



## SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

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, why should he go—just yet? Clytie had not heard his passionate avowal; with Wilfred Carton, 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."

strongly, he had protected her against the storm, against herself.

She turned to and fro, and strove to forget him, to blame him; but the memory of his strength, of his manly tenderness, prevailed over her; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of him. She woke in the morning exhausted as much by her emotion as by the feverish cold which Jack had dreaded.

"You will stay in bed, my dear," Mollie said decisively. "Girls who go skylarking in an open boat through a record storm must pay the penalty. And if I have the pleasure of seeing Jack Douglas—I beg his pardon, Mr. Douglas—I shall give him a piece of my mind."

"It was not his fault," murmured Clytie, in muffled accents, as she drew the covers about her.

"Oh! Then whose was it?" demanded Mollie. "If he doesn't know when a storm is impending, he's not much of a fisherman, and ought not to be trusted with a delicate girl."

"I'm not delicate!" declared Clytie indignantly.

"Yes, you are," retorted Mollie. "Anyway, you are far too delicate to face such a storm as we had yesterday; in an open boat, too! I should think Douglas would be ashamed of himself."

"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 to-day, my gentle sister."

Mollie made her way to the beach, and finding Jack beside his boat, expressed her opinion with absolute and devastating candor.

"My sister is quite ill, Douglas—I beg your pardon, Mr. Douglas," she said. "Quite unable to get up. Severe cold, mental prostration, low fever, and the rest of it."

"I'm very sorry, Miss Mollie," said Jack humbly, penitently. "All my fault. I ought to have seen that the storm was coming."

"Of course, you ought!" declared Mollie resentfully. "But you men, with your brute strength, never think of us women."

"Sometimes," he pleaded. "Then why didn't you think of my sister?" she demanded aggressively.

"I did think of her. I mean—" he faltered humbly.

"Not you!" retorted Mollie, cutting in upon him. "You thought you'd get another hand in the boat with you, and you didn't care—"

He looked at her with all the heart

in his eyes; and Mollie, as she turned away and marched up the beach, hid a smile as she thought of the anguished expression of his very expressive face.

Jack took the boat to Pethwick, and tried to force his attention to the loading of timber and shaping of stone; but his thoughts were fixed on Clytie and her condition. Low fever is a dangerous thing, you see; and dreadfully dangerous when viewed by the eyes of a lover. He longed for a sight of her.

And the next day his longing was gratified. She came down to the beach with Mollie and Lord Stanton. She was looking pale and thoughtful, and Jack was at once overwhelmed by remorse; but then she laughed at something Lord Stanton had said, and her eyes as they met Jack's were calm, placid, unembarrassed; and, with relief, he thanked Heaven that they were so; it was still more evident that she had not heard the passionate words which had sprung from his lips. Indeed, she scarcely glanced at him, and did not address him directly; not even when Lord Stanton said:

"Miss Bramley's none the worse for the storm, Douglas."

"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.

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, untrammelled.

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. Jarrold 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 Mollie 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 awhile with jealous eyes, and turned away with a sigh, as 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 Mollie 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 balm to her restless spirit.

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She knew he avoided her; but she found a subtle pleasure in watching him from a distance, in listening to his voice, as he 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 Withycombe without speaking to him, without saying "good-bye," but the morning of their departure, Mollie 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. Douglas," she said. "I've come down for a book of my sister'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 you mind taking it up to the farm? My sister is just packing."

"Polly shall go up with it," he said; but Mollie shook her head.

"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 messenger; but there was no one about, and, half-gladly, half-fearfully, he went up to the farm. Clytie was packing, as Mollie 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.

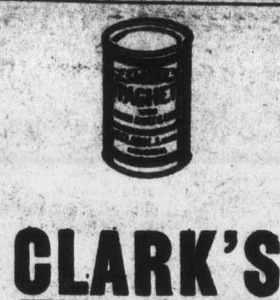
"Oh, thank you," she responded, brightly, and she came out to him. "How stupid of me to forget it. My favorite Browning, too! It is very good of you to bring it."

"Not at all," he said, his eyes downcast, his manner still reserved. "You—you are going, so Miss Mollie told me."

"Yes," she said, checking a sigh. "And I am very sorry. We have enjoyed the holiday, the change, so much."

"And you are so much better," he remarked, almost to himself.

She nodded. "It is the air, and the pleasant time we have had. I have to



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Thank you, Mr. Douglas, for—for taking us out in the boat—and taking so much care of us."

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

"Nearly is far from quite," she retorted, with a bright smile and a 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 you will remain in Withycombe or Pethwick until the jetty is built, Mr. Douglas?"

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

"Oh, I hope so—I mean," she continued, hurriedly, "that Lord Stanton would be so disappointed, that—that—"

Oh, you must not leave them in the lurch!"

"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 Clytie stood, a graceful figure in her tailor-made coat and skirt, the book clasped in her hand, the other raised to protect her hair from the attacks of the wind; and presently, with a jerk, he said: "Can I help you?"

There must be a good deal to do—your packing—"

"No, thanks. Oh, but yes! Would you mind cording a box for me?" she said with a smile. "It is so heavy, and all the men are away."

He followed her into the sitting-room, where a box stood on the floor. "That is it," she said. "Is it rather full, isn't it? It's the last box, and everything one had forgotten, all the odds and ends have been thrown into it. Perhaps the lid won't shut."

Jack knelt beside it, and eyed the disorder, the shoes, gloves, books, and odds and ends doubtfully as he essayed 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 I think I could manage better than that."

"Oh, I give you a free hand," she said; "but please don't trouble about those old gloves and things. I don't know why I put them in."

She turned away as she spoke, and Jack, as he rearranged the muddle, took up one of the old gloves and slipped it into his pocket. Clytie happened to be standing in front of the looking-glass, and she saw the act reflected in the mirror. Her face went crimson, and she stood quite still for a moment or two, her hand resting on the mantelpiece, 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? Shall I ring for some one? Perhaps I can help you?"

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

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

"Why, I could have done it by myself, if I'd been forced to it," she assured him, rather ungratefully.

Jack smiled, but took the cord from her hand, and interposed between her slight figure and the box.

"I'm glad you weren't, then," he said. "It is more than probable that you would have hurt yourself trying to lift it, or, having lifted it, have let it drop on your toes."

"Now, you want a knife," she remarked, looking round.

"Thanks, I have one," he said, and he pulled out the useful and somewhat formidable weapon which fulfilled so many purposes. In taking it from his pocket he brought the glove with it; but Clytie affected not to see it, and he covered it with his knee quickly, waiting for an opportunity to take it up again. But Clytie leaned against the table, her hands clasping the edges, her whole attitude one of indolent interest in the proceedings.

"You won't want a label?" he suggested, with the object of getting her to move so that he might secure the glove.

"Oh, no," she replied. "A cart is coming for the things."

"Is that it I hear coming down the road?" he asked, hoping she would go to the window; but she did not move, or remove her eyes from him, as she replied sweetly:

"Oh, no; it will not be here yet. Have you quite finished? It is so kind of you. What is that? Oh, one of my gloves," she went on, in despair, he rose and revealed the purloined article. "Thanks."

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

"Yes; 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 absentmindedly, tossed it out of the open window. By the exclamation 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 all you have done for us—"

unconsciously her hand 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 stairs, 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 Hall, you know—please let me know."

"I will," he replied, gratefully.

"Good-by,"

Having got outside the door, he stopped to light his pipe; it seemed a more than usually elaborate preparation, and he edged toward the bit of garden in front of the open window, dropped a match and stooped to pick it up, then, with his pipe in full blast, strode down the road.

(To Be Continued.)

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A Baltimore woman, Miss Cornelia Fiske, has devised a simple scheme to prevent the possibility of contamination when making use of a common drinking glass. It consists of a square of rather stiff waxed paper, folded through the centre, and when desiring a thirst quencher of any kind the paper is placed over the edge of the glass and the lips then cannot come in contact with the glass and therefore there is no exchange of germs. A supply of these papers can be carried conveniently in the purse or pocket, or they may be made more substantially of celluloid or some other equally suitable material, and one of the lip protectors made to do a prolonged term of duty.

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But in Doing It Grant Proved His Good Hearted Nature.

General Grant was a kind and warm hearted man in spite of a certain brusqueness in manner. A story that General Logan used often to tell is to the point.

At the time General Logan was with General Grant at Holly Springs, Miss., General Forrest, the Confederate cavalry leader, had just captured a train of supplies, and General Grant had issued an order to his men to scour the country for twenty miles round in order to get food for his troops. The country had already been swept pretty clean, and the new demands brought a good deal of hardship on the people of the neighborhood. At many of the homes there were only women, old men, children and faithful colored servants. These people, hungry and without money to buy provisions, were often forced to apply to the northern army in their distress. Food was always given them if they would take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

One day a rickety carriage drew up before General Grant's headquarters, and from it alighted an elderly woman and her colored driver. The woman was admitted to the tent, and the servant stood just inside the tent flap. Only a few words were necessary to explain matters. The woman's home had been ravaged by troops, both blue and gray, and she and her servants needed food. The soft-voiced woman spoke of her humiliation at having to beg for food, and added that she made the request more for her servants than for the request more for her servants than everything for the south," she said, "but I can't see our people starve."

An officer who had charge of such cases told the woman that she should have food if she would sign the oath of allegiance. "I cannot do that," she said. "My husband and three sons are fighting under the Confederate flag. I thank you, sir, for listening to me."

The woman turned to leave. General Grant, who had been writing at a table in one corner of the tent, glanced up from his papers. He called to the negro:

"Sam, did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln?"

"Yassuh, gen'ral."

"Do you know that he is trying to free you colored people?"

"Yassuh. Ah knows it."

"Are you willing to take sides with Abraham Lincoln—to take the oath of allegiance to the United States?"

"Yassuh, gen'ral, Ah's willin' ter do dat."

General Grant turned to the officer who had talked with the woman. "Administer the oath to Sam," he said, "and give him the provisions. See that he gets plenty."

The rickety old carriage with its escort of soldiers passed through the Union lines a short time afterward, laden to the seats with provisions, and Sam, probably thinking less of his oath than of the supper to come, grinned from ear to ear as he urged the two mules to a faster gait.

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Indian Magicians.

A recent meeting of magicians, or sleight-of-hand men, confessed itself in despair over the method of operation of the Indian rope-climbing trick, which has been so often described by eastern travellers. Thus Iby Batuta, an Arab from Tangier, described this trick as performed at Hang Chau:

I was entertained by the Emir in his own house in a most splendid manner. At the banquet was present the Khan's juggler, and also went quite a number of the Emir's harem, in which there were holes, and in these long straps, and threw it up into the air till it went out of sight, and while the strap remained in his hand. He then commanded one of his disciples to take hold of and to ascend by this strap, which he did until he also went out of sight. His master then called him three times, but no answer came; he then took a knife in his hand, apparently in anger, laid hold of the strap and also went quite out of sight. He then threw the hand of the boy upon the ground, then his foot, then his other hand, then his other foot, then his body, then his head. He then came down, panting for breath, and his clothes stained with blood. The juggler then took the limbs of the boy and applied them one to another; he then stamped upon them, and it stood up complete and erect. I was astonished, and was seized in consequence by a palpitation of the heart; but they gave me some drink and I recovered. The judge of the Mohammedans was sitting by my side, and swore that there was neither ascent, descent nor cutting away of limbs, but the whole were mere juggling.

Any magician of the present day who can perform this trick as it is performed even at the present day in India, certainly must be sure of a fortune, says the Boston Transcript. The funny part of all such tricks is that, as in the case of the trick of making a tree grow from the ground and bear fruit before the spectators' eyes, the photographic camera reveals nothing of the sort going on.

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