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## SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Jack reached London in a condition of mind, to use the well-known phrase, more easily to be imagined than described. He was still like a man walking in a dream, like a vessel drifting without a chart where an unknown sea; but he refused to make any attempt to solve the problem; he had given his promise to refrain from asking Clytie for her reasons, and he would not ask them of himself.

When one comes to think of his position, his resolution will not appear strange; for most assuredly the man who is dying of thirst in the desert does not criticize the cup in which the water is offered him, and does not, before drinking the precious life-saving fluid, demand to know where and how it was come by. It is sufficient for him that the water is there and that his panting soul is satisfied. Men only half as much in love as Jack was have walked eagerly through darker and more crooked ways to gain the women they love than this Clytie had set for him.

It is scarcely necessary to say that he did not sleep that night, or that he was out the first thing in the morning to obtain particulars of the steps by which he could make Clytie his own at the earliest moment.

When one considers how easy it is to get married, one cannot help feeling surprised that people are given to making so much fuss about it.

Jack found no difficulty in obtaining the special license, and his conscience was quite easy over the extraordinary and somewhat macabre statement by which he was compelled to make in the pursuit of his object.

He returned to the hotel to get some food and make some little preparation for the visit to Weybridge, toward which he had been looking eagerly all the day; and he found Chope waiting for him. He had quite forgotten the man and his strange story, and looked as if he had, for Chope stared at him.

"Anything happened, Mr. Jackson?" he said. "You look as if well, as if you had been on the spree; or as if you had lost a fortune or found one, I don't know which. Look here, I've been dodging in and out here all day in the hope of catching you. I want to speak to you about that proposal of mine; I mean that you should come out with me. So speak plainly, I've set my heart on it. I want you to come."

Jack was eating his food with a haste and absent-mindedness which were certainly not conducive to good digestion; and, at first, he only laughed somewhat strangely; but suddenly he arrested his knife and fork, and looked thoughtfully before him.

"Thinking it over, are you?" said Chope. "Well, that's all right. I'm not going to bother you—though, mind! I think you might do worse than come out, and take a hand with me in this game of mine. Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do; I shall take a berth for you on the White Witch on the chance of your coming with me. No; don't say anything," as Jack opened his lips. "I'm willing to chance it; for something seems to tell me that you will come, right enough. You go on thinking it over, Mr. Jackson. That's all I've got an appointment."

"Hill! Hold on a minute, Chope!" called out Jack.

But Mr. Chope shook his head and went out quickly.

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"And I love her," he said. "She is the brightest, the sweetest, the best little girl in all the world—bar one." He took her hand; but Clytie withdrew it as she had done last night, and turned toward the house. Mollie came toward them, at first with a demure step and face; then suddenly she ran forward and flung her arms round Jack's neck and kissed him. It struck him at the moment that Clytie had not yet kissed him, had shrunk from any kind of endearment on his part.

"I am so glad, Jack!" whispered Mollie, giving him a little final hug. "You see, Clytie has told me all about it. And that the marriage is to be secret. Oh, yes; I know all!" He glanced from her to Clytie quickly; did Mollie know all, or was she partly in ignorance, as he was? "I mean that I know there is some reason for the secrecy. And I think it's delightful. It's like a scene in a novel or a play. But don't you think it's setting me a bad example?"

They turned back into the wood again; and Jack gave them some details of his plans for the morning. Clytie listened in silence, her face averted; but Mollie broke in every now and again with little exclamations of admiration of his cleverness and resource.

"It is all delightfully easy," she said. "Clytie and I go up to Lodon tomorrow, so do a day's shopping—what more natural? We meet you at St. Luke's at twelve o'clock; there will be a nice clergyman, a short but significant service, and then we'll come home to the cottage to a wedding-breakfast of—mutton cutlets and mashed potatoes. Oh, it is better than any play I ever saw! Have you had any dinner, Jack? Never mind if you have, I'm going to get you some supper. Don't be long."

She ran in and left them alone; but though they were alone, Jack felt no nearer to Clytie. She seemed lost in thought, and so aloof from him that he could make none of the lover's approaches; but presently, as Mollie called them from the veranda, Clytie raised her eyes to his.

"I want to say how much I feel your goodness to me," she said painfully. "You have kept your promise; you will still keep it. I know how strange, how—how unreasonable what I am doing must seem to you, but you will be patient, will you—will you?"

"That is right," he said. "I will be patient, I will wait; and, as I said, there is no question of forgiveness. My feeling in the matter is all summed up in this—I love you; and my only wonder is that you should deign to give yourself to me, to make me so happy."

He determined to throw off the constraint that seemed to hold him in a kind of bondage, and he was bright and light-hearted at the little meal which Mollie had caused to be set for them; and, he was sure, Mollie helped him. Her spirit seemed to be running, and even Clytie could not refuse her tribute of smiles and gentle laughter to Mollie's characteristic sallies of wit. Clytie refused the prayer in his eyes that she would come out to say good night; and he had to say it in the room, with Mollie looking on, for Clytie detained her under some pretense.

After he had gone, the two girls sat up late talking. They slept together; that is Mollie slept until she was awakened by a sudden cry from Clytie. She was sitting up in bed, with her arms outstretched, as if to ward off some threatened peril, and her face was drawn by terror. Mollie soothed her, and at last Clytie fell asleep.

Long before twelve o'clock on the following day, Jack was pacing up and down outside St. Luke's. As he had said, the tiny church stood in a little street, comparatively unfrequented, like an island in the sea of the city. Even at that moment he did not know that he was going to marry Clytie Bramley; and he was oppressed by a vague dread that at this, the eleventh hour, she would draw back; but even as his face blanched and he asked himself what he should do if his dread proved accurate, a four-wheeled cab drew up at the door, and Clytie and Mollie got out. He hurried to them.

Of the two, Mollie seemed the more excited and nervous; Clytie seemed quite calm, and her face was pale, but she met him steadily and did not tremble. "Dearest," she murmured, "you have come!"

Her lips quivered for a moment, and she smiled; but there was a sadness in the smile that struck a chill to him. They went into the church, and in a few minutes the clergyman appeared; the verger and the pew-opener were already there, and proceeded to marshal Jack into his proper place at the altar.

A gleam of sunlight filtered through the old stained glass of the window and fell upon the little group; the hum of the busy city streets around them came vaguely through the open door. The church was weirdly old and green and shabby, and the clergyman seemed as old as the walls. As his church's feeble voice rose quaveringly at the beginning of the sentences and died away at the end.

It all seemed to Jack a part and parcel of his dream; and he would not have been surprised if church and parson, the withered verger and pew-opener, Clytie—his bride! and Mollie had suddenly disappeared, as if in a wreath of vapor. He started as the clergyman gave him Clytie's hand and signed to him to put on the ring; and he repeated the words he was told to speak as if he were an automaton. Even as he turned away from the altar, with Clytie in his arm, he felt like a somnambulist. They went into the vestry, and the clergyman began to fill in the register and make out the certificates. They signed their names, and as Clytie took the pen and bent over the mussy volume, Jack looked at her keenly, expectantly; but she evinced no surprise; uttered no exclamation, and seemed to write her name mechanically.

(To be continued.)

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## Nothing Like It For Bronchitis And Weak Throat

Remarkable Cures in the Worst Cases Reported Daily

### CURES WITHOUT USING DRUGS.

Doctors now advocate an entirely new method for treating bronchitis and the irritable throat. Stomach dusting is no longer necessary.

The most approved treatment consists of a healing vapor resembling the pure air of the Adirondacks.

This soothing vapor is full of germ-destroying substances, and at the same time is a powerful healing agent. It is sent to the bronchial tubes and lungs through a skillfully devised inhaler, that can be carried in the vest pocket. Simplicity itself is the keynote of this splendid treatment.

CATARHROZONE is the name of this wonderful invention that is daily curing chronic cases of weak throat, bronchitis and catarrh. Every breath through the inhaler is laden with soothing, healing substances that destroy all diseased conditions in the breathing organs, it can't fail to cure because it goes where the trouble really exists, and doesn't attempt to cure an illness in the head or throat by means of medicine taken into the stomach. Catarhrozone is a direct breathable scientific cure.

There is no suffering from a grippy cold or any winter ill that won't find a cure in Catarhrozone, which is employed by physicians, ministers, lawyers and public men throughout many foreign lands. Large size lasts two months and cost \$1 and is guaranteed; small size 50 cents, sample also 25c, all storekeepers and druggists, or the Catarhrozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

### Failures of Soldiers' Armor.

Many years ago several inventors developed bullet-proof clothes or breastplates, and in spite of much advertising their suggestions were never adopted, much to the surprise of civilians. The reason is very simple. If the bullet is stopped its energy is transmitted to the shield, which in turn delivers a blow to the soldier's body. The severity of the blow depends upon the velocity of the bullet, and if the shield is very light the chest wall receives more or less injury. In order to be effective the shield must weigh at least ten pounds.

It is a repetition of the old circus trick of striking with a sledgehammer an anvil on a man's chest. If in place of the anvil we substitute a thin metal plate the blow would be fatal, and the sledgehammer has about the same energy as a bullet at high velocity. If the shield weighs but six or eight pounds the blow of the bullet almost knocks a man down. Soldiers are not to wear armor, but to get behind it, as in armored ships, forts and motor-cars.—London Tatler.

### Relic of Long-Past Age.

While cutting peat in the Leithen headwater area, the shepherds unearthed a horn, which may have belonged to Bos primigenius or Bos longirostris, the wild oxen that roamed over Britain from the glacial age to near historic times. It was found at a depth of four feet from the surface, and the shepherds also averred that there was a small patch of brown hair attached, which is quite probable, as the peat would act as a preservative.—London Mail.

### Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, and cannot help it. I will send you a copy of my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you in this way, send no money, but write me today. My treatment is highly recommended to parents troubled with urine difficulties by day or night. Write for free trial treatment.

Mrs. M. Summers

Box 8, WINDSOR, Ontario

### Gone Forever.

The murderer had committed his crime without leaving any trace, except that he had found there were blood-marks on his handkerchief. How could he get rid of this tell-tale article?

For a moment he sat deep in thought, then a diabolical smile crept over his writing desk and, with great care he marked his name on his handkerchief. Then, wrapping it up in a small parcel, he addressed it to his laundry.

A sigh of relief escaped him as he posted it in the letter box.

It was gone, this ghastly evidence of his crime, and he would never see it again.

### The Toronto Fat Stock Show.

The Toronto Fat Stock Show scored a notable success when new high records for practically all classes of live stock were made at the Union Yards.

The greatest interest, of course, centered around the sale of "Black Hector," the grand champion, sold under the hammer to the H. P. Kennedy, Limited, at 75 cents per pound, live weight, and realizing nearly \$1,000 in hard cash.

Mr. Kennedy stated that this splendid animal will go forward overseas with a big shipment of high-class cattle, three or four loads of them prize-winners. The champion steer will be used as an object lesson and shown in various parts of Great Britain and later turned over to the company's representative there and sold, the funds to be given to some charitable movement.

First prize hogs sold at \$50 per cwt., winning the United Farmers' Co-operative Co., Limited, special prize. The exhibit was fine and big prices were obtained all round.

### A Pair of Eminent Grave Diggers.

The profession have a saying that parts make actors. When the \$20,000 benefit to Lester Wallace was given in New York with one of the historic "Hamlet" casts of the century, the public, of course, expected to see a performance that could never be forgotten because of its all round greatness. There was disappointment for the expectant innocents. All star casts and not proportionally, and this particular performance of the sublime tragedy was "queer."

For example, Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence played the grave-diggers, and in their dressing room after Horatio's "there crack'd a noble heart," Mr. Jefferson said to his companion:

"Billy, whose lines were you speaking, anyway?"

"Bacon's, I guess," Florence replied.

"Perhaps," mused gentle Joe. "I knew they weren't Shakespeare's."—Detroit Free Press.

### Worth Knowing.

Try roasting the morning egg (in the oven, of course) instead of boiling it, and you will like the change.

If a pinch of baking powder is added to the meringue for lemon pie it will not fall when done.

For spreading the butter on top of your fresh-baked bread which makes it such a pretty brown, buy a 10-cent paint brush and it will be found much nicer than paper or cloth.

To make receiving blanket for baby's bath, buy two yards Turkish toweling, cut in two, sew together lengthwise, then bind with piece of muslin two inches wide.

In making beef soup or lamb broth add the onions as soon as the meat begins to boil, and there will not be any scum rise.

In cooking macaroni, rice, oyster stew or milk for a custard, by greasing the kettle with a little butter it will never stick.

After washing the small silver, stand it for a couple of minutes in a kettle of very hot, clean, soapy water containing a few drops of ammonia and you will always have bright spoons, forks and knives.

### SLIGHTLY AMENDED.

Snapper—You seem to think I am nothing but a miserable idiot.

Mrs. Snapper—Oh, no; you are cheerful enough.

### Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three sizes: \$1, \$2, \$3. No. 1, 50¢ per box. No. 2, \$1.00 per box. No. 3, \$1.50 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor).

## IDLE PITY GIVING WAY TO PRACTICAL EFFORT ON BEHALF OF CANADA'S SIX THOUSAND BLIND

You have doubtless been interested in what you have read or heard regarding the progress of a national effort on behalf of the blind of Canada. Do you realize just what this effort means?

Here are some of the things that are being done: Industrial training and employment is being provided for the blind in centres established in Halifax, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Useful handicrafts and the reading and writing of embossed characters are taught in the homes of those blind people who for various reasons are unable to take training at one of the regular centres.

The product of the home-workers is bought and sold. Personal contact is established with recently-blinded persons, and with cases which are sometimes so old that they become new in a very real sense. This work is done by an experienced Field Agent. Books, magazines, and music in embossed types are circulated free to the blind of Canada. The monthly average circulation of books, etc., is close to eight hundred. The Institute also arranges for the transcription of music for any of its members at cost-price.

An active publicity propaganda dealing with various dangers to which the eye is subject is carried on, and this is followed up with personal work, looking to the larger co-operation of medical men and nurses, employers of labor, Boards of Education, etc., in the vital matter of preventing blindness.

A residence and training-centre, "Pearson Hall," has been provided where blind soldiers may find congenial conditions while taking vocational instruction. In this connection it may be interesting to know that the Institute has entered into an agreement with the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment, under which the Institute has established an after care department for Canadian Soldiers blinded in the war.

There are other things, but they may all be summed up by saying that the Institute endeavors in every practical way to advance the interests of the blind and to ameliorate the conditions under which they live.

Will you aid in supplying the most vital need of this work? Then mail your cheque to the CANADIAN NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, 36 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

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### Men, Are You In Doubt

As to your trouble? Have you some skin eruption that is stubborn, has resisted treatment? Is there a nervous condition which does not improve in spite of rest, diet and medicine. Are you going down hill steadily? ARE YOU NERVOUS and despondent, weak and debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory gone; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; lack of energy and confidence? Is there falling power, a drain on the system? Consult the old reliable specialists.

### SYMPTOMS OF VARIOUS AILMENTS

Weak and relaxed state of the body, nervousness, despondency, poor memory, lack of will power, timid, irritable disposition, diminished power of application, energy and concentration, fear of impending danger or misfortune, drowsiness and tendency to sleep, restless sleep, dark rings under eyes, weakness or pain in back, lumbago, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, loss of weight, insomnia. Dr. Ward gives you the benefit of 22 years' continuous practice in the treatment of all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases. The above symptoms, and many others not mentioned, show plainly that something is wrong with your physical condition and that you need expert attention.

Men, why suffer longer? Let me make you a vigorous man. Let me restore your physical condition to full manhood. Don't be a weakling any longer. Make up your mind to come to me and I will give the best treatment known to science—the one successful treatment based on the experience of 22 years in treating men and their ailments.

Dr. Ward's Methods Unrivalled, Thorough and Permanent.

Do you realize that you have only one life to live—do you realize that you are missing most of that life by ill health? A life worth living is a healthy life. Neglect of one's health has put many a man in his grave.

I have been telling men these things for many years but still there are thousands of victims who, for various reasons, have not had the good sense to come and get well.

Specialist in the treatment of nervous conditions, nervous exhaustion, backache, lumbago, rheumatism, stomach and liver trouble, acne, skin diseases, catarrh, asthma, rectal troubles, piles, flatula and blood conditions.

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