



Have Your Cleaning Done by Experts

Clothing, household draperies, linen and delicate fabrics can be cleaned and made to look as fresh and bright as when first bought.

Cleaning and Dyeing Is Properly Done at Parker's

It makes no difference where you live; parcels can be sent in by mail or express. The same care and attention is given the work as though you lived in town. We will be pleased to advise you on any question regarding Cleaning or Dyeing. WRITE US.

Parker's Dye Works Limited
Cleaners & Dyers
791 Yonge St. Toronto

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

Without doubt, Hesketh Carton was a fluent and effective speaker, and possessed of a self-possession and self-command which even those who knew him best did not suspect. It might have been urged against him that he was, if anything, rather too self-possessed, and that his voice and manner lacked warmth. Old Garden was a shocking speaker, but he was in an extremely genial man, and in winning an election geniality goes much further than eloquence. However, the party was confident of success, and there was even a rumor that Mr. Hesketh's opponent, a stranger, was already so disheartened that he intended retiring; but, like most rumors, this proved inaccurate, and the fight went on with vigor on both sides, the candidates addressing meetings every evening and canvassing all day.

As a rule, every candidate is more or less hampered by some disadvantage; but Mr. Hesketh Carton's opponents could discover no blot on his scutcheon; he appeared to be one of those rare men without a past; he was popular with his workmen, and in every way a respected member of society; there was really nothing in his life which the other side could lay hold of, and Hesketh went about with an air of smiling modesty and a white waistcoat—emblem of a blameless life.

The polling day approached, and the usually quiet Bramley worked itself up to a state of excitement which was as exhilarating as it was novel. It was arranged that Hesketh should address a big meeting on the eve of the poll, and one or two politicians from London were coming down to support him. The speakers at the meeting were to dine at the Chillingfords', and Lord Chillingford had asked as large a number of the local gentry as was possible to make up the party.

As Hesketh was returning from canvassing that afternoon he met the Danbys, who were driving through the town with the conservative colors attached to the horses' rosettes and the coachman's whip. They pulled up to exchange greetings with the popular candidate, and the crowd, which always gathered round Hesketh Carton when he appeared in the street, looked on approvingly and, indeed, admiringly, as he leaned on the carriage gracefully, and conversed with his usual ease and self-possession with Lady Danby.

"It's quite a foregone conclusion," she said. "Everywhere I go I hear there is no chance for the other man, and I really feel quite sorry for him. We are all looking forward to your speech to-night, and I hope you have not been tiring yourself."

"No, indeed," said Hesketh, in his soft voice. "Yes, I hope that I shall win, Lady Danby; and it will be very ungrateful of me if I do not, for no candidate ever had kinder or more zealous supporters. I shall never forget all you have done for me; it is impossible that I should even try to thank you."

Lady Danby beamed on him as he pressed her hand, and he was telling the coachman to drive on, when she checked him suddenly and said: "Oh, I have some news for you! Miss Bramley and Mollie have returned!"

His eyes did not flicker for a moment, and his face expressed just the proper amount of pleasure.

"So sudden and unexpected!" said Lady Danby. "No one knew they were coming back. They arrived about a couple of hours ago. Lord Danby met them, and said they looked so well. Wonderful thing, change! It is not only news, but good news for me; for if you could persuade Miss Bramley to canvass for you—ah, it's almost too late for that, I'm afraid—but, if you could get her to appear on the platform to-night with the rest of us! Oh, that would be splendid!"

"I will see," said Hesketh, with a little nod and a smile. The carriage drove on, and he went home. A pile of letters stood on his desk, and he took one up and opened it mechanically, but dropped it and stood looking before him thoughtfully. Yes, it would be a great thing for him if Clytie would consent to appear on the platform among his supporters, and he experienced a thrill of gratification, of pleased vanity, at the reflection that she, who had refused him, should be present at one of his triumphs; for, with the quiet confidence of the eloquent man, he knew that he should speak well that night. A very large majority of the audience would be members of his party; there would be excitement, enthusiasm, in fact, triumph—a foretaste of the great and crowning triumph that awaited him to-morrow. Yes, barring accidents, to-morrow he would be a member of Parliament, another step up the ladder of his ambition. His political success would be a happy augury of the future. The master of Bramley and the possessor of Sir William's wealth, to what heights, social and political, might he not rise!

He changed, dressed carefully, and went up to the Hall. The servants were in a state of excitement and bustle, and Sholes came forward with a smile on his expansive countenance, expressive of his delight.

"You've heard the news, I see, sir," he said, as if he were bubbling over with joy. "The young ladies have come home! Come home quite unexpected and sudden! None of us knew, excepting Lord Stanton. His lordship went up to London to meet them. I beg your pardon, sir, I'm keeping you standing!"

"I came up to welcome the young ladies," said Hesketh. "I don't know whether they will be too tired to see me, but I will come in on the chance."

He waited in the drawing-room, looking round with half-closed lids, and deciding the style in which he would have it redecorated, when it came into his hands. The door opened and Mollie entered. She had a small parcel in one hand and some flowers in the other, so that it seemed that she could not shake hands. She was very brown, not so fatigued, and her eyes looked at him and then beyond him, as she said rather hurriedly:

"How do you do, Mr. Carton? We've come back, you see. Oh, yes, we are very well—both of us." Her eyes rested on his face for a moment, and she went on still more hurriedly: "We've heard of your great doings in Bramley. You are going to be a member of Parliament. How nice! It was very kind of you to spare time to come up, and so soon. I'd ask you to stay to tea, but I am so busy unpacking."

Hesketh Carton murmured the proper response, then said: "I am afraid you will consider my

request an unreasonable one, but I have been hoping—how earnestly, you may guess!—that you and Miss Clytie would be present on the platform at my meeting to-night."

Mollie's eyes flashed for an instant, but she hid them quickly. "How kind of you!" she exclaimed. "But I am afraid it is quite impossible. Clytie is rather tired—it has been a long journey."

"You must tell me all about your travels," he said.

"Yes," she assented. "Oh, by the way, I have a little present for you, a souvenir. You mustn't open it now. It is only a trifle. And now, I really must go to Clytie! Good-by! I wish you all the success—you deserve, Mr. Carton."

She put a small box in his hand, instead of shaking hands, rang the bell for Sholes to show him out, and, with a nod and again that strange, quickly hidden flash in her eyes, ran out of the room. He went back to the house at the works and tossed the box, unopened, on his writing-table.

The dinner at the Chillingfords' was an extremely lively one. Everyone felt so certain of success, and the party drove down to the Hall in carriages liberally decorated with Mr. Hesketh Carton's colors. An immense crowd awaited them at the entrance to the Hall; the interior was packed; a thunder of cheers rose from the mass as the party, with Mr. Hesketh bringing up the rear, ascended the platform. Hesketh Carton, with a charmingly modest smile, sat down and looked over the audience with that all-comprehensive gaze which is so soon acquired by the public speaker. Suddenly he started, and his eyes grew fixed on a man seated in the middle of the third row. The face of the man was that of "the insolent fellow" with whom he had had a vulgar and unpleasant disagreement at Withycombe; but the man was no longer dressed in working attire; he wore the conventional clothes of a gentleman, and wore them well. What did it mean? Had the fellow come there to make a disturbance? If so, thought Hesketh, with satisfaction, he would no doubt, and very properly, be roughly handled.

Lord Chillingford, the chairman, was on his feet, made the usual stammering speech of the ordinary country gentleman, and was followed by one of the great men from London, who warmed up the audience and prepared the way for the candidate. At this moment, Hesketh Carton saw Mr. Granger come on the platform, and, with a friendly smile, he beckoned him to a seat in front which had been modestly left vacant.

Mr. Granger was passing to it, with a murmured apology for being late, when his eyes fell on a gentleman in the third row. He started, stared, and half-unconsciously rose from his seat, as if forgetting the place and the rest of the audience, and approached the edge of the platform. Before he could recover from his astonishment, it had been noticed by those around him, and many eyes were focused on the young man at whom the old lawyer was staring.

Suddenly some one—it was Lady Chillingford—murmured a name; it was "Sir Wilfrid Carton." It was caught up and ran around the platform, some of the occupants of which rose and stared with intense curiosity and interest, which seemed to be contagious, for the audience in the back of the hall began to look in the same direction and to murmur the name. The incident had now become so conspicuous that Mr. Granger was compelled, so to speak, to make some movement; so he came down the front steps of the platform, and, going straight up to Jack—for it was he, and we will let him bear his old name—and, holding out his hand, said, with a voice that was a little unsteady:

"How do you do, Sir Wilfrid? I need not say that I am rejoiced to see you!"

Now, Jack had followed Clytie and Mollie by a later train, because he did not wish to appear in public at first, in his proper character, as their fellow traveler; but, on the other hand, he did not wish it to be thought that he had skulked into the town; so Clytie and he, both ignorant of Hesketh Carton's murderous designs, had thought it a good thing for him to attend the meeting. If he were recognized—well, the excitement which would be caused by his appearance would be swallowed up by the larger one of the election, and Jack would get over the fuss attending his unexpected return more easily than he would otherwise have done. That Mr. Granger should catch sight of him, and publicly recognize him, of course did not come within their calculation. Jack rose and shook Mr. Granger's hand, whispering:

"For goodness' sake, don't let me make a scene!" He made room for Mr. Granger beside him, hoping that the recognition would pass, if not unnoticed—it was too late for that—but without the fuss which Jack hated and dreaded.

But the audience, already strung up, caught at his name, and, rising to its feet en masse, shouted and cheered him.

It was impossible for the chairman to ignore the incident, and Lord Chillingford rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am delighted to find that we have in our midst the son of our old and valued friend, Sir William Carton. We have all deplored his absence, and I am sure you will permit me, in your name, to accord him a hearty welcome, and to invite him to come upon the platform here and support his cousin, Mr. Hesketh Carton."

The audience applauded vociferously and shouted:

"Go up to the platform, Sir Wilfrid! Welcome back to Bramley! Go up where we can see 'ee." (To be continued.)

A Costly Shot.
A druggist fired a shotgun at a burglar who entered his store, putting the intruder to flight, and thus saving about \$175 in his cash drawer, but smashing with the shot a \$250 showcase and \$250 worth of bottles.

GEE, I'M HAPPY MY CATARRH ALL GONE
Suffered Like a Boob For Years—Got Relief in Ten Minutes.

Catarrhozone Did Cure
That's the way hundreds of the boys around town are talking since Catarrhozone got into the drug stores. Nothing on earth like Catarrhozone to really cure Catarrh, Colic or Bronchitis.

"Catarrhozone"—it isn't a drug—it's a healing vapor full of pine essences and healing balsams. It spreads over the surface of the throat and cures from coughing. Every day that is congested away, phlegm and secretions are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and Catarrh are cured. Nothing so quick, so sure, so pleasant as Catarrhozone. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhozone. All dealers sell Catarrhozone, large size which lasts two months price \$1.00; small size 50c; sample size 25c.

GHOST HANDS.
Strange Traditions That Are Widely Believed.

Hands from the days of Daniel—when writings appeared so mysteriously on the walls of Belshazzar's palace—have been regarded by Chaldeans and Egyptians alike to be omens of the greatest moment and significance.

The model of a hand, for example, was always carried in the festivals of Isis at the end of a palm branch, and hands figured frequently in the writing on the pyramids and statues, both in Egypt and Mesopotamia.

A certain branch of the Douglas family used to see the shadow of a mailed hand always before the death of one of the clan; whilst a branch of the MacDonnells still have bony knuckles rapping on doors or walls invariably before a similar occurrence.

Some years ago a gentleman wrote to me from Torquay apropos of one of my ghost books and informed me that waking up one night, he had put his hand out of bed to feel if immediately taking hold of a hand of ice coldness. The following morning, he added, he received tidings of the death of a near relative.

Later on he wrote to me again. "I have had another experience with the hand," he said, "but this time of a more startling order, as it took hold of me much more emphatically and seemed very reluctant to let go, I wonder what it means."

I had my idea, but did not tell him. And I was right, for I learned soon afterward he had died. The hand this time had predicted his own death.

The family of Tulloch Gorms was haunted by the ghost of a girl with a dreadful hairy hand that she used to point at any member of the clan that was soon destined to die; whilst the Kincaidines had the spectre with the blood-stained hand which used to—nd still does—haunt Glenmore.

It was formerly very aggressive, and in 1699 met and challenged three brothers successively to a duel—each of the brothers dying immediately afterwards; but latterly it has been much more docile and has contented itself with merely waving its blood-red hand—a sure signal,

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

are now packed in square packages. Each package contains five cakes, which are equal in quantity to six round cakes. All dealers are authorized to guarantee that the quality of the round and square cakes are identical in every respect.

however, of an approaching death or some other kind of disaster. In certain phantom hands would appear to be even commoner, for nearly all the old families have at one time or another come under the spell or ban of mailed fingers.

There is—or was before the war—an inn in Saxony that was once a private house, and which was haunted by a huge hand that used to descend at night from the ceiling and impart to whoever was present all the sensations of strangulation.

According to tradition, a certain countess, who originally owned the house, got rid of her infirm husband by having him strangled there by an idiot of monstrous size, and as a punishment for the crime, her family and house were ever after haunted by a hand, inconceivably huge and hideous and cruel.

What Did He Mean?
The minister had eaten a very good dinner and was getting ready to leave for a long time. He happened to glance at the eighteen-year-old daughter.

"Well, well," he laughed. "I suppose that pretty soon I'll be coming back to marry this young woman to one of the interesting young men of the congregation."

The irrepressible eight-year-old son spoke up: "Oh, no, you won't," he offered. "Mary is going to be an old bachelor."

The family laugh told him that he had used the wrong word. So straightaway he started to make it right. "I mean an old witch," he asserted more positively than before.

He Says They Are Surely the Best
FRANK HANNON SWEARS BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

States that they cured his backache after other medicines had failed and that he would not be without them.

Corcoran, Joliette Co., Que., March 8.—(Special)—Claiming that he is completely cured of backache from which he was a severe sufferer, Mr. Frank Hannon, a well known resident here, is shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"After trying various medicines for my backache," Mr. Hannon states, "I finally bought a supply of Dodd's Kidney Pills. From the start of the treatment I felt benefitted and now I am completely cured."

"I therefore proclaim Dodd's Kidney Pills the finest on the market. I would not be without them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills strike right at the seat of the trouble, the kidneys. They are no cure-all. They are simply and purely a kidney remedy. But as cured kidneys strain all the impurities, all the seeds of disease, out of the blood, Dodd's Kidney Pills naturally get credit for curing a number of different diseases.

Ask your neighbors about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

WHAT FACTORS INFLUENCE SEED YIELDS IN ROOTS?

During the last few years considerable quantities of field root seed, including mangel, Swede turnip and carrot seed, have been raised by the Dominion Experimental Farms' System for the purpose of safeguarding against a threatening shortage in the supply. Much valuable information has been accumulated on the subject of root seed production, the more so because, while engaged in seed growing as an emergency undertaking, the Experimental Farms' System at the same time desired to gain reliable data bearing on the possibilities of making root seed growing a permanent agricultural industry in Canada.

One of the more important subjects which have been investigated is the question of under what conditions the heaviest possible seed yields may be expected. This question is, of course,

of particular interest, as the size of the seed yields will largely determine the profit from seed growing.

In the first place, it is necessary that the roots to be used for seed raising are absolutely sound when planted out. Our experience is that planting of roots which show signs of disease or rot, especially at the crown, leads to most disappointing results. Such roots may linger along for some time, but sooner or later they die off, and the result, of course, is that the seed field becomes patchy and consequently gives a comparatively low yield per acre.

In the second place, the seed roots should be planted as early as possible in the spring. The earlier they are set out the heavier are the seed yields which may be expected. This applies to all kinds of field root seed crops and has been demonstrated over and over again.

In the third place it is absolutely necessary that the land is in good tilth and in a high state of fertility. Several experiments conducted the last few years have most decidedly shown that the land must be in the best shape if good seed crops are to be expected. An experiment carried out at Ottawa in 1915 gave results to the effect that an application of 30 tons of barnyard manure to the acre, or of a commercial fertilizer, composed of 500 pounds of superphosphate, 200 pounds of nitrate of soda, and 200 pounds of muriate of potash, increased the seed yield of mangels with almost 50 per cent. Experiments carried out later have not only substantiated this result, but also shown that a still greater increase in the yield may be realized if the land is given both manure and artificial fertilizers in liberal quantities.

Sound roots, early planting and rich land are the main factors which determine the size of the yields. It should be added, though, that the yields are also influenced, to a not unimportant degree, by the supply of farm labor that may be available and by the size of the seed field. Profitable root seed growing requires plentiful labor at certain periods and under present conditions the writer would say that to a farmer who has not had years of experience in root seed growing one or two acres may prove more remunerative than a large acreage, because with a small acreage, the yield is apt to be much greater per acre than if the acreage is so large that it cannot be handled conveniently.—M. O. Malte, Dominion Agrostologist.

Hardening Metal.
It is well known that rapid cooling of hot metals hardens them. That the opposite is true has recently been demonstrated in striking fashion by the General Electric Company. One of their scientists annealed American ingot iron surrounded by hydrogen gas for three hours at a temperature above 1,600 degrees Fahrenheit. The product was very little harder than the softest copper and can be whittled with ease.

ACUTE ECZEMA ON BABY'S HEAD

Face, Neck, Arms, Terrible Slight, Itched And Burned. Cuticura Heals.

"Baby was two months old when I noticed little pimples on her head. They kept getting worse and spread till her head, face, neck and arms were one mass of eruptions, burning, itching, and bleeding. I was told it was eczema. I had to stop up her arms and legs in linen. She was a terrible sight. For one year I had no rest night or day."

"We got Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In less than two weeks she began to mend and in a few months she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Boorman, 243 McDowell St., Peterboro, Ont., April 19, 1919.

Stop the use of all doubtful soaps. Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout Dominion. Cuticura Soap Co., Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

Use Cuticura Soap without soap.

of particular interest, as the size of the seed yields will largely determine the profit from seed growing.

In the first place, it is necessary that the roots to be used for seed raising are absolutely sound when planted out. Our experience is that planting of roots which show signs of disease or rot, especially at the crown, leads to most disappointing results. Such roots may linger along for some time, but sooner or later they die off, and the result, of course, is that the seed field becomes patchy and consequently gives a comparatively low yield per acre.

In the second place, the seed roots should be planted as early as possible in the spring. The earlier they are set out the heavier are the seed yields which may be expected. This applies to all kinds of field root seed crops and has been demonstrated over and over again.

In the third place it is absolutely necessary that the land is in good tilth and in a high state of fertility. Several experiments conducted the last few years have most decidedly shown that the land must be in the best shape if good seed crops are to be expected. An experiment carried out at Ottawa in 1915 gave results to the effect that an application of 30 tons of barnyard manure to the acre, or of a commercial fertilizer, composed of 500 pounds of superphosphate, 200 pounds of nitrate of soda, and 200 pounds of muriate of potash, increased the seed yield of mangels with almost 50 per cent. Experiments carried out later have not only substantiated this result, but also shown that a still greater increase in the yield may be realized if the land is given both manure and artificial fertilizers in liberal quantities.

Sound roots, early planting and rich land are the main factors which determine the size of the yields. It should be added, though, that the yields are also influenced, to a not unimportant degree, by the supply of farm labor that may be available and by the size of the seed field. Profitable root seed growing requires plentiful labor at certain periods and under present conditions the writer would say that to a farmer who has not had years of experience in root seed growing one or two acres may prove more remunerative than a large acreage, because with a small acreage, the yield is apt to be much greater per acre than if the acreage is so large that it cannot be handled conveniently.—M. O. Malte, Dominion Agrostologist.

Hardening Metal.
It is well known that rapid cooling of hot metals hardens them. That the opposite is true has recently been demonstrated in striking fashion by the General Electric Company. One of their scientists annealed American ingot iron surrounded by hydrogen gas for three hours at a temperature above 1,600 degrees Fahrenheit. The product was very little harder than the softest copper and can be whittled with ease.

DR. WARD The Specialist
79 NIAGARA SQUARE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

Men, Are You In Doubt
As to your health? Have you some skin eruption that is stubborn, has resisted treatment? Is there a nervous condition which does not improve in spite of rest, diet and medicine? Are you going down hill physically? ARE YOU NERVOUS and dependent? Weak and debilitated? Used to moraine, no ambition—lifeless; memory gone; easily fatigued; unstable and irritable; lack of energy and confidence? Is there failing power, a drain on the system? Consult the old reliable specialists.

SYMPTOMS OF VARIOUS AILMENTS:
Weak and relaxed state of the body; nervousness; dependency; poor memory; lack of will power; timid, irritable disposition; diminished power of application, energy and concentration; fear of impending danger or misfortune; drowsiness and tendency to sleep; dark rings under eyes; weakness or pain in back, kidneys, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, loss of weight, insomnia. Dr. Ward gives you the benefit of 25 years' continuous practice in the treatment of all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases. The above symptoms, and many others not mentioned, are plain signs that something is wrong with your physical condition and that you need expert attention.

Men, why suffer longer? Let me make you a vigorous man. Let me restore your physical condition to full manhood. Don't be a weakling any longer. Make up your mind to come to me and I will give the best treatment known to science—the one successful treatment based on the experience of 25 years in treating men and their ailments.

Dr. Ward's Methods Unrivalled, Thorough and Permanent.
Do you realize that you have only one life to live—do you realize that you are missing most of that life by ill health? A life worth living is a healthy life. Neglect of one's health has put many a man in his grave.

I have been telling men these things for many years but still there are thousands of victims who, for various reasons, have not had the good sense to come and get well.

Specialist in the treatment of nervous conditions, nervous exhaustion, backache, lumbago, rheumatism, stomach and liver trouble, acne, skin diseases, catarrh, asthma, rectal troubles, piles, fistula and blood conditions.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
FREE CONSULTATION—EXAMINATION.
Before beginning treatment you must make one visit to my office for a personal physical examination. Railroad fare will be considered as part payment of fee. Canadian money accepted at full value.

79 Niagara Square, Buffalo, N. Y.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

In the interest of your skin, insist on Baby's Own Soap. Cleansing—Healing—Fragrant.

"Pure for baby—best for you."

Albert S. Goss Limited, Montreal.