

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

CHAPTER XXVI.
When Jack dashed from the cottage Millie was too overwhelmed to do anything but rock herself to and fro and cry—and accuse herself of having destroyed Clytie's happiness. She was still sobbing when the door opened and Clytie came into the room. She looked round, then hurried to Mollie.

"Mollie—What is the matter? Where is—where is he?"
Mollie clutched Clytie excitedly.
"He has gone!" she gasped. "He has gone forever. And it was all my fault! I called him by—by his right name; I slipped out, and—he was furious. He declared we had tricked him, that you had married him so that he should have Bramley and the money, that you didn't love him, but had sacrificed yourself for the sake of an idea; and he swore that he would not claim you. It was all my fault! But I told him—I told him over and over again—that you loved him. And you do, don't you, Clytie?"

Clytie sank into a chair and looked straight before her.
"So he has gone," she said, almost to herself.

"Yes, gone!" repeated Mollie. Then she stopped and stared at Clytie's pale but calm face. "Don't you understand? He means never to come back. Don't you care? You look like a stone image. We mustn't sit here; we must go after him, find him!"

Clytie shook her head. "No," she said, in a low voice. "It is better that he should go."

"Better that—?" Mollie flew to her and shook her by the shoulder. "What are you talking about? Clytie, wake up! Do something, or I shall go mad! Do you mean to say that you don't mind whether he comes back or not? Do you mean to tell me that you are not in love with him? If not—but I don't believe it—why did you marry him, and so suddenly and in secret?"

A faint color stole over Clytie's face and she looked at Mollie tenderly.
"You know," she said, almost inaudibly, "I wanted him to have that which belonged to him. And—and Mollie dear, life is uncertain. I have been ill—I am afraid—"

Mollie sprang at her again, and, gripping her by the shoulders, stared affrightedly into her sad eyes.
"What do you mean?" she demanded hysterically. She gave Clytie a little shake. "You don't mean that you think you're afraid that there is anything serious the matter with you, that you are going to die? You know there isn't, you wicked girl!"

"I don't know," said Clytie. "Be calm, Millie dear. Sometimes lately, since I've had these attacks, I have feared that there is something the matter with my heart—ah, he calm, dear! It palpitates, and I am faint and weak. What else can it be? And think, Millie dear, if I had died before—"

White as a ghost, Mollie gazed at her.

"I see now," she said, under her breath. "I understand. But I don't believe it! I—I feel as if I should know if you were as ill as you think, if you were going to—I won't speak the word! I tell you, I don't believe it. No; I am not afraid. I'm not trembling because of what you said, but because of poor Jack! Clytie, don't you realize how cruel you have been to him? And you, who are so tender-hearted and gentle, who wouldn't kill a fly! You've broken his heart; and all for an idea, though it wasn't the same idea he thought. Something must be done at once. We must bring him back. But," she uttered a little cry of dismay, "we don't know where he's gone, don't know where he is staying. Idiot that I am, I never asked him! Stay there, or go and lie down; do nothing, say nothing. I'll come back."

She flew from the room, seized her tam-o'-shanter, and ran to the station. The platform was empty, a train had just gone; Jack had disappeared—indeed, into the Ewigkeit. On her way back she saw a gentleman coming from a gate with a brass plate on

it, and he was about to enter the brougham that was waiting for him, when Mollie caught his arm.

"You are the doctor, aren't you?" she said, hurriedly, and glancing at the brass plate to see the name. "Will you please come round and see my sister, at Rose Cottage, at once? She is very ill, Doctor Marsden."

"Certainly," he said. "You had better come with me, had you not?"

In a minute or two the brougham drew up at the gate, and Mollie ran in to prepare Clytie, who, much to Mollie's surprise, uttered no remonstrance and displayed no reluctance. The doctor looked for one brief instant rather surprised at the sight of Clytie.

"Is this my patient?" he said, with a smile. "She does not look very bad, at any rate. Let us see what is the matter. Now, tell me all about it."

Between them, the two girls told the story of Clytie's attacks of illness, and he made a careful examination; then he sat down and pondered; he did not look surprised or puzzled, because no doctor who is worth his salt ever does look surprised or puzzled. At last he said:

"I suppose you think it is your heart?"

"Yes," said Clytie.
"Well, you're wrong," he retorted, with a smile. "There is nothing whatever the matter with it. It is a little weak, perhaps; that is accounted for by these attacks; but that it is perfectly sound I will stake my professional reputation." Mollie drew a long breath of relief, and he glanced at her and nodded comprehendingly.

"It's a very strange thing," he remarked, "but whenever any one is at a loss to ascribe their illness, certain symptoms, to any cause, they immediately pitch upon the heart. It is the most long-suffering and deeply injured organ we've got, and in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases there is nothing the matter with it, though the thousand patients are firmly convinced that they are going to die of heart-disease."

"There!" exclaimed Mollie, reproachfully and yet joyously. "Then what is the matter with her?"

"Nothing," he said, calmly and deliberately.

"But people don't faint and grow suddenly weak without a cause," retorted Mollie, impatiently.

"Quite so," he admitted. "What I say is, my dear young lady, that there is nothing the matter with your sister at this present moment, excepting a little general weakness. She is perfectly sound, in fact, she is one of the healthiest subjects I have examined for a long while; but she is very highly strung, and she appears to me to be suffering from the effects of some severe mental strain, or—"

He broke off and demanded sharply: "Do you take drugs?"

"No," said Clytie. "I have a horror of them. The only medicine I have taken is a tonic prescribed by my doctor at home."

"Quite right," he said, emphatically. "This drug-taking is, from our point of view, one of the great curses of the day, and I am quite certain that sooner or later the legislature will have to deal with it. At the present moment it is quite possible to walk into the nearest chemist, and buy one of those charming little bottles which, though its contents may appear so harmless—and, mind you, really are harmless—when taken at the proper time and in a proper quantity—will quite possibly prove fatal if taken to excess or under certain conditions. I'd like to see that bottle of tonic."

Mollie brought it to him, and he smelled and tasted it.

"That is all right," he said, approvingly. "It is what I myself should have prescribed for you, and you can't do better than go on with it. For the rest, I can only advise you to take plenty of exercise, plenty of nourishing food—Oh, but my dear young lady, I can see that you are possessed of common sense, and that these professional platitudes are not necessary. There is one thing more, a rather important one—if this weakness of yours, these attacks, arise from undue excitement, or mental strain, you must guard against it. Oh, yes, I will come in again to-morrow, he would up in answer to Mollie's fervent request.

"He's right; I'm sure he is!" exclaimed Mollie, when he had gone. "There is nothing the matter with you; you are not going to die; you are going to live to make poor Jack happy. And we've got to find him." she said, between her teeth. "And until we do we must keep the marriage secret. We don't want to set every old gossip in the county scandal-mongering; don't want to start your married life with a—a newspaper romance. Now, let me think. Yes; that's it! An advertisement! Help me draw it up, Clytie, and I'll go up to town by the next train and insert it in the papers."

She sprang to the writing-table, and, thrusting her fingers through the tangles of her red hair, presently evolved

CUTICURA HEALED BABY'S RINGWORM

On Head. Cross and Fretful. Hair Fell Out.

"When my baby was three months old her head broke out in little red pimples and then in a week it broke out in ringworms. The ringworms were very large and there were several on her head, and her scalp would bleed. She was very cross and fretful at times, and her hair was falling out."

"I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after I had used one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Lelah Sargent, Nampa, Idaho, Feb. 24, 1919.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, India, and South Africa. Cuticura Soap shaves without razor.

the following:
"J. D. is implored to return to C. All will be explained."

Clytie flushed hotly as this "agonizing advertisement" was read out to her. "Must you say that, Mollie dear?" she faltered; "isn't it too—too impugning?"

"Not a bit," retorted Mollie emphatically. "And you'd say so if you'd seen him and heard him. Oh, I know what you feel; that it isn't becoming of you, that it's imminent to implore him to come back to you; but let me tell you what I think you deserve to feel badly. You've treated him very cruelly. Oh, Clytie, forgive me!" she broke off, as Clytie's eyes filled with tears. "There—there! I'll take it back but it's true, all the same. Don't cry, dear; don't be unhappy; I'll find him, and everything will come right. Oh, how hungry I am!"

She snatched up a roll as she left the house with the advertisement in her pocket.

It appeared in due course, but no answer came. The days dragged their weary length, and the two girls waited, hoping against hope; sometimes they went to London, and, riding in hansom-cabs, or walking through streets likely or unlikely, sought vainly for the missing man. Now and again some passing figure or face which bore some resemblance to those of Jack made Mollie exclaim in those clutch Clytie's arm; but as the figure drew near he brought disappointment with him, for it was a stranger, not Jack. It was Clytie who hit upon the way, and who, when one evening they had returned from their fruitless search, said, in a low voice:

"He has left England, Mollie. We shall not find him."

Presently there came a letter from Lady Mervyn. Percy had been in too great a hurry to get well, had gone out on the terrace in a devastating east wind, had caught a chill, and was thrown back. Lady Mervyn hinted, almost said plainly, that if the two girls were absent from him much longer Percy would work himself into a fever.

"We must go, Mollie dear," said Clytie, with a sigh.

"Yes, I suppose so," admitted Mollie half-reluctantly, though her heart was drawn toward the fretting Percy; reluctantly because she knew that while Clytie remained at the cottage she would find it easier to cherish and keep alive the frail hope of Jack's return. Clytie said very little about him, but her thoughts were centred upon him day and night; indeed, oftentimes the work in the night with the unspoken words, "My Husband!" throbbing in her heart. It was weeks since his departure, and she had learned during the dragging, wearisome time how deeply she loved him; and, so realizing, came to learn and understand what he must have suffered by the loss of her. To return to Bramley with the secret of her marriage smouldering like a hidden fire in her bosom would be an ordeal, but it had to be faced.

They arrived on a lovely evening, in which Bramley, lightened and glorified by the sunset, looked at its best. Strangely enough, Mr. Hesketh Carton happened to be at the station when they arrived, catching sight of them, he came to help them to alight from the train. He shot a quick, keen glance at Clytie, of which she was half-conscious, and which she remem-

bered afterward—it haunted her, after a fashion, during the evening—but his eyelids were lowered like a screen almost immediately, and he said, with friendly interest:

"You are looking well, Miss Bramley; you are both looking well. Need I say how glad I am to welcome you back? I have good news of our invalid of the Towers; he is much better—in fact, progressing rapidly, and Lady Mervyn assures me that he is displaying all the irritability which accompanies convalescence."

He escorted them to their carriage, and stood looking after them, with a smile on his thin, pale face. "I wonder whether Mr. Hesketh Carton could help us?" said Mollie, but doubtfully.

Clytie shook her head. "Oh, no!" she said decidedly; Mollie looked relieved.

"I am glad you think that, dear, for I should hate to have to ask him."

The two girls drove over to the Towers next morning, and Lady Mervyn welcomed them with open arms. "You'll find Percy on the terrace," she said to Mollie when she had kissed her; but the information was not necessary, for he had heard their voices and was yelling for them.

Mollie went out to him, and the boy gripped her hand and pressed it to his face. His face was flushed, his eyes bright; but the flush died away and he looked thin and peaky, so that Mollie's voice was not so sarcastic and aggressive as usual.

"You look quite the interesting invalid, Lord Stanton," she began; but he broke in with a voice that was rather trepidulous in its eagerness:

"Oh, Mollie, what a time you've been away! And how I've missed you! I've been bored to death, I'm so jolly glad you've come back! I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't come soon. But, I say! You're not looking very bright!"

"Oh, I'm all right," Mollie assured him evasively, as she drew a chair beside him. "Now, tell me all the news. What a stupid boy you are—you've let your rag slip down, and you've caught cold."

She drew it up, and he caught her hand and held it; and Mollie let it remain in his grasp for a little while—you see he had been so ill.

(To be continued.)

ASTHMA

TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH Capsules.

are guaranteed to relieve ASTHMA, don't suffer another day. Write Templeton, 15 King street west, Toronto for free sample. Reliable druggists sell them at \$1.00 a box.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

It takes 5,000 bees to weigh one pound.

The newest camera feature enables the operator to expose part of a plate. Thus a number of small views may be made on one plate or film.

The trackless trolley now being made use of in New England pulls up at the curb to take on and off passengers.

A vocational school in Idaho is 14,000 feet underground. It is designed for returning soldiers and instruction is given in mine engineering.

Greater accuracy is obtained in the measuring of fine screw threads by a machine which projects an image of the threaded article upon a screen where it can be measured with the least possible error.

That the tourist may have hot water whenever desired there is a small electric heater that may be packed away in a handbag.

Among other things the war has been responsible for a great reform in the making of boxes for the shipment of goods. The United States has heretofore been neglectful of this work and packages from this country have been so poor as to interfere with the expansion of trade.

Carrier pigeons are playing a part in the patrol of the U. S. national forests.

Some of the dwarfed trees of Japan have been known to live for 200 years. Woodworking has been made easier by the invention of an electric hand saw.

The size of the private telegraph exchange grows with the erection of every hotel or office building of any considerable proportions. The largest ever constructed is that of a New York hotel which has been recently opened to the public. It occupies 3,165 square feet of floor space, having an operating room 110 feet long by 15 feet wide, a terminal room 30 feet long and 52 feet wide, a rest room 23 feet by 15 feet and a locker and washroom 30 feet by 14 feet. The operating force consists of one chief operator, eight supervisors and 110 attendants. The switchboard consists of 23 positions. Thirteen positions are equipped with teleautographs used for paging and announcing only. The switchboard has a capacity of 3,340 extensions and 180 trunks. The hotel has telephone service in each of its 2,200 rooms, and there are 40 public telephone booths served by four switchboards connected with the main switchboard. The following gives some idea of a few of the items which make up part of the telephone system: 630 fuses, 1,170 condensers, 2,400 relays, 5,350 lamps, 38,500 jacks, 750,000 soldered connections, 7,296,000 feet of wire.

According to Professor Vaughn MacCaughy, of the College of Hawaii, the Hawaiian race is rapidly becoming extinct. The disappearance of "one of the finest physical types known in the history of the human race" is due to the introduction by white men of alcohol, plague, measles, leprosy, tub-

NURSES ADVISE

Zam-Buk, because they have proved that it does what is claimed for it. Miss E. L. Dorey, graduate nurse, of 3220 Michigan Ave., Chicago, says: "I have a patient who suffered terribly with piles. Zam-Buk is the only remedy that gave her relief."

"I have used Zam-Buk myself for the same ailment, also for sores and burns, and have the greatest confidence in it."

Zam-Buk

hemorrhoids, pneumonia and the most terrible of blood diseases, none of these having been known in Hawaii before the advent of the white man.

A ointment that really works is said to have been achieved by a New York inventor. It has "muscles" of rubber bands.

Worth Knowing

A wise woman who finds herself without barley or rice for the soup, or who has a chance from these cereals, substitutes oatmeal, with excellent results. The meal thickens the soup readily as the white grains do, and impart a healthy, subtle flavor of its own which to many palates is epicurean.

Starch should be used for washing greasy things, for the alkali added to the grease practically makes soap, which does the work of denaturing.

When cleaning metal washcloths do not stand the washcloths in the stove to dry, the stove will become often so hot for an hour or two after it is to fill them with water. Don't allow it to stand any longer; pour it off and dry the cloths with a dry towel. This will prevent the metal from becoming so hot that it will be ruined.

THOSE WHO WEAR

It is said that Frederick II, of England, used to wear a necklace worth \$9,999,999, and a diamond and pearl necklace worth twice as much more.

Henry III, of France, the king who used to wear a tassel of pearls hanging from his neck, had diamond collars on the pups and fairly blazed with a diamond collar himself.

But of all the van men of history the vainest was old Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, excepting perhaps, his son, Paul, whose uniform of general in the Hungarian army was ornamented with 50,000 diamonds besides many fine rubies, topazes, emeralds and sapphires. His cap was encircled by a band of pearls and bore a plume of 5,000 diamonds, and every time he wore his general's coat it cost him \$500 to repair the wear and tear. His son, Prince Paul, was, if anything, more extravagant and when he died a bankrupt in 1876 his uniform had to be sold to pay his debts.

AN IDEAL TONIC FOR WEAK PEOPLE

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Act Directly on the Blood and Nerves.

Food is as important to the sick person as medicine, more so in most cases. A badly chosen diet may retard recovery. In health, the natural appetite is the best guide to follow; in sickness the appetite is often fickle and depraved.

Proper food and a good tonic will keep most people in good health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most popular tonic medicine in the world, harmless and certain in their action, which is to build up the blood and restore the vitality to the run-down system. For growing girls who become thin and pale, for pale, tired women, and for old people who fall in strength, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal tonic. Thousands of people have testified to the health-giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in many homes they are the only medicine used. Among the homes in which the benefit of this medicine has been proved is that of Mr. E. A. Underwood, Kingston, Ont., who says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the most beneficial results. As the result of hard work I was very much run down, and my appetite was very poor. I got a supply of these pills, which I used regularly for some weeks, with the result that they restored me to my old time strength. They also proved a blessing to my daughter, who was in a very anemic condition, and who seemed not to get more than temporary relief from any medicine until she took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She took the pills for about three months, and is now enjoying the best of health. For these reasons I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

At the first sign that the blood is out of order take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and note the speedy improvement they make in the appetite, health and spirits. You can get these 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.

When Fatigued AcupofOXO is both refreshing and invigorating. Ready in a minute—the minute you want it.



OXO CUBES

Size 1 lb., 25c., 4 lb., \$1.15, \$2.25.

Where Service is not Sacrificed to Size

THE HOUSE OF PLENTY

Walker THE House.