

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

The Mouse had remained motionless, so motionless that she might have been carved out of stone, and her face was like marble; only her eyes seemed alive. Suddenly, as if she had been restored to life and the power of movement by some magic, electric agency, she passed swiftly and with absolute noiselessness into the dining-room, caught up Clytie's wine-glass, replaced it by one

covered by her hand, and with the other from the buffet, and darted out of room and upstairs to her own. She had covered the glass with the palm of her hand, so that nothing could escape from it; and she now placed it carefully on a table, and, having locked the door, examined the glass. There was a small quantity of a colorless liquid, like water, at the bottom of the glass, and she sank on the bed, and, gripping her chin in her hands, gazed at the glass with an expression in which horror, pity, and hate fought for predominance. The tress which is in most women shone in her eyes, and revealed itself in the curve of her lips, which, drawn back slightly, showed the white teeth, and the grip of her fingers on her chin were making white marks on it, while the sweat gathered on her forehead.

Presently she got up stiffly, as if her whole body had been held in some fierce tension, and, after carefully placing the glass in a cupboard, which she locked, went to the dressing-room where she usually worked. Clytie had by this time gone down, and her maid was there putting out her mistress' evening frock.

"Miss Bramley was quite upset about being so late," she said; "she laugh and a shake of the head. 'Miss Mollie,' and she laughed indulgently, for Mollie was a great favorite with all the servants, who were always more than willing to go out of their way to humor her. 'I often think,' she went on, 'that it must be very strange to Mr. Carton to come as a visitor to the house where he once lived, and which, I dare say, he thought would be his when old Sir William died.'

Servants, the best of them, are fond of talking of their mistresses' and masters' affairs—and why should they not?—and it needed only a word or two from the usually unresponsive 'Mouse' to encourage Clytie's maid to continue the subject; and before long, by the aid of an apparently casual and indifferent question, The Mouse learned that if anything happened to Miss Clytie, Bramley and Sir William's money would pass to Mr. Hesketh Carton.

"Not that he has much chance of getting it," said the maid, with a laugh and a shake of the head. "Miss Clytie—what a dear she is! You couldn't have a better mistress—and, I say, Mouse, you may think yourself precious lucky that she took a fancy to you and engaged you!"

"I do," said The Mouse, in her low, expressionless voice. "Thank goodness, Miss Clytie is strong and healthy, and will keep him out, for, of course, those attacks which she used to have are of no consequence."

"What attacks?" asked The Mouse;

From Cherry-Blossom Land The Japanese Give Good Example



It is a proverb of Cherry Blossom Land that beauty of face and figure depend on a healthy health. What is it that makes our Canadian women often pale, sallow-faced, with dark circles under the eyes, and very often old at forty-five when they should be in their prime? Women suffer in girlhood from backache, spine-ache and headaches, followed by irregularities and as a result diseases of the womanly organs are more common than any one but a physician in active practice could suppose.

ONTARIO WOMEN TESTIFY

Chatham, Ont.—"Dr. Pierce's medicine has been used in my family at home (especially by my father and mother) ever since I can remember. They always proved very satisfactory. Through overwork I at one time became all run-down in health, was on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown. I went on ailing for about two years, during which time I suffered terribly. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it soon built me up in good health and cured me of the nervous condition. I consider it an excellent medicine for the ailments of women."—MRS. CHAR. TITUS, Jr., 28 Duke St.

and she was promptly and in detail informed of Clytie's peculiar fits of illness.

"Quite terrifying they were," wound up the maid; "but she has got over them now, and hasn't had one for a long time, thank Heaven! for they made me quite nervous!"

"Mr. Hesketh Carton seems a—nice man," remarked The Mouse.

The maid shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, yes," she said, "but with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm. 'He's a very pleasant-spoken gentleman, but I don't care for that kind of countenance, and his eyes look hard and cold-like when he smiles.' Oh, my friends, how little we think that our 'inferiors,' our servants, our clerks and work-people, criticize and analyze even our smiles! 'And he's got a way of dropping his eyelids while he's speaking that gets on my nerves; it's as if he were thinking you over and didn't want you to know what he was thinking. Do you understand me, Mouse?'"

"I think I do," replied Susan.

"Not but what he hasn't behaved very well," went on the maid, "as if she were desirous of doing him justice. 'Many a gentleman, who, as you may say, had a right to look forward to being his uncle's heir and the master of Bramley, would have been cut up enough when he found that his nose was put out of joint by a young lady—I mean Miss Clytie. But he has been quite pleasant about it, and has helped Miss Clytie to manage the estate, as if he bore her no grudge at all. Have you nearly finished? I wonder whether you would wait on Miss Clytie to-night? It's my night off, you see, and I don't like to have her attend to herself and brush her hair. She said the other night that I might ask you. Do you think you could do it, Mouse? I've promised to meet George—'"

"Yes, I will do it," said The Mouse, in her usual quiet way. "I will dress her, too, if you want to go early."

"You're a good sort, Mouse; I'll say that for you," declared the maid. "I accept, and thank you. Be careful you don't pull her hair. Miss Clytie's so—so sensitive. She won't say anything if you do, but she'll wince, and, for my part, that's worse than letting out at you, as my last mistress used to do."

"I will be careful," said The Mouse.

"Oh, so you are going to wait on me, Susan," said Clytie, when she came up to dress. "It is very kind of you. I expected to have to dress myself. I like you to help each other. And you have done my hair very nicely," she added, when The Mouse had finished. "How is that poor fellow, Rawdon, Susan?" She had sent Susan to inquire for him that morning.

The Mouse's eyes were cast down, and her lips came together.

"Much better, miss," she replied.

"I am glad," said Clytie; "we must see if we can find some work for him when he has quite recovered. Perhaps Mr. Carton will give him another chance."

"I don't think he will; they say that Mr. Carton has been very lenient with him," remarked Susan Marsh, in an impassive voice.

"Well, we must see what can be done," said Clytie. "Yes, I will have the diamonds. Lady Mervyn and Lord Stanton are dining here to-night. In that jewel box; that is right, Susan, you are not looking well to-night. I hope you are not working too hard, that you take enough exercise? I'm afraid you do not go out enough."

"I am quite well, thank you, miss," responded Susan.

When Clytie went, The Mouse stood for a moment in the corridor looking down at her mistress with troubled and anxious regard; then she went up to her own room and, unlocking the cupboard, took out the wine glass. With great care she poured half of the colorless liquid contained in the glass into a small vial; then she stood with the glass in her hand and gazed at it, her brows drawn, her lips tightly set; and at last she filled the glass with water, and quickly, as if she were desirous of not giving herself time for consideration, drank the contents to the last drop.

Clytie came up rather late that night. It had been for Mollie and Percy—a very pleasant evening, and though Clytie had at first been somewhat absent-minded and preoccupied, she had thrust away her own grief and the terrible problem of her life and enjoyed the badinage with which Mollie had brightened the meal. Clytie found Susan Marsh waiting for her.

"I am afraid I am very late, Susan," she said.

Susan murmured: "Not at all, miss," and helped Clytie out of her frock and proceeded to brush her hair; but suddenly she stopped, and, staggering slightly, let the brushes fall from her hand.

Clytie had been sitting with her head bent, her thoughts dwelling on Jack, the husband who had fled from her; now she awoke with a start, and, seeing Susan's face reflected in the looking-glass, uttered a cry of alarm.

"Susan! What is the matter? Are you ill?" she cried.

Susan was as white as death, her



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eyes half-closed, and she clung to the back of the chair as if to prevent herself from falling. Clytie sprang up and caught her, as she swayed uncertainly, and managed to get her to a couch; then she ran to the bell; but she remembered that the other servants would be in bed by this time; and Susan, at the same moment, and in a feeble voice, begged her not to ring. Clytie caught up a bottle of salvolatile and gave her some, kneeling beside her and watching her.

"Are you better?" she asked, anxiously. "What is it—a faint?"

"Yes, miss," said Susan, evidently struggling against the deathly faintness; "it is only that. Please—please don't call anyone! I shall be better, quite well, in a moment or two."

"Oh, but you—frightened me!" said Clytie. "I must call Miss Mollie; she will not have gone to bed yet. Lean back—I shall not be a moment or two."

"Only Miss Mollie!" Susan begged earnestly.

Clytie nodded, and ran to Mollie's room and brought her. Mollie bent over Susan as Clytie bathed the girl's forehead with eau de cologne.

"Why, Clytie," said Mollie, breaking the anxious silence, "she looks just as you looked when you had one of those attacks. She is quite white!" Mollie had spoken scarcely above her breath, but Susan heard her, and her eyelids quivered. "Yes; exactly as you do!" said Mollie, with a puzzled frown.

Clytie gazed at Susan with a perplexed worried air.

"Yes, she does," she assented. "I wonder what it can be. Poor girl! I am so glad she happened to be here and not alone in her own room. Are you better, Susan? Don't be frightened. It is only a fainting-fit. I have had the same kind of attack several times, and thought all sorts of terrible things—but I am all right, you see. Don't be frightened, Susan!"

The girl opened her eyes and sat up, pushing the hair from her brow with a trembling hand.

"I am better now, miss," she said, "and I am not frightened. I must have eaten something that upset me. I am so sorry to—to have been so much trouble."

"Oh, don't think of that," responded Clytie gently. "Can you remember eating anything that may have disagreed with you?"

Susan shook her head as she struggled to her feet.

"No, miss, nothing any different to the usual food."

"Do you think anything is wrong with the water?" Clytie asked, turning to Mollie quickly.

"No," said Mollie thoughtfully; "besides, you were taken ill in just this way at Weybridge; and there was nothing the matter with the water there, and there is nothing wrong here."

"Bramley, why weren't we all ill? Do you think you feel well enough Susan, to go up-stairs?"

Have Earned a Place In Canadian Homes

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS GREAT WORK FOR WOMEN.

is Once More Shown in the Case of Mrs. Robert Bell, Who Says She Can Never Thank Dodd's Kidney Pills Enough.

Golden Valley, Ont., Feb. 2.—(Special.)—"I had kidney trouble. My nerves were bad. I felt tired all the time. I was run down."

"My troubles are all gone since using Dodd's Kidney Pills. My appetite is good and I am increasing in weight."

These are the statements of Mrs. Robert Bell, a well-known and highly respected resident of this place. They must be of interest to thousands of tired, suffering women in Canada. Thousands of other Canadian women who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills know them to be true.

For Dodd's Kidney Pills are no experiment. They are a household remedy in thousands of Canadian homes. They have earned their place by the pains they have relieved and the health they have brought. Ask your neighbors about them. You can hardly fail to find women who exclaim with Mrs. Bell, "I can never thank Dodd's Kidney Pills enough."

"No; she shall sleep in the next room," said Clytie promptly.

Susan's eyes filled with tears, and she protested that she was quite well again, and could not think of giving so much trouble; but the two girls swiftly made the necessary preparations, and got her to bed, waiting with her until she fell asleep. They sat up, talking in a whisper, in Clytie's room, for some time; but Mollie said very little, and looked grave and thoughtful.

"I will send for Doctor Morten quite early in the morning," said Clytie.

"And he will give her a tonic, as he gave you," said Mollie absently. "I shall stay with you to-night?"

"No, no," Clytie replied. "It would only make poor Susan think she was causing more trouble and fuss. Go to bed now, dear."

In the middle of the night Susan woke, and starting up in bed, gazed at the unfamiliar surroundings with a sharp terror; then she remembered, and with a faint cry of alarm hurried to the next room and bent over Clytie apprehensively. Clytie was sleeping lightly, and woke to meet Susan's fearful, questioning eyes fixed on her.

"Oh, what is the matter, Susan? Are you ill again?" she cried, springing up.

Susan laid her hand on her mistress' arm soothingly.

"No, no, miss! I am all right, quite all right; but—but I had a dream. I thought you were ill—in danger—I beg your pardon."

"You poor girl! You are quite upset!" said Clytie pitying. "Why should I be ill? What should happen to me? Go back to your bed and try and sleep. And, mind, you are not to get up in the morning until the doctor has seen you."

"No, no! I don't want the doctor!" said Susan. "Please don't send for him. You won't, if I am quite well in the morning?"

(To be continued.)

A Wonderful Discovery Cures Catarrh Permanently

Formerly doctors prescribed stomach treatment for Catarrh and Bronchitis. They seldom cured and Catarrh has become a national disease. To-day the advanced physician fights Catarrh by medicated air. He fills the lungs, nose and throat with the antiseptic vapor of Catarrhoxone. It is easy then for Catarrhoxone to cure. It contains the essences of pure pine balsams, reaches all the germs and destroys the disease. Every case of Catarrh, Bronchitis and Sore Throat can be cured by Catarrhoxone. The dollar outfit lasts two months, and is guaranteed to cure; small size 50c; trial size 25c. all dealers, or Catarrhoxone Co., Kingston, Ont.

THE LIFE OF GUNS

Is Dependent On the Process of Erosion.

The life of a gun depends upon the progress of erosion, which sooner or later is certain to impair the accuracy of fire. Erosion is caused by the action of the explosive gases at high temperature and pressure. The hot gases cause a thin film of steel to absorb heat. The film expands and becomes set. Upon the release of the pressure it contracts, which action causes minute cracks that grow larger with every discharge. As they increase in size they form passageways for more hot gas, and that tends to enlarge them still further. The inner surface thus becomes roughened and the bands begin to corrode.

Finally the bore becomes so enlarged that it allows the gases to escape. The shell does not then acquire its proper rotation, and its flight becomes erratic. All guns except small ones are now constructed with linings in the tube, which, when the bore is worn out, are removed and replaced by new ones. The cost of relining a gun is approximately 30 per cent. of the cost of the gun. There appears to be no limit to the number of times that a gun can be relined.

The small arms used by the United States army are considered to be worn out after 5,000 to 7,000 rounds have been fired. Small naval guns can be fired about 1,000 times before they are regarded as worn out. Large twelve-inch and fourteen-inch naval guns are considered to have a life, on one lining, of from 150 to 200 rounds. Low velocity guns, such as howitzers and mortars, have correspondingly longer lives than high velocity guns of the same calibre, because of the pressure they develop, and hence the lower temperatures.

VERY HUMAN.

Amazing Incident in a Burmah Lumber Yard.

To prove how amazingly elephants are like human beings in the way they discipline their young, a French traveller tells the following regarding incident witnessed in an extensive lumber yard in Burma:

While the adult elephants were faithfully at work the youngsters played about the yard. The elephant that attracted the traveller's particular attention was hauling, in

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her chain harness, huge tree trunks from the bank of the river. She had a heavy load, a fact that her offspring did not realize. Bent on playing a prank, he wound his little trunk about one of the chain traces and pulled back with all his strength.

Conscious of the suddenly increased weight, the mother stopped and looked around. She saw the youngster and shook her head solemnly, but, paying no further heed to the teasing, bent again to her work. Meanwhile the little rascal, with his mischievous trunk, had loosened the ring that fastened the traces to the load.

While the mother was straining to set her burden in motion again her rascally son pulled with all his might against her, and pulled so sturdily that she was quite unaware that she had been disconnected from her load. Then, suddenly, the youngster let go. Naturally enough, the mother was thrown to her knees and her driver hurried in a wide circle from her back.

The culprit sought a huge woodpile that seemed to offer him at least temporary protection. His mother, however, was soon in pursuit, and he had to flee. Round and round the woodpile he dodged, but his mother, with her iron harness clanking noisily behind her, kept close to his heels.

Although the little one's greater agility gained some space for him at the corners, his mother eventually overtook him. The first blow of her trunk drew from him a bawl of pain. At the second he sank, quite humbled, to his knees, and then he endured without a murmur, although with many tears, a sound thrashing. Finally the mother let him up. With tears still streaming, and with drooping trunk, he took his disconsolate way out of the yard.

The little fellow had won the complete sympathy of the observer. Consequently he was overjoyed to witness during the noon hour a touching reconciliation. The mother did all she could to comfort the penitent little sinner; she caressed him with her trunk, cuddled him up against her, and looked at him as if to say: "You still have a mother who loves you."

A STEP TOWARDS PEACE.

Mrs. Knagg—How can I keep my husband at home nights?

Mrs. Baag—Have you tried going out yourself?

KEEP HEALTHY DURING WINTER

Colds and Diseases May be Avoided If the Blood is Kept Pure.

Do not let your blood get thin this winter. For people who have a tendency towards anaemia, or bloodlessness, winter is a trying season. Lack of exercise and fresh air, and the fire restricted diet, are among the many things that combine to lower the tone of the body and deplete the blood.

As soon as you notice the tired feeling, lack of appetite and shortness of breath that are warning symptoms of thin blood, take a short course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not wait until the color has entirely left your cheeks, until your lips are white and your eyes dull. It is so much easier to correct thinning of the blood in the earlier stages than later. This is well illustrated in the case of Mrs. E. Williams, Elk Lake, Ont., who says: "I take great pleasure in letting you know the benefit I have found in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was in an anæmic condition, and was very weak and run down. The least exertion would leave me breathless, and it was with difficulty that I did household work. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after the use of four boxes I felt like a new person. In fact my system seemed filled with new energy and new life. I strongly recommend this medicine to all who feel weak or run down."

The purpose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is to build up the blood. They do this one thing and they do it well. They are for this reason an invaluable remedy in diseases arising from had or deficient blood, as rheumatism, neuralgia, after-effects of the grip or fevers. The pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or any harmful drug, and cannot injure the most delicate system.

You can procure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent you by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.