

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

"Make him take off his coat, Clytie," said Mollie, as if the stalwart young man were an obstinate schoolboy.

"I wish you would see," said Clytie. "It may have broken your arm."

Jack laughed, almost snorted. "Broken my arm! Great goodness! I should have known long before this! The horse just touched me and cut the skin, that's all. I'll look to it when I've time. Ah, here's Mrs. Westaway. Good afternoon."

As Jack hurried out of the cottage he mentally resolved that he would take his departure from Withycombe at once—well, the day after tomorrow. He would not remain to suffer the annoyance he had suffered that afternoon. He would leave the dangerous vicinity of Bramley forever, and go back to the safety of Parraluna and Silver Ridge.

In the road to the beach a handsome mail-phæton and pair were standing, and as Jack glanced at it mechanically the groom at the horses' heads hailed him with:

"You mind taking this paper down to the gentleman in the jetty there?" Jack pulled up, and, hesitating, looked toward the jetty. A group of men was standing on it, surrounding two gentlemen. One looked like a professional man, agent or lawyer, the other was a young man—he seemed to be little more than a boy—dressed in a riding-suit. He was seated on one of the bulkheads, his hands in his pockets, a cigarette in his mouth.

"Can't you send some one else? I'm busy," said Jack.

The groom looked round. "There ain't a soul to be seen. I've been waiting for some one to pass, and you are the first. Mr. Parsons has left the plan behind him, and he and his lordship will be wanting it, I expect."

"Who are Mr. Parsons and his lordship, and what are they doing here?" asked Jack.

The groom looked rather surprised at the question and its tone. "How was he to know that the questioner was Sir William's son, the son of the man who had owned the spot on which they stood?"

"Who is his lordship?" he said, with a smile. "Well, you must be a stranger, not to know Lord Stanton!" Jack knew his lordship by name, at any rate. The Stanton land ran almost up to the Bramley estates. When Jack had left home, the old earl had ruled at Stanton Towers; evidently he had died, and this youngster must be his nephew; there had been no son.

"His lordship and Mr. Parsons are looking at the jetty. His lordship is thinking of building one like it, or better, I should say, at Pethwick; though what the deuce they want with a jetty there—But most likely it's only a whim of his young lordship's and if it be he'll have it. Deuce take the paper, young man, to oblige me!"

Jack looked around again; there was no one in sight to whom he could relegate the job, and—

"Very well," he said reluctantly. "Thanks," said the groom. "I'm sorry to trouble you."

Jack strode down the beach, and, mounting the rough, sea-worn steps to the jetty, gave the plan to the professional-looking man, with a curt: "The groom asked me to give you this."

"Eh? Oh, yes; the plan! Dear me! We forget it! Thank you," said Mr. Parsons.

He carried it to the young man on the bulkhead, and opened it out. "Ours would be a great improvement on this, Lord Stanton," he said. "The question is, the best place to build it. I'm afraid we cannot decide that till we have seen the coast."

"Nothing easier," said his young lordship briskly. "We'll take a boat and row round to Pethwick."

He spoke in a boyish fashion, and with a decisiveness that attracted Jack's attention and faintly pleased him, as he stood leaning against one of the posts, on which the fishermen dried their nets, and absently awaited the result.

"Quite so," assented Mr. Parsons, as no doubt he would have assented to a less reasonable proposition of his young and noble employer. He looked round, and his eyes rested on Jack. "Get your boat, my man, will you?" he said blandly.

Jack left very much inclined to refuse; but the lad dropped from the bulkhead and said:

"Yes! Where is it? I'll help you launch her." And Jack, unable to resist the frank, free-and-easy offer, led the way to the boat.

"We are going to build a jetty, make a harbor at Pethwick," said Lord Stanton. "Going to try and cut out Withycombe," he added, with a laugh, as he walked beside Jack. "My men, the Pethwick man, you know, are obliged to put in here, when the weather is rough, and that's hard upon them. Is this her? Right! Haul away! Jump in. No use waiting for old

Parsons. Hi, Parsons! We'll come back and report presently," he shouted, as he seated himself in the stern. Jack rowed steadily and quickly, and the young lord eyed the coast critically.

"What about this?" he asked, as they neared Pethwick.

"No use," said Jack, who, despite himself, was becoming interested in the work. "Too open to the south-west."

"Oh, very well. Row on. What about this?"

"Too much in the current," said Jack.

"It is? Well, I suppose you know. You're a native of these parts, I suppose—a Withycombe man?"

"I know the coast," said Jack.

"I don't," remarked his lordship. "Only been at the Towers once or twice in my life, when I was a kid, until I came into it the other day."

"It's a fine place," said Jack rather absently.

"It is, assented the lad emphatically. "One of the loveliest places in England; and I'll own to being proud of it. And I'm going to try and live up to it, going to look after the people and improve them—what do you call it? Condition. Parsons is a good sort, but he's rather slow. I want to begin at once, and get ahead."

"Nothing like it," commented Jack, very much amused by the boy's frankness. "I should say that was the best place for the jetty," he added, as they came to a bit of the coast nicely sheltered from the stormy wind, and conveniently close to the little hamlet of cottages and farms nestling in the cleft of the hill.

"Right you are!" said his lordship. "I agree with you; and this is where we will have it."

"But won't the surveyors and architects have something to say to it?" suggested Jack, repressing a smile.

"They would, if you let them; and they'd take six months, a year, making up their minds; that wouldn't suit me. I hate waiting. No, I'm going to have as little to do with that kind of gentry as I can. Going to have all my plans cut and dried before I tackle them. My idea is to employ my own men, use the stone on the estate—I suppose there is some hard enough for the work."

"There used to be a good quarry at the top of the combe," said Jack; "and you might get some granite by boat from Cornwall."

"Splendid!" exclaimed his lordship. Then he looked rather curiously at Jack. "I say, you seem to be rather cute, rather intelligent, for a Withycombe fisherman. No offense?"

"Not at all, my lord," said Jack. "I haven't spent all my life at Withycombe."

"So I should have said," said Lord Stanton, leaning forward and eying Jack with increased interest. "You don't talk like—Got a match on you?"

Jack produced a match and Lord Stanton courteously extended his gold cigarette-case.

"Thanks," said Jack. "I prefer a pipe."

"You're right," said his lordship. He himself took out a pipe. "Bother! no 'bacco!"

Jack offered his pouch. Lord Stanton filled his pipe, remarking:

"Jolly good tobacco, this is yours. You might as well tell me your name."

Jack told him.

"Let's land here, Douglas," said his lordship. "I should like to see the lie of the ground."

They got out, examined the site, and discussed its possibilities. The lad's eagerness and his quick appreciation of any suggestion pleased Jack; and, no doubt, he was soothed and flattered by the fact that Lord Stanton appeared to forget that he was talking to a fisherman, and treated Jack as if he were an equal.

"Well, I think that's all we can do to-day," he said, at last; but he talked about the jetty, and his plans for the improvement of the place and the people, all the way back to Withycombe.

"Look here," he said, as they landed. "I should like you to help me with this job, Douglas. You seem to know more about it than anybody else I've met. I'll come down again, and will let you know if I can; anyhow, just consider yourself engaged to me, will you?"

"I don't know—" began Jack.

"Oh, that's all right," broke in the lad. "We shan't quarrel about the terms." And he nodded pleasantly as he strolled up to the carriage, to which Parsons had already gone.

CHAPTER XII.

It seemed to Jack as if the fates were, with their usual irony, resolving out a hand to detain him in Withycombe, and to balk that resolution of his; and, if the truth must be told, he was not so sorry for their interposition as he thought. He had taken a great fancy to the boyish

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young nobleman.

The following afternoon he was getting his boat ready, when Lord Stanton came down the beach.

"Good morning!" he cried, long before he got to Jack. "Glad I've caught you. We'll go around to Pethwick and make some rough plans."

"But I'm engaged," said Jack.

"Why, how's that?" asked Lord Stanton. "I thought you'd booked yourself to me?"

"Not definitely," said Jack. "Besides, this is a previous engagement."

As he spoke, Clytie and Mollie approached them.

"By Jove, here are two ladies," said his lordship, in an undertone. "What pretty girls—especially the little one. Oh, I see! They're the party you are going to take out. Who are they, Douglas?"

"The Miss Bramleys," replied Jack, shortly.

"The Bramleys of the Hall? Why, they're neighbors of mine! I wonder whether you might speak to them?"

He answered the question for himself by raising his cap and saying, with a modesty which became him very well:

"Miss Bramley, I think?"

Clytie looked a little surprised, and answered:

"Yes, of course," interrogatively.

"My name's Stanton," he said. "Percy Stanton. I hope you won't mind my introducing myself. I wanted to call on you, but I have only just come. You are going out in Jack's boat here? I hope you will have a pleasant time."

Clytie was favorably impressed by the young man, and Mollie looked at him with—well, a very different expression to that which her frank eyes wore when they rested on Mr. Hesketh Carter, for instance.

"I myself, am going for a row, round to Pethwick; going to build a jetty there."

He looked round in search of a boat, but they were all out, excepting Jack's. And Clytie, scarcely able to suppress a smile at his obvious fishing for an invitation to accompany them, said:

"You had better come with us, Lord Stanton; it does not matter where we go."

Stanton did not attempt to show any polite reluctance, but at once set his shoulder to the boat and helped Jack launch her; and Jack stood aside, very properly, as his lordship assisted the girls to embark and make them comfortable. He, also, very properly, rowed in silence while his passengers talked.

Clytie did not say much, but after a while little Mollie's and Lord Stanton's tongues went nineteen to the dozen.

"Awfully jolly, my meeting you like this!" he declared. "It might have been ever so long before I got to know you. Bit of good luck for me, because, don't you know, there don't seem to be many people here."

"Thank you very much," remarked Mollie, sweetly.

"What? Oh, I say! You know I don't mean that. Of course, I meant—"

"I wouldn't try to explain," said Mollie, condescendingly. "Explanations always make things worse, as the burglar said when they asked him what he was doing there."

"That's good!" he exclaimed, delightedly. "Awfully good! I shall try to remember that."

"Would you like to make a note of it?" Mollie asked, demurely.

"Oh, no," he responded, more readily than she had counted on. "I'm not likely to forget anything you say."

"That's better," retorted Mollie. "A much better compliment; indeed, not a bad one for a schoolboy."

His lordship laughed. "A schoolboy! Why, how old do you think I am?"

"Sixteen?" suggested Mollie, as if she were stretching a year or two in his favor.

"No; I'm twenty-one. How old are you—if I may ask?" he inquired, with a fearful kind of audacity.

"You may ask," replied Mollie suavely; "but it doesn't follow that you'll be told; but if my age is a matter of vital importance to you, I am as old as my hair, and a little older than my teeth."

"My dear Mollie!" remonstrated Clytie.

"Well, why does he ask impertinent questions, dear?" said Mollie. "As if a lady ever told her age!"

"Well, whatever it is, you don't look it," said his lordship.

"That's odd, as old as the hills," said Mollie decisively. "And are you staying at the Towers all by yourself, or have you brought your nurse?"

She spoke in a tone too low to reach Clytie. "I mean, have you some one living with you?"

"No," he said, also in a confidential tone. "I'm there all by myself, excepting when Mr. Parsons, the agent, runs down. You see, I don't appear to have many relations. There's my aunt, Lady Mervyn; of course, she'd come and run the show for me if I stayed at the Towers; but I'm only on a kind of visit. But I may stay on," he added, after a pause. "It's very jolly here, and I'm awfully keen

on the place. Bramley's quite near, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mollie innocently. "We are staying at Mrs. Fry's at Withycombe at present."

"Well, that's just as near," he remarked, as innocently. "I can call on you at Mrs. Fry's; and—say, this is very jolly, isn't it? I mean very jolly for me? We might go for some rides together; and I've brought down a mail-phæton and a spanking pair of bays. Perhaps you'd come for a drive with me?"

"You'd better ask my sister," said Mollie demurely, and with her best company manner.

He glanced at Clytie and said as shyly:

"I will. She looks as if she'd do anything you wanted, Miss Mollie."

"Then she will probably say no," said Mollie. "By the way, my name is Mary Ainsleigh De Courcy Bramley."

"Thank you," he said meekly. "My name is Percy Algernon St. John Devereux Stanton. There is the place I think of building the quay and jetty, Miss Mary Ainsleigh De Courcy Bramley."

"Indeed," responded Mollie blandly. "Will it take long to build, Lord Percy Algernon St. John Devereux Stanton?"

"I hope not," he said. "I hope it won't take much longer than to pronounce your name. Could we come to a mutual arrangement about them? How would it be if I called you Miss Mollie, and you called me just plain Lord Stanton?"

"He murmured call me William, plain William," and she called him plain William ever afterward," said Mollie.

He laughed. "That's odd, if you like," he retorted. "I say let's land here!"

Mollie and he landed, but Clytie said she would stay where she was; and as Lord Stanton appeared to have forgotten the proposed plan, Jack also remained, keeping the boat in smooth water. Clytie watched the two young ones absent, and yet with a fatal air of amusement, and they strolled up and down—the lad evidently explaining his plan to Mollie, who listened with an expression of benign tolerance, as if she were listening to an enthusiastic schoolboy; and Jack, while Clytie's eyes were averted, gazed at her.

Presently the sun grew warm, and she stretched out her hand for her sunshade. He got it and opened it for her; and, as if she had suddenly become aware of his presence, she said:

"We were glad to hear that Mrs. Westaway's little girl was not hurt yesterday. It was a narrow escape for her, and but for you I am afraid she would have been injured. Were you hurt?"

(To Be Continued.)

Wife or King First?

In connection with Mr. Lloyd George's return to London from the Paris Peace Conference, an interesting question of precedence has arisen in consequence of the conflicting reports of the daily press. The London Daily Chronicle, reporting the arrival of the continental train, says: "Mr. Lloyd George shook hands with the King and spoke with him for a few seconds. Then he turned and kissed his wife heartily."

But the Daily News account of the event differs from this. According to that journal, "Mr. Lloyd George stepped on the platform and greeted his wife. The King then shook hands with the Premier."

Here is a question for the Lord Chamberlain's department: Has the King or the wife the first claim to recognition in such a case?—Journal of Commerce.

A New Dodge.

To a Natal Kaffir belongs the credit of inventing a labor-saving device for chimney cleaning. One of the colony journals says: "A native in Weenen had been asked to sweep a chimney, which he undertook to do. Later he was seen mounting the ladder he used for the purpose with a couple of fowls under his arm. These he allowed to flutter down the flue, and the job was done."

Fruit Punch.

Cook one-half cupful of sugar and three pints of water for five minutes, then add the juice of one large lemon and two oranges and dissolve it in one half pint tumbler of currant jelly. Cool and chill and serve with a little crushed ice in each glass.

FREQUENT HEADACHES

A SURE SIGN THAT THE BLOOD IS WATERY AND IMPURE.

People with thin blood are much more subject to headache than full-blooded persons, and the form of anemia that affects growing girls is almost always accompanied by headaches, together with disturbance of the digestive organs.

Whenever you have constant or recurring headaches and pallor of the face, they show that the blood is thin and your efforts should be directed toward building up your blood. A fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do this effectively, and the rich, red blood made by these pills will remove the headache.

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EXPLORES AFRICA.

Frenchman Sheds Light On Unknown Region.

Commandant Tilho, the well-known French explorer of the Sudan, has recently published a report on the results of five years' work during 1912-17 in the hitherto unknown region lying along the frontier between the French Sahara and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

Tilho was entrusted with the task of pacifying and organizing this region under the French government; and his surveys embrace a stretch of previously unexplored country extending more than 1,100 miles from the centre of Tibesti southeast to the vicinity of El Fasher, in Darfur. His cartographic work fills up a large blank in the map of Africa.

He urges the need of a railway through this region, for the benefit not only of the world at large, but also of the natives, who are subject to periodical famines. It is stated that from one to three-fourth of the inhabitants of northern Wadai died of famine in 1914. One especially interesting result of his investigations is the disproof of the hypothesis, supported by his earlier explorations, that there is a connection between Lake Chad and the Nile river system. Tilho explored the volcanic Eni-Kusi, 11,100 feet in altitude, with an immense crater over seven miles in diameter and 130 feet deep.—Scientific American.

Complete Information.

All who have visited Epsom have seen the big gates, on which are perched two stone dogs. An American officer saw them recently for the first time.

He approached a native with a joke on his lips, expecting to see it fall flat. "When do they feed these dogs?" he asked.

"Every time they bark," said the Epsomite, and now this particular American is more of an admirer of Englishmen than ever.—Argonaut.

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THE AZORES.

An Ocean Half Way House Since Columbus Sailed.

The Azores Islands, proposed as a mid-Atlantic respite for the trans-oceanic airplane flight, have been an ocean half-way house ever since Columbus halted there to offer thanks for his success upon his way home after discovering America. Farthest from a continent of any Atlantic island group, the islands lie 830 miles west of Cape de Roca, Portugal, and more than 1,000 miles southeast of Newfoundland, nearest North American land. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, while the former were active, made the Azores objects of scientific interest akin to that evinced in the now famous Mount Katmai region, in Alaska. Sub-oceanic eruptions, sometimes piling up islands which soon disappeared, were characteristic phenomena. One early description of such an event tells how the earth and waters were rocked for eight days by earthquakes, followed by a vast column of fire that seemed to sweep the sea's surface and consume the clouds, spewing enormous masses of earth and rocks, ever growing higher and wider, until an area of several square miles was contained in this "no-man's land." Later it was shattered, and subsided, as the result of more earthquakes. The Azores comprise three groups of islands. Their total area is less than that of Rhode Island; their population about equal to that of Kansas City, Mo. Most of the inhabitants are Portuguese. There are some Flemish and Moorish, with a few immigrants from the United Kingdom. Fruits and fish constitute the principal exports. Oranges are superlative; pineapples, but the other products—lemon, citron, Japanese medlar and bananas—maintain their popularity. The principal fish are the mullet, tunny and bonito. St. Michael's, largest island of the group, has lava

beds, caves, which may be traversed for miles, and mammoth crater, with two jeweled lakes, one azure; the other emerald, at its bottom. On Santa Maria is the church where Columbus knelt. Off Terceira a submarine volcano made its appearance as recently as half a century ago. On Corvo have been unearthed coins which suggest Carthaginian visits, and an Arabian geographer of the twelfth century described island on the western ocean thought to have been the Azores. About the middle of the fifteenth century the Portuguese sent expeditions to settle upon them. One island, Fayal, was presented by Alfonso V. of Portugal, to his aunt Isabella, Duchess of Burgundy. It was upon her marriage to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, that he founded the famous knightly order of the Golden Fleece.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

"Corps" of Latin Derivation.

Corps is a French word, derived from the Latin corpus, a body, and means an organized body of men, either civil or military, as a police corps, marine corps, etc. It does not signify any particular number, but an organized body. In the United States army a corps consists of two or more divisions, each containing three brigades and each brigade three regiments. The term first came into use in this country during the Civil War period.

Have Rosy Cheeks! Look Prettier! Feel Better!

Simplest Thing in the World to Do at the Small Cost of a Quarter.

You seldom see a woman who is pale, dull-eyed, thin-cheeked, and utterly worn out, who doesn't suffer more or less from headache and constipation. Her poor looks are more largely due to neglect than anything else.

Most women can have sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks if they will but use regularly a blood cleansing and laxative medicine like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Just follow these simple directions. To-night take two Dr. Hamilton's Pills and note how much fresher you feel to-morrow morning. Your face will be clearer, your appetite better, your spirits brighter. Next night take one or perhaps two pills again. Gradually reduce the dose as mentioned in the company's directions.

Day by day you will note a steady gain. You'll quickly have back those happy girlish looks you once were proud to think about. No other medicine can do so much for you as Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Sold everywhere in 25c boxes.

Good Things to Know.

To give cauliflower a better flavor cook it in milk and water. It will also look whiter than just cooked in water.

In sewing buttons on garments that are to have hard wear, always slip a pin across the face of the button and sew through the eye holes of the button, over this pin. This allows sufficient play of thread to add to the durability of the button.

Before rolling a jelly cake up, dampen a napkin with warm water, wring dry and then cover with a sheet of paraffin paper. Turn the cake on this paper and roll quickly. The cake is not as apt to break as it is rolled.

Hand-picked, choice salt codfish or other salt fish may be replaced by an inexpensive grade of boneless salt fish, ground in the food grinder and stored in a glass case for use. Gravy, fishballs, hash or chowder are quickly made with this prepared fish.

Not Nervous.

In the same compartment as a well known comedian was one of