

# DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

## CHAPTER VII.

"Yes, he was all that, Jack thought, with a sigh; if he had only been a little more tender-hearted, if— No, no! It was all his, the son's fault, he concluded, with another sigh that was almost a groan.

He read the inscription twice, standing bareheaded; then he extinguished the taper and moved slowly away from the tomb.

As he did so he was startled by seeing a light spring up behind the stained-glass windows of the church, and as he stood staring at it, the organ began to play. The music stole out to him softly, almost consolingly, and he waited, leaning against the gate and listening. No doubt it was the organist, practising; but, with a twinge of sadness, Jack thought it must be a new one; for the music that was floating out to him was of a kind that the old schoolmistress of his time had been capable of playing. Had all this place and everything changed?

"Grimes!" she called in a low voice, and as he did so, a name running down the street. Her skirts were long and black, and she wore a red tam-o'-shanter. "Grimes?" she called in a low voice, and as he did so, a name running down the street. Her skirts were long and black, and she wore a red tam-o'-shanter.

"Yes, I beg your pardon. I took you for old Grimes, the sexton. No, thanks. I'll go in."

She passed him with a nod, then paused and looked at him. The light was on his face, and trust Mollie to observe that it was a good-looking one.

"Are you a stranger here?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jack; and, indeed, he felt a stranger at that moment.

"Oh," she said, reflectively; then, with another nod, she went on and entered the church. Jack looked after her with the interest he felt in everything pertaining to the old place; then he left the churchyard and went toward the Hall.

But at the lodge-gate he paused. Supposing his father had disinherited him, had left the Hall, the estates, to someone else; it would be rather awkward to receive the information from the present owner.

Reluctantly he turned away for the second time and made his way down the hill into the town. As he passed the works, he saw a light in the dining-room of the house under its walls, and he wondered who was living there now. He had been born in that house, and it was only natural that he should regard it with interest. As he was looking at it, the door opened, and a tall, thin young man came out.

He passed so close to Jack that he almost touched him; but he was walking with his head bent and apparently lost in thought, and scarcely glanced at him.

"New manager, I suppose," Jack said. "Yes; everything is changed."

He hesitated a second or two, then answered: "Douglas."

She showed him into Mr. Granger's study, and Jack looked round with moody interest. A large portrait of his father hung on one of the walls, and there were several of the Bramleys. Jack was gazing at his father's portrait as the old lawyer entered. The light was down and Jack saw that again he was not recognized.

"You wish to see me?" said Mr. Granger. "Pray take a seat."

Jack sat down and looked rather steadily and rather wistfully at the old lawyer.

"You don't know me, Mr. Granger?" he said, at last.

Mr. Granger peered through his glasses at him.

"Mr. Douglas?" he said, doubtfully. "I don't remember the name. And—yet there is something familiar in your voice. Good heavens, it is Wilfred Cartton!" he exclaimed, with a note of glad surprise, and he held out his hand and shook Jack's hand heartily.

"Yes, yes, of course! But—but you have changed, Mr. Wilfred—Sir Wilfred! I beg your pardon—much changed, older—and—er—graver. But I am delighted to see you, delighted. When did you arrive? Have you dined?"

Jack nodded; he felt as if a piece of bread would choke him.

"Thanks, yes," he said.

"A glass of wine, you look—er—tired! Yes, yes!" he rang the bell and ordered the wine, and drew his chair up to Jack's.

"And so you have come back! I am glad, very glad; and very much relieved. You got my letter?"

Jack shook his head. "No," he said.

"No? I sent it to the place—Minton's?"

### Wash The Kidneys

After Bad Colds or Influenza Look to Kidneys and Bladder!



Owing to bad colds, over-eating or indigestion, or to the after-effects of influenza—uric acid and toxins (poisons) are stored up in the body and cause headache, lumbar, rheumatic pains and stiff joints.

It is most essential that treatment be directed towards expelling out of the system the poisons which cause these pains and ailments. This means that the excretory organs—the bowels, skin and kidneys—should be excited to their best efforts. Every one should clean house—internally—and thus protect one's self from many chronic diseases, by taking castor oil or a pleasant laxative such as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are made of Malt, Aloes and Jalap. Take these every day. This will excite efficient bowel action. If you suffer from backache, irritation of the bladder and the kidneys, by the frequent calls to get out of bed at night, considerable sediment in the water, brick-dust deposit, perhaps at the drug store "Anuric" (anti-uric acid), first put up by Dr. Pierce.

Build up the strength and improve blood, take an iron tonic such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or a good herbal tonic such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or from wild roots and bark without

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have only to comply with the conditions of the will, to become the possessor of the property which, I am bound to admit, should have been yours without any such conditions.

"You mean that I can step into the estate by—by marrying this young lady, Miss Bramley?" said Jack, in his direct fashion, his eyes fixed steadily on the lawyer's.

"Certainly!" responded Mr. Granger, meeting the gaze unflinchingly. "And pray let me tell you that the condition is—er—by no means a hard one. Indeed, it is one which most men would consider as enhancing the value of the—er—bequest. You may not remember Miss Bramley, Miss Clytie—"

"Jack looked before him as if struggling to recall her, then he said: "Quite so. Then let me—"

Jack stopped short, then he looked at a more charming, a smile on his lips as he smiled.

"Look here, you young fellow, you are going to be a trustee!" snapped Mr. Granger.

"I don't know."

Jack. "But, any young fellow going to be such a trustee, he must marry a girl—any girl, charming or otherwise, the estates in England."

Mr. Granger looked at him in the hard, steady gaze.

"Now, see here, I stopped him."

"Did I?"

"Bramley's name, I remember. Mr. Granger's name, I don't."

"What you—you—madness perpetual."

"Nonsense."

his eyes evasive of the subject.

"Ye—"

"And Jack, quick decision to eloped after (T)

### If Thin, Nervous Run Down, Depressed, This Will Help

The wear and strain of life has tended in recent years to produce nervous debility in a large percentage of our population. Thousands are affected with a feeling they can't exactly describe. They are always tired and droopy; they lack ambition, have poor appetites, look pale and suffer from depressing headaches and insomnia.

This condition is full of peril. It is the stepping stone to invalidism, the beginning of a shattered constitution.

We advise everyone in this condition to take a good medicine at once and try to get well while yet there is time.

Probably no better advice can be given than to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which have become famous in restoring the sick to good health. A general toning up of the system at once takes place. The whole body is vitalized by rich and purer blood. The appetite is increased, food is rapidly increased. Headaches go because the bowels are regulated and all wastes are carried off.

There is no experiment about using Dr. Hamilton's Pills because they certainly restore the sick, as a trial will quickly prove. Just as good for the old as the young, and suitable to the needs of women and children. This grand family medicine should be in every home.

### FLYING AT NIGHT

Night flying is a fearsome thing—but tremendously interesting. Anyone who has ever been swimming at night will appreciate what I mean. All the familiar objects and landmarks that seem so friendly by day become weird and repellent monsters at night. writes Maj. W. A. Bishop, in "Winged Warfare." It is simple enough to go up in the dark, and simple enough to sail away, but it is quite something else to come down again, without taking off a chimney pot or "straffing" a big oak tree. The landing tests are done with the help of flares on the ground. My first flight at night had most of the thrills of my first solo. I "taxied" out to what I thought a good place to take off from. The instructor shouted a few last words to me about the noise of the motor. I turned the machine to face down the long line of lights, opened out the negative race along the ground, then plunged up into utter blackness.

I held my controls very carefully and kept my eyes glued on the instruments that gleamed brightly under little electric bulbs inside the machine. I could not see a thing around me; only the stars overhead. Underneath there was a great black void. After flying straight-away for several minutes, I summoned up courage enough to make a turn. I carefully and gradually rounded the corner, and then away off to one side I could see the flare on the ground. I completed a big circuit and shut off the engine preparatory to landing. Suddenly, in the midst of my descent, I realized I had misjudged it very badly, so quickly I put the engine on again and proceeded to fly around a second time. Then I came down, and to my intense surprise, made quite a good landing. This was only the beginning. I had to repeat the trick several times.

### THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

Almost Always Due to Weak, Impoverished Blood.

Apart from accident or illness due to infection, almost all ill-health arises from one or two reasons. The great mistake that people make is in not realizing that both of these have the same cause at the root of them, namely poor and improper blood. Either bloodlessness or some trouble with the nerves will be found to be the cause of almost every ailment. If you are pale, suffer from headaches, or breathlessness, with palpitation, or the heart, poor appetite and weak digestion, the cause is almost always bloodlessness. If you have nervous headaches, neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve pains, the cause is run-down nerves, exhausted nerves. But run-down nerves are also a result of poor blood, so that the two chief causes of illness are one and the same.

This accounts for the great number of people, once in indifferent health, pale, nervous and dyspeptic, who have been made well and hearty by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; for no other medicine ever discovered is so valuable for increasing the supply of rich red blood and giving strength to worn-out nerves. Men and women alike greatly benefit from a course of the splendid blood builder and nerve tonic.

If your dealer does not keep these pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



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WHEN I chose a hotel, I considered a number of them, but I have chosen this one for the best reason. It is the most comfortable, the most modern, and the most beautiful in the city. The WALKER HOUSE is a most desirable and the most modern in the city. It is a most desirable and the most modern in the city. It is a most desirable and the most modern in the city.

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