

Have You Ever Thought of This? — That a Cup of



properly infused, is one of Nature's greatest blessings as a harmless stimulating beverage.

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

CHAPTER II.

He looked down and tapped the will with his fingers. "No?" he said, at last. "No!" she responded swiftly, the blood mounting to her face, her eyes flashing indignantly. "Sir William Carton was a masterful man; he rose from that factory there—she pointed in the direction of the Pit Works—and bought my father's house and land; there seemed to be nothing he could not buy. But he has not bought me." Mr. Granger's wrinkled fingers continued to play on the parchment. He knew enough of women to be aware that it is better to let their emotions find their proper vent, in words and tears; and now there was something suspiciously like tears in the beautiful gray eyes. "Please put yourself in my place," she said, with a falter in her voice. "Would you like to be made the instrument of a father's malice, his vengeance, on his son?" Mr. Granger coughed. "I don't think Sir William intended—"

ed, without turning. "Unjust to me—cruelly unjust to his son. Where is he?" "Sir Wilfrid is, or was, at a place in Australia called Mintona," replied Mr. Granger. "Of course, we have written to him." "And—and he will come home, of course. How soon—how soon? But I will not stay here till then," she broke off. Mr. Granger shook his head remorsefully. "I do hope you will be reasonable," he said, pleadingly. "Please don't make my task harder than it is, Miss Bramley. I need not tell you that there is a great deal of business to be got through; I shall have to consult you at every turn. And there is no one else, remember. You are mistress here—for twelve months, a tany rate." "Mr. Carton—where is he?" she asked, impatiently. "At the Pit House, the house Sir William lived in before he bought Bramley." "Why doesn't he—Will he not help us?" Mr. Granger shook his head. "I am afraid not. Mr. Carton has been very ill since the funeral—the strain, the excitement, no doubt. He has only just sufficiently recovered to attend to business, the business of the works, of which he is now proprietor. And—"

Mollie drew her sister's head onto her girlish bosom, and stroked the beautiful hair lovingly. "What has that old man been saying to you, Clytie?" she asked, soothingly. "Why have we come here? What means that Sir William has left me the Hall and all his money—and—and that Mr. Granger wants to persuade me to keep it, Mollie!" Mollie drew her head back and looked shrewdly at the flushed face and burning eyes. "Oh, I beg his pardon!" Mollie said, slowly and in a low voice. "He was right—and you are trying to be a fool!" CHAPTER III. "You are trying to be a fool!" The words as they were written down look offensive enough. But Mollie had a particularly free charter from her elder sister, and Clytie was too accustomed to such speeches from Mollie; and, indeed, the girl had a happy and unconscious facility of sharp retorts and quick repartes, which, uttered by her soft, full lips, and with her clear, beautiful voice, seemed innocent enough at the moment of delivery. It was not until the sufferer, the object of her wit and appalling candor, was removed from the charm of her presence and the spell of her girlish audacity, that he felt the barb of the dart she had inserted in him. Between the two sisters was a love almost more than sisterly; for they had been left alone in the world when Mollie was quite a little child, and Clytie had mothered her; but gradually, as Mollie's wings and legs had extended, the girls had seemed to change places, and it was Mollie who now almost mothered Clytie. Not that Clytie was lacking in mental or moral strength; but she had inherited something, at any rate, of the gentleness, the tenderness, and the unworliness which had proved so fatal to the Bramleys, especially to her father, who had assuredly been the most gentle, the easiest going and most unbusinesslike of men. Mollie was a kind of "sport," as gardeners say, and had inherited her sharpness and dryness from some ancestress on the maternal side. Clytie could be firm enough, as has been seen, when her sense of duty and honor and right demanded a resolute stand; but Mollie always had her armor on, her lance couched, and her young, untamed spirit eager for combat. Clytie not only loved her, but understood and was proud of her; and so she was not offended when she was told that she was threatening to make a fool of herself, but said, with a sigh: "You don't understand, Mollie."

Mrs. Lillian Taylor Tells How Cuticura Healed Her Baby

"Our baby was two weeks old when his face became very red and terribly itchy, and he was fairly crazy rubbing and scratching till the skin broke and bled. He could not sleep, and did nothing but cry. His face looked as though he might be disfigured for life. I thought I would give Cuticura Soap and Ointment a trial. I found the free sample so good that I bought more and two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a fifty-cent box of Cuticura Ointment healed him." (Signed) Mrs. Lillian M. Taylor, Box 99, Braccobridge, Muskoka, Ont., Dec. 30, '18.

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fer Bramley Hall to 149 Goodman street; to know the difference between a court dressmaker and a cheap, ready-made 'emporium.' I am old enough to know that you are out of your place at Bramley, to be—painfully aware that a young and lovely girl like you ought to live in a paradise like this, to take her proper position among proper people. I am also conscious that Bramley Hall would suit your young and meek sister much better than dingy lodgings in the purlieus of Camden Town; in fact, my anxiety that you should not make a fool of yourself is absolutely selfish. I propose to remain at Bramley Hall—I suppose we can do so?" Clytie shrugged her shoulders helplessly. "Yes," she said. "This ridiculous will states that we should live here, at the Hall, as if it absolutely belonged to us. I have twelve months left to get rid of my mind, to come to a decision. Of course, I do not want a year. I would surrender the property at once; but Mr. Granger tells me that I cannot do so until twelve months have elapsed." "Hurray! There was some sense in Sir William, after all! Twelve months. All sorts of things can happen in a year; and I vote that we enjoy ourselves, Clytie, for that period." "Enjoy ourselves?" murmured Clytie, with a sigh. "Yes! Why not?" retorted Mollie. "At any rate, I mean to do so. I've fallen in love with this old place; I suppose that's a kind of family ancestral feeling. And I'm going to be very happy. And so are you, of such ahrd shrd shrd shrdshrdshrd I will take precious good care. For goodness sake, pull yourself together and enjoy yourself!" "Mourning-bride" expression! What have you got to cry about? You've got a year of wealth, of luxury, of amusement. I suppose there is plenty of money?" "Oh, yes," assented Clytie. "I understand from Mr. Granger that we could have what we wanted—that I was absolute mistress here—for a year, of course." "Hurray!" cried Mollie. "We've got twelve months before us; and twelve months is something, everything, in twelve months—"

DOMINION Bicycle Tires



"Unquestionably the Best Tires Made" For speed, safety and thoroughly satisfactory service, be sure to ride on "Dominion" Tires. The extra mileage makes them the best and cheapest to buy.

Sour Milk. Some Good Ways in Which to Use It. What can I do with all this sour milk more than one housewife has asked herself this summer when the ice shortage has left her ice box empty for several hours. Some do not seem to realize that sour milk can be used in place of sweet milk for practically all quick breads, cakes and cookies. Sour milk, it is even thought by some good cooks, gives a more tender texture than does sweet milk. Considerable care should be taken, however, in using the right amount of soda with sour milk. Many persons use more than is necessary. Sour milk varies in acidity, but in general from one-fourth to one-half teaspoon of soda to one cup of sour milk is a good proportion. If the milk is only slightly sour and consequently only a small amount of soda is required—for example, one-fourth teaspoon of soda to a cup—it is advisable to use baking powder for additional leavening in the proportion of one teaspoon of baking powder to each cup of flour used. Creasures of Habit. The Olean (N. Y.) Times headlines it this way: "Twins Born Seven Times in One Street." The news fills us with amazement and tempts us to philosophise. Amusement, because twins should like being born so well that they repeat the act seven times; to philosophise on the force of habit which makes them continually choose the same street as the scene of their natal encores. It seems to us that if we were twins with an incurable birth habit, we should desire a bit of variety. Having been born once in Olean, we should yearn for some different place for our next debut; we should try to be born in China, in France, in Salamanca, in Cattaraugus, in Indiana, at Aurora Pond—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sickly Women Given Strength, Vigor, Spirits

Many of the woes of womanhood, are due to kidney weakness. At first the back aches. Then pains gather around the hips and lodge right in the small of the back. To stoop or bend seems impossible. Headaches are constant. Unhappy existence. No pleasure in life when the body is overloaded with poisons that the sick kidneys can't filter out. Bright's disease is the next stage, but it can be prevented by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills (Mandrake and Butternut). They cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. When the kidneys work properly pure blood is formed. This means nourishment and strength for the whole body. Back aches and dragging pains are forgotten. Irregularities disappear, vital energy is restored, and happy, robust health is once more established. Dr. Hamilton's Pills for women's ills is the slogan of thousands today. Enormous benefit in many ways follow their use, and no woman or girl can use medicine that will do their general health more good. For the sake of your kidneys, for the sake of your liver, for the advancement of your general well-being, you can't improve on Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box.

THIS LEGEND ON THE TIN IS A GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE OF PURITY.

CLARK'S CANADIAN BOILED DINNER MEAT-VEGETABLES-COMplete WELL COOKED AND SEASONED JUST HEAT AND EAT

WORTH KNOWING. To remove bloodstains, wash with cold water until the stain turns brown, then rub with a good cleansing soap and soak in warm water.

To care for a tiled floor, wash with soap and water, then polish with the following mixture: Five pints boiling water, two ounces laundry soap shaved, one ounce sal soda, one-half pound wax, one cup turpentine. To prepare this, mix the wax and shaved soap, add the water and stir over a moderate fire until well dissolved. Add the soda, remove from the fire and stir until cool. When ready for use, heat slowly, add turpentine and apply with a soft cloth.

To remove mildew, wet the spot, rub with soap and cover the spot with wet starch. Spread in the sun to dry. Apply the soap and starch a second time if necessary. Or cover with lemon juice and expose to the direct sunlight.

To remove chocolate stains, sprinkle with powdered borax and soak in cold water.

To remove iodine stains, soap in alcohol, ether or chloroform.

To clean copper utensils, use a scouring powder and soft flannel.

To remove lampblack or tar, saturate the spot with kerosene, and then wash with soap and water.

To remove perspiration stains, wash in soapsuds, rinse and dry in the sunshine. Or soak in Javelle water for five minutes, then wash in warm water and soapsuds.

"Completely Discouraged"

Is the feeling and plaint of women who are "run-down" so low that work drags, head aches, back aches, dragging down feelings, dissy, pale and weak, little things annoy and "everything goes wrong." Look the other way just a minute and see what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for more than a million women in the last fifty years. What it has done for others it can do for you. A helping hand to lift up weak, tired, over-taxed women—that's what you'll find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives you just the help that you need. To be had in liquid or tablets. Tablet form, 50 cents, at all drug stores. It is a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nerve; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless. You can procure a trial pkg. by sending 10c. to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. TILSONBURG, ONT.—"A few years ago I had a severe nervous break-down. I would have pains in my head and would suffer with backache. I was ailing for about two years. Had doctored but did not seem to get cured of the ailment. At last I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. It built me up and I felt better in every way than I had for two years previously."—Mrs. L. HEATZ.

Spring Fever—What Is It?

THREE o'clock in the afternoon—and absolutely no "pep." You call it spring fever, but is it?

When you are constipated waste matter remains in the intestines, decays, forms poisons which are absorbed into your blood and carried by it to every cell in your body. When your cells are thus poisoned, of course you have no "pep."

Pills, salts, mineral waters, castor oil, etc., merely force the bowels to act, and make constipation and self-poisoning a habit. Nujol is entirely different from drugs as it does not force or irritate the bowels.

Nujol prevents stagnation by softening the food waste and encouraging the intestinal muscles to act naturally, thus removing the cause of constipation and self-poisoning. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take.

Nujol helps Nature establish easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today and watch your "pep" come back.

Warning: Nujol is sold in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. All druggists. Insist on Nujol. You may suffer from substitutes.