to recover.

"By Heaven! they are married!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "They've cut the Gordian knot! No, they've tied it! Married!"

The word was echoed in tones of astonishment by the rest of the party; voices rose in excited comment; then someone called out:

"Sir Wilfred, Sir Wilfred!"

Jack rose to his feet, urged by Mollie, whose eyes were dancing, who was laughing almost hysterically. He stood for a moment, still holding Clytie's hand, a proud light in his eyes, as he looked round the excited room.

"Yes, you're right," he said. "We are married, Clytie—Miss Bramley—I mean, Lady Carton—and I. How we came to be so long a story! It's a very strange one—we'll tell you some day. But we are married, there's no doubt of that; and we are very happy; at least I am, and I hope she is. Clytie pressed his hand and looked round with a modest pride that thrilled Jack's audience. "We've had no end of adventures—tell you about 'em some day!—but we've come back to Bramley, to the dear old Hall, to settle down there among our friends—her friends, I should say, for I'm a stranger. But I shan't forget, we shan't forget, your kindness. Thank you very much!"

There was no sitting still at the table after that. The company pressed round the young couple, asking excited questions which it was impossible to answer, the men wringing Sir Wilfred's hand, the women crowding round Clytie with exclamations, ejaculations, and endless questions.

Mr. Hesketh Carton, the man who had loomed so largely in the public eye, was quite forgotten. He, too, had murmured his congratulations; but presently he disappeared, stole away almost unnoticed. His brain was burning, he was inwardly raging with fury, the ferocity of balked desire, of thwarted ambition.

Married! The renunciation was not worth the paper on which it was written. Sir Wilfred had returned, Clytie was married; there would be children—of course, there would be children, a son and heir to the estate; Bramley had passed forever beyond his reach. He walked in a kind of dream, a frenzy, to the gloomy house beside the works. He tried to console himself with the thought, the anticipation of his success on the morrow. He had lost Bramley and Sir William's fortune forever; they had gone from him; but something still remained. He would be a member of Parliament to-morrow; a political career still remained to him. He was still proprietor of the Pit Works, was a fairly rich man; there was still a future before him. He tried to console himself with the prospect as he walked through the night to his gloomy house.

He let himself in with his latch-key and went to the little room adjoining the works. His brain was in a whirl, he was shaking with conflicting emotions—disappointment, the loss of Bramley, the marriage of Clytie, the fact that Sir Wilfred, his cousin! the outcast, the prodigal, would be lord of all that he, Hesketh, desired and for which he had risked the galleys. He went to the sideboard, poured out a glass of brandy, and tossed it down his parched throat. Then he paced up and down, his hands writhing behind his back, his face white and working. In the course of his pacing his eye fell on the small square box which Mollie had given him—a souvenir of their travels.

Half-unconsciously, impatiently, he took it up, cut the string, and took the box from its wrapper and opened it. It contained a wine-glass, a wine-glass with the Bramley crest engraved on it. A slip of paper was coiled up in it. With impatient curiosity he took it up and read it.

"From Mary Seaton."

That was all. The glass and the slip of paper fell from his hand and his face grew livid. That was all;

but he understood—understood that the glass was the one into which he had poured the poison. But Mary Seaton? How did she know? How had she discovered, detected him? And Mollie, too, knew? She had given him the packet; and he remembered that which he had scarcely noticed at the time, the strange flash in her eyes, the fact that she had not shaken hands with him. Mollie and Mary Seaton—the girl from whom he had detected him, what could it mean to him but danger? The shadow of the gallows, of penal servitude, at least, of disgrace, shame, the terror of a public trial; his vivid imagination saw it all more clearly than can be set down in writing. Shaking in every limb, he fell into the chair, with the denouncing wine-glass almost touching his feet. Exposure, ruin, imprisonment, faced him; little wonder that his soul shivered at the prospect.



## Cuticura Will Help You Have Hair Like This

Touch spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. Shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Scalp Ointment 25¢ and 50¢. Sold throughout the Empire. Cuticura Soap 25¢ and 50¢. Sold everywhere.

but he understood—understood that the glass was the one into which he had poured the poison. But Mary Seaton? How did she know? How had she discovered, detected him? And Mollie, too, knew? She had given him the packet; and he remembered that which he had scarcely noticed at the time, the strange flash in her eyes, the fact that she had not shaken hands with him. Mollie and Mary Seaton—the girl from whom he had detected him, what could it mean to him but danger? The shadow of the gallows, of penal servitude, at least, of disgrace, shame, the terror of a public trial; his vivid imagination saw it all more clearly than can be set down in writing. Shaking in every limb, he fell into the chair, with the denouncing wine-glass almost touching his feet. Exposure, ruin, imprisonment, faced him; little wonder that his soul shivered at the prospect.

The brain works quickly at such a moment; and he remembered that Stephen Rawdon had disappeared, left the country, so he had heard. But Mary Seaton, the girl whom he had ignored, passed over with contempt, must have been in Bramley; or why that damning wine-glass, that slip of paper? He felt like a man treading on quicksand which at any moment might engulf him. At such a moment one thought predominates—that of flight. That was his only chance. He went up to his room and packed a portmanteau. Then he sat down and wrote a note to Doctor Morton, and, packing up and down the room until morning, despatched it.

A few hours later, so early that the workmen on their way from Leabport to the Pit Works, gathered in groups to discuss the astounding news; it was announced that Mr. Hesketh Carton had been suddenly taken ill, and that by the advice of his medical man he was starting at once for the Continent for skilled treatment and perfect rest. Indeed, it was soon discovered that Mr. Hesketh Carton had already started; and to the amazement and dismay of the party, his opponent was returned as member for Bramley.

The excitement, the surprise, threw the whole place into a turmoil; and it may safely be said that only one person was exempt from the frenzy of astonishment which raged like an epidemic through the district. That person was Mollie. She raised her eyebrows and exclaimed with the others; but she was not surprised, and in her heart there glowed that satisfaction which all of us feel when we have outwitted the wrongdoer and utterly vanquished him.

(To be continued.)

DEPENDENT ON HIS SPEED.  
Excited Traveller—"Can I catch the four o'clock express for Birmingham?"  
Railway Official (calmly)—"That depends upon how fast you can run. It started thirteen minutes ago."

## Stops Bronchitis Quickly Without Any Medicine

THIS PROBLEM SOLVED WHEN CATARRHOZE WAS DISCOVERED.

### Thousands Have Been Cured

You are nothing but a plain simple boob to suffer a day longer from Bronchitis. It's real easy to cure—this has been proved—and again. Relief comes at once when you breathe in the soothing vapor of Catarrhazone. Once its healing, piny essences strike the bronchial tubes, you realize that a powerful treatment is at work.

Irritation can't live in the throat of a person inhaling Catarrhazone. It is so soothing, so warming, so full of concentrated healing power that you get results at once.

Catarrhazone strengthens the weak throat, stops the cough, removes that hacking irritating necessity to clear the throat, makes even the chronic sufferer realize that at last he has discovered a real cure. For coughs, colds, catarrh, and winter ills, nothing in the family could be better than the complete dollar outfit. Small size 50¢, tri-size 25¢, all dealers, or The Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.

## WHEN I GET MARRIED.

### Small Boys Give Their Ideas of Wedded Life.

"When I get married," he says, "which I shall not do until I can pay for a good home and the necessities of life for my wife and myself, I should go and see that no water ran through the roof and dropped on the beds. I should not like the walls to be damp. When we had been married for a bit, with a kiddie or two toddling about the house, I should soon want them to grow older, so that I should not be awakened in the middle of the night by their screams. I should be a teetotaler, shave twice a week, and smoke two ounces of thick twist a week."

Another boy sees it very simply: "I will be my own master in some things, but in other things I'll let my wife have her own way. My wife and I will have a night off every fortnight. Of course, we shall have some children."

One little fellow does not believe in heiresses. "I shan't get married to a rich lady," he says, "because she will be always wanting dresses that cost a lot of money, and if her wealth grows less and less till she is poor, then I shall have to work very hard to please her. I shall marry a lady that can do house-work and requires no servants—a lady who will agree to do everything I say."

The palm, however, goes to a twelve-year-old who promises to be a husband worth courting. He writes:

"When I get married I shall, I hope, agree with my wife. I shall keep trying to get more knowledge of my work, then I should get better positions in my trade, and that means more money. I think that the more money you get the better it will be for the wife. If I had any children I should try to cultivate a hobby for them. I should give them a money-box each, and allow them something per week to put in their boxes. When they had got enough they could buy what they wanted, provided it was sensible, such as a camera, fretwork, or foreign stamps, or any other hobby. I should build a shed and put them a punch-ball and a few other things in, and make it like a little 'gym' for them. Then I would put a hammock in one end of it, for wife to lie in and watch her little sonnies learn to 'play the game.'"

"If I had any girls I should bring them up with the boys. They could go with them on their madcap adventures, but still I should like them to cultivate that quiet dignity so characteristic of real ladies."

## SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

The last gap in the Lincoln Highway is being finished. This consisted of two stretches in Nevada.

An English ship has been equipped by the Royal Navy to make soundings of the air for use in mapping aerial routes.

A silken screen, kept water-soaked while in use, is said to improve the quality of the film pictures projected upon it.

A Government bulletin is authority for the statement that the greatest single factor in the operation of the steam plant is the way in which the exhaust steam problem is handled.

Kingfishers make their nests of fishbones.

Grasshoppers have their ears on their front legs.

Wood-paving for roads was first used in Russia.

The reason why many deaf persons hear better while riding on trains is because the rumbling of the heavy wheels on the track causes the drum of the ear to vibrate, and in this way excites the capacity to hear.

The increasing popularity of motor equipment on the farm was demonstrated recently when one company exhibited a shipment of 80 cars loaded with such machinery. The cars were on the tracks of a big railroad yard and were being shipped to agents in three Western States.

As an economy in theatre operation a machine has been invented for reclaiming rumpled programs which have been discarded by the frequenters of the house at each performance. On their second appearance the sheets are issued as good as those fresh from the printing press.

The newest machine for etching glassware holds the piece by suction while the patterns are impressed upon the surface.

## FRANCE IS ALERT.

The task of rehabilitating the French merchant marine has been undertaken in earnest. Already French shipbuilding yards, which were closed down during the war, have 43 cargo boats and two mail passenger liners under construction, while 18 mail steamers, 32 cargo vessels and 17 tugs have been ordered and work on them will commence shortly. Most of these vessels are to be completed in the latter part of this year or early in 1921. All are to be of steel. It is noteworthy also that the average speed of the cargo vessels will be well above 10 knots, compared to the pre-war average for such vessels of about 9 knots, and that the passenger ships will range in speed from 15 to 19 knots an hour.

## NEURITIS

So many have Neuritis, that painful inflammation of the nerves. Do not suffer another day. If you are a victim, try

## Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules

Nothing else brings relief so quickly and so surely. Send for free sample to Templeton, 142 King St. W., Toronto. For sale at reliable druggists for \$1.00 a box. 66

From this it is apparent that France does not propose to continue indefinitely the dependence on foreign vessels which the war losses forced upon her. The sooner France's merchant marine is restored or brought up to or nearly to its requirements in shipping, the sooner will it be able to cut down substantially the adverse balance in invisible trade through no longer having to pay for the services of foreign-owned ships. In France's present position this is a matter of the greatest importance, and creditors, among whom this country is conspicuous, have occasion to be highly gratified at the energy with which it is being attacked.—From The World's

## WORDS TO THE WISE

### For Those Who Use Electric Grill, Good Advice.

The electric grill is such a wonderful comfort that we should remember a few important items regarding it. Never forget that the surface of the heating chamber not in use should be closed to avoid heat escaping.

When cooking on top of a three-heat grill the steel reflector grille must be slipped right under the heating chamber, to throw the heat up. When cooking below the coils the reflector ought to cover the upper surface.

When using the deep pan on top of the stove, this should be covered by the griddle to avoid radiation of heat from contents of pan.

When toasting alone the deep pan should be slipped underneath, where it will be out of the way, and both the upper and lower surfaces of the heating chamber closed tightly by means of the griddle on top, and this pan underneath for dried toast and for quick toast, make it on top the coils, with pan or reflector underneath. It saves current.

## POLICE POWER.

Mr. Peck—"Would you mind compelling me to move on, officer? I've been waiting on this corner three hours for my wife."

## LOSS OF STRENGTH THROUGH INDIGESTION

### THE STOMACH CAN ONLY DO ITS WORK WHEN THE BLOOD IS RICH AND RED.

Indigestion means loss as well as suffering to many people. Loss of strength, loss of time and loss of money follows indigestion and debility continues as long as the indigestion remains. Workers suffer from indigestion because their hours are long, and often they cannot give proper time to meals. Then the appetite becomes fickle, digestion becomes feeble and the blood becomes impoverished. So the general health suffers, languor, nervous troubles and often sleeplessness follows. It is well to remember that the whole system relies upon good blood, and that good blood is impossible unless the digestion is good.

The stomach cannot do its work unless the blood is made rich and red, and so new blood alone can cure indigestion. It is for this reason that a remedy like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which makes new, rich blood, cures indigestion and builds up the whole system. The great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of the kind is proven by the statement of Mr. H. E. Small, Wingham, Ont., who says:—"The truthfulness of my statement can be proven by scores of my friends and acquaintances. I am a glove cutter by trade and for six long years, have at times been a great sufferer from complication of ills, chiefly due to indigestion. Gas would accumulate on the stomach, causing me great pain. I would bloat up at times and almost suffocate, and often when at work would be overcome by a drowsy oppression which was almost insupportable. Finally I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking seven boxes I feel like a new man. The transformation they have made in me is simply remarkable, and while using them I gained thirteen pounds in weight. I may add that I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a result of what they did for a niece, who underwent a critical operation, and who did not regain her strength until she started using the pills. In her case they fully restored her health, and this encouraged me to begin their use, which, as I have already said, a complete restoration of health in my own case."

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