

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

Clytie answered her with kindly evasion, and Susan went back to her bed. When Clytie woke the next morning, the girl was standing beside her and apparently quite recovered, and, in answering Clytie's inquiries, begged Clytie not to call in Doctor Morton.

"It goes against a servant if they're thought to be delicate and subject to fits, miss," she said, as if explaining her request.

"Well, I shall see how you are to-day," said Clytie. "You are not to do any work; and, if you are well enough, you must go out—go out in the sun on the terrace, and rest."

Apparently The Mouse was quite recovered, for in the afternoon she went out, and by a roundabout way which avoided the Pitt Works and the principal street, walked to the hospital. The afternoon was sunny and warm, and Stephen Rawdon had been permitted to go out into the grounds. Still weak and shaky, he was sitting, brooding, on a seat screened by some shrubs from what wind there was, and he was roused from a review of his wretched life by the sound of a light footstep on the gravel. He looked up, and saw a woman coming toward him with bent head. She wore a veil, and he could not see her face; but something vaguely familiar in her figure and her peculiar gait made him start and quiver, and suddenly, as she was nearly up to him, he sprang unsteadily to his feet and cried, in a voice thick with emotion:

"Mae!"

She raised her head, stopped short with a faint cry, and would have hurried past him, but he caught her arm, and, holding her, repeated the name, staring at her as if she were a ghost. There was a silence for a moment or two; then, with her face white and working, she murmured:

"Stevie!"

"It is you, Mary?" he gasped. "Here come back! Where?—with sudden sternness—where have you been?"

"Let me go, Stevie," she said brokenly. "Better let me go!"

"No," she said decidedly, though his voice shook; "not till you've told me all and everything. Sit here; sit, I say! I've been bad, and I'm weak still, but I'll hold you till you've spoken."

"You are better?" she faltered. "I was going up to inquire."

"You knew—you've been here in Bramley, some time—hiding from me?"

"Yes," she said, with bent head, her hands writhing together. "I—I saw you the day you were taken bad. Yes, I was hiding. I—I'm not fit for you to talk to, Stevie." The tears filled her eyes, and she moaned faintly. "Better let me go and—forget me."

"I can't forget you; you know I can't; I wish to God I could!" he responded bitterly. "You've never been out of my mind since—Why did you leave me like that, Mary?" he broke out, with a note of agony and reproach in his voice.

"Because I was mad—yes, mad!" she said, with an agony that matched his own. "Don't ask me, Stevie. Just let me be as if—as if you'd never known me. I'm not fit—"

"You were mad, you say," he said, after a pause. "Yes, you must have

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell my friends who have any trouble of the kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—NELLIE B. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

been. It wasn't like you, my Mary, as was so good and—straight—to deceive and desert the man as loved you."

"Yes, I deceived you; but I've been punished for it. Bewe—turn your face away!" Her voice grew so harsh and hoarse as to be almost inaudible. "My—my child—died of starvation!" She hid her face in her hands, trembling.

"Tell me the villain's name, tell me his name!" he demanded savagely. "Just tell me that; I won't ask for anything more. His name!"

She shook her head and drew a long breath.

"No, Oh, I know why you ask it of me, Stevie; I know what you'd do. More wrong! And a wrong that you'd suffer for. I shall never tell you—though he deserves—Oh!" Her hands fell from her face, and gripped each other, and she spoke through her clenched teeth. "He is a devil, a devil! If you knew—"

"I'm asking you!" he said sternly.

"And I will not tell you. Do you think I would let you into a crueler trouble than you've endured for my sake?"

"It's for yours and mine," he said. "Is it right that a scoundrel such as he must be to ruin the girl I loved, and spoil my life and go off scot-free? Answer me that!"

"He will not go unpunished," she said solemnly. "There's a God still, Stevie; and He deals out punishment when and how He pleases. There's a text as says: 'Vengeance is mine, and I can wait! I'll go now, Stevie. I'm—I'm glad you're well again; and—and if I'd dare ask I'd beg you, on my knees, to forget me, to put me out of your life, and turn over a new leaf.'"

He laughed bitterly, mockingly. "Where are you living, hiding?" he asked.

"I'm up at the Hall, in service," she replied meekly. "With Miss Clytie. Stevie, she's an angel! It was she who saved you from the police after the fight, and had you sent here; she's been here herself to ask after you, and sent me. Oh, Stevie, when I think of her—"

She broke off with a gesture of grief and despair. "I'll go now. When we meet you must not know me—you must seem as if you didn't see me; 'tis what I deserve!"

His hand closed on her arm in a fierce grip.

"I can't," he cried, hoarsely. "I can't let you go. Mary! Oh, my girl, I love you still; you're here, right in the middle of my heart, like—like a pain! I can't let you go!"

She tried to rise, but he held her down, his breath coming pantingly, his face working.

"It's no use! All the past, afore you—you left me, come back on me like a river in flood, and—and sweeps away the wrong. 'Tis as if it had never been, was just an ugly dream! Let's be as we was; we'll go away from here—curse the place, 'tis here he lives! I know it, I feel it!" He shook his clenched fist. "But I'll ask no questions; I'll let the past go; only come back to me!"

She was sobbing quietly, and the tears were running down her face unheeded by her; but they were not unheeded by him, and he took out his handkerchief and wiped them away.

"Don't cry, Mary!" he implored her. "Just let it be as I say. We'll be quit of this place, and go across seas. There's plenty of work for the likes of me, and no one to point the finger at either of us. Mary, lass, I love 'ee still. The old-fashioned mode of speech had come back to them both in that moment of intense emotion.

"Do 'ee say yes, now!"

"Oh, I'm not worthy, Stevie!" she moaned.

"That's for me to say," he responded, with unconscious shrewdness and wisdom. "But you'll have to say the word, whether you want to or no, for here I'll hold 'ee till thee do! Mary, you must, for without 'ee I'm but a wastral weed, and will go to wreck and ruin. 'Tis only thee that can save me!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

These two sat side by side and hand in hand for some time. They had so much to say to each other, such plans to form for the future; they would leave England as soon as Stephen was strong enough to travel; they had both saved money, and it seemed that Mary Seaton knew of some place in Australia where they would be welcomed and both would find work. There were frequent and long pauses in their talk, which to these battered souls were perhaps more precious than the exchange of murmured words. Little wonder that for a time the Mouse forgot everything but that the man she had loved and had deceived had forgiven her and taken her back to his heart; but suddenly she remembered Clytie and the peril in which she stood, and suddenly she sprang to her feet with a faint cry.

"I must go," she said, "go at once! Don't try to keep me, dear lad. I will come to-morrow—the same time. God bless you, Stevie!"

"I'll be well enough to start to-morrow, Mary," he said, taking both

CUTICURA HEALS BABY'S FACE

Could Not Sleep Eruption Itched and Burned So.

"I noticed a little pimple on my baby's face. I thought it was from the sun but it kept getting worse and the skin was red and very hot. He could not sleep or rest the eruption itched and burned so, and it caused him to scratch. I was quite distressed."

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I bought more and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two and a half boxes of Cuticura Ointment he was healed." (Signed) Mrs. E. D. McGuire, Clarksville, Ont., Dec. 13, 1918.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for every-day toilet purposes. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Depot Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. **Don't** Cuticura Soap shaves without use.

her hands and drawing her toward him to kiss her. "You've put fresh life into me, and I feel strong enough to go anywhere. Oh, let's go soon. I've got to hate this place."

"So have I, Stevie," she said, under her breath.

She hurried back, and as she was crossing the lower hall she saw Mr. Hesketh enter the front one. She shrank back against the wall, holding her breath, her hand pressed to her heart; and as Hesketh Carton was shown into the drawing-room, she, after a moment's hesitation, slipped round at the back of the house and, gaining the terrace, half-crouched behind the embrasure of the drawing-room window, from whence, by craning forward, she could command a view of the room.

Hesketh Carton leaned against the mantelpiece, his hands folded behind him, his head bent, the expression of his face one of expectancy. The door opened and Clytie came in, and The Mouse, bending forward, saw a look of surprise, bewilderment and disappointment flash with the rapidity of lightning into his eyes, to be replaced by the conventional smile of greeting. Mary heard him make the stereotyped remark: "You are looking well to-day, Miss Bramley," and Clytie's smiling response, "Oh, yes, I am very well."

It seemed that Mr. Carton had come up to propose a picnic; and The Mouse was straining forward, her teeth clenched, her face white, to catch the reply, when she felt a small hand grasp her arm, and, turning with a stifled cry, found Mollie beside her. The shock was so great that The Mouse would have cried out aloud; but Mollie clapped her hand on the open lips and dragged her away from the window.

"No, no, let me go back!" implored Mollie, in a whisper. She was shaking with fear and excitement. Mollie, too, was trembling a little, but she kept her eyes fixed on Mary's terrific ones, as she said, in a corresponding whisper:

"What are you doing here? I watched you from my window steal round here. You are watching some one. Who is it? Why are you doing it?"

"For God's sake, let me go back, Miss Mollie," implored Mary. "It's Mr. Hesketh Carton. I must watch him."

POISON LIKE UNTO VENOM OF SNAKES

Professor H. Strauss, M.D., of the Royal Charity Hospital, says: "The cause for an attack of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, is supplied by the increase of uric acid in the blood serum, the result of various causes, the most frequent of which is renal. Before an attack, one suffers sometimes from headache, neuralgia, twinges of pain here and there."

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, when the back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you have rheumatic pains or lumbago, gout, sciatica, obtain at your nearest drug store "Anurie" (anti-uric-acid).

This is the discovery of Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. "Anurie" is an antidote for this uric acid poisoning and dissolves uric acid in the body much as hot coffee dissolves sugar.

"Anurie" will penetrate into the joints and muscles, and dissolve the poisonous accumulations. It will stamp out toxins.

Montreal, Que.—"I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Anurie (anti-uric-acid) enough for what it has done for me. For three months I was under the doctor's care and got no better. I was always complaining of my kidneys. I did not know what to do. I read about Anurie and made up my mind to try it. I have taken two boxes and don't complain any more. I have gained in weight and am still gaining. My appetite is great and sleep has come to me. That is what the Anurie Tablets have done for me. I do truly recommend them to those who are suffering the way I did. The tablets are mighty good, though not expensive. Easy to buy, but hard to beat."—T. A. BROWN, 388 Dorchester St. W.

Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

He is there with Miss Clytie; the servants are bringing up the tea. He will—Oh, let me go back, Miss Mollie! If you only knew!"

"Are you mad?" said Mollie. "What is it I don't know? Whatever it is, I mean to know, and at once."

Mary fought hard for calm, and against the excitement of terror which possessed her; and, bending so that her lips almost touched Mollie's ear, she whispered:

"Yes, you shall know, Miss Mollie. I will tell you everything. You have found me here, and it is too late to keep it back. Besides, I must tell some one; I must have some one to help me to save her."

"To save my sister?" said Mollie, with amazement and aet with a vague sense of some impending evil. "If you are not insane—"

Mary wrung her hands. "No, no! I am not mad, Miss Mollie. I'll tell you everything, if you'll only do as I ask you. Go into the drawing-room, and do not leave them alone together. Watch Mr. Hesketh Carton, watch his every movement, and everything he does; but don't let him see that you're doing it. Never take your eyes off him for an instant! No, no! I'm not mad. I know what I'm saying! If you will come to my room when he's gone—but not before, not before."

Mollie, with the foreboding growing stronger, looked at Mary keenly, then, motioning her to go, turned toward the drawing-room. The footmen came in with the tea at the same moment; but Hesketh Carton, who had accepted Clytie's invitation to remain, suddenly remembered, as Mollie entered the room, that he had an engagement, and soon afterward, but without hurry, and with his usual self-possession, left the house. The two girls sat down to tea, and presently, as Clytie handed Mollie her cup, she noticed Mollie's pallor.

"Why, Mollie, dear, how pale you look," she said, with swift anxiety. "Is there anything the matter? You don't feel faint, do you, dearest? Susan's strange illness last night, as mysterious as those attacks of mine, makes me nervous."

(To be continued.)

Wood's Eschaphidine.

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Weakness, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price 21 per box, six for \$1. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. Non-proprietary. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Walker.)

Sagacious Animals

"Well, children," said Aunt Ella, "I thought you might like to hear to-day about some intelligent animals and their curious ways, especially about a faithful dog and horse that Uncle Louis wrote about some years ago, while in Australia and New Zealand."

"Australia is the greatest wonderland in the world, bar none—Maoriland (New Zealand). In that vast continent, the world of contrasts, we find bears living on trees and tree leaves, carrying their young in a pouch, and, when too big for this, the young ones are carried pig-a-back. Turkeys do not sit on their eggs, but when the young birds come out of the nest, the parent bird tucks a great care of them.

"Oysters grow on trees (mangroves), and good eating they are. Rats always abandon the lowlands, prior to the rainy season. Geese perch on trees, just like other birds; they are partly web-footed, and swim like our geese. Ant build most grand homes, high, long and narrow, resembling at a little distance miniature castles or churches, some even having a few turrets. They work in the night, never in the daylight. The interiors are a maze of passages. When intruders enter their homes the ants immediately close up the passages invaded and make prisoners of those who have the courage to enter, generally a black ant. Some ants build their nests on trees, attached to a small hanging branch, and so do wasps.

"Now about the horse and dog I know of. They belonged to Jim, the boundary rider. I must tell you, are to look after the fences, to see that they are not broken, and to mend all gaps. Our friend, Jim, was galloping a long way from the homestead when he discovered a break caused by a fallen tree, and he also discovered that the sheep were escaping into the next 'run' or sheep farm, but which are known in Australia as 'sheep stations.'

"To try to stop 100,000 sheep from leaping through the break or gap is an impossibility to a single-handed man. No man or horse or dog could stop them going through. So Jim required help. How was he to get it? There was no telephone, telegraph or post office in those days, and yet a message had to be sent, and what do you suppose he did? He tied a pencil note to the saddle, and sent his horse back to the head station, gave the dog his whip and sent him back also. When they arrived, horse were saddled, and, after giving the horse and dog a good rest, several helpers, accompanied by their dogs, immediately set out and they all galloped off, led by the sagacious dog.

"In Australia there are places no ordinary horse can ride through, such as thick scrub and swampy lowlands; but, no matter how steep or scraggy

TO-DAY

in medicines, as in every other necessity, the public is satisfied with nothing but the best! This explains the ever-increasing demand for Zam-Buk. Not only is this great balm the best household remedy to-day, but it is also the most economical.

Zam-Buk's superiority is due to the fact that it is all medicine, containing none of the coarse animal fats or harsh mineral drugs found in ordinary ointments. Again, the medicinal properties are so highly concentrated that they contain the maximum amount of healing, soothing and antiseptic power, so that a little of this balm goes a long way.

Another reason why Zam-Buk is most economical. It will keep indefinitely and retain to the last its strength and purity. Best for skin diseases and injuries, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers, 50c. box.

Zam-Buk

the ground may be, an Australian horse will go through it if it is at all possible. The searchers went mile after mile, the dog and horse in front, no one doubting but they would be led to the exact spot. Both dog and horse seemed to be conscious of the master's hand, that of helping their master handle those 100,000 sheep! The riders gave the usual cooee at intervals, and, eventually, after a long, long ride they heard the answer, the cooee of the rider.

"It was by no means an easy job getting the sheep back, but plenty of men and dogs can master even the most stubborn flocks. It's so funny to watch them! When one of the sheep jumps anything, they will all follow, and the size of the leap that they can take is surprising. They only require a start.

"The dog got in first and licked his master's face and hands in great delight. Jim was equally pleased with the success of his plan, and no horse or dog ever had a better, kinder master, nor any master more faithful friends than Jim, the boundary rider."

The Predicament.

Teddy had the usual 9 o'clock sickness and did not have to go to school as a result. But at 10 o'clock he found that he had recovered and after dressing sought his mother in the kitchen. "I'm well, mother," he announced, "but I can't go to school till noon. You see it's too late now just to be counted tardy and too early to be counted absent."

WORDS: WORDS.
Mr. Nextdoor—I heard quite a disturbance in your flat last night. Did you have words with your wife?
Mr. Fee-wee—Well, I had words from her.

CLEANED OUT.
Judge—Have you anything to offer the Court before sentence is passed on you?
Prisoner—No, your honor; my lawyer took my last dollar.

HOW TO TREAT STOMACH TROUBLE

A Tonic Medicine is Needed to Build Up the Digestive Organs.

The old-fashioned methods of treating stomach diseases are being discarded. The trouble with the old-fashioned methods was that when the treatment was stopped the trouble returned in an aggravated form.

The modern method of treating indigestion and other forms of stomach trouble is to tone up the stomach and glands to their normal work. Every step toward recovery is a step gained not to be lost again. The recovery of the appetite, the disappearance of pain after eating, the absence of gas, are steps on the road to health that those who have tried the tonic treatment remember distinctly. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic, every constituent of which is helpful in building up the digestive organs, and therefore the very best remedy for simple or chronic cases of stomach trouble. The success of the treatment is best shown by hundreds of cases like the following: Mrs. Chas. Comer, Picton, Ont., says:—"For upwards of two years I was a great sufferer from indigestion. Food would ferment in my stomach, and I would belch gas with a burning sensation. Often I would be troubled with nausea, sick headache and dizziness. Notwithstanding that I was under medical treatment, the trouble grew so bad that I would only eat when absolutely forced to, and I was in constant misery. I was finally advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and had only been using them a few weeks when I found they were helping me. I very gladly continued their use and the result is they have made me a well woman, every vestige of the trouble having disappeared. I am so grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me that I strongly advise any who may be suffering from stomach trouble to give them a fair trial, and I believe that, like myself, they will find a sure cure."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.