

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

A dull resentment rose against the capricious act of the man who had befriended him. Was befriending him still, a resentment that glowed in Hesketh's pale cheek and flashed in his dark eyes. If Wilfred had died, he, Hesketh, would have been the baronet, would have obtained his heart's desire. But Wilfred could marry Clytie, they would reign at the Hall, would have a son to bear the title. Yes; after all he, Hesketh, had done, after all he, Hesketh, had done, after all his sordid toil at the works, and his still more sordid servitude to the old man, it was hard to bear.

He dressed slowly his eyes wandering now and again to the fading view, then he went down-stairs. A fire had been lit in the spacious, oak-lined dining-room, and Sir William was standing before it, warming his thick hands.

"It seems to me cold to-night," he said half-apologetically. The butler—Sir William had taken him and most of the old servants over with the furniture and chattels—announced dinner, and the two men sat down. Sir William ate little and drank less; but he appeared as calm and self-possessed as usual, and talked of the business, the works, and the estate, and when the dessert came in, he helped himself to port, and pushed the decanter to Hesketh. As a rule, Hesketh refused; but to-night he filled his glass, drank it quickly, and filled it again. Sir William turned his chair to the fire, with a slight shiver.

"Ask them to clear, Hesketh, will you?" he said. "I'll sit here to-night. There is no fire in my room."

The servant cleared the table; Hesketh lit a cigarette and stood with his foot on the black marble fender, his elbow leaning on the carved mantelpiece; and both men were silent.

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For Constipation

Regular as Clockwork



Presently Sir William got up, steadying himself by his chair as he had done in the study, and left the room, returning after a moment or two with the two wills in his hand.

Hesketh glanced at them quickly, then went out; he was afraid lest he should be able to master the expression of his face, to keep back a word that would reveal the workings of his mind. He went to the terrace and paced up and down, smoking furiously, his thin lips working spasmodically round the cigarette. In his pacing he passed and repassed the tall French windows of the dining-room, and once, half-absently, he looked in through a gap in the curtains.

Sir William was leaning back in the chair he had turned to the table, and the wills were lying open before him. Something in the old man's attitude caught Hesketh's attention. Sir William was so motionless that Hesketh started, opened the window, and noiselessly entered the room. No; the old man was not dead, but asleep. Hesketh drew a long breath and stood looking from the rug, heavily lined face to the wills; stood quite still for a moment; then he stole to the table and bending down scanned the documents. The one lying nearest Sir William's hand was that which made Hesketh master of Bramley and Sir William's fortune, the other was a will which gave it all to Clytie—or Wilfred. Was the old man hesitating, even now?

Hesketh's breath came fast and painfully. It seemed to him that his fate hung in the balances, balanced a hair might turn.

Sir William stirred in his chair and sighed heavily as if awakening; and Hesketh quickly and noiselessly went behind the curtain, with his hand upon the latch of the window. Sir William awoke with a shiver, and, taking up the will nearest him, walked unsteadily toward the fire; but before he reached it he uttered a low cry and staggered back to the chair, calling faintly, "Hesketh!"

Hesketh rattled the window-latch as if he had entered from the terrace, and hurried forward. The old man was lying back in a dead faint. Hesketh sprang toward the bell; then with his hand on it, hesitated and looked from the motionless figure to the two wills which were lying on the floor; one had fallen from Sir William's hand, and the other he had knocked over as he had sunk into the chair.

Hesketh took them up, and, panting as if he had been running, glanced from them to the old man and from him to the fire. As he stood thus, his mind in a tumult, there came a knock at the door. He dropped the wills on the table and stole to the door. It was Shoesie, the butler.

"Sir William's hot water, sir," he said.

"Hush!" said Hesketh warningly. "Sir William is asleep. Give it to me. Thank you."

He turned, with the salver, to see Sir William standing upright, his eyes fixed on Hesketh's face with an expression of doubt and suspicion; and Hesketh knew that his face had betrayed him.

"Your hot water, sir," he said hoarsely. The old man waved it aside, took up one of the wills, and walked unsteadily to the fire; but Hesketh was upon him in a moment, caught the will as it fell from the old man's hand, and, before the document could reach the flames, then with something that sounded like a snarl, the snarl of a dog that is threatened with the loss of its bone, he snatched the other will from the table and flung it in the fire.

Sir William uttered a cry of anger, and, flinging himself upon Hesketh, tore the other will from his hand. "You—you thing—you villain!" he gasped. "I—I know you now! You—you ingrate! You'd rob my son—my son! No; no! There's time! I'll punish you! I'll—I'll—" His voice failed, and he sank back into the chair, the remaining will still grasped in his hand.

Hesketh bent over him with keen scrutiny, then he glanced toward the fire. Some small flakes of parchment flickered on top of the blazing coals. He took up the poker and beat the calcined pieces till they were utterly consumed; then he leaned against the mantel-shelf, with his hands thrust into his pockets and, gazing at Sir William, laughed softly. And, while he gazed into the staring eyes of the old man, his lips stretched in a mocking grin, Sir William gasped as for breath, his head fell forward, and he collapsed in the chair, a limp and lifeless man. Hesketh knew even before he bent over him, that the old man was dead. He smiled and worked his neck in his collar, as if he were choking. Death had come to his aid and saved him, given him Bramley and Carton fortune!

Some minutes passed as he stood looking down at the dead man as if he were fascinated; then he heard steps in the hall, and roused from the apathy which had possessed him, he stole through the window onto the terrace.

Was it only a minute or was it an hour before he heard a shout of consternation, before the window was wrenched open and Shoesie's voice called in accents of terror upon his name? "Yes, yes!" he cried, in response, as he hurried to the window. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Hesketh! Oh, sir!" gasped Shoesie. "Sir William—Sir William, Mr. Hesketh! I'm afraid—oh, the master is dead, sir!"



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On retiring smear the face with Cuticura Ointment on the end of the finger, wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of soap, best applied with the hands which it softens wonderfully, and continue bathing a few moments.

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The butler's cries had summoned others besides Hesketh, and a group of servants was crowding round the chair; the men silent, the maids uttering whimpering, hysterical moans.

"Oh, yes; he's dead, sir—quite dead, Mr. Hesketh!" said Shoesie. "He's been took quite sudden. What's this in his hand, Mr. Hesketh?"

Before Hesketh could answer, some one thrust the huddled crowd aside and bent over the dead baronet. It was Doctor Morton.

One glance sufficed. He shook his head and turned to Hesketh.

"Have him carried to his room," he said. "I came in—I was uneasy about him—he was worse than he thought. I knew he would go like this. What was he doing?"

Hesketh shook his head. "I—I don't know," he said hoarsely and with excusable confusion. "I was outside, smoking. This deed—will you take it?—I—I cannot." He shuddered.

Doctor Morton, with some difficulty, unclosed the stiff fingers and released the "keep it," said Hesketh, shuddering again.

Doctor Morton nodded. "Better send for Mr. Granger."

"Yes," responded Hesketh dully; and one of the footmen hurried from the room to send a carriage for the solicitor.

An hour later, when all the house was hushed into an awed silence, Hesketh stood beside the fire, his head sunk on his breast, his face white and haggard. Every now and then he glanced at the chair, and it seemed to him that the limp form, looking like a bundle of clothes only, was still huddled there. Then he raised his head and stretched out his hands to the blaze and drew a long breath of satisfaction. The will that made him master of Bramley and Sir William's vast wealth was safe in Mr. Granger's keeping.

It had been almost a public funeral; his personal friends—Sir William had no relatives besides his son, Wilfred, and his nephew, Hesketh—the tenants, the work-people from the Pit, the tradespeople, made up an immense crowd of mourners, and some of them genuinely mourned; for the departed baronet, though hard in business-matters, had been capable of many a generous action which, now that he was dead, came to light. The funeral was over, the crowd had dispersed, and a small group of persons was assembled in the stately library to hear the will read.

Hesketh, it was agreed on all hands, had borne himself well. That he had been greatly affected by his uncle's death was evident by his wan and pallid face, and by the subdued voice and manner, the voice and manner which indicated the strong man's de-

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W. CLARK

sure to suppress all show of the grief which overpowered him. He had over-seen everything, every small detail, and had won the general sympathy his courtesy and his respect for the dead, which he had displayed during the trying arrangements of the interment; and now as he sat at the table on the right of Mr. Granger, these who were present—Doctor Morton, the servants, the foreman of the works, and so on—glanced at him pityingly and yet a little curiously; how would his position be affected by the will which the lawyer was now slowly unfolding?

Mr. Granger was a lawyer of the old school, a school which, it is to be feared, has but few disciples nowadays. Quiet, self-contained, reticent, the old man had said but one word, save, by one question, respecting the will of Hesketh; and the question had not been asked until they were on their way to the library; then Mr. Granger had said:

"You do not know the purport of Sir William's will, Mr. Carton?"

And Hesketh with a shake of the head had replied calmly, almost indifferently:

"Sir William has never mentioned it to me. He was not likely to have done so."

"Quite so," assented Mr. Granger; and they went to their seats at the table.

With dignified self-possession the lawyer spread out the will and with the usual formal preamble of "This is Sir William's will, I drew it up," began to read it in a slow and distinct voice.

Hesketh leaned forward, his head resting on his hand which partially concealed his face, his eyes bent on the table, but for all his apparent calmness, his air of subdued grief, his heart was beating furiously and his brain was whirling in a confusion so thick that he scarcely comprehended the opening clauses.

There seemed to be an interminable list of bequests; Sir William had forgotten one; some of the old workmen who had been fellow lads with him in the factory, the servants, the doctor, the various local charities; all had been remembered.

Hesketh listened in a kind of apathy, the apathy of suspense. When would come the awakening sound of his own name?

Mr. Granger read on for some time with scarcely a break; then suddenly he paused and in rather a slower and more impressive manner resumed. There was a stir among the audience, heads were turned quickly, and eyes sought eyes, with wonder and amazement in them, and presently every one's gaze was fixed on the man who

was sitting with bent head and screened face. It was the subtle influence of the battery of eyes that aroused Hesketh.

What was the old fool reading? What silly nonsense was he mouthing? Why did he not come to the real kernel of the will, the clauses that left Bramley, the old man's money, to "my nephew, Hesketh Carton?" Why did he keep repeating the name "Clytie Bramley," "my son, Wilfred Carton?" The voice, which seemed to drone in Hesketh's ears with a maddening persistence, ceased, and the lawyer laid the will down and looked, not at Hesketh, but straight before him. A faint murmur rose from the group at the end of the room; Hesketh was conscious that all eyes were still fixed on him, and he raised his head and looked expectantly, and yet in a confused fashion, at the lawyer, as if asking him why he stopped why he did not continue.

Mr. Granger met the questioning eyes with a grave and steady regard. "You understand?" he said, in a low voice.

Hesketh put up his hand as if to clear away a mist, then let it fall on the table.

"No, he said hoarsely; and at the sound of his voice the rest of the audience, who were moving toward the door, stopped and looked back at him.

Mr. Granger took up the will and began to read the fateful clauses again; but before he had finished, Hesketh rose, rose slowly and, staring at him, laughed. It was a strange laugh, one that startled all who heard it, for there was almost a touch of insanity in it. Then he sank into the chair again and gazed straight before him, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. Conscious of one fact only—he had burned the wrong will!

"It is incredible—it is monstrous!" The clear, sweet voice, low as it was pitched, rang through the room. Clytie Bramley, the speaker, had risen from the chair which Mr. Granger had courteously placed for her, and stood, her slim, graceful figure straight as an arrow, her eyes flashing, her lips parted with a curve of something like scorn. So beautiful a picture did she make, with her dark brows raised, her dilating gray eyes—they were almost a violet shade at this moment—that Mr. Granger gazed up at her with grave admiration as he shrugged his shoulders.

"Are you sure that you are not mistaken?" she demanded, and her bosom heaved before the word. "It sounds like—like something in a sensational novel. Do you mean to tell me that—the Sir William has left me—the looked round the room—"this on condition that I—I—I—Oh, I cannot believe it!"

"Nevertheless, it is quite true," said the lawyer quietly. "I can understand, sympathize with your surprise, my dear young lady; and I hope that you will acquit me of all blame in the matter. I drew up the will, but not until I had exhausted all my efforts to dissuade Sir William from carrying out his project. But here it is, and nothing you or I can say can undo it."

"But why not?" she said quickly. "I mean, why not as far as I am concerned in the matter? I suppose you know, must feel, that nothing would

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Induce me to—carry out this absurd condition. (To be continued.)

HINTS FOR SWIMMERS.

It is Important to Know How to Breathe.

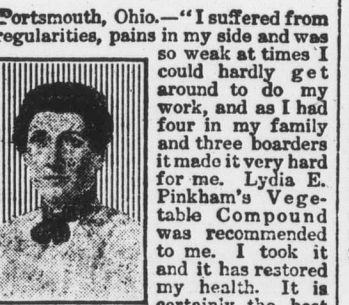
All good swimming at the present time is based upon the freedom from strain and the greater efficiency that is secured by submerging the face, etc., in other words, by keeping the head on a level with the rest of the body. The breath is always exhaled under the water and to secure a new supply of air the head is sharply turned or twisted to one side until the mouth is above the surface, whereupon the swimmer takes a quick, full gasp of air through the mouth. In this way one can secure a full breath almost instantly. To attempt to breathe through the nose would take too much time and would interfere with the movements of the swimmer's stroke used. By taking a quick breath through the mouth, timed in harmony with the rolling body, there is no interference with the stroke. In other words, if the right arm is brought up and over, the body thereby naturally rolls upward to the right and a little twist of the head brings the face out of the water for the breath.

It is obvious that one can breathe several times more quickly through the mouth than through the nostrils. Even if one is swimming the old breast stroke, with the face out of the water, there is still a disadvantage in breathing through the nostrils because if a wave should wash over your face, a certain amount of water would be sucked up into the cavities of the head, thence passing into the bronchial tubes.

All good swimmers observe the same fundamental principles of inhaling through the mouth and exhaling under water. The form of breathing that I have adopted for myself, however, differs from that of the average short distance swimmer. The usual method is to exhale under the water through the nose, whereas my idea is to exhale through the mouth when under the surface of the water. I have found that one has much better breath control in this way, for the lips can be puckered up as if whistling so as to regulate the opening and the outflow of air. Naturally, when swimming fast and breathing rapidly, the opening of the mouth is large, permitting a greater passage of the air and requiring more frequent inhalations. When swimming slowly, quick breathing is not essential and one should make the opening of the lips small. The burying of the head in the water not only relieves all tensions of the muscles, and thus saves energy, but it also keeps the body parallel with the surface of the sea.

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.



Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for woman's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty year experience is at your service.

water. The great advantage in this is that the legs will not drag and the body will encounter the least possible resistance.

It is important, so far as possible, to permit the air to leave the lungs without any effort on the part of the swimmer to blow it out, as it were. The action of the involuntary muscles of the diaphragm and the pressure of the water against the chest are sufficient to expel the air from the lungs without special effort.

If you find that you become exhausted easily when in the water, you may understand that this is partly the result of forcing the breath from the lungs. It is also wrong to take too many inhalations for the reason that you may acquire what is known to swimmers as an "oxygen jag."

The right amount of breathing or the frequency of inhalation can best be determined by the individual swimmer for the reason that only he can tell whether or not he has secured too much or too little air. If he is breathing more frequently or more deeply than necessary he is likely to feel the dizziness resulting from the over-oxygenated condition. If his breathing is insufficient he will have a sense of breathlessness and early fatigue. But lastly, if the proper amount of oxygen is being inhaled, there appears to be almost no exertion on the part of the swimmer even after spending hours in the water. Care should be taken not to practice too much at first but to progress gradually.

Rhythmic breathing is especially important in connection with distance swimming. A certain pace and rhythm of breathing should be adopted and no variations therefrom should be permitted. Anything that is done in rhythm is always more easily done than without, and this pertains most of all to swimming.—Henry Eliosky, in Physical Culture.

FATEFUL YEARS FOR ALL WOMEN

HOW BEST TO OVERCOME THE TROUBLES THAT AFFLICT WOMEN ONLY.

The most fateful years in a woman's life are those between forty-five and fifty. Many women enter this term under depressing conditions through overwork, worry or a neglected condition of the blood, and so they suffer heavily. Still, variations of health at this time can be relieved by home treatment.

Among the commonest symptoms are headaches and pains in the back and sides, fever-flushes, palpitation, dizziness and depression. Women stand in need of rich, red blood all their life, but never more so than in middle age, when the nerves are also weak and over-wrought. Not every woman can prove the prompt help afforded to her health by renewing her blood supply. It is a test that any ailing woman can make by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for these pills make rich, red blood, which in turn helps the appetite, strengthens the nerves and restores robust health. Thousands of women have found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the means by which new health and a brighter outlook of life were gained. In proof of this is the voluntary testimony of Mrs. E. S. Peterson, Millford, Ont., who says:—"I have suffered greatly from those troubles that afflict my sex, and I have found that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases not only do all that is claimed for them, but more. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done so much for me that I urge every weak woman to try them, and they will soon realize the great difference in one's health they make."

If you suffer from any of the ills that particularly afflict womanhood you should avail yourself at once of the health help of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get them from 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.

COSTLY CAMP FIRES

Destroy Enormous Wealth in Canada.

In almost every part of Canada, the camp fire of picnic and fishing parties continues to destroy more of public-owned timber than could be grown by the planting of scores of millions of trees.

From every direction comes urgent suggestions that governments start to re-plant the waste forest areas. This procedure may profitably apply to certain sections of Canada. The main consideration, however, is to stop the destruction of timber requiring a century to grow. Planting is a highly expensive alternative to fire prevention. If camp fires were invariably extinguished, there would be less need of asking the public treasury to assume the cost of rebuilding the forests by the use of millions of seedlings. Camp fires in Canada have stolen more public wealth than would have transported the guilty campers around the world on a luxurious free trip. Veteran woodsmen always build their fires small and build them in a safe spot, such as along a rocky shore or on a gravel or sand base, never among leaves or against a log.

Had to Bow to Custom.

The late King Oscar of Sweden was the least conventional of monarchs, but he had to courtesy to custom nevertheless. The King and M. Bonnier, the botanist, met as strangers while out in search of flowers near Stockholm. They were soon the best of friends, and Bonnier suggested lunch at his inn.

"Come home with me instead," said the other. When the way led to the palace gate, Bonnier hesitated. "I'm sorry," said his companion, "but I happen to be the King of this country, and this is the only place here I can entertain my friends."