SIR WILLIAM'S

But presently, with a sigh of resignation, he left the accounts and made up a fire, over which a kettle was hanging, that was smouldiring outside, while Lord Stanton arranged the cups on a huge slab of stone. Then he went up to the girls.

"Douglas has got some tea for us,"

"Hurrah!" said Mollie, descending from her perch with alacrity; but Clytic looked before her thoughtfully, and remained seated.

"I don't think I'll come down," she Lord Stanton was about to urge her,

but Mollie caught him by the arm.

"Oh, leave her alone," she said.
"Haven't you discovered yet that when Clytie is in one of her dreaming-fits it is not safe to disturb her? She is like one of those pretty, sleek-looking cats at the Zoo, the kind you feel that you must go up to and stroke.

Luckily for you, there is always a
kind, good keeper to warn you off.

See? I'm the keeper."

"I wish you were mine," murmured

e lad. What did you say? Never mind. But you shouldn't get into the bad habit of muttering to yourself. That's one of the lessons I'm always trying to teach you. How do you do, Mr. Douglas? It's very kind of you to offer us tea; this is the second time we are indebted to your hospitality," she added suavely.

Jack reddened; he never thought of

the scene with Hesketh Carton with out growing warm, inside and out.
"I think Lord Stanton deserves all

the credit on this occasion, Miss Molhe said. lie." he said.
"Oh! then be sure he'll take it!"

Jack went into the shed, leaving his lordship to play host, and Mollie, as

she poured out the tea, noticed that there were only three cups. "I wonder if Clytte would have some if we sent it up," she said.
"Yes, I was going to take it," said

Lord Stanton. "Oh, no; I couldn't be left," said Mollie blandly. "Mr. Douglas!" Jack came out with the paper in his

hand and stood at the door.
"Will you please take this cup of
tea to my sister?" asked Mollie, with

sweetness which she could at will infuse into voice and manner. Jack tock the cup without a word,

and walked off. The Paragon does not appear to be in the best of tempers," remarked

The lad laughed. "He's fearfully usy," he said excusingly. "How jolly busy," he said excusingly. "How jolly it is here!" He leaned back against the stone. "Such a fine view!" His eyes were fixed on Mollie's face, crowned by its crimson tam-o'-shanter. "Didn't think I should be so hapby down here at the Towers In I wish you wern't going back to the Hall!"

Well, we're not, for a little while,"

said Mollie. That's good! Though, of course, I



FOR SALE BY

LEADING DRUGGISTS

you know; and—and, of course, you'll come to the Towers. She's a good sort, and you'll like her."

"You're not going back to Oxord, then?" said Mollie. ford. "No," he said. "You see," with a touch of color, "things were altered when I came into Stanton. There's a good deal to be done."

"Oh is there?" asked Mollie inno-

cently.
"Why, of course there is," he retorted aggrievedly. "No end of things to look after, all over the estate, you

"Really? It seemed to me that you spent most of your time between Pethwick and Withycombe."

wick and Withycombe."
He colored still more redly. "Well,
you see, I've got this job on hand."
"Oh, don't apologize," she exhorted
him indifferently. "It's no business of nim indifferently. It is no business of mine how you waste—employ your time. But if I were your aunt—which, thank goodness, I am not!—I should pack you back to school—Oxford, I

mean."
"Oh, if you want me to go—" He sighed, despairfully.
"I!" retorted Mollie, opening her eyes on him like saucers. "It's a matter of perfect indifference to me whether you go or stay."

ther you go or stay."
"Then I shall stay," he retorted, in

his turn.

"And while you are here you might get some more water," she said.

Jack, walking deliberately like a dog, carried the cup of tea to the quay wall, and Clytle looked up with a smile.

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "It is very good of you. I was just wonder-ing whether I would go down or not; it was the sight of the cups and sau-

"Then I'm glad I brought it," said Jack; and, setting the cup of tea be-side her, he was turning away when she said:

she said:
"You are very much interested in
the works——" She paused a moment
as Mollie's remark anent the "mister"
occurred to her, "Mr. Douglas."

"Yes," said Jack, leaning against the wall and looking, not at the beauthe wall and looking, not at the beau-tiful face, the gray eyes resting placid-ly upon his, but at the hill opposite. "Yes, it is interesting work. It will be a great improvement."
"Have you ever been engaged in similar work?" she asked, with some-thing more than merely gracious in-terest.

"Not quite," he replied, "but I've seen it done. And the thing is easy enough. You have seen the plan, I sup-pose?" As she replied in the negative.

pose?" As one replied in the negative, he took a roll from his pocket.

"It's only a small rough plan. I copied it from the large one," he said, as he opread it out on the wall beside her. She bent over it, and, having to hold it so that it should not curl up, his head, as he explained the plan way very near hers. "That's the plan, was very near hers. "That's the jetty proper," he said, "and that's the breakwater. We've got it rounded, so that the sea will break over it with-

out doing any damage."
"I don't understond," she said, with

enuine interest.

He bent lower, so that his head almost touched the soft, dark tendrils o her hair, as he traced the lines with his finger. Her gaze unconsciously shifted from the drawing to his hands. It was not the first time she had noticed their shapeliness; but it was the first time she had seen them so closely; and she was struck by them. They were brown, and anything but effeminate, but they were quite unlike those of the fishermen and workmen.

"It's a great improvement on the ithycombe one." he said, ignorant Withycombe one of her gaze and the faint surprise. wonder that they didn't alter it these lines when they were repairing it fifteen years ago; but it was done by the village mason, a good workman his way, but, of course, not up to

You were here then?" she asked. Jack shifted his hand, the plan curled up at that corner, and he appeared to find some difficulty in setting it out straight again.
"Oh, I've heard all about it," he said.

carelesely. could be altered, built like this?" she asked. sked. "Oh, yes," he replied. "It would cost

a great deal of money—were you thinking of doing it, Miss Bramley?" Clytie shook her head and sighed. "No," she said, gravely, a little wistfully; she could not tell him she was

cally a caretaker of the property; that the proper person to improve Withycombe jetty or any other part of the Bramley estate was Sir Wilfred Carton, who probably would have no desire to do so.

"Ah, well, if you should, it would be a good thing to run the jetty out a bit farther than it is; there is scarcely

room for the boats in the wild wea-ther. That is what I mean." He made a rough sketch on the back of the "Like that. It would be a boon to the men.

'You draw very well," said Clytie then she laughed. "My sister called you the Admirable Crichton."

"Oh!" said Jack. "Never heard of im." And he had not; for he had been too busily engaged at playing at Jack of all trades to have time for Clytie colored slightly. It was not

Clytic colored signity. It was not the first time she had forgotten that she was not talking to an equal.

"He was a man who did everything, and did it well," she said.

Jack laughed. "Miss Mollie was out—for once," he said, lightly.

He leaned against the wall, looking out to see but thinking of the girl by

out to sea, but thinking of the girl by his side, so near to him and yet so far away! He had seen her, spoken to her, nearly every day for the last three weeks, and he was conscious with a consciousness against which he fought, that he liked seeing her, talk-ing to her; better still, hearing her speak. When she came in sight some-



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thing within his heart suddenly grev warm, his pulse quickened, the air grew brighter. He tried to avoid her scarcely acknowledging the wish to do so; but he seemed drawn by some unconscious influence to her side; and when he would have resisted, chance when he would have resisted, chance came to the aid of that mysterious influence; it had come this afternoon; and while he was at her side he lingered as if he was loath to go. In his solitary hours he caught himself thinking of her face—it was wonderful and amazing, how well he knew its every expression; the slight, wistful curve of the lips, the trick of the straightening brows, the steady, direct gaze of the beautiful eyes, the smile which lit up the rather sad face as the sunlight shimmers on a summer the sunlight shimmers on a summer sea. And her voice—surely it was the most musical, the sweetest ever owned by woman; the music, the sweetness echoed for him in the hours of his solitude, up in the woods, on the beach, at night, as he lav awake and thinking of her, as he was thinking of her now, in a deep reverie.

He woke suddenly. "I'm keeping you from your book, Miss Bramley. Shall I bring you an-other cup of tea?"
"No, thanks," she answered.

"No, thanks," sne answered.

He glanced at his watch.

"I have to take the boat to the
Head," he said, nodding at the promontory. "Would you—do you care

montory. She looked seaward.
"Yes, I think I should," she said. "I

am tired of reading."
As they reached the shed, she "I'm going into the boat. Will you

come. Mollie? Mollie shook her heed; she was sit-ting on a log with the big stone for a back, with her arms round her knees.

"No, indeed. Lord Stanton is telling me of all the wonderful things he did at Oxford, and I haven't the heart to stop him. You go, Clytie." Clytie hesitated a moment or two, then followed Jack to the beach. CHAPTER XIV

There was a fair wind for them, and Jack put up the sail and was making a comfortable place in the bottom of the boat for Clytie, when she said: "I will take the tiller, so that you can look after the sail."

She had never before offered to steer, but he piled the cushions on the stern and gave her the tiller, and she her arm over it in good, nautical fashion, and kept her eye on the wind. "You may smoke if you wish," she said, and Jack, with a respectful "Thank you," availed himself of the permission. He needed a pipe to steady his nerves, which of late had always thrilled in her presence, as the strings of a harm thrill at the touch of strings of a harp thrill at the touch of the musician's hand, though it sweep its chords all unconsciously. pearness—the boat was small, and he was almost touching her—filled him with a happiness which was not perfect because of its wistfulness, and every now and then he glanced at her as if she were a necessary part of the beauty of the multicolored coast the opaline sea.

What are you going to do at the Head?" she asked, after a rather long silence, during which his mind was

Dr. Martels Female Pills For Womens Ailments



dwelling on the ever absorbing mar-vel of the change which had been wrought in her, the change from the gawky girlhood—and yet, no, he told himself; even as a girl she had been lithe, graceful, notwithstanding the length of the black-stockinged legs, and the long arms—to wonder of wo-manhood. manhood.

"I am going to see if we can man-age to slide some of the timber down the slope there; it will save us hauling the trees we are cutting in the wood behind the Head. You know it?"

"Yes," she replied. "We used, my sister and I, to picnic there. You seem to have made acquaintance with the land very quickly."

"Oh, yes," he responded, easily. "I have been riding about a great deal lately, looking out for suitable timber and stone. It is a beautiful place, and I'm not surprised that Lord Stanton is so proud of it."
"And yet I think in some ways

Bramley is more beautiful," she said, musingly.

musingly.

"Oh, no doubt," he assented. "The land is better, the farms, too but the Towers is the bigger house."

"You know Bramley?" she asked,

with some surprise.

He turned to the sail and tightened

"Give her just a point to starboard," he said. Thank you. Oh, every one knows Bramley, by the guide-books and the photographs," he added as easily as before, but with a mental resolve to keep a more cautious watch on his tongue, which was so ready to answer when she spoke. "I dare say you are as proud of it, Miss Bramley, as his lordship is of the Towers."

"Yes," she admitted, with a sigh. "I

"You have been there so long—I mean your family."
"Since 1416," she said. "There are still some portions of the original building standing, the west wing. Sir William Carton had it very carefully

Jack nodded. He did some good for the old place," he remarked, cheer-

Yes, oh, yes. If it had remained in my father's possession—He was poor; the Bramleys have been poor for a long time." She hesitated again. "It was well that the place should pass into more capable hands."

"Well, it's back to the right owners now," he said, still more cheerfully; "and, if I may be so hold, one who will take care of it."

will take care of it."
Clytie sighed again, but made no response to this suggestion. Presently, she said, as if she had been considering: "If you would like to see the house

to go over it, Mr. Douglas, please go up there any day, and ask Mrs. Hut-

up there any day, and ask Mrs. Rutton, the housekeeper, or Sholes, the butler, to show you over it."

"Thank you very much," he said, gratefully, and with a slightly heightened color. "It is very good of you. I will go up some day, the flast concentrative but I'm afraid. first opportunity—but I'm afraid it will not be yet a while. I don't seem able to leave the work at Pethwick for more than an hour or two. "You must come when we are at

home. I—or my sister—will be de-lighted to show it to you. She is fon-der, prouder of the Hall even than I am. Here is the Head. Are you going to land?"

He looked up at the slope with his een eyes. "I should like to land for a minute

or two if you don't mind waiting."
"Not at all," she responded. "It is delightful on the sea this afternoon." He had not been thinking of the weather, but he glanced round him now, and he saw a bank of clouds which had mysteriously risen in the southwest, and as he let down the sail he felt the wind come in a sudden

"I won't be more than a moment or two," he said, as he ran the boat on a

slip of sand He went quickly to the base of the cliff, looked about him thoughtfully, and began climbing to a narrow ridge some little distance up the path. Clytie watched him as she le lazily, and half-unconsciously noticed the ease with which he made cent, the casual way in which he balanced himself on the slight projection which, from where she sat, seemed scarcely a foothold; then suddenly she

reacherous."

"No, no," he called back, and he called with the called back and he called

descended quickly; he had cast an eye seaward, and saw, more plainly than he had seen while in the boat, that the bank of clouds was rising swiftly, and wind and weather, which make this coast so dangerous, was taking place. "It will do," he said, as he put the boat off. "It will save us a long round—and therefore save Lord Stanton a huge supp. of money."

ton a huge sum of money."

He ran up the sail and they started on the home track; but they had not got very far before the sky was darkened, the wind began to make itself heard, and the first dash of rain swished across them.

He glanced at Clytie, noticed that the pretty dress, which had filled him with admiration and delight an hour ago, afforded very insufficient protec tion against the storm that was com ing, and he crawled for ard and go out his oilskins from the locker. (To Be Continued).

Squirrel's Pathetic Search.

In moving some quilts in the cottage of Fred Hayden of Northwest Abbot. Me., five little squirrels were spilled on the floor, one of them being kill-The mother squirrel was quick ly on the scene, taking one at a time and hastening upstairs with it. The fourth one she dropped at the foot of the stairs and rushed back with frantic haste, thoroughly looking over the contents of the room for the fifth s. She even climbed to the waists the men and smelled their hands one. in her search for her lost baby.

A DIFFICULT CASE. (Kansas City Journal.)

"You cannot go to any ball to-night."
"Doctor, I must go."
"Well, you'll have to put a porous plaster on your back."
"But, doctor, then I can't wear an even-

YOU NEED NOT STOP

working or playing, as the case may be, when you sustain a skin injury, so long as you apply Zam-Buk at once. This herbal balm will stop the

so long as you apply Zam-Buk at once. This herbal balm will stop the biseding, end the pain, destroy all germs, prevent blood-poisoning and heal quickly.

Zam-Buk should be in every home, especially where there are children. Children who have once had Zam-Buk applied will cry for it again. They never forget a remedy that ends their pain. Get a box to-day and keep it handy. Zam-Buk will keep indefinitely without losing any of its strength or purity. As a household balm, therefore, it is most economical.

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Sandwich Recipes

MOCK FISH CAKES. Boil about one pound of potatoes mash well with a little milk, add two teaspoonfuls of finely chopped pars teaspoonfuls of finely chopped particles and enough anchovy essence to well flavor. Season with pepper and salt, form into fish cakes, brush over with milk, sprinkle with oatmeal and firy in fat or bake in the oven. These taste very good, and the absence of fish is often unnoticed unless attention to the fact. tion is drawn to the fact.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER FOR SAND-WICHES.

This is something sweet which is enjoyed both by children and grownup people. It is easy to make and does not use much of rational articles. Take half a teacupful of milk, and when boiling mix with it two dessertspoonfuls of good cocoa. While ztill boiling, thicken with a teaspoonful of cornflour, just dissolved in a little cold milk. Cook altogether for a minute or two, and then take off the cold milk. Cook altogether for a minute or two, and then take off the fire and stand aside to cool. Weigh one ounce of butter and beat it to a one ounce of butter and beat it to a cream with two desserts poonfuls of white sugar. Then gradually stir in the cocoa mixture, whisking with a fork all the time. When it is a well-blended cream, stand aside to get quite cold. These quantities make quite a lot of chocolate butter. goes a long way, and is delicious for spreading on bread and little cakes.

STUFFED COD. Mix three tablespoonfuls bread-crumbs with two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley and one ounce butter (when it can be spared). Bind with an egg (a prepared dry one) and sea-son with pepper and salt. Have ready thick cod steak, but on a grease baking tin, spread the stuffing on top cover with a piece of buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven for three of an hour. Serve garnished with cut lemon.

COD PROVENCALE.

Put a thick clice of cod on a well greased baking tin, cover with grease paper and bake for fifteen or twent minutes. Make one-half pint of white sauce, add a tablespoonful chopped capers and one or two chopped gher-kins. Season well. Dish up the cod and any liquor from the cod to the sauce and pour over the fish. Garnish with parsley

RHUBARB JAM.

To each pound of hrubarb allow one pound sugar and two ounces pre-served ginger (cut into small pieces) or one-half tea poonful ground ginger. Remove the outer, stringy part of the rhubarb, cut the sticks into short lengths and put into a preserving pan with the sugar. Allow to stand overnight, then add the sugar and bring yery slowly to bolling point. Str occasionally and boll for about one hour. If the flavor is liked, a few thin slices of lemon, without the pips, car

The people who jump at conclusions seldom get to the front.

WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so bally that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seen as though not seem as though
I could stand it.
I tried different
medicines without
any benefit any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well

that I am now well and strong. I get and strong. I get housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METERIANO, 36 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.

Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

NORTH SEA TRAWLERS.

Their Great Work in Peace and War.

"The northeast coast of Scotland is pacific in climate, as compared with the Atlantic staminess that rules the sea-girt land on the west," writes William Elliot Griffis in "Bonnie Scotland and What We Owe Her," and he goes on later in the same chapter to speak of the trawlers of the North

Sea.

At Aberdeen "twenty-five millions of dollars' worth of food is extracted annually through the fisheries in the deeper waters, which have been improved, first by the method of beam trawling, begun in 1882, and then by the steam line fishing in 1889."

"How full the North Sea is of these trawlers those know who have seen

trawlers those know who have seen them and kept pace with the efforts of philanthropists to minister to the needs of the ren on board the ships. In recent years we have learned, moreover, how soon, in time of war, these toilers of the deep are called upon to show their courage as well as their industry, and have thus realized the danger ever surrounding these modes heroes. In the world war of 1914-18, the trawlers have not only caught fish, but in their new capacity as mine-sweepers, have kept the North Sea neasurably free.

Keep Electric Lamps Clean.

Dirty electric lamps are inefficient and wasteful. A recent investigation in a large establishment disclosed in-teresting figures in the extent of this waste. A group of lamps with a week's accumulation of dirt showed an weeks accumulation of diff showed an average absorption of light of 16 per cent., some of them running as high as nearly 20 per cent. Another group which had been used for three weeks had an average absorption of 22 per cent., with a maximum of over 22 per cent. Figuring on this hads. one week, or 22 per cent, at the end of three weeks, would be required to obtain the same illumination that would have been obtained if the lamps were kept clean. This, course, meant a corresponding increase in the electric light bill.-L. G. D.

First Museum.

The first museum was part of the Palace of Alexandria, where learned men were maintained at the public cost just as eminent public servants men were maintained at the public cost just as eminent public servants were in the Prytaneum at Athens. Its foundation is attributed to Ptolemy. Philadelphus about 280 B.C.

Stuffy Head Cleared Of Catarrh Germs By "Catarrhozone"

To catarrh victims we have just

To catarrh victims we have just one word of advice—cure it now. The remedy is "Catarrhozone." That it will cure permanently you cannot doubt. Catarrhozone has cured thousands; it will cure you, too.

It acts in two ways: First, it destroys the germ—that checks the progress of the disease. Its second action is to heal the sore places the germs caused. Nice to think of breathing little drops of healing to every part of the lungs, bronchial every part of the lungs, bronchial tubes and nasal passages. It is such absolute thoroughness that makes absolute thoroughness that makes Catarrhozone so effective in grip, catarrh, and colds. Then by its seda-tive influence upon the mucous surthe influence upon the microus surface it clears away the cough and threat tenderness very quickly. We owe something to a science that has given us Catarrhozone—that wonderful remedy which so surely enables us to permanently cure disease of the preathing apparatus. We all know breathing apparatus. We all know that stomach dosing is useless, and this departure in the mode of treatment is an advance in medical science that everybody can appreciate and value. Complete outfit of Catarrhozone, which is guaranteed to cure any case of catarrh, asthma, bronchial or throat troubles, lasts three months, price \$1.00; smaller size, 50c; trial size, 25c; sold everywhere.

Lloyd George a Good Singer.

Unknown to many people is the fact that Premier Lloyd George is the possessor of quite a charming bari-tone voice, and any spare moments he can snatch are devoted to a little home music. He always sings in Welsh, and his voice has that peculiar quality found only in the Celt. Before leaving for Paris some of his scanty leisure was devoted also to French conversation. The Premier reads in French quite fluently, but, like so many other people, his French con-versation lacks fluency. He has made quite remarkable progress, however. quite remarkable progress, however, in a very short time. But, of course, as a Welshman and bilinguist, he has the gift.

Layman's Services Indispensable. The reverend doctor on his way to is summer place with a deacon of his church, came panting into the ferryhouse only to find the boat pulling out of the slip. There was a flash-fly-dressed individual present who shared their disappointment—but in a different way. He let out a string of expletives almost as long as the string of blooded race horses he wanted to put aboard the fast receding boat. The minister turned to his comrade and remarked: "Deacon, there are times when the services of a layman are

absolutely indispensable. Diamond Not Most Valuable.

It is a popular error to suppose that the diamond is the most valuable of the precious stones. The relative value of the finer gems places the ruby at the head of the list: the diamond second, and, following this, the sap-phire. It is a very common occur-rence to find a perfect diamond, but a perfect ruby is rare.

Even those who believe in the easy-come-easy-go theory will find that hard luck comes easier than it goes.