

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

Mollie laughed. "I was never better in my life," she said. "I rode rather fast, and am a wee bit tired; I suppose that is what makes me look pale. What did Mr. Carton want?" she asked casually; but her brain was working hard—and Mollie's brain was by no means a slow one—all sorts of ideas, preposterous, as Mollie mentally called them, were setting in that brain.

"He didn't want anything," said Clytie, with a smile. "He came to ask us to go to a picnic, which he is going to give as a kind of bachelor's return for our and other people's hospitality."

"A picnic?" said Mollie, as casually as before, but with a little catch in her voice which she could not prevent, for the preposterous idea were crowding in on her again. "You didn't say we would go, did you? Because I shan't, and I won't permit you to do so. You'd catch cold, or—or eat something that would—would disagree with you."

"My dear Mollie, how ridiculous!" said Clytie, staring at her with a smile. "What are you saying?" "That we won't go to the picnic, my child," said Mollie, also with a smile, but with that air of resolution which her friends called obstinacy. "Here you are, perfectly well; and you want to run the risk of a picnic, one of those beastly outings at which you sit on the wet grass or in a howling wind, or a blistering sun. Do you think I want the bother of nursing you through another illness? Not much!"

Clytie knew it was no use arguing with Mollie when she was in one of these moods, so she shrugged her shoulders resignedly.

"You write and decline at once," said Mollie; "and I'll send James with it. Picnic, indeed!"

She dragged Clytie to the writing table and waited while Clytie, half-laughingly protesting, wrote the note; then she went out of the room with it, followed by Clytie's "Really, you are too bad, Mollie!"

Mollie despatched James with the note, then went to her own room, and, sitting down, buried her face in her hands and tried to solve the problem for herself, failing to do so she went up to Susan's room. In answer to her knock, Mary Seaton opened the door, and when Mollie had passed in, turned the key.

"Now," said Mollie, with a sternness beyond her years, "I want to know everything; and I will know it before I leave this room."

Mary Seaton was very pale, but she was quite calm now, with the hard look in her eyes with which the people at Parraluna were familiar.

"First of all, I want to know why you were watching Mr. Hesketh Carton, and what you know about him?" said Mollie, her eyes fixed keenly on Mary's.

"I am going to tell you, Miss Mollie," said Mary, in a low voice. "Mr. Hesketh Carton is a bad man, a cruel, wicked man. I have every reason to say so."

"You knew him before he came to the Hall?" said Mollie swiftly.

Mary stood with bent head, her teeth clenched. "Yes, Miss Mollie, I was a girl at the works. I knew him then—to my cost. He did me a cruel wrong, the cruellest wrong a heartless man can do to a young girl. It's not fit that I should tell you any more, Miss Mollie, and I would't have told you so much if I hadn't been compelled. He left me to starve, to die. I had to go away, leave my home, to wander about the world alone; but I, yes, I deserved it all—and worse, for listening to him; but he was a gentleman, and I was a poor, ignorant girl—and young—no, I can't tell you, and I won't tell you any more, Miss Mollie."

Mollie, young and innocent as she was, did not need to be told, and she knew. A cruel, wicked man, a murderer!"

sat with downcast eyes and tightly compressed lips.

"My real name is Mary Seaton," said Mary. "I went to Australia and found a home there, and never meant to come back to England; but I had to come, Miss Mollie, to try and do my duty to one who had been very good to me, one I thought I could help. It wasn't by accident that I came to the Hall, Miss Mollie, I wanted to, and schemed to come."

"Why?" asked Mollie.

"To watch Mr. Hesketh Carton," said Mary. "To try and serve the person who had saved my life and been a true friend to me. I little thought how necessary it was that I should come, that Mr. Carton should have some one to watch him who knew how bad he was. Oh, Miss Mollie, I don't know how to go on, how to tell you all I've discovered, without frightening you!" she broke off.

"You won't frighten me, Susan—Mary," said Mollie. "I have my suspicions already—scarcely suspicions."

"You cannot suspect anything half as bad as the truth, Miss Mollie," said Mary. She paused a moment, as if to choose her words; then, in a low voice, she went on: "It's about Sir William's will. You know who will come into the property if—Miss Clytie dies?"

Mollie bent her brows thoughtfully. "Mr. Hesketh Carton," she said; then she uttered a faint cry and shrank back. "What do you mean?" she demanded, with vague terror.

Mary's white lips twitched, and she inclined her head. "Yes, I see you guess, Miss Mollie!" she whispered. "It's that!"

"Oh, no, no!" gasped Mollie. "It's—it's impossible."

"It's true, miss," said Mary solemnly. "I've listened to the other servants while they've been talking of Miss Clytie's strange attacks; and I've asked questions and found that Miss Clytie has always fallen ill after Mr. Hesketh Carton has been to the Hall for a meal."

Mollie put out her hand as if to wave the terrible suggestion away, and laughed a forced laugh.

"Oh, you're mad!" she said. "It is too far fetched, too improbable! Mr. Hesketh Carton want to—try to poison?"

Mary Seaton looked at her steadily. "It's not impossible, Miss Mollie; it's not improbable; such things happen very often; one reads of them in the newspapers, when they are found out; but how often do they happen and are not found out?"

Mollie shrank still farther from her. "Mr. Hesketh Carton! A gentleman!"

"A gentleman who stooped to betray a young girl and cast her off to starve! Ah, you don't know him, Miss Mollie; I do! But you think I'm only guessing, have only got the idea from one of those novels; no, I've got proof, positive proof."

"Proof—evidence!" murmured Mollie.

"Yes," said Mary, drawing nearer and respectfully laying her hand on Mollie's arm, as if to break the shock. "I was ill last night. It was an illness, an attack, like Miss Clytie's. I heard you say so. Do you know what made me ill? I'll tell you. But you mustn't call out, Miss Mollie; you must be brave and strong, and keep quiet, so as you can help me fight with him."

"I shall not call out," said Mollie between her teeth. "If my sister is in danger, I can bear anything—to save her. Tell me, tell me, quick!"

Mary moistened her lips. "Mr. Hesketh came to lunch yesterday," she said, as calmly as she could; "I was passing through the lower hall; he was on the terrace. I saw him—saw him come back into the dining-room. Ah, Miss Mollie, you can never imagine what I felt at the sight of him; the hate, the loathing! The table was laid; there was no one but himself in the room. I watched him. I saw him look round cautiously, saw him go to Clytie's place at the table, and—"

Her hand closed tightly on Mollie's arm. "I saw him—saw him pour something from a little bottle into Miss Clytie's wine-glass." Mollie would have sprung up; a cry of horror, of terror, nearly escaped her lips; but she pressed her hand upon them and sank back silent and trembling. Mary drew a long breath, and, waiting till Mollie was calm again, went on:

"He went back to the terrace, to the farther end, and I crept into the room and changed the glasses and brought the other up here. There was a small quantity of something like water, quite colorless, with no smell to it. I took half of it—"

Mollie turned to her with an indescribable look. "And—it was bad, as you know. It was meant for Miss Clytie. It was not the first time—she has been ill several times after taking a meal with Mr. Hesketh Carton. Don't speak, Miss Mollie, don't cry out; be as brave as you have been—and you've been braver than I expected!—and I will show you."

She unlocked the cupboard and took out the glass with the remainder of the liquid in it.

"There it is. And it's evidence to send Mr. Hesketh Carton to the gallows. Mollie stared at the glass, shrinking from it and wringing her hands.



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"Oh, Clytie, Clytie!" she moaned. "What shall I do, what shall I do?"

"There is only one thing to be done, miss," said Mary, as she returned the glass carefully to the cupboard and put the key in her pocket. "We must take her away out of his reach. What else is there to be done? Miss Clytie—you would not bring him to justice. The scandal, the public court, the shame of it all! No, Miss Clytie could not bear it. There is only one thing to do, to take her away."

"Yes, yes!" assented Mollie, agitatedly. "I see all you mean. I understand; but where?"

"To her husband," said Mary, in a low voice.

Mollie started and stared. "To her husband! Then—then—you know?"

"Yes, Miss Mollie," said Mary. "I know, I promised not to tell, but I must, for his own sake. The person who saved my life, who would have saved my little child, if he could, was Mr. Douglas—Sir Wilfrid Carton. He found me when I was wandering, starving, out there in Australia, and he befriended me and found me shelter and a home. A true, a good friend, a gentleman, Miss Mollie! He left Australia when I was there, and came to England. It was my doing, for I found a paper, telling of Sir William's death, and I gave it to him, not letting him know that I knew who he was. I thought he would come to his own, and that I had paid him back just a very little for all his goodness to me; but he came back to Australia, unhappy, wretched; and one night, when he was driven beyond himself, he told me—it broke from him almost unaware—that had happened here in England."

Mollie continued to stare at her, almost breathless with amazement.

"He loves Miss Clytie, loves her with all his heart and soul," continued Mary; "he is eating his heart out with love for her, out there in that wild, desolate place. Ah, you'd know what it meant, what his suffering, if you'd seen him, heard him, the night he opened his heart to me! He's a rich man now."

"Rich!" echoed Mollie.

"Yes; they found gold," said Mary simply. "But all the gold in the world is worth nothing to him without Miss Clytie."

Mollie sprang to her feet and paced up and down. "Yes! yes!" she cried. "And his sister loves him, Mary. And she's here eating her heart out, too. And Mr. Hesketh Carton!" She shuddered, and her hands clenched. "Oh, if I could only get her there, if we could only bring them together. Help me, Mary! I must be done—but how, how? Can we not send to him? He is rich now; he will not be too proud to come."

Mary shook her head. "Miss Clytie would have to wait for him, remain here; and Mr. Hesketh Carton—to think that they should both be in danger!"

"Mr. Douglas—Sir Wilfrid, in danger, too!" said Mollie, with surprise.

"Yes, Miss Mollie; there is always danger in a diggers' camp; and he is surrounded by bad and desperate characters. He might have been killed the last time I saw him if I had not been able to warn him."

Mollie uttered an exclamation. "Oh, Mary, I see how to do it!" she cried. "If he is in danger—that will be quite"

enough for my sister. She loves Sir Wilfrid—I told you—and when a woman like my sister loves a man and he is in danger she will not let pride or anything else prevent her from going to him."

Mary Seaton drew a breath of relief. "It must be at once, Miss Mollie," she said. "before—before—she must not be allowed to run any more risks."

Mollie nodded. "Yes, we shall go at once; and no one shall know, in case—in case things do not work out happily. We will say that we are going on the Continent, Italy, Spain, anywhere."

"You will not tell Miss Clytie what we have discovered?" asked Mary. (To be continued.)

Ocean Newspapers.

The first trans-Atlantic liner to publish a newspaper made up of wireless items was the American liner St. Paul. It was fourteen years ago while Mr. Marconi was crossing the Atlantic on that vessel that he personally directed the issuing of the first number of the Trans-Atlantic Times, the first wireless newspaper published at sea. Such publications now include the Daily Bulletin of the Cunard Line, Das Atlantische Tageblatt of the Hamburg-American and the Ocean Times of the White Star Line. On the Pacific an steamer running to Alaska the Wireless Herald is published. The stations at Poldhu and Cape Cod furnish most of the wireless news received on board the trans-Atlantic liners in regard to what is going on on shore—Railroad Reporter and Traveler's News.

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"A few days ago my daughter, Lillie, was in a very badly run down condition. She was pale, thin, and scarcely able to go about. The least exertion made her heart palpitate so violently that she was actually afraid one of these spells might carry her off. She slept so badly that often she would lie awake until morning. Treatment did not seem to help her and we were almost in despair when a friend advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few weeks' use of this medicine showed a decided improvement, and a further use of the pills fully restored her to health, and she has since been a strong, healthy girl. Some time after I was taken ill myself, being badly run-down from household care. A doctor was called in but his medicine did not seem to bring back my strength, and remembering what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for my daughter, I decided to drop the doctor's medicine and try them. The results that followed were like those in my daughter's case, and through the use of the pills I was soon a well woman. I am glad to give my experience in the hope that some other sufferer may find the way to health."

"You can procure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent you by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

APPROACH TO THRONE.
Invoking of This Old Right in Britain.

The "right of approach to the throne," which dates back to the days of William and Mary, is soon exercised in England at present, although it was invoked recently when a delegation of thirty called at Buckingham Palace with all the ceremony that marked similar events in the ancient days. The party consisted of Free Church leaders who presented to the monarch an address of congratulation and rejoicing on the coming of peace.

The delegates represented the general body and the dissenting deputies, twenty ministers and ten laymen. After assembling at the memorial hall they donned their robes of office, their university hoods and college caps and drove to the palace. Cordially marked the King's reception of the well wishers.

Before freedom of religious thought and action had been generally conceded in England the "right of approach" was used often by those who believed their rights were being trampled upon, and in many cases their

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contentions were well grounded. History tells also that the dissenters on various occasions failed to receive the affable treatment accorded to them by King George.

Non-Conformist bodies, according to the "right," have the privilege of approaching the sovereign and laying before him the facts regarding any curtailment of civil or religious liberty which may threaten them because of their faith. A general body was formed for the purpose of carrying this right into operation. It was composed of representatives of three great Non-Conformist churches—Congregational, Baptist and Presbyterian. "Dissenting deputies" were appointed in 1732. They were laymen and were chosen originally to consider an application to Parliament for the repeal of the corporation and the test acts. The deputies became a permanent body later, with the object of looking after and safeguarding the civil liberties of the dissenters.

At present their duty is to see that the civil and religious rights of the Non-Conformists are not infringed. In conjunction with the general body they possess the right of personal approach to the King.

Notwithstanding that liberty of conscience has now won general recognition in England, as in most countries of the world, the old right bestowed upon the fathers of Non-Conformity is still exercised upon important occasions. Previous to the offering of peace felicitations recently the last time the right was invoked was when King George ascended the throne.

A PRINCELY FRACAS.

One of the Incidents of the Last Coronation.

In spite of the doubting premonitions of Queen Alexandra it was decided that Princess Mary and the four elder princesses should go in a state carriage unattended.

Before riding very far, it appears, the attention of the three youngsters on the front seat was drawn to the gorgeously arrayed figures of their older brother and sister, the same boyish and girlish brother and sister with whom they were accustomed to romp about the grounds of Marlborough House. Certain nudges and grimaces ensued, which began to distract the eyes of the two latter.

Soon, on the front seat, there was something going on resembling an old-fashioned free-for-all tussle. The Princess Mary, with all the authority of an older sister, admonished her brothers, sharply remonstrated. Her words flew as chaff above those bobbing heads and moving arms. It seems as if any moment the little princes might tumble in an inglorious heap.

Quickly reaching forward, Princess Mary tried physical means, moral ones having failed. She shook her small small brothers apart, cuffed them slightly and set them upright again. In the process she lost her crown, but calmly put it on again when the Prince of Wales picked it up from the floor of the carriage, where it had fallen. Then, the fracas settled, they passed on in decorous state again, "as lovable a quintette as you could find from John O'Great's to Land's End."

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