

SIR WILLIAM'S

She suspected nothing. It remained with him to decide what he should do. Flight occurred to him, of course. Flight is the first thing a man thinks of when he has been struck to the heart by love's dart.

But flight seemed to him mean, cowardly. He had undertaken to oversee the building of this jetty at Pethwick; he had thrown himself heart and soul into the work, not recognizing that his ardor sprang from his desire to remain near Clytie; Lord Stanton, the lad who had treated him so well, and to whom he had grown attached, relied upon him; flight was distasteful to him. And, after all, way should to him. And, after all, way should he go—just yet?

Clytie had not heard his passionate avowal, was still ignorant of his identity with Wilfred Carton; he could surely keep a watch and guard upon his lips for the future. No; he would not fly. He would remain until the jetty was finished; then he would return to Parraluna, develop Silver Ridge, and bury himself in Australia as "Jack Douglas." Fetoted Mollie. "If he doesn't know when to a storm is impending, he's not much of a fisherman, and ought not to be trusted with a delicate;" declared Clytie indignantly. "Yes, you are." Fetoted Mollie. "Yes, you are." Fetoted Mollie. "Yes, you are."

"I'm glad," was all Jack said; and he said it with eyes fixed on the boat. She stood for a moment or two looking out at the sea, then she went up the beach, and Jack felt as if she had taken the sunlight with her. He put off in the boat for Pethwick, and tried as yesterday, to absorb himself, to lose himself, in the affairs of the moment, the setting of the timber, the hauling of the stone; but her face, pale and with its subtle wistfulness, haunted him; and his position irritated him.

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Here was he, Sir Wilfred Carton, masquerading as Jack Douglas, not permitted to exchange a word more than his assumed position allowed, and others—Lord Stanton, for instance—were free to look at her, talk with her, unrestrainedly.

But he did his duty; and the workmen that day had more than ever good reason and excuse for calling him a "masterpiece;" and though he was sterner, shorter, than usual, they obeyed him cheerfully; for they acknowledged that power, that spell, which had made itself felt by Mr. and Mrs. Jarrow and all at Parraluna.

For that day, and many after, Jack worked with the men with what seemed a whole-souled absorption in the task at hand; and seemed so occupied that even Lord Stanton could scarcely get a word from him that did not apply to the building of the jetty.

The two girls came down to the beach every day, but Douglas seemed to avoid them; and once, when Molle proposed that they should row to Pethwick, Jack declared that he must stay to see the unloading of a cargo of stone, left them to the care of one of the Withycombe boatmen: but he watched the boat a while with jealous eyes, and turned away with a sigh, as

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if he begrudged the man his precious

if he begrudged the man his precious charge.

Strangely enough, as Jack grew more wistful and grave each day, Clytie seemed to regain her strength and her old light-hearted spirit. She thought—and Molife said openly—that it was the wonderful sea-air of Withycombe, and the relief of getting away from the cares of Bramley; but Clytie felt that these two causes were not wholly accountable for the improvement. To a woman there is no elixir like that of love, and, though Clytie would not have admitted it, the knowledge that she was loved by Jack Douglas was a precious, but secret, anodyne which soothed her worried mind: and, though it did not solve the problem of her life, indeed, rather complicated it, was like baim to her restless spirit. She knew he avoided her; but she found a subtle pleasure in watching him from a distance. In listening to his voice, as be gave orders to the men, or called to his horse.

The day arrived for their return to Bramley; and it seemed as if she would leave Withycomb without speaking to him, without saying "good-bye," but, the morning of their departure, Molle met him just outside the cottage as she was going down to the beach in search of a book which Clytie had left in the boat.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Dougles," she said. "Yve come down for a book of my sistef's."

"I have found it," he broke in. "I found it last night; I'll fetch it."

He went into the cottage, and returned with the book, followed by Polly.

"Oh, thanks." said Mollie. "Would spou mind taking it up to the farm." My sister is just packing."

"Polly's coming down to the shop to buy chocolates for the journey," ahe said. "Yve to take it, if you don't mind.

He looked round for another messenger; but there was no one about, and, half-giadly, half-fearfully, he

"Polly's coming down to the shop to buy chocolates for the journey," she said. "You take it, if you don't mind." He looked round for another measenger; but there was no one about, and, half-gladly, half-fearfully, he went up to the farm. Ciyite was packing, as Moille had said, and she was running down the stairs, singing to herself, as she opened the gate. The door was open, as usual, and she saw him and stopped, a faint color stealing into her face.
"I've brought this," said Jack, his voice sounding almost gruff.
"Oh, thank you." she responded, brightly, and she came out to him. "How stupid of me to forget it. My favorite Browning, too! It is very good of you to bring it."
"Not at all," he said, his eyes downess, his manner still reserved. "You-you are going, so Miss Moille told me."

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"Yes," she said, cnecking a sight "And I—we are very sorry. We have enjoyed the holiday, the change, so much."

"And you are so much better," he "emarked, almost to himself. She nodded. "It is the air, and the pleasant time we have had. I have to thank you, Mr. Douglas, for—for taking us out in the boat and—taking so much "are of ?"."

"Well. I nearly drowned you," he said, gravely.

"Nearly is far from quite," she retorted, with a bright smalle and heightened color. I suppose we were in some danger; but I enjoyed myself very much, more than I have done for a very long time.

"He looked at her with a grateful sense of what he considered to be her magnanimity, but said nothing; and she went on:

"I suppose yu will remain in Withgement of Pethwick until the jetty is built, Mr. Douglas."

"I—I don't know," he replied, looking beyond her, as if he feared to meet he reves. "It all depends."

"Oh, 1 hope so—I mean," she continued, hurriedly. 'that Lord Stanton would be so disappointed, that—that — Gh, you must not leave them In the lunch!"

"He could soon fill my place," he said. "But I'll see." He still lingered, his hand on the gate, as if loath to go and Ciytie stood, a graceful diskirt, the book clasped in her hand, the other raised to protect her half from the attacks of the wind; and presently, with a speck, he said. "But I'll see." He still lingered, his hand on the gate, as if loath to go and the said. "But I'll see." He still lingered, his hand on the gate, as if loath to go and the said. "But I'll see." He still lingered, his hand on the gate, as if loath to go and the said. "But I'll see." He still lingered, his hand on the gate, as if loath to go and the said. "But I'll see." He still lingered, his hand on the gate, as if loath to go and the said. "But I'll see." He see the land to the protect her half from the attacks of the wind; and presently, with a specific way on the residue of the protect her half from the attacks of the wind; and presently with a specific way on the residue of the protect her in t

let core and revenied the purioined article. "Thanks."

"I—I flust have left it out," he said remorsefully.

"Yee; but it does not matter. It is quite an old one," she protested brightly. She swung the glove to and fro, and, at last, as if absently, tossed it out of the open window. By the exercise of extraordinary self-restraint, Jack refrained from watching it, and, having given a superfluous knot to the cord. rose and reached for his cap.

"I will wish you good-by, Miss Bramley," he said gravely, "unless there is anything else I can do?"

"No; nothing, thank you, Mr. Douglas," she returned. "Good-by, and thank you very much for—for all you have done for—us," unconsclously her haud stole out to him, but suddenly she remembered his assumed character, and she let her hand wander to the ribbon at her neck, as if it wanted pulling straight.

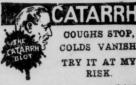
"Good-by," said Jack simply. "I'm sorry you are going."

As he left the room she ran lightly up the staire, but paused at the top and called to him:

"Oh, Mr. Douglas!"

Jack swung round at the door like a soldier obeying the call of his superior officer, a dog that of its master; ah, yes: a lover that of his mistress.

"Oh, if you come up to Bramley—to see the Hail, you know—please let-



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We do do and ends doubtfully as he essay.

We do in vain to close the lid.

"Oh, well," she said, resignedly.

Some of the things don't matter, they are most of them of no value."

She swept off the top layer laughingly; but Jack interposed.

"I'm not much of a hand at packing," he said; "but je hand at packing," he said; "but please don't trouble about those old gloves and things. I don't know wh'r i put them in."

She turned away as she spoke, and slipped it into his pocket. Clytle happened to be standing in front of the looking-glases, and she saw the act reflected in the mirror. Her face went crimson, and she stood quite still for a moment or two, are hand resting on the mantelshelf, her eyes fixed on him. "I think that's better," he remarked reverently, as he laid a tiny pair of shoes on the top and closed the lid.

"Oh, you have everything in! How clever of you!" she said. "But will you be able to cord it by yourself? Shail I ring for some one? Perhaps I can help you?"

"No, no; please keep away!" she adjured her earnestly. "You might get hurt."

She took bold of the cord and laughed at his anxiety.

"Why, I could have done it by my-"

"Why, I could have done it by my-"

"Why, I could have done it by my-"

"St. Peter St. Dept. 12, Montreal, Que."

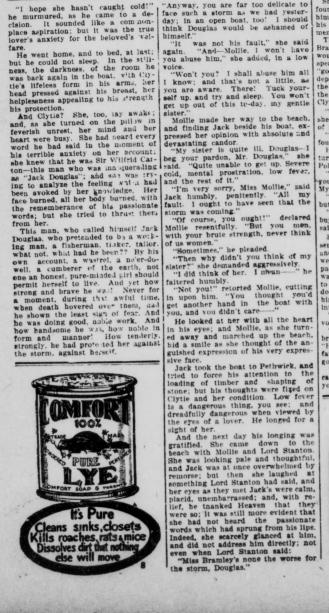


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"I hope she hasn't caught cold!" "Anyway, you are far too delicate to face such a storm as we had yester-day, in an open boat, too! I should place aspiration; but it was the true lover's anxiety for the beloved's vel-



himselt."
"It was not his fault," she said again. "And—Mollie, I won't have you abuse him," she added, in a low voice.
"Won't you? I shall abuse him all I know; and that's not a little, as you are aware. There! Tuck yourself up, and try and sleep. You won't get up out of this te-day, my gentle sister."

