

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

"There's no news, excepting that I love you, Mollie dear," he whispered. "I said news," retorted Mollie severely.

"Nothing's been heard of Jack Douglas," he said regretfully. The days passed, marked by no incidents, with the exception of two, which were not without importance and significance.

One morning Mr. Granger received a bulky-looking envelope from Mr. Hesketh Carton. The letter enclosed ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Granger: You will remember my coming to see you about the property adjoining the works, which I was desirous of buying. It is still in the market, and I am anxious to purchase it. I enclose the particulars and a memorandum I made during our conversation; and I should be glad if you will give me your advice in the matter and tell me if you think it would be wise for you to make a proposal to the vendors.

"I should have written before, but I mislaid the papers and had to hunt for them. However, I found them just as I had tied them up at your office, and I send them to you.

"With kind regards, I remain, yours very truly,

"Hesketh Carton."

Mr. Granger found the papers tied up, as Hesketh had said, and he untied them and looked them over. As he did so, he started and uttered an exclamation, for in the midst of them was the sheet of paper on which Jack Douglas had written his renunciation. To say that the discovery caused Mr. Granger a shock is but feebly to describe his sensation. The time of grace had expired, and here was the fatal slip of paper which gave Bramley and Sir William Carton's fortune to Clytie Bramley.

Mr. Granger leaned back and stared at the hurried scrawl. He had no difficulty in guessing how the all-important paper had got into Hesketh Carton's possession. He, Mr. Granger, remembered that Hesketh Carton had sat in the chair Wilfred Carton had occupied; Hesketh Carton must have gathered up the sheet with his own papers, without noticing it; or, perhaps, had picked it up from the floor, thinking that it belonged to one of the sheets on which he had made memoranda. It was singular that Hesketh Carton had not glanced at the papers all these months; and yet it is not singular, because Hesketh Carton was an extremely busy man, and would, no doubt, put the papers away and think no more of them until he heard that the property was still in the market again. It must have been so, and Carton could not have seen the paper, or seeing how important it was to him, he would at once have brought it to the lawyer.

Mr. Granger was both sorry and disappointed at the turning up of the renunciation. He had taken a fancy to the prodigal for that night, and had wished him well; besides, to such a legal mind as Mr. Granger's the fact that Sir William Carton's property had now passed irrecoverably from his own son was an unpleasant and unsatisfactory one. But it was of no use to cry over spilled milk. Wilfred Carton had robbed himself with his own hands, and it only remained to him, Mr. Granger, carry out the spoliation with legal form.

He shrugged his shoulders, grunted in a dissatisfied way, put on his hat, and set off for the Hall.

That same evening, while Hesketh Carton was sitting writing in his private office, Merrill knocked and came in. Hesketh, though he was writing an important letter, was wondering, with half his brain, how Mr. Granger had received the renunciation, and whether he was deceived by the plausible story which accounted for Hesketh's

ignorance of the fact that the paper was among those relating to the Bull property; it was therefore with a barely concealed impatience that he turned as Merrill entered, and his eyes rested just above Merrill's head.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Merrill, who knew the expression very well, "but I'm sorry to say that Rawson's broken out again. I thought I ought to tell you."

Hesketh Carton's dark eyes flashed, his lids drooped, and his lips twitched.

"Discharge him," he said, curtly, and bent over the letter again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Granger intentionally arrived at the Hall just before lunch. Both the girls were very pleased to see him, for he was a favorite of theirs, and, with the quickness of their sex, they had seen through the bluntness and bluffness which were only assumed by him as a kind of armor, and they knew that under the rough exterior beat a kind and loyal heart. He had a pleasant meal with them enlivened by a passage of arms between him and Mollie, who delighted in teasing him into some of his grim, cynical retorts.

When the lunch was over, he said to her:

"Now you run away and play, Miss Mollie; I want to talk to Miss Clytie on business."

"Isn't it rather a pity to deprive yourself of my valuable advice?" retorted Mollie. "I am the only one in the family who is any good at business," she added, as she left the room, throwing a warning glance at Clytie; but there was no need for it, for Clytie was on her guard. Mr. Granger came to the point almost at once, and, laying the renunciation on the table before with a little pat, said:

"Allow me to present you with a document which practically makes you mistress of Bramley, Miss Bramley."

Clytie took up the paper and read it, and grew white; but she said nothing, and Mr. Granger, who thought the sign of emotion quite natural, went on.

"In my letter I told you that I had not got this paper in my possession. I ought to tell you how I first came by it. Perhaps I ought to have told you before, but I thought it wiser not to do so. Sir Wilfred Carton wrote that in my presence." Clytie started slightly, and her face grew red; but again he thought her surprise only natural. "He came one night, quite unexpectedly, and under an alias; he had an interview with me, and, notwithstanding my remonstrances, wrote that renunciation—for I must tell you frankly, Miss Clytie, that I should like to have seen the condition of Sir William Carton's will complied with by you two young people, and I remonstrated with him very strongly. He thought he was a fool, and I told him so. But it appears that Sir Wilfred has inherited his father's obstinacy, not to say mulishness; and he wrote this paper, postdated as you see, so that it should be effectual. Now, a strange thing happened; he was with me only a very short time, and departed, whither I know not."

Clytie's face grew hot again, but Mr. Granger went on unsuspectingly, for he was ignorant of Jack's presence at Withycombe, and Jack, as he knew, had carefully avoided visiting Bramley or its vicinity.

"After he had gone, I was called out of the room to see a gentleman on business. We returned to the office and discussed the matter he had come about, and when he had gone I missed this important document. Of course, I hunted for it everywhere; and I came to the conclusion—the welcome conclusion—that Sir Wilfred had suddenly changed his mind, and either discovered the paper or taken it away with him. This morning the gentleman who came to me that night sent me some documents pertaining to the case he had come to consult me about, and in the midst of them I found the missing paper. He had accidentally tied it up with his own, and there it had remained until I discovered it this morning. I heartily wish it had not been found; and if I were not the member of an honorable profession and burdened by scruples, which I admit are old-fashioned and out of date, I should have destroyed it."

"It can be destroyed now," said Clytie, in a low voice, and she took up the paper to tear it; but Mr. Granger swiftly took it from her.

"I think not," he said grimly. "You seem to forget that I have the misfortune to be your legal adviser, and that it is my duty to guard your interest, even against yourself. I intended leaving this paper with you; but, seeing that you are not burdened with the scruples which hamper me, I will take charge of the paper." He put it away carefully, and shook his head at her rebukingly. "It only remains for me to congratulate you, Miss Bramley, on the possession of one of the finest estates in this country, and a very large fortune."

"Clytie managed to murmur,



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"Thank you," her eyes downcast, her hands gripping each other tightly in her lap.

"Is it—it is necessary," she asked, falteringly, "to—to make this known at once?"

"Well, I don't know that it is absolutely necessary," replied Mr. Granger, after considering a moment or two; "that is to say, there is no immediate hurry. The person who is principally concerned, and at present only concerned, is yourself. While you are living no one else has very much interest in the disposition of the property. Of course, you know, remember that if you were to die—of which there is at present no likelihood," he put in, with a smile, "Mr. Hesketh Carton would inherit. But as the contingency is, as I am delighted to feel convinced, extremely remote, we need not trouble ourselves to consider it."

Clytie drew a long breath. Yes, if she had died before—she had married Jack, Mr. Hesketh Carton would have succeeded. But no one could rob Sir Wilfred Carton now. Her "sacrifice" had not been in vain.

"Yes, I congratulate you, Miss Clytie," said Mr. Granger; "but, all the same, you must not feel hurt if I say that I regret the course things have taken, and I'm sorry that Sir Wilfred should have deprived himself of his patrimony; and I tell you frankly that I think the estate, and, at any rate, a large proportion of the money, should have gone to him. I took a great fancy to the young fellow the night he came to me, and I have often thought that if you two could have met—But there's no use thinking of it. He was as proud as Lucifer, and he has gone back to the wilds, and we shall hear no more of him. If we should—he paused—"perhaps, Miss Clytie, you would like to offer him some sort of compromise. But there, again! what would be the use? I feel convinced that he wouldn't accept a penny."

"No, I am sure he would not," said Clytie; then, as Mr. Granger looked at her with some surprise, she added, stammeringly: "I mean, from what you say of him."

"Oh, yes, yes," he assented. "Well, I must be going. When you think you would wish Sir Wilfred's renunciation and your consequent possession of the estate to be made public, let me know, and I will take the necessary steps. Of course, you must not keep the public in ignorance for an indefinite time; but we can hold our tongues for a few weeks or months."

"A few weeks or months," thought Clytie, with a heavy sigh; it would be all the same if it were a few years; Jack would not come back, and what was she to do about this renunciation? By her marriage, she had made it of no more value than the paper upon which it was written. Bramley and his father's money were Sir Wilfred's, and—she blushed and tingled with shame and distress—she was living at the Hall and spending the money, living in his house and spending his money, without possessing any right to do so. It was not the first time this reflection had tortured her; and, if she had been alone she would have left the Hall and gone back to poverty; but Mollie, with no little reason and much common sense, had pointed out to her that such a

course would be inflicting an additional cruelty and wrong on Sir Wilfred, and insisted that it was absolutely Clytie's duty to live at the Hall and take care of the estate.

"He may come back at any moment," she had said; "and a nice kind of wife you would have appeared to have been, if you had deserted the place and let it go to rack and ruin!"

When Mollie returned to the room, Clytie told her the purport of Mr. Granger's visit, and Mollie, with her native perspicacity, quickly saw one significant point in the affair.

(To be continued.)

ANYTHING EXPLODES? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN

By explosives are meant substances that can be made to give off a large quantity of gas in an exceedingly short time, and the shorter the time required for the production of the gas the greater will be the violence of the explosion. Many substances that ordinarily have no explosive qualities may be made to act as explosives under certain circumstances. Water, for example, has caused very destructive boiler explosions when a quantity of it has been allowed to enter an empty boiler that had become red hot. Particles of dust in the air have occasioned explosions in saw mills, where the air always contains large quantities of dust. A flame introduced into air that is heavily laden with dust may cause a sudden burning of the particles near it, and from these the fire may be conveyed so rapidly to the others that the heat will cause the air to expand suddenly, and this, together with the formation of gases from the burning, will cause an explosion.

It must not be thought, however, that fine sawdust or water would ordinarily be classed as explosives. The term is generally applied only to those substances that may be very easily caused to explode.

The oldest, and most widely known, explosive that we possess is gunpowder, the invention of which is generally credited to the Chinese. It is a mixture of potassium nitrate, or saltpeter, with powdered charcoal and sulphur. The proportions in which these substances are mixed vary in different kinds of powder, but they usually do not differ much from the following:

Sulphur10 per cent.
Charcoal16 per cent.
Saltpeter74 per cent.

The explosive quality of gunpowder is due to the fact that it will burn with great rapidity without contact with the air, and that in burning it liberates large volumes of gas. When a spark is introduced into it, the carbon, charcoal, and sulphur combine with a portion of the oxygen contained in the saltpeter to form carbonic acid gas and sulphurous acid

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gas and at the same time the nitrogen contained in the saltpeter is set free in the gaseous form. This action takes place very suddenly, and the volume of gas set free is so much greater than that of the powder that an explosion follows.

In the manufacture of gunpowder all that is absolutely necessary is to mix the three ingredients thoroughly and in the proper proportions. But to fit the powder for use in firing small arms and cannon it is made into grains of various sizes, the small sizes being used for the small arms with short barrels, and the large sizes for cannon. The reason for this is that if the powder is made in very small grains it all burns at once, and the explosion takes place so suddenly that an exceedingly strong gun is required to withstand the explosion, while if larger grains are employed the burning is slower and continues until the projectile has traveled to the muzzle of the gun. In this way the projectile is fired from the gun with such force as if the explosion had taken place at once, but there is less strain on the gun.

BIRD NOISES.

All Sounds Do Not Come From Their Throats.

Has it ever occurred to you that many of the sounds which birds make do not come from their throat at all, but are produced as mechanically as the noise made by a boy rattling a stick along palings.

One kind of woodpecker produces a sound exactly like the distant roll of a drum which can be heard half a mile away on a still day.

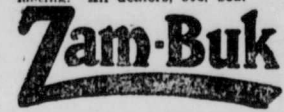
The "beats" are made at the rate of at least sixteen per second, and how the bird can do it is one of the many mysteries of nature which has still to be solved.

The "beating" of a snipe is another puzzling performance. The snipe has a way of rising high in the air, then dipping sharply, with wings and tail outspread.

The wings quiver from force of air pressure driven through them, and the sound is believed to come from the rapid fluttering of the individual

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feathers. In any case, the sound is produced, not vocally, but instrumentally.

You have perhaps heard a corn-crake "rasping." It is a most harsh and unpleasant noise, rather like that of a mowing machine. It is more than suspected that this sound, too, is produced otherwise than from the throat of the bird.

In Canada is a sort of nightjar called by the country folk a "bull-bat." Like all nightjars, it is a night-flying bird, but sometimes comes out in the twilight. The sound this bird makes is a curious booming drone which certainly does not come from the throat, but is probably made by its wings as it swoops after an insect.

Bears, like pigeons and cats, have an instinct for "homing." It seems. In his book on "The Grizzly," E. A. Mills quotes this story about a pet bear: "He has been teased by a visiting ranchman. When the ranchman had been reassembled and revived, it was decided that the bear must be 'lost.' He was led two hundred miles from the ranch and bidden to go his way. His return to the ranch preceded that of his keep by eight hours." Mr. Mills gives the grizzly a good character, saying that he rarely attacks a man. When brought to bay, however, he is a courageous fighter. This incident is cited in proof. A grizzly was chased by dogs and hunters into a box canyon. The bear fought the dogs with coolness and resource while the hunters waited for a chance to shoot. When the dogs attacked him from behind or at the side, he brushed them off without turning his eyes from the front. At a favorable moment he charged, scattering the dogs and killing two of them, disabling two horses, breaking a man's arm, and making good his escape before the demoralized party could fire a shot.

Change of Color in Fishes.

Changing colors at will is a property of certain mammals, and it is found that in the fishes under observation in a biological laboratory of one of the universities in this country such change is possible when changes of surrounding conditions are made. The fish selected for the experiment were common green killifishes or salt water minnows, which ordinarily in daylight have a light gray color. This in the dark becomes almost black, as was demonstrated by placing the fish in a darkened dish. If the fish were placed in a porcelain bowl in the light it would become much paler even though the illumination was the same. That the color was at the control of the fish was demonstrated by severing the spinal cord of one that had undergone the observed changes in a normal manner. In this case the posterior part remained absolutely dark. The light affecting the fish's eyes was found to be responsible for the color changes, as these did not occur after cutting the optic nerves of fishes whose hanges had been normal.

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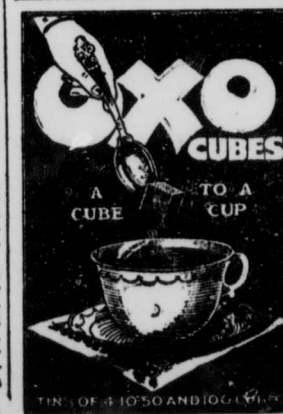
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