

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

"He wrote that paper before he saw you, Clytie!" she said, "and, of course, he wouldn't go back; he is too proud. Oh, if I only had the sense when I saw him that night in the churchyard, to say to him: 'You are Sir Wilfred Carton!' and drag him into the church to see you! He would have fallen in love with you then, as he did later on at Withycombe."

"Are you so sure that he ever loved me?" said Clytie, with a sigh, and turning away to the window. "Sometimes I doubt."

"Am I sure?" retorted Mollie, with something like a snort. "Am I sure that I've had my lunch, that I'm standing here, and that I'm going to ride over to see Percy—Lord Stanton? Yes, I am sure, sure as I am that I was a fool not to have held him and yelled for you that afternoon he went. If I had done that, if he had done that, if he had seen you—But, there! What is the use of tearing one's hair over the might-have-beens?"

Mollie went to the Towers, and Clytie drove down to the town in the victoria to do some shopping. The carriage was passing through one of the narrow streets when its progress was barred by a small crowd which had collected around two men who were apparently fighting. At the moment of Clytie's arrival, one of the men had fallen heavily on the stone-paved road; and the crowd emitted that peculiar sound, half of sympathy, half of wretched delight, which, by reporters is called "sensation." Clytie, raising herself slightly, looked over the heads of the people and saw a man, evidently the vanquished one, lying full length and motionless, his face covered with blood and mud. There seemed to be no one in authority, and the crowd appeared uncertain as to what it ought to do. The condition of the helpless man instantly appealed to Clytie's tender heart.

Obedient to the instincts of pity, she alighted from the victoria and made her way through the crowd, which respectfully drew back for her, for Clytie was known to every man, woman, and child in Bramley, and loved as well as respected.

A woman with a shawl over her head supplied the information.

"It's a fight, miss. It's Stephen Rawdon, he's been on the loose for the week past; and when he lets himself go, he's like a madman, and don't know what he's doing any more than a man in the asylum. He's just mad, that's what he is. He picked a quarrel with a puffed stranger; he would fight, and he's got the worst of it. Not that the other man wanted to hurt him; but, you see, miss, he had to hit him hard to shake him off. It ain't the first fight Stevie's had this day, either. Oh, yes, he's been enjoying himself, but he's quiet now."

Clytie bent over the unconscious man. Notwithstanding the dirt and the blood which disfigured his face, she was struck by his honesty and a certain something which indicated something better than a mere rowdy; and she remembered seeing the man, clean and in his right mind, on her walks and drives from the town.

"Here comes a policeman," cried a voice. "Stevie will be took to the station!"

"No, no!" said Clytie half-unconsciously, for the man looked too good for prison. "He must be taken to the hospital. Will some one carry him to the carriage?"

As she spoke, a woman, with a shawl over her head, like most of the other women, made her way through the crowd and reached Clytie's side; but at Clytie's words, the woman drew back and stood, with the shawl drawn almost over her face. The policeman came up, thrusting the people aside in a quiet, masterful way; but at sight of Miss Bramley of the Hall, stood for a moment uncertain. Clytie turned to him quickly.

"There has been an accident," she said. "I want this poor fellow taken to the hospital. You can take him in the carriage. I will walk. Tell the house-surgeon there that I sent the man."

Stephen Rawdon was carried to the carriage, and supported by the constable, was driven off. The crowd gathered round Clytie, murmuring sympathetically.

"God bless you, miss!" cried an old crone. "You've a kind and a tender heart! And he was only drunk, he was, and didn't know what he was doing."

The woman who had drawn back but still stood near Clytie, did not join in the chorus of approval and benediction; but her eyes were fixed with a strange expression on Clytie's face; and, as the crowd melted away, the woman followed in the direction the carriage had taken.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Clytie drove to the hospital the next morning to inquire after the injured man, and was of course received with eager respect and attention by the authorities. The subscription from the Hall was larger than that from any other house in the district, and Clytie was well known to the house surgeon and the staff of nurses.

"He is very much better, Miss Bramley," said the house surgeon; "he came round very soon, and I found that he had received little or no injuries in the fight; in fact, the man can take a great deal in that way; he is very strong. But of course he is very ill, he has just come through a bad drinking bout, and will have to remain quiet for some time. It's a pity he should be so wild, for he is a fine fellow, and was a good and steady workman until a year ago; then something happened—some trouble about a sweetheart who jilted him, and he—well, just swung round. I ought to add that he has had some mild intervals; that he has been working at it quite regularly and steadily for some months."

"I am sorry," said Clytie, compassionately. "He did not look to me as if he were a bad character; he has such an honest, pleasant face."

The house-surgeon nodded. "Yes, I'm told that he was all right until this trouble occurred, and that he is one of the quietest of men, excepting when he launches out into one of these bouts of drinking."

"If there is anything I can do to help him," said Clytie, as she left, "please let me know."

The victoria was driving through the gates when Clytie heard some one cry out behind her, and, looking round, saw a woman running after the carriage. The woman pulled up, and she wore an apron, panting, and held out Clytie's purse, which she must have dropped as she entered the victoria.

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "It is very kind of you! I am afraid you have run very hard." She added, for the woman was still panting, and looked pale. "She was young, and there was something in the expression of her face and eyes which attracted Clytie, who noticed that the woman was not dressed in the fashion of the factory girls, but wore a black dress and a neat jacket and hat. Clytie had come to know by sight a great many of the girls of the works, and she said:

"I do not remember your face; you are a stranger, are you not?"

"Yes, miss," said the girl, in a quiet voice, which attracted Clytie as the face had done. "I came to Bramley to find a situation."

Now Clytie knew that the house-keeper at the Hall wanted a housemaid, and at once she said:

"We have a vacancy at the Hall. Are you used to a housemaid's work?"

"Yes, miss," replied the girl. "I have been accustomed to the work, and I can do plain sewing and mending."

"That is very useful," said Clytie. "What is your name?"

"Susan Marsh, miss."

"Well, Susan, if you will go up to the hall—you have references of course?"

"Yes, miss; I acted as a stewardess on board the vessel I came in from Australia, and I have the head steward's letter."

Clytie nodded. "Very well, then; please go to the Hall and see Mrs. Hutton, and tell her that I hope she will be able to engage you."

Susan dropped a curtsey, her eyes cast down respectfully, and the carriage drove on.

Wives and Mothers of Canada

Stratford, Ont.—"I am very enthusiastic in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic for expectant mothers. I have had experience both with the 'Prescription' and without it, and am in a position to know that there is a vast difference. I was never nauseated or sick at all with my 'Prescription' babies, and I was extremely uncomfortable with the others and my suffering was greater when I had not taken the 'Favorite Prescription'. I shall always take pleasure in recommending it to expectant mothers."

—MRS. LEOTA M. PEPPER, 114 Grange St.

COULD NOT SLEEP

Halifax, N. S.—"I was in a run-down, nervous condition for over two years, had been treated by several doctors and only found temporary relief. I could not sleep at night my heart palpitated so, and I was almost afraid to close my eyes. Being persuaded, I wrote and stated my symptoms to the Medical staff at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with the 'Favorite Prescription' and the 'Pleasant Pellets'. I did so with the very best results. I could sleep and became my natural self again. I certainly recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to all sufferers, for they have done for me what doctors failed to do and they have saved me doctor bills, too."

—MRS. JOHN HOMANS, Clam Harbor.

Toronto, Ont.—"For over thirty years I have been a user of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I have taken them for liver trouble, biliousness, constipation and sick-head-aches and they always gave me the relief wanted. I am sure the 'Pleasant Pellets' have saved me many a sick spell. I can highly recommend them."

—MRS. HANNAH BOWNESS, 60 Strange St.

ECZEMA IN RASH CUTICURA HEALS

On Face and Head, Itched and Burned, Disfigured.

"Last year I became affected with eczema. It started on the cheeks in a rash, and the water spread and made my face sore all around the ear and partly on my head. The skin was very sore and red, and the itching and burning so that I could hardly help scratching. My face was very disfigured."

"Then I used a free sample of Cuticura. It helped so I bought three cakes of Soap and one box of Ointment, and my face was healed."

(Signed) Miss Martha Berger, Spanaway, Wash., Feb. 11, 1919.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Depot: The Canadian Dispensary, Ltd., Montreal, 325 St. Paul St., Montreal.

About a week later Clytie met the girl in one of the corridors, and paused to speak to her.

"I see that Mrs. Hutton has engaged you, Susan," she said, "and I hope you are comfortable and happy?"

"Yes, thank you, miss," replied Susan Marsh, in the quiet voice and manner which had taken Clytie's fancy. Clytie was passing on when she remembered that she wanted some repairing done to one of her dresses, which her maid, who had been very busy of late, had not been able to do. "I think you could do some mending, Susan?" she said. "I have some for you, if you will please come to my room."

Susan followed with the noiseless step which had already earned for her in the servants' hall the nick-name of "The Mouse," and Clytie gave her the dress, asking her if she thought she could do it.

"Oh, yes, miss," replied Susan. "Well, then, ask my maid to let you do it in the dressing-room," said Clytie.

The maid was a good-natured girl, with whom Susan had made friends, and Susan was installed in the dressing-room, and having accomplished the first piece of mending satisfactorily, was entrusted with other and similar tasks. She was an extremely silent girl, and Clytie rather liked having her near her, and often sat with her for a few minutes, talking about her work. One afternoon Clytie came into the room with a morning frock which needed a slight alteration.

"Will you put your other work aside and do this for me at once, Susan?" she asked. "I want it to-morrow morning."

It was a rather more elaborate dress than Clytie was in the habit of wearing in the morning, but Susan understood why it was needed when she heard downstairs that Mr. Hesketh Carton was coming to lunch the following day. Hesketh had not taken a meal at the Hall for some time, for the girls had been out on one or two occasions when he had called generally at the Towers, where Mollie's presence seemed absolutely necessary to the convalescent there.

On the next morning Clytie and Mollie rode over to the Towers, and Mollie's horse casting a shoe, they did not reach the Hall until a quarter of an hour after Mr. Hesketh Carton had arrived. Clytie hurried to the drawing-room to greet him and apologize.

"Oh, please, don't mention it," he said, with a wave of his thin long hand. "And let me beg of you not to hurry! I have been reading a book, but I will go out on to the terrace. I shall be grieved if you hurry."

The principal rooms, the reception-rooms, as they are called, at the Hall, were most of them en suite, and open-

Still Doing Great Work For Women

WHAT MISS SIMPSON SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Before Taking Them She Could Not Walk—Now She Can Walk and Work, and She Gives All the Credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ville Marie, Que., Jan. 26th.—(Special).—One more tribute to the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for the women of Canada comes from Miss Angèle Simpson, well known and highly respected here.

"When I commenced to take Dodd's Kidney Pills," Miss Simpson states, "my heart bothered me so I could not walk."

"Now I can walk and work hard."

Miss Simpson is not entirely cured yet, but so great are the benefits she has received from Dodd's Kidney Pills that she is firmly convinced they will effect a complete cure. She has been a sufferer for eighteen years and underwent four months' treatment in a hospital before trying Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are a Kidney remedy. They relieve the work of the heart by putting the kidneys in shape to strain all the impurities out of the blood. Pure blood carried to all parts of the body means new health all over the body.

ed into each other by large doors or arched openings screened by curtains; and with the familiarity of one who had lived in the house, he passed into the drawing-room, through the dining-room, crossed the small dining-room in which the lunch was laid, and so on to the terrace.

As he did so, Susan Marsh, with the step which justified her sobriquet of "Mouse," was passing the open door leading from the smaller hall to the dining-room, and saw him. She stopped suddenly, her eyes fixed on him with a peculiar expression; then she hurried on; but before she had reached a point from which she could not have seen him, she stopped again and looked over her shoulder.

Hesketh Carton was leaning against the stone rail of the terrace, looking at the view, and humming softly to himself—the embodiment of ease and serenity; but suddenly she saw him turn his head and look into the dining-room. There was no one there, for Sholes had finished laying the cloth, and had gone to his pantry to wait until the young ladies had come down. Something in the expression of Mr. Hesketh Carton's face arrested The Mouse's progress, and, in the attitude of one prepared to go on her way, she still remained, watching.

Hesketh Carton, still humming, entered the room and stood by the table, near to the head, where Clytie's chair was placed. He stood for a moment or two, his eyes glancing from side to side searchingly; then the long white hand was thrust into his breast, there was the flash of a vial, the faint click of glass coming into contact with glass, and the next instant he sauntered from the room and passed, still singing softly, to the other end of the terrace.

(To be continued.)

Marion Bridge, C.B., May 29, '92.

I have handled MINARD'S LINIMENT during the past year. It is always the first Liniment asked for here, and unquestionably the best seller of all the different kinds of Liniment I handle.

NEIL FERGUSON.

Bird Friends

(London Advertiser.)

To have once felt the exquisite thrill of wonder at the alighting touch of a tiny chickadee on one's hand and the awe of watching it feed, marvelling at the shy confidence of the wild thing, with the sacred privilege of seeing so closely the miracle of the glossy black head and bright, bead-like eyes, the tiny bill with the rich black dash of plumage immediately underneath, the pale buff breast with the dainty little fluffy edge of down where the wings fit closely round the little body, the wonderfully folded wings, so alert for use, withal, is to have glimpsed something of the intricate and limitless beauty of fancy in the soul of the Creator. Given a rather quiet lawn with spruce trees or hedges of cedar for protection from the extreme cold, and a heart that loves and seeks to understand the little, flitting, feathered friends, it is a venture quite possible and beautiful to teach the birds to come to one's window and with patience and understanding to coax them to alight on the hand for food, or to take it from one's lips. Two delightfully interesting people of London have a family of ten chickadees, a pair of cardinals, a pair of white-breasted nuthatches and a pair of downy woodpeckers, and they are patiently awaiting the appearance of the red-breasted nuthatch to make the group still more wonderful.

On a grey winter morning to see poised proudly on the dark green of the spruce boughs the flaming scarlet of the male cardinal, tenderly aware of his matchless mate with her lovely pastel-tinted body, her bright, crimson beak and scarlet tinged wings, is to fancy oneself in the land of summer. More timidly than the chickadees, the cardinals seek the uncracked corn and crush it easily with their peculiarly fitted beaks, while a stray sparrow with usual audacity waits to seize the falling bits from the cardinals' beak. Cleverly hung inverted feeding stations hold choice bits of food held in readiness for the tiny visitors by the cooling of melted grease; plates of sunflower seed and bits of nuts, which are often taken and hidden in the bark of tree trunks for hungrier moments, are on the window feeding board, and bits of suet are spiked in naturally arranged nooks, or hung in the spruce trees. At one time the nuthatch, the woodpecker and a chickadee have all eaten from the one plate without quarrelling. As many as eight chickadees have feasted together on the window board, and one wee chap, a little more soiled than the others, is friendliest. As yet the cardinals have not been won to the intimacy of this particular window board, but there is every indication that they will soon be induced to come, by the airy example of the chickadees, which, with quiet unconcern, turn their backs to the one feeding them and chatting with them, this being a token of extreme confidence. Listening to the beautiful optimism of the happy little chorus "chickadee-dee-gee" from the tree boughs and window perches, and the busy whirl of wings in joyous little flittings, one wonders why more people with the necessary surroundings are not feeding and making friends of the birds.



Prevent Chaps

—use warm water and Baby's Own Soap. Wash in warm water with Baby's Own Soap—rinse well and dry perfectly—and your skin will be soft and never chap.

"Best for Baby and Best for you."
Albert Soap Co. Limited, Montreal. 130

Prisoner Was Dissatisfied.

Wesley, who lived in one of the smaller Kentucky cities, killed a man one day for some impertinence, and was brought to trial. The best attorney of the section was employed for him, but by some strange freak the jury, instead of acquitting Wesley and giving him a vote of thanks, declared him guilty of some mild form of homicide. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

About a month later Wesley's father came to the town and sought out the leading lawyer who had conducted Wesley's defence.

"Judge," he said to the lawyer, "something's got to be done for Wesley."

"I can't do anything more," replied the lawyer. "I did all I could, but he's up there in the penitentiary."

"Yes, Judge," said the father eagerly; "that's just it. We've got to get him outen there. Why, Judge, I had a letter from Wesley this morning, and he tells me he's plump dissatisfied."

Always Went Before.

There is a story told at the expense of an old Yorkshire man who was called upon by the Magistrate to explain why he had failed to take out a license for a favorite terrier dog.

"E's nobbut a puppy," the defendant remarked, in response to a question as to the animal's age.

"Yes, yes! So you say. But how old is he?"

"Oh, well, I couldn't tell to a bit," was the reply. "I never was much good at remembering dates, but 'e's nobbut a puppy."

On the other hand it was maintained that the animal in question was a very, very old-fashioned puppy, and the Magistrate inflicted the usual fine.

Shortly afterward the old man was met by a friend, who wanted to know how he had fared at the Police Court.

"Nobbut middlin'!" was the reply. "Did they fine you?"

"Yes," responded the victim; "an hang me if I can understand it! Last year an the year before that I told the same tale about the same dog an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's been tamperin' with the laws since last year?"

THE OTHER KIND WELCOME.

Rejected One—So you object to my presence at your wedding.

The Girl—It depends on how you spell it.—Boston Transcript.

THE ARTIST EXPLAINS.

"Rather an angular model you sent me."

"Won't do, eh?"

"I fear not. I'm not illustrating a work of geometry."

A TONIC FOR THE NERVES

The Only Real Nerve Tonic is a Good Supply of Rich, Red Blood.

"If people would only attend to their blood, instead of worrying themselves ill," said an eminent nerve specialist, "we doctors would not see our consulting rooms crowded with nervous wrecks. Many people suffer from worry more than anything else."

The sort of thing which the specialist spoke of is nervous, run-down condition caused by overwork and the many anxieties of to-day. Sufferers find themselves tired, morose, listless, and unable to keep their minds on anything. Any sudden noise hurts like a blow. They are full of groundless fears, and do not sleep well at night. Headache, neuritis and other nerve pains are part of the misery, and it all comes from starved nerves.

Doctoring the nerves with poisonous sedatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of rich, red blood. Therefore to cure nervousness and run-down health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be taken. These pills actually make new, rich blood, which strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite, gives new strength and spirits, and makes hitherto dependent people bright and cheerful. If you are all "out of sorts" you should begin curing yourself to-day by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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