Section of the second

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

SIR WILLIAM'S

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 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 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 ven-

geance, on his son?"
Mr. Granger coughed. "I don't think Sir William intended-

"Ah, 'intended'! How can he know what he intended? All we know is is what he has done; sold me, and his son, into mutual slavery—if we should be weak enough to consent. Yes, that is the pith of the matter, Mr. Granshe went on, resolutely, brows coming together, her eyes glow-ing, "I refuse, at once and absolutely, to comply with the terms of the will. Give me a piece of paper and pen,

The lawyer's fingers ceased to play, but he did not prcure the required ar

"Time enough for such decided actfon, my dear Miss Clytie," he said, gravely. 'You have twelve months in which to make up your mind."

"I do not need tweive months," she said, promptly. "I want to—to re-lease myself at once, to leave this

He shook his head. 'You can do neither," he said. "You must remember that I pointed out to you that Sir William had foreseen this—er— not unreasonable antagonism to his wishes and had provided for it by the clauses which put you in possession of the estate until the twelve months have elapsed, and makes your renun-ciation invalid for a like period." Her lips came together and she

moved to the window.
"He seems to have thought of every-

net." she said Mr. Granger affected to busy himself with some papers and averted his eyes from the girlish figure; he knew that the threatened tears were now

'He was a far-seeing man," he mur-

ed. without turning. "Unjust to me cruelly unpust to his son.

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, course. How soon—how soon? But I will not stay here till then," she

broke off. Mr. Granger shook his head remon-

saratingly.
"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 consulyou 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 ask

ed, impatiently.

"At the Pit House, the house Sir William lived in before he bought

"Why doesn't he- Will he not help

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"—he paused—"he has informed me that he will take no part, will not—interfere is not the word I want—"

"I understand," she said, with touch of bitterness. "He is ashame of the will, and refuses to be connected with its wicked provisions. There is no one to help us—I beg your pardon! But, no, it is true; for you will not help me.'

"Forgive me, I propose to assist you to the bast of m yability; but I cannot overrule the conditions of the will. My dear young lady, why not face these-er—trying circumstances? Why not

The door opened, and a girl of sixteen, with her hair—red hair—stream ing down her back, ran in, calling:

At sight of the lawyer, she stopped short, looking from one to the other; then she ran to er sister, and, put ting her arms round her, cast an indignant glance at the unfortunate

"What have you been saying to Clytte? She's been crying! What is it, Clytte, and who is he?"

As Clytie sank on a chair, and, sol bing, bowed her head over the girl Mr. Granger rose. gathered his papers together, and, with a kind of grim sadness, said:

"I am an unfortunate man, who is trying to prevent your sister from doing something foolish, my dear," he aured.
"He was an unjust one," she retortof the head, he left the room.

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 does it all mean?"
"It means that Sir William has left

me the Hall and all his money—and— and—that Mr. Granger wants to per-suade me to keep it, Molliei" Mollie drew her head back and ooked shrewdly at the flushed fac

"Oh, I beg his pardon!" Mollie said, slowly and in a low voice. "He was right—and you are trying to be a

CHAPTER III.

"You are trying to be a fool!"
The words as they are written down look offensive enough. But Mollie had a particularly free charter from her elder sister, and Clytie was too accus tomed to such speeches from Molliq; and, indeed, the girl had a happy and unconscious facility of sharp retorts and quick repartee, which, uttered by her soft, full lips, and with her clear, ner sort, 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 fort the barb of the dart she had inserted in him.

Between the two sisters was a love

Between the two sisters was a love lmost more than sisterly; for they 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 unworldliness 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. was a kind of "sport," as gardeners say, and had inherited her sharpness and shrewdness 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 resoand nonor and right demanded a reso-lute stand; but Molite always had her armor on, her lance couched, and her young, untamed spirit eager for com-hat. 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 threaten she was told that she was threaten-ing to make a fool of herself, but said, with a sigh:

"You don't understand, Mollie." "Didn't I say so?" retorted Molite, perching herself on the arm of the chair and drawing Clytic to ner, with chair and drawing Civile to her, with a soothing and protecting air which was quaintly maternal in so young a girl. "I was asking for information. I come into the reom and fined a nice-looking old gentleman frowning, and my beloved sister in tears, and I naturally ask the cause. And you tell me that he is scowling and you are weeping because Sir William Carfortune, and that you don't want to take them. I am naturally surprised and somewhat indignant."

"Sir William has left me not only all this, but—a husband," said Clytie, wiping her eyes and hiding some tion of her blush with the same hand

"Really?" said Mollie. "Sir William doesn't do things by halves. You are sure he hasn't left two; one for me? Who is the happy young man? He

is young, I hope."
"It is his son, Wilfred," said Clytie. "No! Why, he must be the present baronet, of course! If so, perhaps you will tell me what you are crying for?" "It is so shameful, Mollie," said He is Sir William's only son; and for me to take all Sir William has left me would be to rob Sir Wil-fred. It is true I can refuse it—him; and, of course, I shall do so. The property will then go to him; and everything will be right."

"Excepting you," said Mollie. She was silent for a moment, her sharp but pretty brown eyes narrowed to slits; then she said: "And hasn't he any say in the matter? He might be another kind of fool and refuse to marry you; though, I confess, I can not imagine any man being such an

imbecile. "Of course, he would refuse to marry me," said Clytle, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Then the property would come to me for my life, and afterward go

"To the Asylum for Lost Cats, I suppose; that's where the money of people like Sir William generally goes in the end.'

'No; it goes to Mr. Hesketh Car ton. "The tall, thin man with black hair

'No, I don't; that's why I don't like There is something about him -I think it's his nose—it's too thin—or, perhaps, it's his eyes; they re too small and black. Or is it his lips? I don't know what is the matter with them; but I #mt like them. So, if Sir Wilfred recases you, and you

Clytie shook her head. "I dog't know. I have not seen him since we were boy and girl; and then we only

were always quarreling; and it last they parted, and Wilfred Carton went abroad—to Australia, Mr. Granger told me. "What was he like?" Mollie asked

replied Clytie, with a little impatient gesture. "He was, I think, a-a nie boy.

"He was a good-looking boy, at any rate, if that is his portrait in Sir William's room. Oh, yes," she

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"I thought I would give Cuticura
Soap and Ointment a trial. I found
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more and two cakes of Cuticura Soap
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ontinued answering the surprise in Clytie's beautiful gray eyes, "I have been nearly all over the house. You didn't suppose I was going to sit in a corner, with my finger in my a corner, with my finger in my mouth, while you were quar-eling with that old gentleman? No; I have been into nearly all the rooms. What a magnificent place it is, Clytie! It's like one of those 'ancestral homes, you read of in the old-fashioned novels—stately rooms, vast halls with figures in armor, a stained-glass win-dow, oak-paneled walls, terraces, and peacocks, plush lawns and jewoled peacocks, plush lawns and jawoled flowers-beds, servants in rich liveries only they are in black now—the whole box of tricks complete. And it all belonged to us Bramleys, didn't it? How did we come to lose it, Clytie?"

"We didn't lose it; we said it?" "re-

"We didn't lose it; we sold it," re-plied Clytie absently. She was still dwelling, brooding, over the absurd will will.

"The same thing," said Mollie cheerfully. "One must speak by the card lest equivocation undo us." That's 'Hamlet.' Nice to know the poets. How did we come to sell it, then, Miss Pre

"Oh, it is an old story," said Clytie, pushing her soft, dark hair from her forehead with her white and beautificulties. We were always in difficulties. We were always in difficulties."—she sighed—"and father cut off the entail and sold Bramley to

"And the Pit also belonged to us didn't it? And father sold that to Sir

"Yes," said Clytie, listlessly. "He wanted to make provision for us two girle."

"And did he?" asked Mollie.
"He did —he would have done so; but he put the money into an investment that turned out badly; and so he left us only just a little to live upon. That is why we are so poor."

"I beg your pardon. Were poor. You forget that you are the nietress of Bramley and—How much is it, Clytie?"

"A quarter of a million, Mr. Gran ger says," replied Clytie, ruefully. "Bramley and a quarter of a million!" Mollie exclaimed softly, gazing ecstatically at the moulded ceiling. lion!" Mollie exclaimed softly, gazing ecstatically at the moulded ceiling. "And you propose to give up all this, to go back into stuffy lodgings in London, to live on cold mutton and Dutch cheese. To wear our tailor-made costume at one pound six, to slosh about in cheap boots, to ride in penny busses? Not if I know it!"

"Mollie, you don't understand," urged Clytie. "You're too young."

Mollie got off the chair and, thrusting her hands into the pockets of the coat which formed part of the cheap costume which she had derided, looked steadily, and somewhatdefiantly, and

steadily, and somewhatdefiantly, and yet pityingly, at the tear-stained face. "Oh, am I? I am old enough to pre-

THIS LEGEND ON THE TIM

IS A GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE

OF PURITY.

CLARK'S

CANADIAN

BOILED

DINNER

MEAT-VEGETABLES-COMPLETE

WELL COOKED AND SEASONED

JUST HEAT

ANDEAT

Healed Her Baby

"Our baby was two weeks old when his face became very red and terribly itchy, and he was fairly crasy rubbing and scratching till the skin broke and bled. He could not alsop, and did nothing butcry. His face looked as though he might be disfigured for life.

fer Bramley Hall to 149 Goodman street; to know the difference be-tween a court dressmaker and a cheap, ready-made 'emporium.' I am old en-ough to know that you are out of your place in Goodman street and in 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 betscious that Bramley Hall would suit your young and meek sister much betyour young and meek sister much better than dingy lodgings in the purlieus of Camden Town; in fact, my anxlety that you should not make a fool of yourself is absolutely selfish. I propropose to remain at Bramley Hall—I suppose we can do so?"

Clytie shrugged her shoulders help-lessly.

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 if
which to make up 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."
"Hurrah! There was some cense 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 ancestrai feeling. And I'm going to be very happy. And so are you,
of such ashrd shrd shrd a dhrshrdshs
I will take precious good care. For

or such as not said a state and a state and a state precious good care. For goodness sake, pull yourself together and get rid of that 'mourning-bride' expression! What have you go to cry about? You've got a year of wealth, of luxury, of amusement. I suppose there is plenty of money?" suppose there is plenty of money?"
"Oh, yes," assented Clytle. "I understand from Mr. Granger that we could have what we wanted that—I absolute mistress here—for a

year, of course."
"Hurrah!" cried Mollie. "We've got twelve months before us; and twelve menths is something, everything. In twelve months

There came a knock at the door, and Sholes entered. He wore a black tiq and had the manner of a man who had lost his mother.

(To be continued.)

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

Then pains gather around the hips and lodge right in the small of the

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 of (Mandrake and Butternut.

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 to-

Enormous benefit in many 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 vancement of your general well-be ing, you can't improve on Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box.

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

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 sun-

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

To remove iodine staine, soap alcohol, ether or chloroform

To clean copper utensils, us scouring powder and soft flannel. To remove lampblack or tar, saturate

the spot with kerosene, and then wash with soap and water. To remove vaseline strains, wash the fresh stain with turpentine.

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

"I had my coming out party on the second day of February," said the Debutante. "That was groundhog day," replied the Male Brute. "When you came out, did you see your shadow? Statesman.

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.

Sold by the Leading Dealers

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 realise that sour mifk 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 power to each cup of flour used.

Creatures 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 philosophies. philosophise. Amazement, because twins should like being born so well that they repeat the act seven times; to philosophize 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 Pon -Cleveland Plain

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

Regina D'Italia-At New York, from Genoa.
Tiger—At New York, from St. Nazaire.
Santa Clara—At New York, from St. Nazaire.
Taormina—At New York, from Genoa and Marseilles.

and Marseilles.

Zeppelin—At New York, from Brest.

Radhor—At Philadelphia, from Burdeaux.

Argentina—At Gibraltar, from New York.

Duca D'Aosto—At Naples, from New

York.

Britannia — At Marseilles, from New

York. rork.

Montreal.

Coban—At London, from Montreal.

Coban—At Sydney, from Bell Island.

Seal—At Sydney, from St. John's.

Bessle Keeper—At Sydney, from Charlottetown.

"Completely Discouraged"

Is the feeling and plaint of women who are "run-down" so low that work drags, head aches, back aches, dragging down



we that work drags, es, dragging down feelings, dissy, pale and weak, little things an-noy and "every-thinggoes wrong." Look the other 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.

fifty years.
What it has done

What it has done for others it can do for you.

A helping hand to lift up weak, tired, over-taxed women—that's very you just the help that you need. To be had in liquid or replets. Tablet form 50 cents at all drug to the standard of the s Tablet form, 50 cents, at all drug

It is a medicine that's made es to build up women's strength and to cure romen's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless.

You can procure a trial pkg. by sendng 10c. to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

TILLSONBURG, ONT .- "A few years ago had a severe nervous break-down. 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. HEATE.



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 sorbed 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."

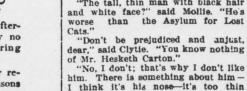
Pills, salts, mineral waters, castor oil, etc., merely force the bowels to act, and make constipation and self-poisoning a habit. Nujol is entirely different from drugs as it does not force or irritate the bowels.

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.

Nuiol 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.







refuse him, all /ae property goes to Mr. Hesketh Carton. In-deed!" She was silent again for a moment

or two; then she asked:
"What is Sir Wilfred like, Clytie?" met once or twice. He was always at school, and we were on the Con-tinent with father when he was home for the holidays. I shouldn't know him if I met him. His father and be

again. "Oh, how can I remember, dear?

W. CLARK