

"Show Mr, Carton in; eh, Clytie?" Clytie sprang to her feet, dabbed at her eyes and smoothed her hair. Hes-keth Carton entered. In his suit of black serge he looked even thinner than usual, and his pale face gained an added pallor from his black clothes. He came forward and took the hand which Clytie held out some-what timidly. There were dark shawhat timidly. There were dark sha-dows under his eyes, and his thin lips were compressed. His manner was that of a man who held himself on guard, and who was keenly careful of

every step he was taking. "Miss Bramley," he said, "I fear you will think me intrusive—you have not long arrived; but I felt that I ought to call on you as soon as pos-sible. I would have been here to meet you, but I have been ill; indeed, this is the first day I have been able to get out."

His voice was low and beautifully modulated; it seemed absolutely appropriate to the place and the occa

sion. Clytle's dark lashes swept her cheek—she wondered why he had changed his mind; then she raised her eyes and said:

"I am swrry you have been ill, Mr. Carton. It is very kind of you to come Mollie said nothing, but seating her.

self in a chair, teased the fire with poker. "No d doubt you have been acquaint

ed, by Mr. Granger, with the contents of Sir William's will," said Hesketh, as he took the chair which Clytie had indicated by a gesture. "I came to offer my services, my assistance, if they should be of any use to you. I mean that I fear you will find the business of the estate somewhat com-plicated, somewhat burdensome. If I tean be of any use to you. Miss Bram-ley, I shall be very glad. As you are no doubt aware, I have been living here with Sir William for some years, and I am naturally acquainted with the details the ware set of the set and I am naturally acquainted with the details, the management of the household and the estate. Pray con sider that my knowledge is entirely

completely, at your service." Clytle looked at Molile—she had be-come accustomed, when she was in difficulties, to look to Molile. But on this occasion Mollie failed her, and still teased the fire as if she had no concern with the business in hand. So, after a second appealing glance, Clytle said:

"You are very kind, Mr. Carton and I shall be very glad of your help. I know nothing of the estate, and I have only just learned that—that—" Hesketh inclined his head slightly

and waved his long, thin hand. "Just so." he said, in his soft, low voice. "I have brought some memo

voice. If have brought some memory randa with me, notes of the servants' wages and so on. Permit me." In the same soft, low voice he gave her some details of the household af-fairs, some particulars of the manage-ment of the estate which had been independent during of Williams under his control during Sir William' life. Clytle listened in silence, with her eyes fixed on the pale face of the speaker, her hands clasped in her lap. Mollie was still bending over the fire and worrying it, but almost noise lessly now. "Thank you, Mr. Carton," said

Clytie, as the low voice ceased. He rose and reached for his hat.

"Will you not stay and have some tea?" asked Clytic. "Thank you, no," he replied. "I must get back to the works.", He smiled faintly. "Mr. Granger has, no doubt,

Clytle turned on her with a little

"Why-why do you say that Mol-lie?" she asked, with a touch of in-digation.

"Because I am glad he has gone, of course," replied Mollie promptly. "Clytle, I don't like that fman." "Mollie!" remonstrated Clytle. "Sorry!" said Mollie. "Can't help it. He's too smooth, his voice is too soft, and he looks down his nose instead of looking at you. No, I don't like Mr. Hesketh Carton, and I eincerely trust, for your sake, that his cousin Wilfred, isn't like him."

"Mollie, you shouldn't say such hings," said Clytie, her face flushthings,"

"I dare say not; but your rebuke comes too late, my dear. I've said

CHAPTER IV

Toward sundown—appropriately en-ough, for he was a "sundowner"—a young man trudged along, what, by a stretch of courtesy, may be called a road winding through an Australian valley.

The scene was beautiful enough, for, though the valley was somewhat som-ber by reason of the heavy foliage, the hills above were clear and gloriously colored by the rays and the glow of the setting sun. But the wayfarer was not "taking any" scenery just then, for the full enjoyment of the beauties of nature is not easily acquired on an empty stomach; and the young man was not only hungry, but very tired,

and by no means certain of a meal and ebelter, to say nothing of a bed. He was a fine specimen of human-ity; not quite six feet, with broad shoulders and a muscular frame; inshoulders and a muscular frame; in-deed, there was very little else but bone and muscle, for he was almost as lean as a greyhound, and yet with that air of compactness and strength, of suppleness and readiness which your young Englishman displays all the world over, when he has been prothe world over, when he has been pro-perly dragged up as a boy, and passed through the curriculum of a public school. Tired as he was, he trod the uneven ground lightly and did not slouch. He was a sundowner, right enough; but any man, with the slight-est knowledge of the tribe, could have told by a slance at the young fellow. told by a glance at the young fellow that he was not a tramp of the com-mon or casualward kind.

He was good-looking as well as lithe and stalwart, with a well-featurlithe and stalwart, with a well-featur-ed face, burnt brown by the Austral-ian sun, and with eyes which are called "hazel" by the unfair sex, and with a mouth, not too small for man-liness, and as resolute and as expres-sive as the young eyes. Taking him altogether, he was not the kind of young man who could pass through a crowd unnoticed. His clothes of stout and serviceable cord showed signs of wear and

cord, showed signs of wear and veather, and were torn here and there by the wattle; but they had got moulded to his shape by rain and sun, and he wore them instead of their wearing him as alas! is too often the case with man's habiliments. The usual thick blue handkerchief, containing a few necessaries, was tied on the end of a stick which he carried over his broad shoulder; and he was fortunate enough to be smoking a pipe, for he had eaten nothing since he had left the last station in the early morning; and with such a man in such a place and in such a case, an old briar pipe, filled with strong to-bacco, is food, drink, mother, father,

consoler and friend.

Now, a little depression under such have donable enough, but this young man was of a cheerful countenance, for he had pluck, a certain high spirit which his friends called "audacity," and the incapacity for knowing when he was beaten. But he had walked quite far enough that day, and he scanned the road before him with lively interest His tramp had been so solitary that his interest grew still more lively when, turning a bend of the rough road, he saw the figure of a woman at some distance in front of him. She was walking more slowly than he was, and with a gait which his ex-perienced eyes told him indicated a perienced eyes told him indicated a weariness as great as, or greater than, his own. Her head, covered by a shawl, was bent; she seemed to be holding something in her arms. There was something so pathetic in the figure, dragging along the apparently never-ending road, and shadowed by the great gum trees, as if they were adding their weight to her lonely misery, that the young fellow, who possessed a tender heart toward all sorrowing womankind, quickened his aches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treat-ments would relieve pace that he might overtake her and offer her at least the solace of his companionship; but she turned an other bend of the road, and, when he reached it, he found, to his amaze-ment, that she had disappeared. ments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was al-ways urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pink-h a m's Vegetable compound before ccssenting to a n /operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely Much surprised, for there was no habitation in sight, he hurried on, and presently he say her lying under a tree, amid the scrub and underworth, on the side of the road. He dropped his bundle and bent over her. The shawl had fallen from her head, and he saw that she was young. very little more than a girl, he guessed—a girl who would have been very pretty, but for the rack and ruin which the emaciation had worked in her face; but he scarcely noticed her appear-ance, for he saw that she had fainted, and judging by the wasted face and the thin hand that pressed against her bosom the burden she still carried, he divined the cause—the exhaustion of hunger and exposure, of the terrible tramp through the Australian wilder ness. He had noticed a brook, not yet dried up, a little way down the road, and he ran back and got his hat full of water and bathed her face and lips



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While he was doing so, her poor, thin hand relaxed its grip of the child, and the young fellow took it from her. He glanced at the baby face, whitened by the touch of death's fingers, then, biting his lips and fighting with his emotion, he laid the dead baby on the ground beside her. Her eyes went to it directly they opened, sought it with an agony of forehoding and grief, and her first words were: "Is it—dead?"

He did the best, the wisest thing He did the pest, the wisest thing he could have done, and silently put the poor little mite in her arms. Her wan face broke up and the tears wan face broke up and the tears streamed down her cheeks and fell on the cold little face on her bosom; then suddenly she dashed the Acars away, and looking up at his grave and pitying eyes, said, in a low

"I am glad. Yes, I am glad. has suffered so much-ever since it was born, from the moment it was born. Do you know what has killed it? Hunger. It has been starving for days past. I have wanted it to die; I have prayed Her tears were threatening again

but she choken them back, her hand pressed against her throat, and sat presed against her throat, and reat gazing vacantly before her, and rock-ing herself over the babe who had escaped this wicked, weary world of ours.

The young fellow leaned against a The young fellow leaned against a tree and filled his pipe with shaking fingers; for he knew that he must give her a little time. He was shaking with something else be-sides pity; for he noticed the absence of that significant ring, which the wife, who is also a mother, will cling to until the last hour of her ex-tremity, and he suspected a "little to tremity, and he suspected a villain in the case. Presently he said, in a gentler voice

a more tender one, than one would have suspected in so stalwart and nave suspected in so stalwart and strong a man: "D you think you could walk a little way farther? There is a station at about another mile. It is called Par-raluna. I was going there, and will take you with me."

She looked at him in a dazed fashion

for a moment; then she made to rise. As he helped her to her feet, he caid: "Give me the child." But she shock her head and pressed the help closer to her. the baby closer to her. With the as-sistance of her companion's atrong arm, she struggled along for a little while; then, with a dry sob, she held out her burden to him, and he took it, gently, reverently. In this fashion, and in silence, they made their slow progress; and after a while they heard the barking of dogs roused by their approach, and came in sight of the



"It was a comfortable and prosper-ous-looking place, with flowers in the front garden and creepers climbing over the low-browed house. The burly figure of a man stood in the open doorway, and presently he came down to meet them at the gate. "This is Parraluna." Said the young fellow. "I heard you wanted a band

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"This is Parraluna." Said the young fellow. 'I heard you wanted a hand. You are Mr. Jarrow row?" Mr. Jarrow nodded; then, raising his hat and scratching his head, he looked from the young fellow to the young woman who was leaning against the gate-post, panting heavily, her eves half-closed.

"Well, I did-I do," he said, heitatingly. "But I want a single man." The young fellow's face flushed under his tan, and he said, quietly: This lady is not my wife." Mr. Jarrow shook his head again,

Mr. Jarrow shock his heat again, looking over the young fellow's. "I'm sorry," he said, "but it's only a man we want." The young man bit his lip, and he

looked from the half-fainting girl to Jarrow's troubled and perplexed face; then he said, in a low voice, too low for her to hear:

"I found her down the road. She is very ill, nearly dead, I should say—but you can see for yourself. You will While Mr. Jarrow was still hesitat-

ing, though he was evidently touched by the young fellow's appeal and by the girl's weakness, a comfortable. buxom woman came out at the door and down the path toward the group, shading her eyes with her huge, fat hand. "Who is it, who is it, James?" sh

asked. "A sundowner, come for work-and

"A sundowner, come for work-and a a woman. Not his wife, he says." Mrs. Jarrow looked from one to the other; then she said, as her eyes glance toward the girl's ringless fin-ger, and up to her white face:

"Bring her in." The young tellow drew the girl's arm through his and followed Mrs. Jarrow into the house: her husband still scratching his head, bringing up

still scratching his nead, bringing up the rear. They entered a comfortable kitchen, and the sundowner put the girl in a chair, in which she sank almost life-lessly. Mrs. Jarrow hastened from the room and returned almost instant-ly with some milk into which she put a little brandy. "Give it to her," she said to her

a little brandy. "Give it to her," she said to her husband. "And you give me that baby," she added, turning with out-stretched arms to the young fellow. Before placing it in them the young man draw the came from the dead

stretched arms to the young tendow. Before placing it in them the young man drew its cape from the dead child's face; and with a cry of pity, the motherly woman took the burden and hurried from the room with it. After a few minutes, she returned, and, murmuring pitying and consol-ing words, drew the girl from the chair and out of the room. The poor, bereaved soul seemed to dazed, too exhausted to be conscious of what was going on; but at the door of the kitchen she stopped and passing her hand over her forehaad, looked back at the young fellow who was standing re-garding her with compassion glowing softly in his eyes, which were not so brilliant as they had been an hour ago. Through all the dazed sorrow in hers there was an expression of

in hers there was an expression of gratitude which touched both the men. "Sit down," said Mr. Jarrow a little huskily, and, as he was obeyed, he put some bread and meat on the table and stirred the fire under the kettle

While the young man was eating, steadily but not voraciously, as mos sundowners do, Mrs. Jarrow descend sundowners do, Mrs. Jarrow descend-ed from upstairs, and, making the tea, filled the wayfarer's cup, look-ing at him keenly with her shrewd but pleasant eyes. "She is too fill to answer any ques-tions" the she show the first state of the she

"John Douglas," replied the yours man. "I am generally called Jack."

man. "I am generally called Jack." He had risen as she came in and was still standing. She noticed the unusual courtesy, and her eyes went up and down him as she motioned



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HAYING The cutting and curing of hay is an The cutting and curing of hay is an operation requiring the exercise of prompt action and sound judgment if a maximum yield of hay of suitable, quality is to be saved. "Towards this end there are several factors which should receive consideration. The time or stage of cutting is of prime importance gives both yield importance since it affects both yield and quality. Usually the most prof-itable yield is obtained when the crop

is cut when in blossom or just past that stage, say when about one-third of the bloom has disapeared. Or-dinarily the tendency is to leave the commencement of having too late for commencement of naying too late for proper curing due to over ripeness of the season, due to over ripeness of the crop. It is advisable, therefore, to plan to do this work during the period when there is the least pos-sibility of loss. Beginning, haying early is good practice. Clover and alfalfa cut slightly immature will make better hay under favorable weather conditions than left until will weather conditions than left until fairly ripe. Besides, an early start will allow for loss of time through broken weather during the broken weather during the haying season and will ensure a heavier sec-ond crop which may be utilized for bay, seed and pasture purposes. With regard to methods of curing,

no definite rule or rules of procedure can be laid down to meet all require ments. A successful hay maker so to speak "Knows his business," knowledge that is acquired only long experience with vagaries of weather, periods of cutting, condi-tions of curing, etc. To become ef-ficient in this work requires one vigi-land and with ability to contend with emergencies.

Clovers and alfalfa are more difficult to cure than timothy and other grasses. They are more succulent, absorb rain more readily and the the leaves, the most valuable part of the plant, are more easily broken off the plant, are more easily proken off than the leaf blades of grasses. They should be cut when free from dew or other moisture, and dried, for plac-ing in cocks, by the agency of wind rather than sun as far as possible. Exposure to rain dr even heavy dew will obtance the grace leaves to derk Exposure to rain dr even heavy dew will change the green leaves to dark brown and make them crisp and readbrown and make them crisp and read-ily broken off by handling. Rain and dew will also extract the aroma of fragrance, a quality essential in mak-ing hay palatable and attractive. Mixed hay, timothy and other grass-es cure more readily than, clover and are not offended to with an ex-

es cure more readily than, clover and are not affected to such an ex-tent by unfavorable weather condi-tions. Otherwise the general prin-ciples of curing laid down for clover and alfalfa apply. Timothy grown for market purposes may be cut at a later period than is recommended for perio ordinary farm feeding purposes. Mar-ket conditions demand well matured, though not over ripe hay.

BOYCOTT.

(Christian Science Monitor) the thing which Japanese statesmen have learned, through bitter exper-ience and for good reason, to draad is happening in China. A boycott on all Japanese goods and on everything Japanese is being organized through-out the country, and has, according to the locat driver clear is more the out the country, and has, according to the latest advices, already reached formidable proportions. The move-ment is, of course, protest scalars the action of the Peace Conference in giving, to Japan the economic rights in the Province of Shantung, and it is, as far as Japan is concerned, per-haps the most effective protest that China could make. Four years are, when Japan had had her will en China, and had successfully forced upon her her notorious Twenty-one upon her her notorious Twenty-one Demands at the point of an ultimatum, China, weighed dewn under the trem-endous load herself stripped, where Japan was concerned; of all weap save one, namely, the boycott. T one, however, she selzed, and proce one, however, she selzed, and proceed-ed to use to much purpose. There was no ;ublic proclamation of any kind, of course. Very little, indeed, was said about it. The boycott just began, but, before very long, it was so thorough and far-flung that it struck something very like panic inte the hearts of the merchants of Tokye and the shippers of Nagasaki.

Security Against Pellagra.

The United States public health service reports that the disease, lagra, is largely, if not entirely, to a faulty diet. When meat to a faulty diet. When meat and milk are supplied in adequate quantity there is a practical security against this disease, which last year caused 3,700 deaths.

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THROUGH THE NEW BLOOD DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS ACT-UALLY MAKE.

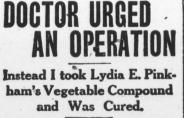
No mother should allow nervot weakness to get the upper hand of her.' If she does worry will mar her work in the home and torment her in body and mind. Day after day spe amid amid the same surroundings in enough to cause fretfulness and depression. But there are other causes as every mother knows, that tend to make her nerves run down. A change would benefit her jaded system, and rest might improve her blood so as to give the nerves a better tone. But rest and change are often impossible and it is then that all worn out wo men should take a short treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new blood, rich with the elemake new blood, rich with the ele-ments on which the nerves thrive. In this way these pills restore regu-lar health, increased energy, new ambition and steady nerve. There is a lesson for other women in the case of Mrs. Harry P. Salder, Wilton, Ont, who says: "Five years ago my twis hables were born, and I was left very weak and very miserable, hardly fil to do anything. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did not help me Then I tried another doctor, but with no better results. One day I went home to my mother, telling her how miserable I felt, and that the doctor's medicine had not done me any good miserable I felt, and that the doctor's medicine had not done me any good. Mother asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was glad to try anything that might help me, I got three boxes when I went back home. By the time these were used there was no doubt they were helping me, and I got three more boxes. But I did not need them all, for by the time the fifth box was used I was entirely cured, and neves felt better in my life. Now when J hear people talk about feeling weak or miserable I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Fills, and tell what they did for me, and in similar cases I they did for me, and in similar cases I shall continue to recommend them." At the first sign that the blood h out of order take Dr. Williams' Pin

Pills, and note the speedy improve health and spirits. You can get these pills through any medicine dealer on by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

told you that I am responsible for them now."

He bent over her hand and left the room. Cyltie stood and looked after him, her dark, but fine. brows drawn together. Mollie rose to her feet, and shook her head. "Thank goodness, he didn't stay!"

she exclaimed



Faltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years J suffered from organic troubles, ner-vou-ness and head-



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more, Md. It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such aliments to consider trying it be-fore submitting to such a trying ordeal. more, Md.

Eandla Fend Danit Latente Do 10 Jul

"Sit down, Mr. Jack; if that is the name you prefer," she said. "So you are not husband and wife?"

Jack Douglas repeated the state-ment that he had found the girl on

the road; and Mrs. Jarrow, after a steady look at him, nodded her head. "I believe you," she said: "that's the advantage of having an open countenance, young man. Where have you come from " you come from.

"The Mintona station," hereplied "Why?" she asked, sinking into a chair with a sigh, and leaning her arm on the table so that she could reach him more food as he wanted it. Jack Douglas hesitated a moment;

then he said, with a shrug of his shoulders 'I had a row with a man there."

"What about?" she asked. "A dog." he said succinctly, reluct-ntly. "I am fond of animals, and antly. antiy. I am fold of animate, and I get foolish and lose my head when they are ill-treated—" He stopped, and shrugged his shoulders.

She eyed him shrewdly, a smile lurking about her broad face. (To be continued.)

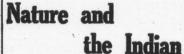
Dug His Own Grave.

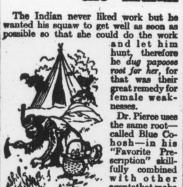
A gravedigger named James Ham bleton was buried alive in a grave at St. Stephen's Church yard, Andenst. Stephen's Church yard, Anden-shaw, Ashton-under-Lyne, the other day. "He had been digging a grave and was getting out when he fell backward and a large portion of the sides collapsed upon him. A con-ductor on a passing tramcar who saw the man's legs in the air ran to the spot and found the gravelinger spot and found the gravedigger buried headforemost. The man had ceased to struggle and was dead when extricated.-London Times.

Renovate Brushes.

When sweeper brush bristles become soft from long use and do not sweep up lint as well as when stiff, put a liftle common baking soda in some hot water; take the brush out of the sweeper, and dip it up and down in this. Let it dry in the sun and it will be like new. Hair brushes or any brush can be treated in the same way with the best of results.

Friendship always benefits; sometimes injures.—Seneca.





Dr. Pierce uses Dr. Pierce uses the same root— called Blue Co-hosh—in his "Favorite Pre-scription" skill-fully combined with other agentsthat make it more effective.

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Burnalo, N. Y., 107 trial package. Woonsrock, ONT.-"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's Medicines. I had nervous prostration and was completely 'down and out.' I was so bad the doctors considered mine a hope-less case. I was 'much discouraged and was ready to give up when I began taking the "Favorite Prescription' and the Golden Medical Discovery.' These medicines put me on my feet again and gave me the only real relief. Being a nurse I have recommended Dr. Pierce's Medicines to many, especially the 'Pavorite Prescription.' I know of many a young mother to whom I have recommended 'Povorite Prescription', that has been wonderfully helped. "I am giad to lend my name in connection with Dr. Pierce's Medicines, knowing how good they are "- Mas 4 I. Mars wa Bit John Stream

Paint Alarms.

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Fire alarm paint is coming into use abroad. At ordinary temperatures the paint is light red, but when heated it becomes darker. Long before it reached the temperature of boiling water it becomes black. On cooling it returns to its original shade. The principal use found for it is in paint-ing machinery parts that are liable to overheat. An attendant needs only to glance at the machinery occasionalto know whether it is excessively hot. It has, however, another application —to give warning of threatened fire. -Saturday Evening Post.

He Whistled to the Queen.

There is a resident of Sunbury who will feel uncomfortable in his mind walking behind two women in the park, when he noticed the younger of them drop her handkerchief. He pick-ed it up, to attract the owner's atten-tion, whistled loudly ashe ran to restore it.

The owner thanked him politely, Afterward, to his confusion, he learned he had been whistling to the Queen and Princess Mary.—London cable to New York Times.

Don't Exaggerate.

The girl who stretches every statement she makes out of all resemblance to the actual facts of the case may imagine she is strengthening what she is trying to say. But that is a mistake. People who listen to an exaggerated statement invariably discount it, and usually more than it deserves, and in addition they feel a distrust of anything which has to be so overempha sized Every exaggerated statement is weakened in proportion as it is exaggerated.-Grit.

Time's wheel runs back or stops; potter and clay endure.-Browning.