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but how seldom the beans are cooked right. Sometimes hard, sometimes mushy, sometimes too wet—or perhaps done to a crisp.

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## SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

Jack had written a renunciation, and dated it thirteen months after his father's death.

The old lawyer nodded. "Very clever, Sir Wilfrid; very clever; but—" He advanced to the fire with the paper in his hand.

"Hold on!" said Jack. "If you destroy that paper, I shall write another and post it to Miss Bramley!"

Mr. Granger did not drop the renunciation on the fire, but stood regarding the young man grimly.

"You appear very determined to cut your own throat," he said. "And I am determined to prevent you—both of you—if I can. Please remember, Sir Wilfrid, that I was your father's solicitor, and the Bramleys. I have an honorable post to sustain, to live up to. In a word, I've got to do my duty, and, if possible, save two exceedingly foolish young persons from making a miserable hash of their lives. Of course, I should have suggested a compromise long before this—I mean, that one of you should renounce the proposed marriage and receive the allowance from the other who would then be in possession—"

"Nothing would induce me to receive a penny from Miss Bramley—or any other woman," interrupted Jack.

"You are spared the temptation," said Mr. Granger, dryly. "Sir William guarded against that; he especially barred any compromise. No, it is marriage or—nothing."

"It's nothing, as far as I am concerned," said Jack. "I'm sorry you have been so puzzled, sorry that my refusal should worry you, but—I think I'll be going. The least I can do is to take myself off."

"One moment," said Mr. Granger. As he spoke, he laid on the table the renunciation, which in his absorption he had folded, so that it looked like an ordinary letter that had been enclosed in an envelope. "As your legal adviser—I suppose I am, Sir Wilfrid. Thanks! May I ask what means you possess?"

"I'll count 'em," said Jack; and he took a five-pound note and a few sovereigns from his pocket and spread them out on the table.

"Good heavens! Do you mean to say that that is all you possess? Was there ever such a young fool—"

"Don't mind me," said Jack, who was growing more cheerful in the warmth of the room, and after the glass of good port, can stand any amount of abuse—"

"But no reason, no logic!" retorted Mr. Granger. "Perhaps I can produce another argument. Wait a moment, please."

He went from the room with a quick step, but returned after a few minutes with a slow one.

"I have been in search of a photograph of Miss Bramley—as she is now. You remember a child, unformed, no doubt, gawky. She is now—I'm sorry I can't find the photograph."

"I should like to have seen it; but it wouldn't have induced me to change my mind," said Jack. "And, I say, don't let us worry about the matter any longer. I shall leave Bramley as I came; unnoticed and unrecognized. I'm disappointed, of course; though I didn't give much thought to the estates or the money; but I'm not going to grieve about it; certainly, I'm not going to chuck up my life and become a waster. I've got a chance over there"—he jerked his head in the supposed direction of Australia—"and I shall go back and work it for all it's worth."

"Not yet, not immediately!" pleaded Mr. Granger. "Remain in England for a time—"

"Can't," said Jack, as he took up the small heap of money significantly. "I shall have to work my passage out as it is."

The old lawyer uttered a wicked word in his exasperation; a word he had not uttered for many a year. But we must admit that he was sorely tried.

"This—this is insensate folly, worthy of a silly child!" he exclaimed. "I must—yes, as your solicitor, I must insist upon your accepting a loan from me. Refuse me, and—well, I don't think you will be so ungrateful, so ungenerous."

"Right," said Jack, but rather reluctantly. "I'll borrow fifty pounds; and I'll promise to remain in England—kill it's spent, I'm rather a careful man, and it will last me a couple of months. I'll send you my address. I think, I'm not sure. And now good-by. Sorry I have worried you. Oh, by the way," he added, "of course, you will not tell any one that you have seen me, that I have been here!"

After a moment's thought, Mr. Granger nodded.

"Yes, I will give you that promise," he said, reflecting that, if he told Clytie that he had seen Sir Wilfrid, he would have to tell her—she would get it out of him—the fact that Sir Wilfrid had refused to marry her; and he did not want to do that.

"Thank! Oh, ah, yes, I wanted to ask you. My father left the works to my cousin, Hesketh Carton. What sort of a man is he?"

Mr. Granger frowned. "What sort of a—He is a clever young man, with a good business head. I wish I could say the same of—of other persons—and he will make his fortune at the works."

"He's welcome to it," Jack declared cheerfully. "I've never seen him. My father was right to leave him the works; he stood in the place of a son to him. Good-by, once more."

Mr. Granger followed Jack into the hall and stood at the door watching the tall, well-built form go across the street, then he went into the dining-room and refused to marry her; and he did not want to do that.

"The door-bell rang, and footsteps sounded along the passage. The maid entered.

"Mr. Carton, sir. He said he came on business, so I showed him into the study."

Mr. Granger smiled to himself curiously. A few minutes earlier, and the constant would have met! He lingered in front of the fire, too absorbed in Sir Wilfrid and his case to be eager to take up another and a less interesting business. Then he went into the study. Hesketh Carton was standing at the fireplace, quite away from the large writing-table.

"Good evening," he said, as they shook hands. "It is a shame to disturb you at such an unbusinesslike hour but the matter is rather pressing."

Mr. Granger nodded. "Quite so. I am very glad to see you. I hope you are better?" he added, as he looked at the pale face and thin lips.

"Thanks. I am quite well again. That property of Brown's, opposite the works, is for sale—I hear. It would be well to buy it. Brown is pushed for money, and an immediate and liberal offer—"

Mr. Granger nodded again and sat down at the table.

"I'll go over to Brown to-morrow," he said, after they had discussed the matter. "Won't you come into the next room and take a glass of wine, whiskey—something?"

Hesketh Carton declined; and Mr. Granger rang the bell for the servant to open the door; he did not accompany Hesketh as he had accompanied Sir Wilfrid. When Hesketh had gone, Mr. Granger leaned back and stared before him thoughtfully.

"A good man of business, that," he said to himself. "How unlike they are! And, if Sir Wilfrid doesn't marry—and he's just the man not to do so—Mr. Hesketh will be the next baronet! Ah, speaking of that, where is that renunciation the young fool wrote? That must be put away carefully, or destroyed—which, now?"

He got up quickly and looked for the paper on the table where he had dropped it. It was not there. He turned over the various papers and documents; but he could not find the one by which Sir Wilfrid had given away a large estate and a vast fortune; and he stood staring vacuously at the spot on the table on which he had dropped it.

"Strange!" he muttered. "I could have sworn I put it there, that I saw it there when I went for Miss Bramley's portrait. Ah! A thought had struck him, his face cleared, and he laughed.

"That's it!" he said. "Yes, that's it. He changed his mind while I was out of the room, and tore up the thing—he snatched at the waste-paper basket, but there were no fragments of the paper there—or burned it."

He glanced at the fire, but there were no signs of burnt paper on the coal or in the fender. "Must have taken it with him. Well! He must have been ashamed of changing his mind; might have been much more reasonably ashamed of sticking to it! So he's taken it back, has he? Right! That looks more promising; there's a chance yet!"

Hesketh Carton walked slowly, with his usual preoccupied manner, from Mr. Granger's to the works house. Every now and then he glanced about him, but in a casual and apparently incurious way, and once or twice he touched his hat as a man saluted him. He let himself into the squeaky little house, and went into the sitting-room. As he closed the door he softly turned the key. Then he stood by the fire looking thoughtfully at it.

It was some minutes before he took from his breast pocket the folded paper which he had picked up from the floor where Mr. Granger's arm had knocked it as he followed Jack out of the room. Hesketh had taken it up intending to place it on the table; but he had glanced at it mechanically, and his eye had been caught by two words, a name—"Wilfrid Carton"—and he had read the remainder. Even when he had done so, he had not thought, for the moment, of the intention of, let us say, abstracting the paper. Had even hesitated when the temptation had assailed him; but the temptation had proved too strong.

The consequences of the written words were too momentous, bore with such fearful import on his own life, his own future, that he yielded, and—with a guilty flush, he it noted—he had stuffed the thing in his pocket.

Now he read the paper for the second time. It was a mere scrawl, the kind of scrawl a boundary-runner, a man who had been roughing it for years, would write, and written with evident haste, and the statement, the assertion was framed and phrased just as such a man would frame it. It ran thus:

"I, Wilfrid Carton, Banquet, do hereby refuse to marry Miss Bramley; and so I renounce all the benefits of my father's will."

And it was dated thirteen months after Sir Wilfrid's death.

Hesketh Carton gazed at it, his eyes narrowed to slits, his brows lined with thought, speculation, conjecture.

"How did it get there?" he muttered. He turned it over, held it to the light. "By post? It is folded. Yes, that is it. So he renounces—the fool! It was rather strange that he should apply to Jack the same epithet Mr. Granger has bestowed on him. 'The fool! Renounces! and post dates it. So, if he does not change his mind, if he should die, Clytie Bramley comes into the property, and is free."

He moistened his lips and glanced at his reflection in the glass over the mantelpiece.

"A valuable document! A very valuable document!" He read it again, as if it were something precious; then he enclosed the paper in an envelope, sealed it, and placed it in the safe embedded in the wall.

He formed no plan, constructed no plot, as he turned the key in the safe; but it seemed to him that, in some way, fate was vaguely, nebulously, working for him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mollie, after her exchange of civilities with the stranger in the churchyard, went into the church and seated herself in a pew, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, and her sharp eyes narrowed contemplatively.

She was thinking that it was rather singular that a young and good-looking stranger should be lurking about Bramley Church on an early September evening, and wondering who he was and why he should be there; and when, after a time, Clytie came down from the organ-loft, Mollie said casually:

"Did you see anyone about when you were coming in, Clytie?"

Clytie woke from a reverie induced by the music she had been playing, and replied absently:

"No. Why, dear?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mollie. "I saw a young man prowling around in the twilight, and wondered whether you had seen him."

"No," said Clytie, still absently. "And yet I thought I saw a light among the tombs."

"Ugh! How gruesome! or goodness sake, let's get home!" exclaimed Mollie, with a shiver, and she caught Clytie's arm and would have had her run, but Clytie, pulled back after a moment or two, and pressed her hand to her bosom.

"I can't run," she said, with an apologetic laugh.

"You're getting fat and scant of breath, like Hamlet; that's what the matter with you, my sweet sister," said Mollie severely. "Fell I wish you were! You have got thinner every day since we have been here,

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Clytie; it is because you 'worrit' so; and I think it is—disgustingly selfish of you."

Clytie laughed. "Yes, I am thinner," she confessed. "I fancy that Bramley doesn't suit me."

"Rubbish!" retorted Mollie contemptuously. "Why, you were born here, and everybody knows that the place one is born in suits one better than any other. I suppose you imagine that you are going after the fresh and salubrious air of London."

"Perhaps I am," said Clytie, rather wistfully.

"Then I'm not! The fact is, Clytie, that you possess a wickedly discontented mind. What you want is a really good slapping; and, if I weren't so inconsiderably lazy, I'd give it to you."

She bullied Clytie all the way home; and the next morning declared she had an attack of neuralgia.

"Regular churchyard neuralgia," she grumbled, rubbing her soft and downy cheek.

Clytie was at once all tender sympathy.

"You must see Doctor Morton. Now, don't argue, dear!"

But Mollie, who usually received an offer of medical assistance for her small ailments with indignant scorn and fluent contumely, on the occasion made no protest; and assented with a careless, "Oh, if you like."

Clytie sent for Doctor Morton, and gave him full particulars, as previously supplied by Mollie, while the sufferer sat on the sofa with her legs curled underneath, and a wicked look in her dark eyes; and, when Doctor Morton turned his attention to her, she laughed mockingly, and said coolly:

"There's nothing the matter with me. The neuralgia was only a plant, beg pardon, a subterfuge. I wanted you to see Clytie, and I knew she wouldn't send for you; so—"

Clytie rose, crimson and indignant. "Really, Mollie—"

"She eats nothing and drinks less," went on Mollie calmly; "and she doesn't sleep. She's got thinner—"

"Mollie!"

"Oh, yes, you have. You used to measure—"

"Oh, please don't listen, please go. Doctor Morton!" pleaded Clytie. "She'll say anything, the most dreadful things."

Doctor Morton screwed up his eyes and scanned Mollie's face for a instant—he had known the young lady as a particularly trying but unnaturally shrewd brat—then nodded and turned to Clytie.

"Miss Mollie's right," he said; "you are not looking well. Humph, yes. Been worried lately? You have got an attack of the nerves."

"That's it!" exclaimed Mollie confidently.

"Thanks for your unsolicited endorsement of my diagnosis, Miss Mollie," he said gravely but with a twinkle in his keen eye. "Don't you think you had better go and play with your doll?"

"That's my doll," retorted Mollie, pointing to Clytie, and evincing no indication to accept her counsel. "It's the nerves, and it's no use giving her tonics. I've tried 'em on her; keen giving her nux vomica in her tea for the last week."

"There'll be a case of poisoning for the carner presently, and you'll find yourself in the dock on a charge of murder, young lady!" remarked Doctor Morton definitely. "Why don't you send her to—boarding-school, Miss Clytie?"

(To Be Continued.)

None are so blind as those who feel that they are all at sea.

Export Prices for Shoes.

We find in the Journal of Commerce the following advertisement: SHOES FOR EXPORT. Ready to Ship at Once.

Direct From Our Own Factories. 59,600 prs. men's work shoes. Price, \$2.25.

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13,000 prs. men's Goodyear welt, box calf, vici and gun metal. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

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42,280 prs. men's work shoes. Price, \$2.50.

16,000 prs. women's gun metal high shoes. Price, \$3.00 per pair.

7,000 prs. women's kid shoes. Price, \$3.25.

4,730 prs. men's gun metal calf high grade shoes. Price, \$5.76 per pair.

200,000 prs. men's four-buckle articles. Price, \$2.50.

There are 495,000 pairs of shoes in all. Of course, these are wholesale prices, but adding a good fat per cent. all along the line, the figures seem to remain instructive. At least, local wearers of shoes will be interested by them.

How Britons Escaped.

The establishment of "escape committees" among the British prisoners in German camps and the ingenious schemes devised by captives to get away, are described in an article in a London newspaper by an officer who has returned after twenty-two months of activity.

"If you wanted to escape," says the officer, "you had to state your case before the committee, giving the full details of your scheme. If your plan interfered with the chances of another officer that committee would 'sit on it'."

"For instance, suppose I told the committee that a certain hour each day a certain entry was in the habit of neglecting his duty in some way and that I meant to slip by him, the

### GERMANY AND JAPAN.

Viscount Kato Recalls Some of His Experiences.

Discount Kato, the veteran Japanese diplomatist, who was Foreign Minister when war broke out, has made some interesting disclosures of German treachery and duplicity at an informal political dinner, attended by many influential Japanese statesmen.

Referring to the triple interference at the end of the China-Japan war, which he had no doubt was of German origination, Viscount Kato said at that time he was Ambassador in London, and saw the cartoon of the "Yellow Peril," which the Kaiser had drawn to destroy Japan's honor in the eyes of the world. Had it not been for Germany's arrogant interference, he said, the Russo-Japanese War would never have happened.

"A short time before the triple interference was announced," continued the Japanese statesman, "the German Ambassador in London asked me for an interview, so I called to see him. He made some lame attempt to justify Germany's heinous conduct. He said Germany was interfering in the interest of Japan, for if she stood aloof Russia and France would make more exorbitant demands, and he asked me to convey that message to my Government at home."

"I was young, being only 28, so that I could not repress my indignation at his contemptuous proposition, and said I would do nothing of the kind, reminding him that if the German Government had any communication to make to Japan on the matter it should be made through the Japanese Minister at Berlin or the German Minister at Tokio."

"Then he had the impudence to say: 'You are a young man yet, and ought to read the history of European diplomacy.'" I retorted that whether I read the book or not was my own affair, that it did not require old age to see that Germany's conduct in that case was an uncalculated and unwarrantable interference, and that I could not convey to my Government a message which was made in such an irregular manner.

"Later, when the Kaiser paid a visit to the Court of St. James' a great banquet was given in the royal palace, to which all representatives of foreign nations were invited. There were cordial greetings all round; but the Kaiser, while courteous to the others, gave me the cold shoulder and left the chamber without taking any notice of me."

"It is quite fresh in my memory," said Viscount Kato, "that upon his departure from Yokohama, after the commencement of hostilities between Japan and Germany, Count Rex, the German Ambassador to Tokio, refused to shake hands with Secretary Yoshida, who had gone to the pier to give him a send-off, and had the rudeness to say to him, 'Germany will never forgive you, Japan.'"

"All this well typifies the provocative German baseness and treachery, and we can congratulate ourselves, not only for Japan, but for the whole world, that fate has recoiled upon Germany's own head the curses and intrigues which she had so heinously thrown broadcast upon the rest of the world."

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed) W. E. PINCO, "Woodlands," Middleton, N.S.

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committee had the power to say: "That is a way out for six others; you must all make the attempt in three days' time, and their word was law. In this way obviously impossible schemes were brought to light and vetoed, both in the interest of the officer contemplating flight and his comrades remaining in prison."

"One officer told the committee, he had constructed an improvised parachute out of a big umbrella, and he wanted to jump with it off the roof of the prison, which was close to a highway and float down into the road. But the committee said 'No!'"

"One of the big escape inventions brought before the committee was a chute made of a long dinner table with a slippery polished top. This was let down from a window of the prison and on it officers were able to slide down and drop into the road outside."

ONLY COLD TEA

An impressive entry in the influence-of-mind-over-mystery contest is submitted by the Flushing correspondent. A prominent turner of an honest penny of Flushing, it seems with many a sly, knowing and suggestive wink passed the word about that he was now in a position to supply prominent residents of that legally dry district with what he with an air of infinite facetiousness denominated cold tea, to be drunk on the premises.

Prominent rakes of Flushing thronged to the premises at once, a thriving business soon was built up and many a lip was smacked and many a genial jest was exchanged over the so-called cold tea, the consensus of the best opinion being that our turner of an honest penny must have procured for his patrons the private stock of some old Kentucky cellar. Finally one day there came along a phlegmatic, unimaginative fellow who ordered a beaker of cold tea in the accepted important but secretive manner, started to quaff and laid down the tippie with something, we are sorry to say, very like an oath. "Why, that's nothing but cold tea," he exclaimed with kindling anger.

Our turner of an honest penny frankly acknowledged that such a very sooth was the fact that had been the fact in very since the inception of his little venture, smilingly reminding all present that he never had offered them anything but cold tea or sold them the beverage under any other name.

Our prominent rakes of Flushing, satisfied that they had been put upon and yet had no recourse, dispersed in no little confusion, thoroughly humiliated, chagrined and ashamed, for such is human nature, because they had been trapped into betraying their unfamiliarity with what it would have served them ill to know—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Intelligent Dog.

The family doctor was making a professional call one afternoon, when Johnny, who happened to be the patient on this occasion, suddenly gave a chuckle just as the physician had completed his examination and remarked in a half-confidential whisper: "Say, just look at my doggy! I guess he knows you're a doctor, all right. He's got his tongue out."

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Don't be an object of aversion to everyone you meet. Get Catarrhazone to-day and use it regularly. It will cure your Catarrh, Bronchitis, Throat Trouble, spitting and gagging. Large size lasts two months, price \$1.00; smaller size, 50c; sample size, 25c; at all dealers.

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