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## SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

"Not in the very least," he replied. "The horse scarcely touched me. Now you have spoken of the affair, Miss Bramley. I should like to apologize for my exhibition of temper yesterday. Of course, it was unpardonable. I ought to have remembered that there were ladies present; but I am afraid that I am not a particularly good-tempered man, and that I lose my head too quickly." He sighed as he thought of the old days when he and his father had faced each other, both aflame with anger, with a passion which burned so fiercely in the veins of both of them. "I'm afraid you were very much upset and annoyed."

The words, the manner, were so unlike those of an ordinary fisherman that Clytie felt faintly surprised, and unconsciously responded as if she were addressing an equal.

"I think there was some excuse for you," she said. "You were anxious about the child, and—no man likes to be struck, can tamely endure a blow. You and Mr. Stanton lost your tempers; and I have no doubt he regrets his part in the affair as much as you do. Would you like to tell him that you are sorry for having been so—so rough with him?"

"No, I shouldn't," replied Jack, with a grim laugh, as if he were forced to speak the truth.

Clytie laughed and blushed slightly. "No, I suppose you wouldn't; and, if I were in your place, I should be as reluctant to own that I was in fault. But you see that your bad temper has robbed you of the advantage you would have gained."

"That's so," assented Jack, moodily. "It's not the first time it has cost me something."

Clytie regarded him calmly, thoughtfully. "You do not look like a bad-tempered man," she said, and more to herself than to him.

Jack laughed, and the color rose to his face. "I am certainly not in a bad temper at this moment," he said, "and I can generally keep my head unless I'm hard pushed; but after a point I lose it entirely, and I don't know what I'm saying or doing."

Clytie remembered these significant words, this admission of his, in the after-time.

"You must guard against it," she said. "Forewarned is forearmed. That sounds like a copy-book heading," she added, with a smile at her own banality.

"It's very good advice, anyway; and thank you," said Jack, quite humbly.

There was silence for a minute or two; Clytie's thoughts returned to their usual subject, and presently she said, with sudden interest:

"You have been in Australia?"

The question came so unexpectedly that Jack was almost guilty of a start; but he was on his guard instantly, and he replied promptly, and, of course, quite calmly.

"Yes, miss."

She leaned forward her chin in her hand, her eyes resting on his with a barely repressed eagerness. Jack thought she made the most beautiful picture he had ever seen.

"Do you know it very well?" she asked.

"Fairly well," he replied; "it's a large place."

"Yes, I know," she said, with a sigh. "It would be very difficult to find

anyone there, would it not? I mean anyone who had become lost, or did not wish to be found."

"Well, it would," said Jack. He was prepared for what was coming, and his tone was polite, respectful, but by no means an interested one.

"Do you happen to know a place called Minton?" asked Clytie, after a pause.

"Minton?" he repeated, as if he were trying to recall the name. "I think I've heard of it."

She breathed a little sigh of disappointment. "You have never been there? No; it would be too strange a coincidence if you had. I—I am trying to find someone who is there, or used to be there."

Jack nodded. "A man?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Clytie. She hesitated for a moment, then she said: "It is Sir William Stanton. But it is very probable that he did not bear that name, that he was living in Australia under an assumed name."

"Ah, yes," said Jack, thoughtfully; "there are a great many men over there who don't care about their real names being known."

"I am afraid that is the case with this gentleman, this Sir William," she said, with a sigh.

"That is Sir William Stanton's son?" said Jack, quite steadily, his eyes fixed on the flower in the bosom of her dress.

"Yes," said Clytie. "He left England some time ago, and though letters have been addressed to him at this place, Minton, no reply has been received, nothing has been heard of him—but it is not very likely; the country is so large." She dropped back with a sigh.

"Yes," said Jack. "It's like the good people here who ask anybody, when they've come from London, if he has met their cousin, George."

Clytie smiled. "It was rather foolish of me," she admitted.

"Not at all," said Jack, hurriedly. "What sort of man is this Sir William Stanton?" he asked, as if he were desirous of helping her, if he could.

Clytie gave a little shrug of her shoulders, and her brows came together with a touch of impatience.

"Oh, I'm afraid I can't describe him," she said. "I haven't seen him since he was a boy. He was a very good-looking, handsome boy, with fine presence of mind, Jack succeeded in keeping his countenance, which looked absolutely wooden at the moment—but a very wild one. I should think he had grown up—"

She paused as if doubtful how to continue her description. Jack came to her aid.

"A thoroughly bad lot?" he said.

She flushed, and bit her lip.

"I don't know," she said. "I know nothing about him. No; why should you think he was a bad character? It doesn't follow." She pulled herself up and caught her lips again, as if she were annoyed with herself for talking in this strain, on such a private matter as Sir William's character.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said Jack. "One meets so many men in Australia who are right down bad lots."

Clytie broke in upon his apology by calling to Mollie. Jack rowed in to shore, and Mollie and Lord Stanton got into the boat; and Jack silently rowed them back.

As Lord Stanton was helping him to haul up the boat, his lordship said:

"Look here, Douglas, Miss Mollie's been telling me about the plucky way you saved that kid yesterday. She said it was splendidly done. What Mollie really remarked was, that she couldn't have done it better herself."

"You're the sort of man I like, and I'm going to take you on for good. Seems to me you're a bit above the common or garden fisherman. I'm going to employ you to—to—the lad looked about him as if he were rather puzzled—well, to help me with this blessed jetty. So consider yourself engaged as foreman, head cook and bottle-washer, or whatever you like to call yourself, till further notice. We'll settle about the screw next time I come down."

Without waiting for Jack's acceptance or refusal of this vaguely described position, the lad hurried up to

join the two girls; but suddenly and with something extremely like a wink:

"Of course, you'll hold yourself in readiness to take the young ladies boating when they want to go. And I dare say I shall want to row round to Pethwick pretty often."

Jack said nothing; he felt as if he were not equal to speech, and he lit his pipe and stared thoughtfully and frowningly at the pebbles on the beach.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"You don't let the grass grow under your feet."

It was Mollie who spoke, and she was seated on the old quay wall at Pethwick, her long legs swinging, her tam-o'-shanter all on one side. Beside her, also seated on the wall, but more decorously, was Clytie, with a book, which was turned page downward on her lap as she gazed thoughtfully out to sea.

Between them, lounging on the quay, with a cigarette in his mouth, was Lord Stanton, to whom Mollie's complimentary remark was addressed. "No; why should I?" he responded, looking up at her with a smile. "I'm not a horse. But we've done a lot in the time, haven't we?" he added, complacently, as he looked down the valley road, which only a few weeks ago had been so quiet as to seem a road through a valley of dreams, and was now all alive with men and carts, and humming with the sound of voices, shouting, laughing, men calling orders to their horses and each other, mingled with the "chip, chip" of chisel on stone as the masons cut and trimmed the huge blocks which would be used for building the new jetty.

"Yes, you have wrought a change," said Mollie. "I'll give you due credit, Lord Stanton."

The lad colored with pleasure, then turned and looked up the road, whence came the sound of a horse coming down the hill, a horse ridden at what seemed a dangerous pace by a rider who sat in the saddle as if he had been born there.

"Douglas deserves his share. We shouldn't have been where we are if it hadn't been for him, you know. Now, he pushes the world round, if you like. Never knew such a fellow!"

Give him an order, and he's on to it like a knife; and he is simply as chock-full of ideas of his own—as a pudding's full of raisins."

"Was it his idea to begin building a jetty in the autumn, so that the winter storms could wash it away as fast as you put it up?" said Mollie, demurely.

"There you are!" exclaimed Stanton, triumphantly. "That's just what I said; but Douglas knew his book. As he says, most of the bad weather comes after Christmas, in these parts, not before; and, of course, the thing to do was to haul down the material while the roads are good, and get the granite round by sea while the weather's fine. Then, by the time the wet season comes, we shall have the sheds up, and the men can work under shelter and everything ready to begin building in May or June."

"I see," said Mollie. "Oh, wise young man!"

Stanton laughed as if there were something deliciously witty in her sarcastic comment.

"Oh, he's wise enough, you bet!" he said, his eyes wandering from Mollie to Jack, as he came down the hill.

"It's my opinion that that fellow is a genius; there's no end to the things he knows, and no end to his resources. He has got this business in hand, as if he'd been used to it all his life; and he sends the thing spinning along as easily as if—as if he were shelling peas. I heard one of the men call him a masterpiece. They were talking of the way he had got the timber down the slopes; made a kind of chute, you know; quite a novelty here—and they look up to him, even the oldest of them, as if he were a sort of general."

"General servant!" murmured Mollie. "He seems to be able to do anything and everything."

Stanton laughed. "That's it! Nothing comes amiss to him. He was up in the Towers the other day, and he doctored one of the horses, just as if he'd been a vet, you know. The coachman said—"

"That he was a masterpiece," cut in Mollie. "It's a good word. He can ride, among other things," she added, lowering her voice, for Jack was very near them now.

"Rather! The other day he was up at the Towers he got on an ill-tempered beast of a foal, a wretch I wouldn't mount for love or money."

"Same thing."

"And Douglas took the frills out of him in as pretty a half-hour tussle as I've ever seen; and I've been through the riding-school, you know."

"And didn't he cure a smoking

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Write for Cook Book.



chimney, mend the clocks and set a broken leg or two?" asked Mollie.

Stanton laughed. "Pon my word, I think he's equal to all that. Any way, I haven't tried him at anything he's refused as yet."

Jack rode by, raising his hat, but scarcely glancing at the group on the wall. He had exchanged his fisherman's loose kit for a riding-suit, and man's loose kit for a riding-suit, and looked now decidedly more like a young squire than the foreman of the Pethwick jetty-works.

"Hi, Douglas!" called Stanton; but Jack did not hear him, and, riding down to the men, dismounted and joined them.

"His lordship did not deign to stop," remarked Mollie blandly.

"Oh, he didn't hear," said Stanton easily.

"Oh, come," said Mollie, with an air of relief; "it is comforting to find that he has one defect—that he is deaf."

"Got ears like a lynx," said Stanton easily.

"And eyes like a hawk, and a nose like a fox-hound."

"He's gone into his shed, office," said Stanton. "I wonder—Excuse me a moment," he broke off, as he went quickly to the office.

"Lord Stanton appears to have caught a paragon," remarked Mollie; "a sort of Admirable Crichton. Well, I suppose there is some excuse for his enthusiasm. Douglas is rather a wonderful young man, isn't he?" said Mollie reflectively.

"Is he?" said Clytie, looking up from her book. "Yes, I suppose he is."

"You don't like him?" suggested Mollie.

Clytie looked up again, as if with faint surprise.

"Not like him? Why do you say that, Mollie? I don't dislike him. Why should I? Indeed, I think he is rather a nice young fellow; and we know that he has plenty of pluck; and that he is very good-natured and kind."

"Yes, he's that," said Mollie, as if she were conceding a point. "However busy may be, he is always ready to take you for a row or a sail."

"Take us," corrected Clytie absently.

"Didn't I say 'us'? Of course. And he is very good to that kid."

Clytie laughed. "You mean Polly," she said. "Kid is scarcely the word."

"Sorry. I don't mean to bring a blush to the face of my proper sister. Kid is a word which I learned from the young gentleman who has now gone to worship in the temple of his divinity; and who will probably forget that he has left two ladies waiting for him."

"You learn a great many slang words from Lord Stanton," said Clytie with a laugh.

"I do, I do! But I'm teaching him something in return—manners. He's rather a backward pupil."

"Well, he has rather a forward mistress."

"But I shall succeed in time; perhaps when I am a white-haired old woman."

"Do you propose continuing the lessons for so long a period?" asked Clytie demurely.

Mollie colored. Now and then she found that Clytie's wit matched her own.

"I shall see. But we weren't talking of that hobbledy-ho, but of Mr. Douglas. The men call him 'mister' now, you know. He's not a bad sort, though I do chaff Lord Stanton about him."

"No," assented Clytie. "He seems a particularly good sort. Polly worships him. But that's not wonderful. He is so good to her. I should think," she went on, almost to herself, "he had a warmer heart than most men. Have you noticed how he treats his horse?"

"No," replied Mollie, looking straight before her.

Clytie laughed softly. "And you are usually such an observant young person!"

"Oh, only of things and persons I'm interested in," retorted Mollie innocently, but with a sharp, sideways glance at Clytie.

"Look. There it stands, quite free; and it will stand there until he comes to it; or, if it should wander a little way, it will come directly he calls it."

"That's a trick," said Mollie, with a disparaging shrug of her shoulders.

"And the horse has learned it in a fortnight," remarked Clytie.

Mollie laughed. "You're as bad as Lord Stanton," she declared, "and Polly!"

Clytie's gray eyes opened with surprise; then she shrugged her shoulders and returned to her book.

Stanton had entered the shed and found Jack examining some accounts.

"Oh, Douglas," said the lad, "do you think you could give us some tea. I know you keep some crockery here, and it's such a deuce of a climb up to one of the cottages; besides, they make such a fuss, and the ladies would have to tramp down again to the boat."

Jack looked up with no great readiness.

"I've only the roughest kind of crocks here, Lord Stanton," he said.

"Anything will do," said the lad. "Here, I'll help you!"

"Thanks," said Jack. "I've got to check the stone tally before the men knock off."

### (To Be Continued.)

### Strive to Keep Sweet.

Some folks are the very picture of misery. Their mouths are so constantly in a sour pout that they get ugly before they get gray. The kiddies take to their heels when they see the nagger coming down the street. Objectors are always wanting a new boss. Dismal old age stares the unfortunate victim in the face and he's bound to get soured on the world for the world has little to offer him. You can't take such risks.—Exchange.

## WOMAN'S BEST LAXATIVE

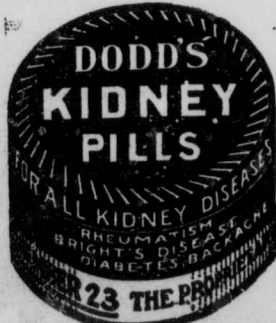
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