

IF YOUR BABY'S

"These Tablets are Nature's Remedy for Children."
Sold by all Druggists or sent direct on receipt of rice, Ec per box.—Address Mothers Own Medicine to., Toronto, Ont.

SIR WILLIAM'S

"He wrote that paper before he saw I the carriage?" you, Clytie!" she said, "and, of course, he wouldn't go back; he is too proud. Oh, if I onl hady the sense when I saw him that night in the churchyard, to say to him: 'You are Sir Wilfred Carton!" and drag him into the church to you! He would have fallen in with you then, as he did later on

'Are you so sure that he ever loved

"Are you so sure that he ever loved me?" said Clytie, with a sigh, and turning away to the window. "Sometimes I doubt."

"Am I sure?" retorted Mollie, with something like a snort. "Am I sure that I've had my lunch, that I'm standing here, and that I'm going to ride over to see Percy—Lord Stanton? Yes, I am sure, sure as I am that I was a fool not to have held him and yelled for you that afternoon he went. If I had done that, if he had done that, if he had seen you—But. done that, if he had seen you—But, there! What is the use of tearing one's hair over the might-have-

Mollie went to the Towers, and Clytie drove down to the town in the vic-toria to do some shopping. The car-riage was passing through one of the narrow streets when its progress was barred by a small crowd which had collected around two men who were apparently fighting. At the moment of Clytie's arrival, one of the men had fallen heavily on the stone-paved road; and the crowd emitted that peculiar sound, half of sympathy, half of wolfish delight, which, by reporters is called "sensation." Clytie, raising herself slightly, looked over the heads of the people and saw a man, evidently the vanquisaed one, lying full length and motionless, his face covered with blood and mud. There seemed to be no one in authority, and the nelpless man instantly appealed to

Clytie's tender heart. Obeying the instincts of pity, she alighted from the victoria and made ther way through the crowd, which respectfully drew back for her, for Clytie was known to every man, wo-man, and child in Bramley, and loved

as well as respected.

A woman with a shawl over her head supplied the information.

"It's a fight, miss. It's' Stephen Rawdon, He's been on the loose for the week past; and when he lets himself go, he's like a madman, and don't know what he's doing any more than a man in the 'sylum. He's just mad, that's what he is. He picked a quarget with a nuffick stranger: he would rel with a puffick stranger; he would fight, an' he's got the worst of it. Not that the other man wanted to hurt him; but, you see, miss, he had to hit him hard to chake him off. It ain't the first fight Stevie's had this

day, either. Oh, yes, he's been enjoy-ing himself. but he's quiet enow now." Clytie bent over the unconscious man. Notwithstanding the dirt and the blood which disfigured his face, the was struck by its honesty and a certain something which indicated comething better than a mere rowdy; clean and in his right mind, on her walks and drives from the town.
"Here comes a policeman," cried a voice. "Stevie will be took to the sta-

'No, no!" said Clytie half-unconsciously, for the man looked too good for prison. "He must be taken to the hospital. Will some one carry him to victoria.

With assets built up to a total of \$175,-

the branch hank system to a total of 390 branches, at in the year, wor has been put forward ortable re-establishment of

Notable Further Progress

of the Union Bank of Canada

Assets Built Up to \$175,000,000 and \$2,000,000 Added to Reserve Fund

-Bank's Position Strongest in Its H istory-1425 Now Shareholders.

As she cycke, a woman, with a shawl over her head, like most of the other women, made her way through the crowd and reached Clytle's side; but at Clytie's words, the woman drew back and stood, with the shawl drawn almost over her face. The policeman came up thrusting the people aside in a quiet, masterful way; but at sight of lies Bramley of way; but at sight o diss Bramley, of the Hall, stood for a moment uncertain. Clytic turned to him quickly.

"There has been—an accident," she said. "I want this poor fellow taken "I want this noor fellow taken to the hospital. You can take him in the carriage. I will walk. Tell the house-surgeon there that I sent the man.

Stephen Rawdon was carried to the carriage, and supported by the con-stable, was diven off. The crowd gathered round Clytle, murmuring

gathered round Clytle, murmuring sympathetically.

"God bless you, miss!" cried an old crone. "You've a kind and tidder heart! And he was only drunk, he was, and didn't know what he was doing."

ing."
The woman, who had drawn back
but still stood near Clytie, did not
join in the chorus of approval and benediction; but her eyes were fixed with a strange expression on Clytie's face; and, as the crowd melted away, the woman followed in the direction the carriage had taken.

CHAPTER XXVIII. Clytic drove to the hospital the next norning to inquire after the injured man, and was of course received with eager respect and attention by the authorities. The subscription from the Hall was larger than that from any other house in the district, and Clytie was well known to the house surgeon and the staff of nurses.

"He is very much better, Miss Bram-ley," said the house surgeon; "he came round very soon, and I found that he had received little or no injuries in the fight; in fact, the man can take a great deal in that way; he is very strong. But of course he is very ill; he has just come through a bad drink ing bout, and will have to remain quiet for some time. It's a pity he should be so wild, for he is a fine fellow, and was a good and steady workman until a year ago; then something happened—some trouble about a sweetheart who jilted him, and he well just swings round. -well, just swung round. I ought to add that he has had some mild intervals; that he has been working at the pit works quite regularly and steadily for some months."

"I am sorry," said Clytie, compassionately. "He did not look to me as if he were a bad character; he has such an honest, pleasant face."

The house surgeon nodded. "Yes, I'm told that he was all right until this trouble occurred, and that he is one of the quietest of men, excepting when he launches out into one of these bouts of drinking."
"If there is anything I can do to help

him," said Clytie, as she left, "please

The victoria was driving through the gates when Civile heard some one cry out behind her, and, looking round, saw a woman running after the car-riage. The coachman pulled up, and the woman approached, panting, and held out Clytie's purse, which she must have dropped as she entered the

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "It is very kind of you! I am atraid you have run very hard," she added, for the woman was still panting, and looked rale. She was young, and there was something in the expression of ha; face and eyes which attracted Clytle, who noticed that the woman was not cressed in the fashion of the factory ghile, but wore a black dress and a neat jacket and hat. Clytle had come to know by sight a great many of the girls of the works, and she said: "I do not remember your face; you

"I do not remember your face; you "I do not remember your face; you are a stranger, are you not?"

"Yes, miss," said the girl, in a quiet voice, which attracted Clytie as the face had done. "I came to Bramley to find a situation."

Now Clytie knew that the house-keeper at the Hall wanted a house-maid, and at once she said:

"We have a vacancy at the Hall. Are you used to a housemaid's work?"

you used to a housemaid's work?"
"Yes, miss," replied the girl. "I have
been accustomed to the work, and I can to plain sewing and mending."
"That is very useful," said Clytle

"What is your name?"
"Susan Marsh, miss." "Well, Susan, if you will go up to the hall—you have references of

course?" "Yes, miss; I acted as a stewardess on board the vessel I came in from Australia, and I have the head stew-

Australia, and I have ardess' letter."
Clytie nodded. "Very well, then; please go to the Hall and see Mrs. Hutton, and tell her that I hope she

will be able to engage you." Susan dropped a curtsey, her cast down respectfully, and the

riage drove on. About a week later Clytic met the girl in one of the corridors, and paused

to speak to her.
"I see that Mrs. Hutton has engaged
you, Susan," she said, "and I hope you

you, Susan," she said, "and I nope you are comfortable and happy?"
"Yes, thank you, mrss," replied Susan Mareh, in the quiet voice and manner which had taken Clytie's fancy. Clytie was passing on when she remembered that she wanted some repairing done to one of he dresses, which her maid, who had been very busy of late, had not been able t do. "I think you could do some mending, Susan?" she said. "I have some for you, if you will please ome to my room."
Susan followed with the noiseless

step which had already earned for her in the servants hall the nick-name of

Marion Bridge, C.B., May 30, '02.

I have handled MINARD'S LINIMENT during the past year. It is always the first Liniment asked for here, and unstionably the best seller of all the different kinds of Liniment I handle.

NEIL FERGUSON.

'The Mouse," and Clytie gave her the dress, asking her if she thought she ould do it.

'Oh, yes, miss," replied Susan "Well, then, ask my maid to you do it in the dressing-room," Clytie.

The maid was a good-natured girl, with whom Susan had made friends, and Susan was installed in the dress-ing-room, and having accomplished the first piece of mending satisfactor-ily, was entrusted with other and sim-ilar tasks. She was an extremely silent girl, and Clytie rather liked hav her near her, and often sat with her for a few minutes, talking about her work. One afternoon Clytle came into the room with a morning frock which needed a slight alteration

"Will you put your other work aside and do this for me at once, Susan?" she asked.

It was a rather more elaborate wearing in the morning, but Susan understood why it was needed when she heard downstairs that Mr. Hesketh Carton was coming to lunch the following day. Hesketh had not taken a meal at the Hall for some time, for the gris had been out on one or two occasions when he had called, generally at the Towers, where Moilie's presence seemed absolutely necessary to the convalescent there.

On the next morning Clytic and Mollie rode over to the Towers, and Modie's horse casting a shoe, they did not reach the Hall until a quarter of an hour after Mr. Hesketh Carton had arrived. Clytle hurried to the draw-ing-room to greet him and apologize.

"Oh, please, don't mention it," said, with a wave of his thin long hand. "And let me beg of you not to hurry! I have been been reading a book, but I will go out on to the terrace. I shall be grieved if you hurry."

The principal rooms the reception rooms, as they are called, at the Hall, were most of them en suite, and open ed into each other by large doo arched openings screened by curtains and with the familiarity of one who had lived in the house, he passed from the drawing-room, through the anteroom, crossed the small dining-room which the lunch was laid, and so

on to the terrace. As he did so, Susan Marsh, with the step which justified her sobri-quet of "Mouse," was passing the open door leading from the smaller hall to the dining-room, and saw him. She stopped suddenly, her eyes fixed on him with a peculiar expression; then she hurried on; but before she had reached a point from which she could not have seen him, she stopped again and looked over her shoulder.

Hesketh Carton was leaning against the stone rail of the terrace, looking at the view, and humming softly to himself—the embodiment of ease and serenity; but suddenly she saw him turn his head and look into the dining-room. There was no one there, Sholes had finished laying cloth, and had gone to his pantry to wait until the young ladies had came down. Something in the expression of Mr. Hesketh Carton's face arrested

On Face and Head. Itched and Burned. Disfigured.

"Last year I became affected with eccoms. It started on the cheeks in a rash, and the water spread and made my face sore all around the ent and partly on my head. The aking was very sore and red, and the breaking out itched and burned so that I could hardly help scratching. My face was very disfigured.

"Then I used a free sample of Cuticuma. It helped so I bought three takes of Soap and one box of Ointment, and my face was healed." (Signed) Miss Marths Berger, Spanaway, Wash, Feb. 11, 1919.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin. Scap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, throughout the Dominion. Canadian I Lymans, Limited, 5t. Paul St., Mont ESP Cuticura Scap shaves without

titude of one prepared to go on her way, she still remained, watching. Hesketh Carton, still humming, en-

tered the room and stood by the table near to the head, where Clytie's chair was placed. He stood for a moment or two, his eyes glancing from side to side searchingly; then the long white hand was thrust into his breast, there was the flash of a vial, the faint click of glass coming into contact with glass, and the next instant he saundered from the room and passed, still singing softly, to the other end of the

(To be continued.) Bird Friends

(London, Advertiser.)

To have once felt the exquisite thrill of wonder at the alighting touch of a tiny chickadee on on?'s hand and the awe of watching it feed, marvelling at the shy confidence of the wild thing, the shy confidence of the wild thing, with the acred privilege of seeing so closely the miracle of the glossy black head and bright, bead-like eyes, the tiny bill with the rich black dash of plumage immediately underneath, the pale buff breast with the dainty little pale buff breast with the dainty little fluffy edge of down where the wings fit closely ound the little body, the wonderfully folded wires, so alert for use withal, is to have glimpsed something of the intricate and limitless beauty of fancy in the soul of the Creator. Given a rather quiet, lawn with sprice trees or hedges of cedar for protection from the extreme cold. for protection from the extreme cold, and a heart that loves and seeks to understand the little, flitting, feathere friends, it is a venture quite possible and beautiful to teach the birds to come to one's window and with patience and understanding to coax them to alight on the hand for food, or to take it from one's lips. Two delightfully interesting people of London have a family of ten chicks dees, a pair of cardinals, a pair of white-breasted nuthatches and a pair of downy woodpeckers, and they are patiently mawaiting the appearance of the red-breasted nuthatch to make the group still more wonderful.

On a grey winter morning to see poised proudly on the dark green of the spruce boutes the flaming scallet

the spruce boughs the flaming scarle of the male cardinal, tenderly aware of his matchless mate with her lovely pastel-tinted body, her bright, crims beak and scarlet tinged wings, is to fancy oneself in the land of summer. More timidly than the chickadees, the cardinals seek the uncracked corn and crush it easily with their peculiarly fitted beaks, while a stray spar-row with usual audacity waits to seize the falling bits from the cardinal's feast. Cleverly hung inverted feeding stations hold choice bits of food held in readiness for the tiny visitors by the cooling of melted grease; plates of sunflower seed and bits of nuts, which are often taken and hidden in the bark of tree trunks for hungrier moments, are on the window feeding board, and bits of

Wives and Mothers of Canada

Stratford, Ont.:—"I am very enthusiastic in praise of Dr. Pierco's Eavorite Prescription as a tonic for expectant mothers. I have had experience both with the 'Prescription' and roithout it, and am in a position to know that there is a vast difference. I was never nauseated or sick at all with my 'Prescription' babics but I was extremely unneomfortable with the others and my suffering was greater when I had not taken the Tavorite Prescription'. I shall always take pleasure in recommending it to expectant mothers."

MRS LEOTAM PEPPER 114 Grange

ecommending it to expectant mothers."
-MRS. LEOTA M. PEPPER, 114 Grange

COULD NOT SLEEP

COULD NOT SLEEP

Halifax, N. S.:—"I was in a run-down, nervous condition for over two years, had been treated by several doctors and only found temporary relief. I could not sleep at night my heart palpitated so, and I was almost afraid to close my eyes. Being persunded, I wrote and stated my symptoms to the Medical staff at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with the 'Favorite Prescription' and the 'Pleasant Pellets'. I did so with the very best results. I could sleep and became my natural self again. I certainly recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to all sufferers, for they have done for me what doctors failed to do and they have saved me doctor bills, too."—MRS. JOHN HOMANS, Clam Harbor.

Toronto, Ont .: "For over thirty years I have been a user of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I have taken them for liver trouble biliousness, constipation and sick-headaches and they always gave me the relief wanted. I am sure the 'Pleasant Pellets' have saved me many a sick spell. I can highly recommend them."—MRS. HAN-NAH BOWNESS, 60 Strange St.

met are spiked in naturally arranged nooks, or hung in the sprace trees. At one time the nuthatch, the woodpecker and a chickndee have all eaten from the one plate without quarreling. As many as eight chicadees have feasted together on the window board, and one wee chap, a little more solled than the others, is friendliest. As yet the cardinals have not been won to the intimacy of this particular window board, but there is every indication that they will soon be induced to come, by the airy example of the chickadees, which, with quiet unconcern, turn their backs to the one feeding them and chatting with them, this being a token of extreme confidence. Listening to the beautiful optimism of the happy little chorus "chickadee-dee-dee" from the tree boughs and window perches, and the busy whir of wings in joyous little flittings, one wonders why more people with the necessary surroundings are not feeding and making friends of the birds.

Prisoner Was Dissatisfied.

Wesley, who lived in one of the smaller Kentucky cities, killed a man one day for some impertinence, and was brought to trial. The best attorney of the section was employed for him, but by some strange freak the jury, instead of acquitting Wesley and giv-ing him a vote of thanks, declared him guilty of some mild form of homicide. He was sentenced to five years in the

penitentiary.

About a month later Wesley's father came to the town and sought out the leading lawyer who had conducted Wesley's defence.

Wesley's defence.
"Judge," he said to the lawyer, 'somethin's got to be done for Wes-

"I can't do anything more," replied the lawyer. "I did all I could, but he's up there in the penitentiary."
"Yes, Judge," said the father eagerly; "that's just it. We've got to get him outen there. Why, Judge, I had a letter from Wesley this morning, and he tells me he's plump dissatisfied."

Still Doing Great -Work For Women

WHAT MISS SIMPSON SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Before Taking Them She Could Not Walk-Now She Can Walk and Work, and She Gives All the Credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ville Marie, Que., Jan. 26th.— (Special.)—One more tribute to the treat work Dodd's Kidney Pills are loing for the women of Canada comes from Miss Angele Simpson, well known and highly respected here.
"When I commenced to take Dodd's Kidney Pills," Miss Simpson states, "my heart bothered me so I could not walk.
"Now I can walk and work hard"

of walk.

"Now I can walk and work hard."

Miss 31 apson is not entirely cured

ret. but so great are the benefits she
has received from Dodd's Kidney Pills that she is firmly convinced they will effect a complete cure. She has been a sufferer for eighteen years and un-derwent four mouths' treatment in a hospital before trying Dodds Kidney

Pil's Kidney Pills are a Kidney remedy. They relieve the work of the heart by putting the kidneys in shape to strain all the impurities out of the blood. Pure blood carried to all parts of the body means new health all

"Jacob's Folly"

An old writer has observed that the treasures which the surface of the earth prodigally bestows upon us are infinitely more valuable than all the metals and precious stones it contains in its depths. Society might tains in its depths. subsist without gold, silver or jewels, but not without fruit, wheat, vege-tables or pesture.

For ages men have wasted their

lives digging for buried treasures, strength, their time and they very while right at their hands, on the earth's surface, were the means of subsistence and wealth waiting to be garnerad by industry applied in the right direction.

right direction.

An apt illustration is the one-time famous story of "Jacob's Folly," which our grandsires loved to tell.

Once upon a time there was an old chap named John Jacobs, who had chap named John Jacobs, who had

chap named John Jacobs, who had read about buried treasures until he could think of nothing else. He spent all his time poking among ruins, and neglecting his fruit orchard, which was his main support.

One morning he startled his wife at breakfast by saying: "It's all right, old woman, I've found the treasure. It's a chest of jewels. It's only waiting until I get my breakfast, then I'll go and fetch it in."

"La, John, how did you find it?"
"It was revealed to me in a dream; under a tree in my own orchard."

"It was revealed to me in a dream; under a tree in my own orchard."
"Which tree is it?" asked the wife.
"Which tree? Blest if I haven't forgot," said John, foolishly, as he scratched his head. "Freaw it in the dream, all right; but now they muddle it all, there are so many of them."
"Drat your stupid old head," said the wife. "Why didn't you put a nick on the right one at the time?"
"Well," said the old man, "I'll have to dig until I find the right one. That's all there is to it."

That's all there is to it."

Admonished by the wife not to cut Authorished by the wife not to cut the roots, John replied: "They're no good, anyhow. They've got old, like ourselves, and are no good for any-thing but firewood." Then he went out with spade and pickax and due out with spade and pickax and dug three feet deep around one, and, find-

three feet deep around one, and, finding no treasure, went at anothereach time making a pile of mould around the hole.

After he had dug half a dozen around the hole had dug half a dozen the had dug half a dozen the had dug half a dozen the large had been to dealer in medicing the part of the old man kept on. Even the standard members a box of from The Dr. W. Brockville, Ont.



Prevent Chaps use warm water and Baby's Own Soan.

Wash in warm water with Baby's Own Soap—rinse well and dry perfectly—and your skin will be soft and never chap.

6 Best for Daby and Best for you.

Albert Scape Linded, Min., Montreal.

sbuject of heaping up treasures on earth failed to ctop him.

Day after day he kept digging until the roots of each of the two hundred trees 'had been uncovered.

But no jewels were there.

Then the neighbors called the orchard "Jacob's Folly," and John, with a sad heart, suggested to his wife that they move away, as he could no longer bear the jibes of his neighbors.

The wife refused to leave the home which had sheltered her for so many years, but John refused to fill in the holes he had dug.

"You see," said he, "when I was i-digging for the jewels I was always a-going to find 'em. It kept my heart up. But take a shovel and fill 'em in—I'd as lief dine off white eggs on Sunday."

So, for six months the heaps of

Sunday."
So, for six months the heaps of earth were out in the heat and frost until the end of February, and then when the weather broke the old man took heart and filled in the holes, and the villagers soon forgot "Jacobs' Folly" when the holes were no longer is attent.

Folly" when the holes were no longer in eight.

Then along comes April. Behold, a miracle! On the trees which for years had falled to bud out burst the blossoms with beautiful profusion.

'Wife," says oid John, "our bloom is richer than I ever knew. It is richer than our neighbors."

The bloom died out, and out came a million little hard, things in its place. By Michaelmas Day the old trees were staggering and the branches down to the ground with luscious fruit.

luscious fruit.

Thirty shillings on each tree, and so on for year after year, and old John had found above the earth the wealth he sought beneath.

The trees were old and wanted a change. His letting in the air and turning the subsoil to the frost and sun had renewed their youth. So by that he learned that tillage is the way to get treasure from the earth. uscious fruit.

way to get treasure from the earth.
Men are ungrateful at times, but the
soil is never ungrateful, it always
makes a return for the pains we give

And even to this day, judging by the prices demanded by the profiteers, the fruits of the earth are more preci-

Always Went Before.

There is a story told at the expense of an old Yorkshire man who was called upon by the Magistrate to explain why he had failed to take out a license for a favorite terrier dog.

"E's nobbut a puppy," the detendant remarked, in response to a question as to the animal's age.

"Yes, yes! So you say. But how old is he?"

"Oh, well, I couldn't tell to a bit,"
was the reply. "I never was much
good at remembering dates, but 'e's

nobbut a puppy."
On the other hand it was maintained that the animal in question was a he Magistrate inflicted the usual fine Shortly afterward the old man was met by a friend, who wanted to how he had fared at the Police Court.

"Nobbut middlin'!" was the reply. "Did they fine you?"
"Yes," responded the victim; "an hang me if I can understand it! Last. year an' the year before that I told the same tale about the same dog an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's been tamperin' with the laws since last

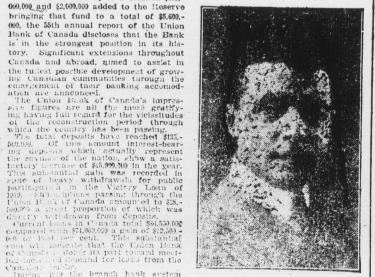
A TONIC FOR THE NERVES

The Only Real Nerve Tonic is a Good Supply of Rich, Red Blood.

"If people would only attend to their blood, instead of worrying themselves ill," said an eminent nerve specialist, "we doctors would not see our consulting rooms crowded with nervous wrecks. Many people suffer from worry more than anything else."
The sort of thing which the specialist spoke of it nervous, run-down-condition caused by overwork and the many anxieties of to-day. Sufferers find themselves tired, morose, by spirited and unable to keep minds on anything. Any sudden hurts like a blow. They are full of proundless fears, and do not sleep well at night. Headache, neuritis and other nerve pains are part of the misery, and it all comes from starved

Doctoring the nerves with poisonous secatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of rich, red blood. Therefore to cure nervousness and run-down health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be taken. These pills actually make new, rich blood, which strengthens the nerves, blood, which strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite, gives new strength and spirits, and makes hitherto derpondent people bright and cheerful. If you are all "out of sorts" you should begin curing yoursorts" you should begin curing your-self to-day by taking Dr. Williams'

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail lat 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co.



General Manager, who returned the strongest report in the Union Bank of

12 being op ned in the year.

Alvery caseavor has been put forward to make confortable re-establishment of the returned soliler. 123 members of the staff of the for oversas service. 123 paid the supreme sacrifice; 139 have not reported for cuty, but 683 have been abrorbed into the Bank again. Each of these returned efficers has been redustated at an increased salary.

The President Mr. John Galt, and Genral Manuget, Mr. H. B. Shaw, made a strong plea for national and individual crift based upon the country's recestable for the property of liquidating huge war debts.

Trade conditions in Canada are good", said Mr. Galt. "We are getting high prices for our products. It is a time however when we should put forth every effort to increase production and build up reserves against lean years that are sure to come. The war is not paid for. Part of the price will be hard times, though they may not yet be in light. If we are wise we will prepare for them."