

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

CHAPTER XXII.

Both Lady Mervyn and Mollie had noticed Clytie's pallor and listlessness at the theatre; and Mollie, when the ladies had reached the drawing-room, unobtrusively drew a chair to the fire. Clytie sank into the chair and held her hands to the warmth of the fire as if she were cold, though the evening was a warm one for the time of year, and the fire was scarcely needed. Mollie watched her, but covertly, for she knew how mortally Clytie liked any fussing.

Clytie had been comparatively well in the early part of the day. They had been for a drive in the afternoon, had dined quietly at home with Mr. Hesketh Carton, who had run up to London for a day or two on business; and they had gone to the theatre with him in the evening. There had been nothing apparently in the day's programme to tire Clytie—indeed, they had of late carefully guarded her against fatigue—and yet to-night she looked almost as bad as she had done on the occasion of her first seizure, if the word is applicable, at the Hall. Mollie could not understand it, and was very anxious and greatly worried. Before they left home she had spoken to Doctor Morton, without Clytie's knowledge, of Clytie's mysterious fainting-fit; but he had not been very seriously impressed, and had assured her that the change which Lady Mervyn proposed for them would be a better medicine than any he could prescribe; and at first Clytie had appeared to be the better for the change, though she had not been so light-hearted and bright of spirit as she had been before Jack Douglas's departure.

"You are feeling tired to-night, dear?" Mollie said, as casually as she could.

Clytie's brows came together a trifle impatiently.

"Yes," she admitted, reluctantly. "I do feel tired, but I'm sure I don't know why; we've had such a pleasant day and the play was delightful."

"I shall drag you off to see a tip-top physician to-morrow," said Mollie.

Clytie laughed and shook her head. "You will do nothing of the kind. There is nothing the matter with me; he would only prescribe a tonic; and I'm taking them already. It is a sudden change in weather. It is so much warmer, and it was quite hot at the theatre to-night."

"You would not have noticed it a few months ago," said Mollie.

"And I shall not notice it in a few days," retorted Clytie, almost irritably. "Forgive me, Mollie, dear, but I am really quite well, only a little tired; and the best place for tired persons is by-by bed."

Lady Mervyn and Mollie had a long talk about Clytie when she had gone; but they both felt that they were hopeless; for it was not easy to drag a girl, with Clytie's strength of will, to a physician; and they could only hope that she was right when she ascribed her weakness to the sudden change of weather.

Clytie came down to breakfast the next morning still looking a little pale, but much better than she had been on the previous night, and quite prepared to laugh at the anxiety of the others. But as she opened the letters that lay by her plate, her cheerfulness fled, and Mollie saw her brows come together as if she had received some bad or disquieting news. At the same moment Lady Mervyn looked up from the letter she was reading and uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, poor Percy!" she cried.

Mollie set down the coffee-cup which was half-way to her lips and turned pale; the moment afterward her face was flushed as if with indignation, and she said:

"Dear Lady Mervyn, what a cry of distress! You strike terror to our hearts! What has happened to 'Poor Percy'?"

He had been with them in London, helping Mollie to enjoy herself, and in hilarious spirits himself, until two days ago, when much to his discontent, he had been obliged to run down to the Towers to meet the architect and the surveyors of the new jetty.

"He is ill," said Lady Mervyn. "He has got the measles," she added solemnly.

Mollie covertly drew a breath of relief, and laughed with what seemed to Lady Mervyn sheer heartlessness.

"Is that all? I thought that he had broken his leg, at least. He ought to have had the measles long ago. Don't look so alarmed, dear Lady Mervyn; they're not usually fatal."

"I am not unduly alarmed, my dear," said Lady Mervyn, gently; she would have resented the banter if it had come from any other than Mollie; but, as Clytie declared, Mollie could say and do nothing wrong in Lady Mervyn's opinion. "But the poor boy's all alone in that great place."

"Of course, you must go back and nurse him, Lady Mervyn," said Clytie. "We will all go back. Poor Percy! I am so sorry."

Lady Mervyn looked uncertain and distressed.

"Thank you, dear," she said. "But I do not like to take you back so soon. I am sure the change in doing you good, though you had a slight relapse last night; and I do not think you ought to go back. The east winds are very cold at Bramley, and I feel sure that you ought to be in a more sheltered place."

In her heart, Mollie wanted to go back; but she agreed with Lady Mervyn, and sat pondering for a minute with knit brows; then she cried suddenly:

"I have it! No; not the measles, but an idea. You won't be gone long, Lady Mervyn; Percy—I mean Lord Stanton—will be all right in a week or ten days, and you could come back and bring him with you." She knew that Percy would come back, if he were well enough, whether Lady Mervyn brought him or not.

"But you two can't remain in London alone, dear," Lady Mervyn reminded her.

"I suppose not," said Mollie. "I suppose we should be run over, or run away with, or get into trouble with the police."

"Mollie!" said Clytie.

"And here's where my idea comes in," said Mollie. "Why shouldn't Clytie and I go down to that pretty little cottage of yours at Weybridge? We both fell in love with it when you took us down there the other day; and it's just the place for Clytie; so snug and warm, sheltered by those pines; and so quiet. And there could not be anything really criminal in two young ladies going down there alone and protected by a couple of able-bodied maids."

"How clever of you, Mollie dear!" exclaimed Lady Mervyn, with loving admiration. "It is the very thing! Of course, you can go down there! How singular and how fortunate it is that I told them to keep the place aired, as we should probably run down for the week-end. You can take two of the maids from here; they, with the women in charge, would make you very comfortable; and, as you say, the place is so sheltered."

"I think we had better go back, Lady Mervyn," said Clytie, glancing at the open letter beside her plate; but Mollie ran round and placed her hand over Clytie's lips.

"You shut up, as Per—Lord Stanton would say, with unparadiseable rudeness. Don't you be so selfish, Clytie, but think of your little sister sometimes. I'm simply dying to go. Think of it, Clytie dear! It would be quite warm there; and we could run about without our hats and pick primroses and violets, and—the other early vegetables. You run upstairs and pack, Lady Mervyn, and I'll come up and help you presently."

"No, no, dear; don't trouble," said Lady Mervyn, as she left the room; for she knew what Mollie's packing would mean. "Martha can do it all."

"What is it in that letter you are worrying about?" asked Mollie, when Lady Mervyn had gone.

Clytie winced. "It's from Mr. Granger," she replied. "He writes to remind me that the time of grace has nearly expired. It expires on the twenty-third."

"And there is no news of Sir Wilfred Carton?" said Mollie, very quietly and gravely for her.

Clytie changed color slightly. "Mr. Granger has no news," she said.

Mollie jumped up with a kind of desperate determination.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," she said, decisively. "We have still got a little more rope; and we won't worry till it's given out. We shall have a nice quiet time in our cottage in the woods, to think it over and come to a decision."

"I have decided," said Clytie quietly, her eyes downcast.

Mollie looked at her sharply. "Then for goodness sake, keep your decision to yourself until the proper time arrives for declaring it," she said. "Now, we won't say another word; indeed, we shouldn't have time, for we must leave here to-day, or all sorts of things might happen to two defenceless maidens in this ravaging London."

That afternoon, when Mr. Hesketh Carton called, in accordance with etiquette, at Grafton street, he was informed that Lady Mervyn had returned to the Towers and that the young ladies had gone to Rose Cot-

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OXO CUBES

lage, Weybridge. He permitted the surprise to show itself in his pale face for a moment, then handed in his card, and walked away. Jack, who was passing the end of the street, saw him leave the house, and noticed the expression of disappointment and uncertainty on Hesketh Carton's face.

A few minutes later he saw the blinds pulled down and a footman come out and air himself on the steps, as if he had just bought the place, and was quite satisfied with his bargain; and Jack, by these unmistakable signs, knew that the ladies had gone. Had they gone back to Devonshire? He felt he must know, at any risk, and inquired of the footman—whose manner underwent an electric change at Jack's distinguished appearance—whether Lady Mervyn was at home.

The man repeated, parrotlike, the reply he had given Hesketh Carton. Jack pretended to fumble for a card-case; then muttered:

"No card; no matter," and walked away, the footman resuming his lounging attitude against the doorway and trying to look stalwart figure with languid approval.

Mollie's praise of their temporary retreat had not been extravagant. As she had said, the cottage stood actually in one of the small pine-woods for which Weybridge is so justly famous, and the air was not only soft and warm, but full of terebene, that balmy exhilaration of the firs, in search of which so many thousands of misguided persons across the troublesome Channel and undergo innumerable discomforts in foreign places, regarding the fact that the health-giving air may be breathed within thirty miles of London.

"We might be in South Devon or California, for that matter," remarked Mollie, as the two girls were sitting under the little veranda after dinner, with their tea-cups in their laps. "Isn't it almost impossible to believe that we are so near London; and that every morning men rush up to the city with little black bags and come down again in the evening in time for dinner? And what a lovely place it is! Lady Mervyn ought to bring Lord Stanton here when he is well enough to be moved. This air will do you good, Clytie. It is like Somebody's Cocoa, soothing and grateful. It makes me feel quite good."

"Quite so," assented Mollie cheerfully. "That being the case, you will grow into an angel if you stay here long."

"I almost wish we could stay here forever," said Clytie, with a sigh. "It is so peaceful; one seems to be in a place where trouble and anxiety cannot enter."

"Oh, a fortnight will be long enough for me," said Mollie. "I like

roughing it well enough for a time; but after a while my soul would hanker after flesh-pots of Bramley Hall and Grafton street."

"And they may pass away from us forever," said Clytie gravely.

"They may," admitted Mollie cheerfully. "On the other hand, they may not. Sufficient unto the day. What a useful text that is! It seems to fit everything, I wonder whether I could buy one of those illuminated things and hang it over your bed?" She yawned. "How deliciously sleepy this air makes one. Just what you want, my child. You scarcely slept at all last night."

"How do you know?" demanded Clytie quickly.

"Because I went to your door and listened," retorted Mollie. "There's a devoted sister for you! But let it be a lesson to you; and remember, when you get out of bed and pace up and down like a restless cat, that you are keeping the aforesaid devoted one from sweet restful sleep."

Clytie stretched out her hand and laid it on Mollie's arm. "I am sorry, dear."

"Don't use being sorry; mend your ways," retorted Mollie.

(To be continued.)

Goat Got Even.

One really unusual incident occurred during a recent military ceremony in France, and that revolved about the goat mascot of one of the divisions in the parade. The goat had followed in with his men as befitted a proper mascot, but once in the square he was rudely relegated to the rear ranks. It chanced that a number of red-hatted staff officers took up their position in front of the goat and stood during the inspection at attention with huge bouquets out back from under their arms. When the inspection was over the officers stood at ease again and looked to their bouquets. They were holding only stems. The mascot had taken a sweet revenge and a square meal for the insult to dignity.

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THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The First Irrigated Area in the World.

"And the Lord God planted a garden to the eastward of Eden. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and it was parted into four heads:—Genesee.

Sir William Willocks, who, in behalf of the British Government, had charge of the wonderful irrigation works in Egypt, was assigned not long ago to the duty of planning a similar large-scale enterprise for the restoration of ancient Babylonia to its former agricultural productiveness.

This it happened that he located, to the reasonable satisfaction of archaeologists, the veritable site of the Garden of Eden. For reasons wholly practical, he thought that the best way to begin.

Starting from the spot where Jewish tradition placed the Gates of Paradise—the word paradise meaning "garden"—he followed the traces of the four streams mentioned in Genesis, which, as therein named, were the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel, and the Euphrates.

The Euphrates (known by that name to-day) flowed through the great city of Babylon. The Gihon is now called the Tigris. The Hiddekel is the modern Sakhalawia, which flows into the Tigris at Bagdad. The Pison has gone dry, but is represented by many-armed channels "encompassing the whole land of Havilah" (see Genesis), which lay between Egypt and Assyria.

The Euphrates enters its delta a few miles below Hit, there leaving the desert and debouching into a vast alluvial plain. In this departure it has a considerable fall, with a number of cataracts, and along a narrow valley giant water-wheels lift the water to irrigate the land on both sides of the stream.

The entrance to this valley, according to Jewish tradition, was the gate of the Paradise in which Adam and Eve dwelt, and from which they were expelled for disobeying a divine command. There the traveler first meets the date palm, which is a "tree of life" (see Genesis) to the whole Arab world.

Along the valley garden succeeds garden. It is to-day a veritable paradise, orchards and date groves checkered with fields of cotton. The climate is everlasting summer, so that three or four crops a year may be grown.

Antiently the cataracts were much higher, and water-wheels were unnecessary, the water being led off by ditches.

The Garden of Eden, indeed, gains interest from the fact that it seems to have been the first irrigated area in the world.

GREEN ANYWAY.

"What an interesting man your grandfather must have been! And did he attain a green old age?"

"Well, I should say he did! He was swindled four times after he was seventy!"

Dollars—Here, garcon, bring me a spoon for my coffee. Gar—Sorry, sir, but we don't serve them—the music here is so stirring.—Stanford Chapparral.

MY HEAD!

When the head feels thick or aches, when one feels all out-of-sorts—perhaps a coated tongue—it is the signal that poisons are accumulating in the system, and should be cleaned out at once.

Auto-intoxication can be best ascribed to our own neglect or carelessness. When the organs fail in the discharge of their duties, the putrefactive germs set in and generate toxins—actual poisons, which fill one's own body.

Sleepiness after meals, flushing of the face, extreme lassitude, biliousness, dizziness, sick headache, acidity of the stomach, heartburn, offensive breath, anemia, loss of weight and muscular power, decrease of vitality or lowering of resistance to infectious diseases, disturbance of the eye, dyspepsia, indigestion, gastritis, many forms of catarrh, asthma, ear affections and allied ailments result from auto-intoxication or self-poisoning.

Take castor oil, or procure at the drug store, a pleasant vegetable laxative, called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, composed of May-apple, aloes and jalap.

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When 4 Days Old. Cross and Cried. Cuticura Heals.

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"This lasted about two months before we used Cuticura. It helped him, so we bought more, and he was all healed after we had used two cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment." (Signed) Miss Almada Williams, Youngs Cove, N. B., May 22, 1915.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Placem for all toilet purposes. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without ras.

FLED IN DISGUISE.

Noted Men Who Escaped Captivity by Subterfuge.

Gen. Hans von Beseler, of the German army, is said to have escaped out of Poland in disguise as a stowaway on board a Vistula River steambot.

In the fall of 1914 Von Beseler was glorified as the conqueror of the city of Antwerp, the chief stronghold of Belgium and the chief port of continental Europe. Germany's conquering heroes of 1914 have been vanquished and Von Beseler is but one of a great company of notable fugitives who have saved their lives by fleeing in disguise.

Judge Jeffries of English history, whose name is associated with the "bloody assizes," tried to hide himself and escape the vengeance his savage cruelty merited by donning the garb of a coal miner and hiding in a tavern in Woking, but he was recognized, captured, imprisoned in the Tower of London where he soon died.

Prince Charles Edward Stuart, pretender to the throne of Great Britain, escaped from Scotland in petticoats, disguised as Betty Burke, maid to Flora MacDonald.

Louis Philippe, the "citizen king" of France, fled to the coast of Normandy, where he posed as "Mr. Smith," a British subject, in order to procure passage to England on a steambot.

Napoleon III, while a pretender to the throne of France, was imprisoned in the fortress of Ham. After several months of confinement repairs were begun on the fortress.

Napoleon bribed one of the carpenters to smuggle in a workman's garb for his disguise. He dressed himself in the coarse overalls and blouse, shouldered a short plank, which he crept on edge so as to conceal his face, and walking past his guard he escaped to Belgium and thence to England.

Porfirio Diaz was twice compelled to flee from Mexico and seek safety in the United States. He made one trip from New Orleans to Vera Cruz disguised as a stoker on board a steamship and was soon leading a new band of revolutionists.

Empress Eugenie, disguised as a servant woman, was taken out of Paris by Dr. Evans, an American dentist in whose house she had been hidden. Thus she escaped the blind fury of the French mob and gained safe asylum in England.

Jefferson Davis, fallen President of the Southern Confederacy, is said by his enemies to have tried to escape out of the country and evade his pursuers disguised in woman's garb, but he was captured and imprisoned until the prisons of some of the northern fire-eaters had cooled.

CORNERED.

She asked the person to guess her age. A thoughtless thing forsooth! The good man dared not tell a lie, Nor dared he tell the truth.

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With the many remedies you have tried you surely know that no liquid medicine can cure your throat or nose. Even a gargle only bathes the entrance of the throat—it can't really get inside, nor can it reach the inflamed bronchial tubes.

With Catarrhazone, it's so different from medicine-taking—you simply breathe its balsamic fumes, which carry cure and relief to the minutest air cells in the lungs, nose, throat, and bronchial tubes.

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