

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was only by instalments, like a serial story, that their friends and the world at large got to know the romantic story of Sir Wilfred and the strange and almost tragic incidents which had attended it and brought it about; for instance, there was a suggestion of mystery in Hesketh's retirement from the political contest and his sudden departure. But, at any rate, there was nothing intangible or mysterious about the happiness of Sir Wilfred and Clytie. That it was a love-match of the most pronounced type was, as Lady Mervyn said, ridiculously obvious. They were just two lovers, they did not seek solitude, but seemed eager to mix with their kind, and to take their proper place in the world in which they lived.

Bramley Hall once more justified its old reputation as a centre of social life and hospitality. It seemed as if Clytie, in making over her ownership to her husband, was eager to display her pride in him and to evince her desire that he should take the place and the position to which he was entitled as Sir William's son and heir. So it was that a series of entertainments, brilliant enough, although by no means ostentatious, were given by the happy young couple, at which every one was afforded an opportunity of making Sir Wilfred's acquaintance.

He quickly became very popular, was made master of the hounds, sat on the Bench, and took a leading part in all the public efforts for the improvement of the locality and the bettering of the condition of the people; and the party was very anxious that he should stand at the next election, but Jack drew the line at this.

AFTER EFFECTS OF INFLUENZA OFTEN SERIOUS

Victims Are Left Weak, Tired and Mentally Depressed—Tonic Treatment is Strongly Recommended.

No pestilence in years has caused more widespread suffering than the epidemic of influenza which swept over Canada in the fall and winter of 1918-19 and again this winter. The danger from this trouble is seldom over when the characteristic symptoms, the fever, headache and the depression of spirits have passed away. Influenza leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin blood, impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves. Men and women who were robust before stricken with influenza find their bodies racked by pains previously unknown to them. This condition is due to an abnormal thinning of the blood and leaves the system an easy prey to other serious troubles. This is the time when the convalescent from influenza should build up the blood, with a reliable blood-making tonic such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Weak blood means impoverished nerves, impaired digestion, a feeling of tiredness after even slight exertion, and sometimes even more serious symptoms. When the blood regains its rich red quality the nerves recover their strength and the organs of the body function naturally. In fact building up the blood will vitalize the whole system.

The experience of Mr. Andrew Marty, Bathurst, N. B., will prove of value to a host of influenza sufferers who still suffer from the effects of the disease. Mr. Marty says:—"The new life and consequently new hope brought into my life through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is almost beyond my power of expression. Following a severe attack of influenza in 1918 I found myself rapidly falling in health, and was naturally much alarmed. I began to lose in weight, could not eat, did not sleep well, and in a word I was reduced to a mere shadow. I was forced to discontinue work because of my weakened condition and things had a very blue outlook. I tried a number of suggested remedies, but without benefit. And then one day Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were suggested to me. I acted on my friend's advice, began taking these pills and soon felt an improvement. Every day I seemed to grow stronger, and after four weeks' treatment I felt fully restored to my old-time health. From my own experience I feel that, if given a fair trial, there is no medicine superior to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in building up a run down system."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic not a stimulant. They build up the blood, and not only the disease-free after effects of influenza, but also troubles due to poor blood, such as anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion and the generally worn-out feeling that affects so many people, disappear. 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.

"Sorry," he said, when the proposition was formally made to him, "but I couldn't do it. It would mean so many of the months of the year in London, listening to very long speeches—I am no speaker myself—and being bullied by the Whip. Too much hard work for me; I'm a lazy beggar; besides, I'm fond of the country. No, I'm no use for that game. You send some other fellow, and let me hunt the hounds and look after the estate; that's quite enough for me, thank you."

And, of course, Clytie agreed with him, as she always agreed with him. "They are the most tiresome couple in the world," Mollie declared. "If you want Jack to do anything, the quickest way to get him is to ask Clytie; and vice versa. They are like two children—on my word of honor, they often go about hand in hand—and I feel more like a mother than ever I did, especially since I put my hair up."

Her hair was "up," and her skirts lengthened; but Mollie was still the light-hearted and "frank and free young English maiden" and more humored by the Bramley people, the friends of the family, and the servants, than ever.

It was little wonder that she should be happy, that she should share the happiness of her beloved Clytie, for she had done no little to bring it about; and between Jack and herself was a very warm affection, for he was not only proud of her, but was full of brotherly admiration for her shrewdness and ready wit.

"Mollie was bad enough before—before you came," said Clytie, ruefully, but with a loving smile in her eyes and lurking about her lips; "but she is quite hopeless now. I do my best, Lady Mervyn, as I think you will admit, but she spoils her badly—as you do. He encourages her in all her wickedness, and is quite hurt if I venture to try and correct her. She has her own way in everything. For instance, nothing will do her but that we must go to Withycombe, to the farm there."

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed Mollie. "You know that you jumped at the idea, and that Jack said it was a splendid one. Of course, he pretends that he wants to look after the jetties at Petwick; but I know, and you know, that you both want to go there to spoon and to moon over old times there. They will go out walking and sailing together, and I shall be left alone on the beach, a solitary and deserted mermaid."

They went to Withycombe, and Mollie's prophetic programme was fulfilled with the exception of one item. She was not left alone on the beach, for Percy was there to keep her company. He had not forgotten her promise when she started for Australia, and he made fast and furious love to her whenever the slightest opportunity offered itself; and Mollie kept her promise to the letter, and listened, without laughing or mocking at him; but she often remonstrated, and one glorious afternoon, as they were sitting on the beach, waiting for Jack and Clytie to return with the boat, she said:

"This is the thirty-second time you have asked me to marry you—the thirty-second or thirty-third, I'm not sure which. Now, I promised not to laugh at you, and I've kept my word; but it's a ridiculous state of things, and I can see only one way of ending it."

Percy's face grew long and rather pale. "You mean by saying 'No' right out, Mollie?"

"Well," said Mollie, slowly and thoughtfully, as if she were gravely considering a problem in Euclid, "that is certainly one way, but I was thinking of another."

He looked at her anxiously for a moment, then he uttered a cry of joy and caught her to him; and a little later, when they met the others coming up from the boat, he said, his boyish face all aglow with happiness:

"Jack! Clytie! Mollie is going to marry me!"

Jack grinned as he shook Percy's hand, and exclaimed, ironically: "Tell us some news, old chap! Well, you have my sympathy!"

Clytie threw her arms round Mollie and hugged her.

There was some news awaiting them when they returned to Bramley, accompanied by Polly, who had been petted to her heart's content during their stay at Withycombe, and had cried so bitterly as the moment came for parting that Jack declared they must take her with them for a long visit.

It was important news which Mr. Granger brought them. It appeared that Mr. Hesketh Carton's health was still precarious and would not permit him to live in England. He had, therefore, given instructions to Mr. Granger to sell the Pit Works. He had come up to Sir Wilfred at once to consult him.

"The works were your father's, Sir Wilfred," he said; "and for myself I must confess that I should dislike to see them passing out of the family."

RED PIMPLES ITCHED TERRIBLY

On Chest, Face, Arms, Etc., and Badly. Cuticura Heals.

"Ever since I can remember, my chest, face, and arms were filled with dry, red pimples. They were scattered all over me, and itched terribly at times, and I scratched them, causing them to fester and get sore. Sometimes they would dry away and form scales which burned badly."

"Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I had used them two or three times when I felt better and I was healed with one box of Cuticura Ointment together with the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Miss Bertha Kane, Russell, Manitoba, February 19, 1919.

Use Cuticura Soap and Ointment for all toilet purposes. Soap to cleanse, Ointment to heal.

25c Soap, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Westport, N.S.W. Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

The owner of the Pit Works must necessarily be an important personage in Bramley; one wielding an immense influence for good or evil over the lives of the Bramley people.

I am authorized by Mr. Carton to sell the business by private treaty, if possible, failing that, to put it up to auction."

He paused and looked straight before him; but Mollie, who, with Clytie, was present, had learned to read the old lawyer's countenance pretty accurately.

"He wants you to buy it, Jack," she said, in a low voice, and making a grimace at the old man, who frowningly shook his head at her.

"All right," said Jack. "I'll buy it. No, I shouldn't like the Pit Works to go out of the family. My father made his money there; but for the works I should not be here, should not—"

He laid his hand lovingly on Clytie's shoulder.

"Yes," said Mr. Granger. "Miss Mollie is right; I do want you to buy it; but I don't see that it's practicable. You could not be bothered with so large an affair, Sir Wilfred. You might turn it into a public company. No, I thought you wouldn't like that idea," as Jack shook his head "if you could get a partner, a working partner, while you remained a merely nominal one, you might work the thing; but the difficulty would be to find a partner."

"No," said Jack—he had been pulling his mustache thoughtfully, and now turned to Clytie, whose eyes were dwelling on him, as they always dwell, with proud and loving intensity—"I've got a partner, right enough. The very man!"

"Indeed?" said Mr. Granger, with some surprise.

"Who is it?"

"Stephen Rawdon."

Mollie uttered a cry of surprise and delight, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Jack, you really are clever! I never thought of it!"

So, by the irony of fate—may it not be bearings, and the result was that the next morning a cable was despatched to Stephen Rawdon, who was helping Choze at Silver Ridge.

"Come back to England as soon as convenient. Important post waiting for you. Bring Teddy with you. Letter to Mr. Jarrold follows."

So, by the irony of fate—may it not rather be said by the mysterious workings of a just Providence?—the man Hesketh Carton had wronged came to reign in his place; and reigned successfully, for the work-people, some of whom were inclined to resent their fellow workmen's sudden elevation, soon recognized with the working man's quickness of perception and sense of justice that a great change had taken place in Stephen Rawdon;

Bad Breath? Don't Be Offensive Remove the Cause

Follow This Advice and Your Breath Will Soon Be Sweet and Pure.

The bad part of Bad Breath is the fact that nearly every case shows considerable trouble from indigestion, belching gas, bloating, piles or some form of stomach misery. Oftener than not a pimply face, a sluggish constipated condition is the true cause of many a man's failure in life.

By aiding digestion and building up the weak muscles of the stomach and bowels, DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS completely overcome constipation and all forms of stomach illness.

"I was terribly run down with stomach trouble that arose through neglected constipation," writes Mrs. P. D. Quigley, from Washburn, P. O. "I simply couldn't half digest my food. I had dreadful headaches, piles and yellow muddy skin. The effect of DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS was phenomenal. I have gained in weight, have a clear skin, no more headaches, I eat well, sleep well and enjoy my meals."

There is no need to be in failing health when cure is so sure, so easy, by taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c per box, at all dealers. REFUSE A SUBSTITUTE.

that for him much water had flowed through the bridge since he left England, and that his old capacity for work had come back to him, and had returned accompanied by a certain power, dignity, and mental strength, which quickly justified Sir Wilfred's choice of him as a partner.

And Mrs. Rawdon was by her husband's side to help him smooth away any difficulty by the exercise of that tact which had enabled her to render Sir Wilfred and Lady Carton so great a service.

From time to time there came tidings of Hesketh Carton. Strangely enough, he, too, had gone to Australia. Poetical justice would seem to have demanded that he should have at once reaped the harvest of tares which he had sowed; but, alas! poetical justice is more often found in novels than in real life; and it must be recorded, with reluctance, that Mr. Hesketh Carton flourished exceedingly. Like the green bay-tree, in the country of his adoption, entered public life, and became quite a great man.

But success does not always bring happiness, and it was whispered that there was something in Mr. Hesketh Carton's past life which accounted for his ill health, the pallor and sternness of his countenance, and the coldness of his manner, which had a freezing effect upon all who came in contact with him, repelling even his best friends. The fact, too, that he had repeatedly refused to go to England when pressed to do so on public business, was often commented on.

He lived alone and solitary in a huge house, surrounded by every luxury, but appeared to find little enjoyment in his wealth and prosperity.

As a rule, he was as impassive, as cold and self-contained in manner as in appearance. No one has ever seen him give way to one of the fits of ill temper to which even the best of men are sometimes subject; but there was no one present when, seated in his study, he read Mr. Granger's letter informing him that Sir Wilfred had purchased the works and made Stephen Rawdon the working partner; if there had been any one present, he would have been shocked and startled by the terrible fit of passion which transformed the cold impassive statesman into something more like a wild beast than a human being.

It chanced that, not very long after the birth of Clytie's second boy, Jack found it absolutely necessary to go over to Australia; for his interest at Silver Ridge had grown into vast proportions, and it was only right that he should pay one visit, at any rate, to the place from which he derived so large an amount of money.

"Jack, we'll all go!" exclaimed Mollie, when he announced his intention.

"Right! ay, Clytie!" he said, in his usual cheery fashion. And they went.

It chanced that they put up for one night in the city in which Mr. Hesketh Carton loomed so largely, and Jack, who was still in ignorance, as was Clytie, of Hesketh Carton's villainous attempt on Clytie's life, and bore him no ill will for the little affair at Withycombe, proposed to call on Hesketh.

"Yes, if you like," said Clytie, but with downcast eyes.

Mollie said nothing. It was difficult to offer any objection without disclosing the truth to offer any objection without disclosing the truth in all its hideousness, and she and Mary Seaton had agreed that the happiness of Clytie's and Jack's lives should not be darkened by such a shadow as the knowledge of Hesketh Carton's infamy would throw over it.

The weather was fine; they had an open carriage, and drove toward the great man's house. As the carriage approached the entrance, the door of the house was thrown open, and Hesketh Carton, thin, pale, and emaciated, but dressed with his old scrupulous care, came out. His head was bent—he looked prematurely old and bowed—but he raised his head at the sound of the carriage and his eyes rested, for a moment, dully on the occupants; then they met Mollie's eyes fixed on his, and a swift and appalling change took place in his face, and, indeed, it seemed, in the whole of his figure.

White as death, he shrank back shaking, and with averted head, as if he were gazing at a spectre, roared by the memory of something fearsome and horrible. His hand went but feebly behind him until it touched the portico, as if he were seeking for support; then, with another look at him affrightedly—for at that moment it seemed to them that he was stricken by paralysis or death, so ghastly was his face, so distorted by the passion of fear and hate struggling for mastery—he turned, and, clutching at the arm of a servant, reentered the house.

Jack looked from one to the other gravely, perplexedly.

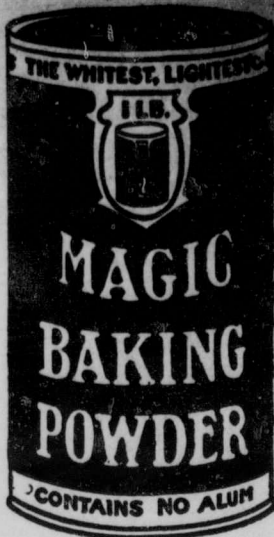
"What does it mean?" he asked.

"The man looked like—like a man who sees a ghost. It was at you, Mollie, he looked; it seemed to be the sight of you. Shall I go and see what is the matter with him?"

"No, no!" said Mollie, pale and trembling. "I think I can guess. But—it's a secret between Hesketh Carton and myself. It concerns another person, and I have promised never to reveal it. Oh, Jack, let us go! You would do no good by going to him. Hesketh Carton is a bad man, worse than you think. Let us go, Jack!"

Her hand stole into that of Percy, who had been watching and listening to her with surprise and anxiety.

"Percy, dear, I'll tell you some day; but only you." She was silent for a moment or two, and shaken by little shudders; then she said, in a low voice, a very grave and serious one for Mollie:



"And I thought that he had gone unpunished!"

The End.

APPROACH TO THRONE. Invoking of This Old Right in Britain.

The "right of approach to the throne" which dates back to the days of William and Mary, is seldom exercised in England at present, although it was invoked recently when a deputation of thirty called at Buckingham Palace with all the ceremony that marked similar events in the ancient days. The party consisted of Free Church leaders who presented to the monarch an address of congratulation and rejoicing on the coming of peace.

The delegates represented the general body and the dissenting deputies, twenty ministers and ten laymen. After assembling at the memorial hall they donned their robes of office, their university hoods and college caps and drove to the palace. Cordially marked the King's reception of the well wishers.

Before freedom of religious thought and action had been generally conceded in England the "right of approach" was used often by those who believe their rights were being trampled upon, and in many cases their contentions were well grounded. History tells also that the dissenters on various occasions failed to receive the affable treatment accorded to them by King George.

Non-Conformist bodies, according to the "right," have the privilege of approaching the sovereign and laying before him the facts regarding any curtailment of civil or religious liberty which may threaten them because of their faith. A general body was formed for the purpose of carrying this right into operation. It was composed of representatives of three great Non-Conformist churches—Congregational, Baptist and Presbyterian. "Dissenting deputies" were appointed in 1733. They were laymen and were chosen originally to consider an application to Parliament for the repeal of the corporation and the test acts. The deputies became a permanent body later, with the object of looking after and safeguarding the civil concerns of the dissenters.

At present their duty is to see that the civil and religious rights of the Non-Conformists are not infringed. In conjunction with the general body they possess the right of personal approach to the King.

Notwithstanding that liberty of conscience has now won general recognition in England, as in most countries of the world, the old right bestowed upon the fathers of Non-Conformity is still exercised upon important occasions. Previous to the offering of peace felicitations recently the last time the right was invoked was when King George ascended the throne.

Says They Helped Her Aching Back

MRS. ROBERT BAIRD TELLS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Belmore Lady states that she was weak and run down till she found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Belmore, Ont., March 22nd. (Special)—"I can assure you that Dodd's Kidney Pills helped my aching back as none others ever did or ever will do."

It is Mrs. Robert Baird, a well-known and highly respected resident here who makes this statement. She is an enthusiastic believer in Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy for weak and run down women.

"I was both weak and run down all last summer," she states further. "And before my baby was born I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They helped me in every way. I also had my little boy take them and they benefitted him greatly."

Women who are weak and run down should look first to their kidneys. No woman can be strong and healthy if her kidneys are not doing their full work of straining the impurities out of the blood. Weak kidneys are the cause of nine-tenths of women's ills. Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills do not make strong healthy kidneys.