

# SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

## CHAPTER VII.

Jack Douglas, as he still called himself, was fortunate enough to catch a ship at Melbourne and was borne to England. It was a sad journey to him; for he had to endure the pangs of remorse, and the misery that is contained in the pregnant words, "It might have been!" If he had only been more patient, less wilful—alas! it was too late now; the old man whom he had loved, even in the moment of their greatest quarrel, had passed away; and the only consolation Jack could apply to his aching heart was contained in the hope that his dead father might in some way know that his son had always loved him and was now mourning for him.

He stayed in London for one night, and only because he arrived too late to catch a train; and the next day traveled, third-class—for the best of all reasons, there being no fourth—to Bramley.

So poignant, so absorbing was his grief that he had scarcely given a thought to the position in which his father ought to have left him. He was the present baronet, of course, but his father and he had cut off the entail, and Sir William had been free to leave the estates and the money to whom he pleased. It seemed to Jack that his father would have been acting quite justly in leaving them away from the son who had quarreled with him; indeed, that Sir William had very probably disinherited him.

But the reflection did not worry him much. He was too full of the dead man, of his terrible remorseful past to speculate as to the disposal of Sir William's property.

It was an early autumn evening when he got out at the small station and went down the steps. No one had recognized him; the porters were new hands, and the few persons about the station glanced at him without recognition; and even when he met the stream of work-people coming from the works he passed through it unknown.

As he looked round him at the little town, with its lighted windows twinkling in the slight September mist, a flood of memories swept over his heart and increased its aching. He felt fearfully lonely, much more lonely than he had ever felt in the vast solitude he had just left.

If the crowd which had just swept by him had known that he was Sir Wilfrid Carton, the son of their late employer, how eagerly, how curiously, they would have stopped to stare at him, to greet him. Well, it was just as well that he should learn how he stood before making himself known. It was more than possible that he would have to pass out of Bramley again, disinherited, an outcast as of old.

He climbed the hill from the town and came in sight of the Hall, and stood and looked at it with set lips and moist eyes; but he did not walk up to the front entrance and demand admittance. He had another visit to pay before he crossed the threshold of the Hall; and following the winding

road that skirted the house he came to the little church that lay in the hollow just outside the park. With unerring steps he made his way to the family tomb.

It was too dark to read the inscription, but Jack was prepared for that, and he lit a taper, and, by its flickering light, read the evenly cut lines which recorded the solemn fact that Sir William Carton, Bart., J. P., D. L., of Bramley Hall, lay beneath the great granite stone.

"A just and upright man, a wise magistrate, an unfailing friend of the poor."

Yes, he was all that, Jack thought, with a sigh; if he had only been a little more tender-hearted, if—No, no! It was all his, the son's fault, he concluded, with another sigh that was almost a groan.

He read the inscription twice, standing bareheaded; then he extinguished the taper and moved slowly away from the tomb.

As he did so he was startled by seeing a light spring up behind the stained-glass windows of the church, and, as he stood staring at it, the organ began to play. The music stole out to him softly, almost consolingly, and he waited, leaning against the gate and listening. No doubt it was the organist, practising; but, with a twinge of sadness, Jack thought it must be a new one; for the music that was floating out to him was of a higher kind than the old schoolmistress of his time had been capable of evoking. Had all the place and everything in it changed?

He shrugged his shoulders and opened the gate, and as he did so, a young girl came running down the path toward him. Her skirts were short, her hair was long and streamed behind her from under a red tam-o'-shanter.

"Is that you, Grimes?" she called out, in a clear girlish voice, with a touch of camaraderie, which Jack, who was a good comrade, noticed. "Has my sister finished? It's late."

Jack raised his cap.

"I'm not Mr. Grimes," he said. "Is there anything I can do?"

She did not start, but she stared at him with frank surprise.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I took you for old Grimes, the sexton. No, thanks. I'll go in."

She passed him with a nod, then paused and looked at him. The light was on his face; and trust Mollie to observe that it was a good-looking one.

"Are you a stranger here?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jack; and, indeed, he felt a stranger at that moment.

"Oh," she said, reflectively; then, with another nod, she went on and entered the church. Jack looked after her with the interest he left in everything pertaining to the old place; then he left the churchyard and went toward the Hall.

But at the lodge-gate he paused. Supposing his father had disinherited him, had left the Hall, the estates, to someone else; it would be rather awkward to receive the information from the present owner.

Reluctantly he turned away for the second time and made his way down the hill into the town. As he passed the works, he saw a light in the dining-room of the house under its walls, and he wondered who was living there now. He had been born in that house, and it was only natural that he should regard it with interest. As he was looking at it, the door opened, and a tall, thin young man came out. He passed so close to Jack that he almost touched him; but he was walking with his head bent and apparently lost in thought, and scarcely glanced at the motionless figure.

"The new manager, I suppose," Jack thought. "Yes; everything is changed and new."

A little off the High street stood, with a square lawn in front of it, a lawn jealously enclosed by posts and chains—an old-fashioned house with a brass plate shining on the door. The sight of the house, the plate, gave Jack an idea.

He went up to the door and knocked, and a neatly dressed maid servant opened it.

"Is Mr. Granger in?" asked Jack.

"Yes, sir, what name?" she asked, respectfully, for though he wore a rough suit he looked a gentleman.

He hesitated a second or two, then answered:

"Douglas."

She showed him into Mr. Granger's study, and Jack looked round with moody interest. A large portrait of his father hung on one of the walls, and there were several of the Bramleys. Jack was gazing at his father's portrait as the old lawyer entered. The light was down and Jack saw that again he was not recognized.

"You wish to see me?" said Mr. Granger.

"Pray take a seat." Jack sat down and looked rather steadily and rather wistfully at the old lawyer.

## RICHEST SOIL IN AMERICA

Crescent City, Florida.  
June 23rd, 1919.  
Florida Land Owners' Association,  
Crescent City, Fla.

Gentlemen:

"Coming from St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada, which is in perhaps the best fruit and truck farming belt in the Provinces, naturally I was more or less sceptical of lands in any Southern States, but after looking over many tracts in Florida, it remained for me to see the lands you were offering, and I must say that they are the RICHEST LANDS I have ever seen. I would be pleased to have any Canadian write me for further verification of this statement and can honestly recommend not only your wonderful lands but the Association as a whole. The easy terms you offer makes it possible for practically any one to purchase and no one need hesitate about buying before they examine the lands as I know you will select only the best and make a better selection than the purchaser would himself."

Wishing your Association much success I am,

Very truly yours,  
David Beaver.

FLORIDA LAND OWNERS' ASSOCIATION, INC.

7 Prospect St.  
Crescent City, - Florida, U.S.A.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

"You don't know me, Mr. Granger?" he said, at last.

Mr. Granger peered through his glasses at him.

"Mr. Douglas?" he said, doubtfully. "I don't remember the name. And—"

—and yet there is something familiar in your voice—

—Good heavens, it is Wilfrid Carton!" he exclaimed, with a note of glad surprise, and he held out his hand and shook Jack's hand heartily.

"Yes, yes, of course! But—but you have changed, Mr. Wilfrid!"

—Sir Wilfrid! I beg your pardon—much changed, older—and—er—graver. But I am delighted to see you, delighted. When did you arrive? Have you dined?"

Jack nodded; he felt as if a piece of bread would choke him.

"Thanks, yes," he said.

"A glass of wine; you look—er—tired! Yes, yes!" he rang the bell and ordered the wine, and drew his chair up to Jack's.

"And so you have come back! I am glad, very glad; and very much relieved. You got my letter?"

Jack shook his head. "No," he said.

"No? I sent it to the place—Mintona."

"I left there before I arrived, I suppose."

"Tut, tut! But your father's letter; that reached you?"

"No," said Jack, with a start and a sudden color, a swift light of relief, of gratitude in his eyes. "Did he write? Thank God!"

"He wrote, yes!" said Mr. Granger. "To Mintona."

"When?" came the sharp question.

"Some time ago, last year. I could give you the date."

"I did not get it," said Jack, in a low voice.

"Strange, strange!" remarked Mr. Granger. "Why was that, I wonder? If it had not been delivered it would have come back through the post office."

"My father thought I had got it, and would not answer?" said Jack, in a still lower voice.

"I'm—I'm afraid he did," assented Mr. Granger, reluctantly. "It's very unfortunate. You were there, at this place, Mintona, Sir Wilfrid?"

"Yes," replied Jack, his brows knit, his lips tightly compressed. "I was there. If the letter had been delivered I should have got it."

"I don't understand it! But there it is. And—he poured out a glass of wine—and is it possible that you do not know the contents of your father's will, the disposition of the property?"

"No," answered Jack. "It was the bare announcement of his death in a newspaper. I saw it by chance, and started for home the next day—I have seen no one, have obtained no information. I was passing your house and—"

"Come to me at once, of course!" broke in Mr. Granger. "Where else should you go, my dear Sir Wilfrid? Under the—er—circumstances you would not like to go to the Hall."

"I will come at once," said Jack, quickly.

"She can do nothing, arrive at no decision until twelve months have elapsed after your father's death."

"But she has refused already?" Jack asserted, rather than questioned; and he read the answer in the lawyer's hot and angry face. "And you think I'll take advantage of a woman's generosity; you think that I am cur enough to snatch the bone from her, because she's too proud, too—what do you call it?—high-minded to stick to it? Not I! I've made up my mind—I refuse to marry Miss Bramley. You understand?"

Mr. Granger took two or three paces up and down the room; then brought up before the stern face and upright figure with something like a snort of impatience and legal resentment.

"Oh, why," he demanded of the ceiling, "was I fated to be bothered and harassed—and at my time of life!—with a couple of young fools? Yes, fools! But—with a desperate laugh—"

"Thank Heaven, you can't play the idiot, either of you, for a year; and perhaps I shall have the luck to be dead by that time."

Jack thought for a moment or two;

—then he went to the table, murmured, "Permit me," took a sheet of note-paper and began to write quickly but steadily. Mr. Granger laughed sardonically.

"You can't, you can't!" he said, gloatingly. "You can't renounce before the twelve months have elapsed. Spare yourself the trouble, Sir Wilfrid. Your father put one sensible clause in the absurd will, at any rate."

Jack finished his writing, and handed the paper to him. The confident smile left Mr. Granger's face as he read, and was succeeded by a frown that was expressive of chagrin and reluctant admiration.

(To be continued.)

"WE WON'T."

Irish Answer Satisfied an Irish Sergeant.

The world has laughed and laughed again at the Irish bulls and blunders, and the men of the 102nd Engineers stopped cursing Dickcuss Lake and the Germans long enough to laugh at an Irish sergeant attached to the Dublin Fusiliers, who are harranguing his platoon before they went over the top in a raiding party.

Jerry was poking up No Man's Land with shell fire, and the Irish sergeant was plainly nervous.

He assembled his squad and said: "Min of mine, it's a foine body o min yez are. To-night we'll be goin' over the top and we may meet some of them Prossian Guards. What I want to know is this: Are yez wid me, or agin me?"

"We are," said the platoon, duly impressed.

"Will yez fight or will yez run, if yez meet the Germans?" demanded the sergeant.

"We will," chorused the platoon.

"Yez will what—will yez fight, or will yez run?" he insisted.

"We won't," yelled the platoon with fervor in every voice.

"Ah!" exclaimed the sergeant, "I know I could depend on yez!"

Times of Life's Deep Emotions.

At certain periods of life we live years of emotion in a few weeks and look back on those old times as on great gaps between the old life and the new.—Thackeray.

Old Folks' Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis Quickly Cured

This Tells of a Method That Cures Without Using Drugs.

Elderly people take cold easily. Unlike young folks, they recover slowly. That is why so many people past middle life die of pneumonia.

Cough syrups seldom do much good because they upset digestion. Any doctor knows that a much more effective treatment is "CATARRHOZONE," which heals and soothes the irritated surfaces of the throat.

In using Catarrhzone you do not take medicine into the stomach—you simply breathe into the throat, nose and lungs rich, sweet, balsamic vapor, so full of healing power that colds, catarrh and bronchitis disappear almost instantly.

The germ-killing balsamic vapor mixes with the breath, descends through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, and finally reaches the deepest air cells in the lungs. All parts are soothed with rich, pure medicinal essences, whereas with a syrup the affected parts could not be reached, and harm would result through benumbing the stomach with drugs.

A Catarrhzone Inhaler in your pocket or purse enables you to stop a cold with the first sneeze. Large size costs \$1.00 and supplies treatment for two months; small size, 50c; trial size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Canada.

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## Wash The Kidneys!

After Bad Colds or Influenza  
Look to Kidneys and Bladder!



Owing to bad colds, over-eating or intemperance, or to the after effects of influenza—uric acid and toxins (poisons) are stored up in the body and cause backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains and stiff joints.

It is most essential that treatment be directed towards prompt casting out of the poisons from the body which cause these pains and aches. This means that the excretory organs—the bowels, skin and kidneys—should be excited to their best efforts. Every one should clean house—internally—and thus protect one's self from many germ diseases, by taking castor oil or a pleasant laxative such as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are made of May-apple, aloes and jalap. Take these every other day. This will excite efficient bowel action. If you suffer from backache, irritation of the bladder and the kidneys, shown by the frequent calls to get out of bed at night, considerable sediment in the water, brick-dust deposit, perhaps headache in the morning, you should obtain at the drug store "Anuric" (anturic acid), first put up by Dr. Pierce.

To build up the strength and improve the blood, take an iron tonic such as "Fronic," manufactured by Dr. Pierce, to be had in tablets at drug stores, or some good herbal tonic such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made from wild roots and herbs without alcohol, and put up in tablets or liquid.



WHEN I choose a Hotel, I consider a number of things. I do not go to a hotel unless it is a first-class hotel. I want a hotel that is clean, comfortable, and well-run. I want a hotel that has a good location and a good reputation. I want a hotel that has a good price and a good service.

THE WALKER HOUSE is a first-class hotel. It is clean, comfortable, and well-run. It has a good location and a good reputation. It has a good price and a good service.

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