

**GILLETTS LYE**  
EATS DIRT

JUST THE THING FOR POTS AND PANS

**SIR WILLIAM'S WILL**

He stood upright and gazed before him into the darkness of the wood, and tried to realize all that this meant to him, to ease the throbbing of his heart; and he tried to speak calmly, and repress the joy that consumed him.

"I understand—not your reason for asking; I do not want that—but what you want me to do. You want to marry me?"—he laughed but checked himself—"as soon as possible. Right! If I could marry you to-morrow! But I am afraid it could not be done. I don't know, but I will see. Is that all?" He laughed again; but the laugh did not jar upon her, for she understood it.

"You are very good to me," she said. "When you have gone I will write and explain; will ask for your forgiveness."

"Gone!" he repeated dully. She looked up at him with faint surprise.

"Yes, you will go after—after we are married. You know that I should ask you that? You did not think that I meant to be a burden to you?"

He gazed at her as if he were hypnotized. Her eyes met his solemnly and unabashed in her innocence and purity, and he felt as a man would feel if he had surrendered his reason, his very senses, under some subtle influence too powerful to be resisted.

"I understand," he said, the solemnity of his tone answering the solemnity in her eyes. "When I am gone you will write and explain." "Yes," he drew a long breath—"I understand. And I give you my promise. You will explain; I will wait."

There was silence for a moment or two. The soft tones of the Sonata of Schubert floated out to them. The perfumed air of the woods stole over them; he felt as if he were in a trance, and yet he knew that the moment was real; that he was to marry Clytie for some mysterious yet sufficient reason. He did not regret, did not resent, this last exaction of hers; he might do so later, when he was away from the glamour of her presence, the all-compelling influence of her voice; but he knew that though he should feel regret and resentment, he would not refuse his consent. He was, as he had said, just her slave. He tried to pull himself together, to form some plans, to consider the details of the speedy marriage.

"See now," he said, "I will come to-morrow and tell you what I have done, what I have arranged. I understand that—the marriage must be a secret one?"

She made a slight gesture of assent, and he nodded.

"There won't be any difficulty. I can arrange everything. To-morrow I will tell you, and you will be ready." He looked at her wistfully. "I will go now. You look—all this has tired you. You look ill, and that makes me unhappy. I am anxious—"

She rose, resting her hand lightly on the chair.

"I am better," she said, in a low voice. "Yes, please go now. I have been trying to thank you—but I cannot find any words. And yet I think you must know that I am grateful for your consideration. When I have explained all, when you know all, why I have asked you to do this, you will forgive me. Yes, I am sure of that," she added, almost to herself.

"There won't be any need for forgiveness," he said. "I shall keep my promise, and I ask no questions. I will wait, Clytie. I love you well enough to trust you, to be sure that your reason is a sufficient one."

She held out her hand to him, and he took it and would have drawn her to his breast; but she shrank back with something like fear in her eyes, and he released her hand and turned swiftly away.

Clytie sank into the chair again and listened to his retreating footsteps; she still felt faint and weak, and her eyes closed. There is always a reaction after such a strain as she had endured; she had been impelled to do what she had done, to speak as she had spoken, by the dread that if she postponed her action fate might swoop down upon her; but she was already beginning to realize that she had done that which by no possibility could she, a few months ago have thought it possible to do; even the most advanced of "new women" would shrink from offering themselves in marriage to a man. And yet she had done this!

Mollie came out singing.

"I refuse to turn the organ any longer. I have ordered soda and whiskey—Why, where is Mr. Douglas?"

"He has gone," said Clytie, in a low voice. "Come and sit down here, Mollie, I have something to tell you." She laid her hand on Mollie's arm imploringly. "You will be startled, surprised, dear," she said. "I am going to marry him."

Mollie sprang up, then threw her arms round Clytie and hugged her, laughing half-hysterically.

"You are!" she exclaimed. "I can scarcely believe my senses. You are a dear, good, sensible girl, and I'm proud of you. When did he propose? Just now?"

Clytie's face grew crimson; but it was dark under the candles, and Mollie could not see the budding blush. "No, he did not—I asked him. Oh, Mollie!"

Mollie knelt beside her and gripped her tightly.

"You—Clytie! Why did you do that? What need was there for it? Why, he loves the very ground you walk on, the very air you breathe. Do you think I'm blind as well as silly, that I haven't seen what has been going on under my very nose? Why, he has never looked at you without looking love with all his eyes, never spoken to you without virtually calling out 'I love you!' Why did he not ask you? He has been simply dazed with love these last two days,

the house, Clytie—that he loved you. Did you imagine that it was because he actually told me the night before last—I found him wandering around he was your social inferior that he did not speak?"

Clytie drew a long breath; Mollie's words were sweet to her.

"Be prepared for a surprise now, dear," she said. "Mr. Douglas is Sir Wilfred Carton."

The surprise was for her, for Mollie laughed still more hysterically.

"You silly little goose!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Do you think I didn't know that? Why, I knew it before you did. I detected him the night he arrived. I saw him prowling about the churchyard; he had been to his father's grave. He gave himself away fifty, a hundred times. Did you ever see a fisherman, laborer, working man, look like that? Why, even Percy, though he did not guess the truth, realized that Jack Douglas was a gentleman, and treated him as one. When did you discover it?"

"On the day of the storm, in the boat," said Clytie, in a low voice.

"And you cared for him before then," declared Mollie. "I saw how it was with you, dear. And now it is going to be all right!" she went on joyfully. "He has owned up, told you he loves you; you are going to be married, he will come to his own, and you and he will reign at dear old Bramley as Sir Wilfred and Lady Carton! Clytie, do you think the servants will be very much alarmed if I scream? Because, if I don't, I'm afraid I shall explode!"

"Hush, Mollie," murmured Clytie soothingly, and stifling a sigh; for the picture Mollie had drawn was but the mockery of her happiness. "He does not know that I have discovered that he is Sir Wilfred. He must not know."

"Why?" demanded Mollie, with reason.

Clytie drew her hand across her brow with a gesture of weariness and doubt.

"Don't you see, dear?" she said. "If he knew, he—he would not marry me. Mr. Granger told me in his letter, reminding me of the date, that Sir Wilfred had already refused to marry me. Mr. Granger told me this unwillingly, but he was obliged to do so. He wrote vaguely about a paper Sir Wilfred had drawn up, but which Mr. Granger had not in his possession; he said that Sir Wilfred might change his mind; but that I could not rely on that, and that the time had come when he, Mr. Granger, was compelled to tell me how matters stood. You see, Mollie, that Sir Wilfred had renounced the proposed marriage; and I know he would not change his mind. He is too proud to gain Bramley by—by consenting to his father's plan."

"I see," said Mollie slowly and thoughtfully. "And you had to humor him, to do so?"

"Yes, to do so," said Clytie, and she howled with delight at getting out on any terms. "I never saw, or read of, any man half as much in love as he is. And no wonder. But go on, Clytie; my soul is thirsting for the minutest details. How you can sit there as calm as a boiled egg and as cool as a cucumber, while I'm all of a tremble with excitement!"

"There is no more to tell, Mollie dear," said Clytie. "He is coming to-morrow."

"To arrange about the wedding? Oh, Clytie, isn't it delicious! My fondest, wildest hopes are going to be realized. And they were happy ever afterwards. And I'm not forgetting myself. I've shuddered every time I thought of that ridiculous heroic and quixotic idea of yours of surrendering Bramley and the money, and going back to Camden town and genteel indigence. And now you are going to be the mistress of Bramley! Lady Carton. How nice it sounds! And, Clytie, what a splendid fellow he is! Such an absolute dear. Really, I think, if you had refused him, I should have proposed to him myself!"

Clytie winced; all unwittingly Mollie had laid her hand upon the recent wound of Clytie's maiden modesty and pride. They talked, more quietly now, for some time; but at last went upstairs. In the light Mollie noticed Clytie's pallor and weakness, but attributed them to excitement, the emotion, she had passed through.

"You are looking fagged out, dear; and no wonder. But you will be all right now. Thank goodness, there will be a great strong man to look after you, and your long-suffering sister will be relieved of her burdensome task."

It was some time before she left Clytie; and when she had gone Clytie sank on her knees beside the bed, her face hidden on her outstretched arms. (To be continued.)

## CROP AND TRADE CONDITIONS THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION

Complete Reports Submitted On Conditions in the Various Provinces of the Dominion at Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal Will Be of Special Interest to Mercantile and Farming Communities.

At the Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal complete reports were submitted by the Superintendents of the Bank, dealing with trade and farming conditions in the various provinces of the Dominion. These reports cover the particular operations carried out in the various sections of the country and on this account become of very special interest to the mercantile and farming communities desirous of keeping in touch with the important developments that are occurring throughout Canada.

We quote from the different reports as follows:

**QUEBEC.**

The cut of lumber during the past summer, and grain crops, with the exception of fall wheat, fell below the average. Root crops were good; corn and tomatoes were a record yield; the season was poor for all fruit except grapes. Cheese production showed a falling off. There is a shortage of hogs; sheep raising is on the increase. The cattle situation is somewhat unsettled, owing to the limited amount of feed available for carrying through the winter.

The demand for pulpwood from the United States was uneven, but stocks have been well disposed of and high prices are expected to be maintained.

The paper mills of the Province continue to working to capacity, the demand for newspaper, and better qualities of print papers exceeding the supply.

Manufacturing in nearly all lines has been generally satisfactory, although production is still limited by scarcity of skilled labor and raw materials.

Hay and cereal crops were average. Root crops were large, but potatoes suffered from rot. Pastureage was good, and dairy products will show an increase.

With the exception of asbestos, there is little mining done in the Province. Asbestos prices are good and shipments are well maintained.

The fur business has been good, and boot and shoe manufacturers find difficulty in supplying the demand.

Shipbuilding continues active, a number of large steel vessels having been launched from different yards during the year.

The wholesale and retail trade was most satisfactory; collections were good and failures show a decrease.

There have been no exceptional expenditures during the year by the Dominion or Provincial Governments and municipalities have limited disbursements to necessary works. Practically no railroad construction was undertaken.

There is very little speculation in real estate; values and rentals are both high.

General conditions, both in cities and rural districts, are good, with no apparent slackening in trade since the termination of the war. The housing problem is everywhere acute, and those dependent on a fixed income are seriously affected by the abnormal cost of all necessities.

**ONTARIO.**

Manufacturing in Ontario has been limited only by shortage of supplies and disturbances in labor. Government credits for goods sold to Europe have stimulated manufacturing, and domestic demands have been insistent. New industries have been started, and a number of successful manufacturing concerns in the United States have been making enquiries with the intention of locating in Ontario.

Ontario farmers have been steadily bettering their position in recent years, installing modern equipment and improving their modes of living. The past year has been one of fair crops and high prices. A wet spring

was followed by an exceptionally dry summer, and grain crops, with the exception of fall wheat, fell below the average. Root crops were good; corn and tomatoes were a record yield; the season was poor for all fruit except grapes. Cheese production showed a falling off. There is a shortage of hogs; sheep raising is on the increase. The cattle situation is somewhat unsettled, owing to the limited amount of feed available for carrying through the winter.

The production of lumber has been seriously reduced owing to shortage of labor. 1919 has been an excellent marketing year with heavy sales to Great Britain and the United States, and a steady domestic demand for all classes of lumber. Prices have been unusually high, there is no accumulation of stocks on hand, and notwithstanding the scarcity of labor and increased costs of operating, the year has been a successful one. Pulp and paper have been in large and increasing demand, with soaring prices for the latter.

Mining production during the year has been curtailed. The demand for nickel fell off after the Armistice; strikes lessened the silver output. Both these situations are improving and larger production has taken place at the gold mines.

Both wholesalers and retailers report it easy to sell goods. Credits are shortened and bad debts negligible.

Larger expenditures were generally made by municipalities this year in an effort to overtake works postponed during the war.

Population shows a general increase with a tendency to drift to urban and manufacturing centres.

Values in real estate are steadily increasing. So little building took place during the war that there is now a general shortage, particularly in dwelling houses, and in consequence there is much activity in real estate and an improvement in the building trades.

There has been a continued extension in hydro-electric power during the past year, and works at Nipigon and Chippewa, as well as at other places less important, will within the next two years add very largely to the available power for manufacturing and other purposes throughout Ontario.

Generally speaking, the year has been one of great activity throughout the Province.

## LAKE BAIKAL.

Great Russian Lake is Deepest in World.

Lake Baikal is the great lake of Russia in more than one sense. It is the deepest in the world, one of the largest, and besides it is, to the Russians, holy. The people, who inhabit the region of Lake Baikal firmly believe that both the lake and its surroundings are endowed with supernatural powers and inhabited by unearthly beings. All manner of weird tales mingle with their explanations of feature of the lake.

Even so simple an object as a great rock lying in the middle of a river just where it flows from Lake Baikal takes on a mysterious significance. If this stone were to slip from place, they say, the whole of Lake Baikal would pour out of its basin and flood the river and probably the continent.

Yet, even without native interpretation, many things are strange about the great Russian lake. One of Baikal's phenomena is a species of fish that inhabits the deepest part. These fish have been seen by few persons, for as soon as they are lifted out of their accustomed atmosphere of high pressure they explode.

Lake Baikal has played an important part in Russian affairs. It lies directly in the way across the continent, and before the railway was built around the southern end of the lake it had to be crossed by Siberian travellers going either east or west.

In summers teamers carried freight and passengers, but in winter, when the lake was ice-bound, traffic depended on the slow work of an icebreaker—a steel ship that could cut ice four feet thick—and when the ice became too thick for the breaker sledges made the forty-mile trip over the ice.

During the Russo-Japanese War, when troops had to be rushed from one end of the empire to the other, Lake Baikal was a great obstacle to speed until engineers laid tracks across the ice sheet and ran trains across it.—Arkansas Gazette.

## WOMEN OF CANADA TESTIFY

Dacre, Ont.—"I am more than pleased with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was run-down and so nervous that I could not even stay in the house alone in the day-time and tried every kind of medicine I heard of but got no result. One of my friends advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it did cure me, and it did. After taking four bottles I felt like a new woman and it is also the very best medicine for a woman bringing up a family. I will recommend 'Favorite Prescription' to any one suffering like I did."—MRS. JOSEPH BAUDRY, R. R. 2.

Weak and Nervous

Tillsburg, Ont.—"I found Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription an excellent medicine for the ailments of women. I had become very weak and nervous. I was just miserable when I began taking the 'Favorite Prescription' and it proved most beneficial. It so completely restored me to health that I have never had any return of this ailment. I do advise the use of 'Favorite Prescription' by women who suffer with womanly troubles."—MRS. GEO. WALKER, P. O. Box 490.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made of lady's slipper root, black cohosh root, unicorn root, blue cohosh root and Oregon grape root. Dr. Pierce knew, when he first made this standard medicine, that whiskey and morphine were injurious, and so he has always kept them out of his remedies. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it in liquid or tablet form.

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Provide a barber with a number of the highest-priced razors obtainable and stipulate that he must use a new razor on every individual customer and he would refuse if he valued his trade.

Stropping, you see, is needful because it removes the roughness of the new blade and re-sharpen the saw-like edge that shaving produces; because it keeps the blade free from rust; and because it is the only means that will provide you each morning with a keen edge for shaving.

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Razor—Strop—12 blades—\$5

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**SYMPTOMS OF VARIOUS AILMENTS**

Weak and relaxed state of the body, nervousness, despondency, 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, restless sleep, dark rings under eyes, weakness or pain in back, lumbago, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, loss of weight, insomnia. Dr. Ward gives you the benefit of 23 years' continuous practice in the treatment of all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases. The above symptoms, and many others not mentioned, show plainly that something is wrong with your physical condition and that you need expert attention.

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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.

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