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LIS GRAINS.

n—Flour unchanged.
Rye, $1.81¾. Bran,
$8.21.
LINSEED.

nseed on track, $6.21;
$6.22 bid; Sept., $6.21
Nov., $6.06 bid; Dec.,

Root Compound,
*safe, reliable regulating*
*cine.* Sold in three de-
of strength—No. 1, $1;
2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box.
by all druggists, or sent
aid on receipt of price.
pamphlet. Address:
COOK MEDICINE CO.,
NTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

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andwiches

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SANDWICHES.

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SANDWICHES.

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# SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

"You don't realize, Mollie, dear," said Clytie, "that this—this prosperity of ours is only transient, that it will soon come to an end."

"Oh, yes, I do," retorted Mollie cheerfully. "Knowing you as well as I do, I'm quite aware that your virtuous but extremely inconvenient conscience will probably draw the curtain and shut out this gleam of sunshine; but meanwhile, the sun is shining, and like the butterflies and ephe——what is it? —the ephemera, I mean to enjoy it. Will you come with me? That mare I showed you in the stable the other day will suit you admirably. It is perfectly quiet—oh, I beg your pardon, dear. I forgot that you used to ride in the old days when we were the Bramleys, of Bramley. As we are now," she added, with her chin uptilted.

Clytie shook her head.

"I can't," she said, glancing through the open window wistfully. "I have so many letters to write, so much to do."

"The duties and responsibilities of wealth and position," said Mollie. "You are young, my dear Clytie; and the great fault of youth is to take duties and responsibilities too seriously. But you will grow out of it. When you grow as old as I am——"

She was leaning up against the bureau, and Clytie took the round girlish face in her hand and kissed it; getting a lock of the rough red hair into her eye for her pains.

"How untidy you are, Mollie, my child!" she remonstrated.

"I yam, I yam," assented Mollie shamelessly. "The great aim of my young life is to act as a foil to my elder sister. You are beautiful—'nay, lovely,' as the old-fashioned novelists say—I am plain; you are refined and graceful, I am vulgar and raffish; you are all the virtues compact—unselfish, conscientious, high-minded, womanly, with lofty ideals—I have, thank goodness! no conscience; I am the most selfish little pig that ever was out of a sty, and I have—thank goodness again!—no ideals. You would sacrifice everything to your sense of right, would give up—all this," she looked round the beautiful, richly appointed room comprehensively, "and lie on a bed of straw, like the historic Marjory Daw, if you thought it was your duty to do so. I revel in this luxury, in this new-found luxury, enjoy a dinner of seven courses, served by the immaculate Sholes and his satellites; I like having plenty of horses and carriages; 'I love my little room,' as Tennyson says, and I could write a poem about it as he did; I like having a maid like Susan, who waits on me hand and foot and praises my hair while she brushes it—the audacious hypocrite! In fact, I am of the earth earthy, of the world worldly; while you, my dear Clytie, float in the heavens above me, and are an angel fit for paradise, a girl who is too good for this terrestrial sphere——"

Clytie laughed and pushed her away, for Mollie had twined her thin young arm about Clytie's neck.

"Oh, go for your ride!" she exclaimed. "You'd talk the hind leg off a donkey."

"That is the first sensible remark I have heard you make since we came," Mollie declared. "No, no, don't spoil it! 'Exit Mollie. Quick curtain.'"

When Mollie had gone, with the kitten and a tornado behind her, Clytie returned to her labors. It seemed to her that all the weight of the world had descended upon her shoulders. She had no idea that the Bramley estate was so vast, and that the duties which devolved even upon a temporary owner were so heavy. A temporary owner!

That was the trouble. All her friends, the old friends of the Bramleys—the Danbys of the Folly, the Winchfields of the Grange, the Chillingfodds of the Mount, all the county families who had called upon her to congratulate her—had insisted upon regarding her as the mistress of Bramley. They had ignored or waived aside the pregnant conditions of Sir William Carton's will. They had taken it for granted that she would comply with the conditions, and would marry Sir Wilfred Carton whenever he turned up, and so end the invidious aspect of things. And, of course, he would turn up when he learned how he stood. They all—Sir Richard Danby Lady Winchfield, the Chillingfords—all took it for granted that she and Sir Wilfred would make a match of it, and that, he baronet, and the son of Sir William, and she, the daughter and representative of the old family, would rule at the Hall and reign over the destinies of the farmers, the laborers, the innumerable persons attached to the estate.

So convinced, assured were they that Clytie had found it hopeless, impossible, to contest their dicta, their conviction. And not only the county families and her personal friends, but the tenants of the estate, even the Bramley come back to her own. Sir William had been all very well; but it had been impossible for them to regard him as anything but as interloper as a self-made man who by sheer force of money had been able to oust the ancient family from their seat. Sir William had been by no means an unkind landlord and master; indeed, on occasions he had been generous; but he had never gained the heart of the people, which had clung faithfully to their old lords and masters.

Wherever Clytie went, she was received with smiles of welcome and gratification; and though she had gone so far as to tell some of the older tenants that she was only the temporary mistress of the Hall, they had smilingly waived the assertion aside, had refused to receive it.

"Why, miss, it would be a sin and a shame for you to go away again," said old Farmer Butley, whose family for generations had held under the Bramleys' without a lease or agreement of any kind. And though Clytie had sighed and shaken her head and tried to reason with him, the stanch and loyal old man had courteously but firmly declined to accept her contradiction.

Old Butley's words clung to her, as such words have a trick of doing, and she was thinking of them now, as, finding it impossible to write, she passed out of the window and stood on the wide terrace, from which a grand and extensive view of the park and distant hills could be seen. She knew that she was growing to love the old place with a love of which her early girlhood would not have been capable. It was the home of her ancestors, and it seemed part and parcel of herself. She loved every one of the people, was never so happy as when she was among them; and she could not but feel that they were fond of her; for they treated her, as a friend, told her not only of their troubles and failures, but of their joys and successes; and, what is more, expected her to sympathize with them.

Notwithstanding the spread of democracy, the feudal spirit still exists and burns brightly and warmly, not only in Scotland, where it flourishes, but in the remoted districts of England; and in the rural and agricultural parts of Bramley the people regarded Clytie as their head and chief; a parsonage, not only to be looked up to with respect and something of awe, but a chief upon whose sympathy and assistance they had a just and inalienable claim. There was nothing servile in their conviction or their manner. It was a fair exchange; not a few of their forefathers had followed Clytie's into battle and laid down their lives with their chiefs'; and these, their sons and daughters, had, perhaps unconsciously, inherited the old feudal spirit.

Every farm, every cottage, was open to Clytie and Mollie, who were always sure of a welcome, and the best that the house afforded; but the simple, old-fashioned people felt that the Hall was open to them, that it was a sure place of refuge to which, now that the Bramleys were there again, they could fly when in trouble and distress. Scarcely a day had passed since her return to Bramley, but Clytie had been summoned to the hall or to the huge kitchen to see some one who needed her assistance and sympathy. And how readily she had given them! The applicants had gone away with hearts brimming over with gratitude, not only for the money, the food, the clothing they had asked, but for the tender, compassionating words murmured by the sweet voice, for the pressure of the small, warm hand, the true sympathy.

"Why there was tears in her eyes as she listened to me, God bless her!" one woman had said, as she went away from the Hall, cheered and encouraged; and her words spread through the place as such words will do.

Little wonder that Clytie's heart ached as she looked round her; for in a few months she would have to leave the place and the people she loved, and Sir Wilfred Carton would reign in her stead. What sort of man was he? she asked herself. Of course, there had been bad and worthless Bramleys, spendthrifts, gamblers, men of loose lives, who had embarrassed and impoverished the estate and had neglected the people. Was Sir Wilfred one of these? He had spent a wild and roving life, had been regarded as an outcast and a pariah; must have passed the great part of his days with other outcasts and pariahs of bad character. How was it possible that he should be fit to reign at Bramley? She had a faint, very faint, recollection of him; a boy with more than the usual boy's spirits, and an audacity which was always leading him into mischief and causing trouble with his father. She could picture him, and not uncharitably under the circumstances, grown into a reckless man, rough in manner, loud of speech, with all the consequences of his wild life clinging to him and rendering him unfit to be master of Bramley.

And where was he? Why did he not come home and put an end to her suspense? There had been plenty of time for him to answer in person Mr. Granger's pressing and almost peremptory letter; but Sir Wilfred Carton had not come, still remained the insubstantial figure about which she tormented herself.

As she dwelt upon the perplexing thing, Mollie rode round. Her hair was flying in the wind, her young face was radiant, as she fought with the high-spirited horse, which was dancing on the smooth gravel drive, tossing its head and threatening to rise. But Mollie was evidently not afraid; and she disengaged one gauntleted hand and waved it to Clytie.

"Ripping!" she cried, in her girlish voice. "Why didn't you come? You look like a picture in one of the summer numbers—the chatelaine, or something of that sort. By-by!"

As the girl rode off, Clytie sighed. It would be hard on Mollie when it came to leaving Bramley; for the child would persist in living as if they were there permanently.

Oh, why did not Sir Wilfrid come?

* * * *

Sir Wilfrid did not come, for the best of all reasons. His father's letter had not reached him. Hesketh Carton had taken care that it should not do so. For some time before Sir William's death. Hesketh had command of the key of the post-bag; and every evening before it was despatched he had carefully gone over its contents; for he knew enough of human nature to be aware that Sir William would relent toward his only son and child and write the letter which would bring him home; and when his knowledge was justified, and Sir William had written, Hesketh had, of course, abstracted the letter from the bag, read it, and destroyed it. Letters miscarry now and then; and it is always the important letters which go wrong.

Mr. Granger's letter was lying at Mintona, which it had reached the day after Wilfred's departure. So, in ignorance of his father's death and its bearings on his own life, Wilfred Carton, otherwise Jack Douglas, pursued the more or less even tenor of his way at Parraluna, and every day was gaining a firmer hold on the affection and respect of the people there. In such a life the days, the weeks, the months roll by almost unnoticed. Sometimes Jack was boundary-running, at others he was working on the farm; but whatever he was doing, he did it thoroughly, and won the commendation of Mr. and Mrs. Jarrow and the stanch adherence of Teddy.

He had another adherent in Mary Seaton. But he did not know this, for she rarely spoke to him, seemed scarcely to notice him, but her eyes followed him when he was not looking, and she aided and abetted Mrs. Jarrow in administering to Jack's comfort. There were flowers on his rough dressing-table when he returned from one of his long rides; his well-worn clothes were brushed and darned; his favorite dish appeared at supper. Jack gave Mrs. Jarrow credit for these varied attentions; but it was Mary Seaton who had put the flowers in his room, brushed and mended his clothes, cooked or suggested the special dish, and she was amply rewarded when, as she waited at table, she heard Jack Douglas express his sense of Mrs. Jarrow's kindness, and out of the corner of her eye, watched him enjoying his food.

The wonderful air of the place, the wholesome life, the generous food had worked marvels in Mary Seaton. The lines had gone from her face, she had grown less thin, though she was still a slight and girlish figure, and her eyes were bright, though sometimes the shadow of her past trouble darkened them. Of that past she never even to Mrs. Jarrow; indeed, she spoke but little, moving about her work in a silent, self-contained way. She was an admirable servant; and Mrs. Jarrow often declared to her husband that Jack Douglas was not only a treasure in himself, but had brought a treasure with him.

Now, the Jarrows owned another farm about forty miles from Parraluna. Jack had come upon it in the course of his boundary-riding and, with a quick and experienced eye, had seen that it was a desirable possession. The Jarrows, fully occupied with Parraluna, had allowed Silver Ridge to run to seed. The homestead had been permitted to fall into something like ruins and the fences were mostly down. Jack Douglas, surveying the place from horseback, had noticed the good lie of the land, the stream, which might almost have been called a river, that ran at the base; and with his experienced eye he saw the possibilities of the place. He mentiond these possibilities on his next return to Parraluna. Mr. Jarrow shrugged his shoulders.

"Too far off," he said. "Parraluna is quite as much as I can manage. But look here, Jack, if you're so sweet on Silver Ridge, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you like to run it, you shall do it on half-shares. What do you say, missus?"

Mrs. Jarrow nodded and laughed. "I say ditto," she said.

"All right," said Jack, in his easy-going way. "Done with you; and thank you! I'll take Silver Ridge in hand. Give me Teddy and two or three of the men here, and I'll see what can be done with it. I think you will find it valuable."

He lit his pipe and sauntered out to look round the place; and next day he started for Silver Ridge with Teddy and three of the hands.

As he was starting, Mary Seaton crossed the yard. She paused and glanced at him and, as if he felt the glance, Jack said:

"You're looking very well, Mary."

"Yes," she said, in a low voic.

She stood, as if hesitating, and her hand went toward the pocket of her dress; but, after a moment or two, she went on toward the cow-shed, without further speech.

Jack remained at Silver Ridge for nearly three weeks. And during those three weeks Teddy and the hands had a busy time of it. They repaired the homestead and buildings, set up the fences, and established the cattle. All the men were agreed that Silver Ridge was a promising place and worth their labor; and Jack rode home to Parraluna to make his report.

As he slipped from his horse in the stableyard, Mary Seaton approached him. Her face was white, her lips drawn tightly, and the eyes she lifted to him were full of self-reproach and appeal. One hand was held behind her back, and as she brought it forward he saw that it held a newspaper.

"I want to give you this," she said, in tense tones. "A sundowner left it before you went away. You—you—might like to see it."

"Thank you, Mary," he said. "Very kind of you. One doesn't get a chance of seeing a newspaper often." He stuffed the paper in his pocket and left it there when he changed.

The Jarrows were delighted with his report of the progress and promise of Silver Ridge.

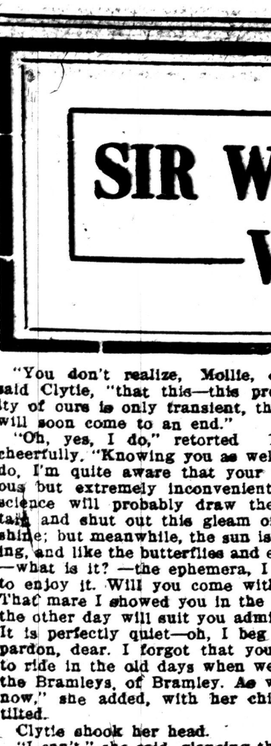
"You will make a good thing of this, Jack," said Jarrow, with a chuckle.

"And he deserves it," remarked Mrs. Jarrow, as she piled Jack's plate.

He forgot the newspaper; but was reminded of it, when he went up to his room, by seeing it sticking from the pocket of his discarded jacket. He opened it and read it by the candle-light; and suddenly, the Jarrows, who had not yet gone to bed, were startled by a sharp cry; and a moment or two afterward, Jack Douglas stood before them with the paper clenched in his hand. His face was white, his eyes were wild with sorrow.

"I—I must go home. I have just seen—bad news. I must go back to England!"

(To Be Continued).

Oh! Such Pain! dizzy—dragged-down? With dull headache, backache — racking with pain here or there — poor woman, she's one of many. On those days each month, when in other circumstances she would go to bed, she must still be at the desk or counter, or struggle through the day as best she may with her housework or her family cares. Usually she who feels those dragging-down or dizzy symptoms, and other pains caused by womanly disease, can be cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the cause of these pains. Faded, jaded, tired, overworked, weak, nervous, delicate women are helped to strength and health by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. In liquid or tablets.

CHATHAM, ONT.—"Being a nurse I have had occasion to use 'Favorite Prescription' quite a lot. I recommend it to my patients and it has been a wonderful help to many of them. I never knew of a case where it failed. I have a patient who is using it now and is doing fine. I have taken it myself and got the very best results. I consider it the best medicine there is for women who are ailing."—Miss. Emma Moore, [illegible] Street.

CANADA EST. 24 APPROVED

SEE ↑ THIS!
IT'S ON
CLARK'S
PORK AND BEANS
AND IS A
GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE OF PURITY
W. CLARK LIMITED MONTREAL



**CUTICURA HEALS BABY'S FACE**

**Could Not Sleep Eruption Itched and Burned So.**

"I noticed a little pimple on my baby's face. I thought it was from the sun but it kept getting worse and the skin was red and very hot. He could not sleep or rest the eruption itched and burned so, and it caused him to scratch. I was quite discouraged.

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I bought more and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two and a half boxes of Cuticura Ointment he was healed." (Signed) Mrs. S. D. McGuire, Clarksburg, Ont., Dec. 18, 1918.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for every-day toilet purposes.

For free sample each of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.



**PREPARATION.**

Careful preparation is the keynote to success in the live stock business, either in the fitting for the show ring or in the marketing of butcher stock. Placing of award or the topping of the market depends largely on the condition of the animal when shown or offered for sale. Animals to be shown at the winter shows should be selected now and preparations started so as to have them in the best possible condition by show time. The Toronto Fat Stock Show offers an excellent opportunity for feeders who have taken the time to fully condition their stock to get the highest market value and in addition to compete for the many generous premiums that are offered.


**An Anthem.**

An amusing little story is told by Reginald T. Townsend, in his description of Victory Day in Paris in the Red Cross Magazine. Mr. Townsend says: "A group of Tommies passed singing 'Tipperary.' 'What is that they are singing?' asked a Frenchman standing beside me of his neighbor. 'Don't you know?' came the scornful reply of one who always makes a point of keeping up with world affairs. 'Why, that is the new national anthem.'"


**Panic Active Aid to Disease.**

Panic, in truth, is always the most potent enemy upon which disease can call for aid. For panic not merely cripples the mind and the morale; it has directly disastrous consequences to the body itself. It deranges the digestion, it strains the heart, it slows the circulation of the blood. Thus it weakens the whole system, predisposing to infection by disease and making it more difficult to escape outcome if infection strikes.



**Anaemic Paleness Quickly Changed To Rosy Cheeks**

Chlorosis or anaemia is simply thinness of blood.

If confined too much indoors, anaemia develops, because the lungs are insufficiently supplied with oxygen, and the blood is consequently ill-nourished and half-starved.

But there is a cure!

Dr. Hamilton has solved the problem in his famous pills of Mandrake and Butternut; as a blood enricher their equal is not known.

All the functions upon which life depends are helped by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Richness and purity are instilled with wonderful promptness into the vital fluid.

Healthy color supplants the pallid, ashen face.

Better appetite, strong digestion and dreamless sleep are sure to follow, because of the increased blood supply furnished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Think it over.

Will it pay you to look and feel half-dead, to lack color and spirit, when all can be changed by Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

Better act at once.

Your case is more curable now than later on.

Dr. Hamilton personally guarantees his pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

Their merit is unquestioned.

Thousands of anaemics they have cured and kept well.

They will do just the same for you. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box.



***Editing a Newspaper***

Editing a newspaper is a pleasant business—if you can stand it.

If it contains any advertisements, the subscribers claim they take too much space.

If there is a scarcity of advertising, it is unpopular, and the people won't have it.

If we attend church regularly they say we do it for effect.

If we stay away from church, they say we are monstrously heathenish.

If we accept an invitation to a wedding, they say we are invited to "write it up."

If we are on the streets much, they say we neglect our business.

If we avoid going on the street, they say we don't hustle around after the news.

If we reject a long winded communication, its author becomes furiously enraged and discontinues his paper.

If we publish lengthy communications, our subscribers say we lack discretion, and put it in to fill up.

If we omit to decorate our office window on the King's birthday they say we lack enterprise and that there isn't a drop of patriotic blood in our degenerated carcass.

If we omit jokes, they say we are poor, miserable fossils.

If we are single they say we are too helpless to get married.

If we are married they say it's a pity for our wives.

If we publish a man who has brought disgrace upon his family the friends of the family never forgive us.

If we, out of goodness of our heart, decline to say anything on the subject, the man's enemies are disappointed, and we are branded as white-livered cowards.

We are liable to receive these raps and many more, and we are always ready to receive visitors, whether accompanied by dog or not. Of course we do not claim there is any work in running a newspaper. Everbody knows it's a snap.


**Two Million Dollar Monument.**

A $2,000,000 Victory monument on the parkway is planned as a tribute by the women of Philadelphia to the memory of the men and women who served in the war for democracy.


**STOMACH TROUBLE**

**Comes When the Blood is Weak and Watery.**

Thin blooded people generally have stomach trouble. But they seldom recognize the fact that thin blood is the cause of their indigestion, but it is.

Thin blood is one of the most common causes of stomach trouble; it affects the digestion very quickly. The glands that furnish the digestive fluids are diminished in their activity, the stomach muscles are weakened and there is a loss of nerve force. In this state of health nothing will more quickly restore the appetite, digestion and normal nutrition than good, rich, red blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, making it rich and red, and this enriched blood strengthens weak nerves, stimulates tired muscles, and awakens to normal activity the glands that supply the digestive fluids. The first sign of returning health is an improved appetite, and soon the effect of these blood-making pills is evident throughout the whole system. You find that what you eat does not distress you, and that you are strong and vigorous instead of irritable and listless. You are on the road to sound, good health and care in your diet is all you need. If your appetite is fickle, if you have any of the distressing pains and symptoms of indigestion you should begin to cure yourself at once by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


***When Cavalry Were Marines***

The Llanero of South America lives on horseback, trades, buys and sells on horseback, and during the war with Spain the Llaneros contributed much toward achieving the independence of Venezuela and New Granada. There is related a story of an occasion when it was necessary for Bolivar's army to cross the Apure to engage Morillo. But Bolivar had no boats and the Apure at this point wide and deep.

The Spanish flotilla was guarding the river opposite to the patriot forces. Bolivar was in despair. Turning to Paez, he said "I would give the world to have the Spanish flotilla; without it I can never cross the river."

"It shall be yours in an hour," replied Paez.

Selecting 300 of his Llanero lancers, all distinguished for strength and bravery, he said, pointing to the gunboats, "We must have these flecheras or die. Let those follow who please."

Spurring his horse he dashed into the river and swam toward the flotilla.

The Llaneros followed with their lances in their hands, now encouraging their horses by swimming beside them and patting their necks, now shouting to scare away the crocodiles, of which there were hundreds. At last they reached the other side and sprang from their horses backs on board the boats headed by their leader. To the astonishment of everyone they actually captured the entire flotilla.

History has preserved the exploit of the French General, Pichegru, who, in the winter of 1797, led a brigade of cavalry across the ice against the allied fleet, frozen helpless in the Texel off the coast of Holland; but only family papers and local tradition preserve the memory of a somewhat similar deed of daring in our won revolutionary war. That was the capture and burning of two British ships at Alexandria, Va., by a squadron of cavalry, made up of Virginia patriots home on furlough from Valley Forge during the winter of 1777-78. This account is preserved by a family of the name of Williams, descended from the Alexander family (from which the town got its name), who were leaders in that daring raid.

At that time Alexandria was the principal port of northern Virginia, for the deep water at its wharves permitted any seagoing vessel of that day to lie alongside. In February, 1778, two English ships, under convoy of a man-of-war, tied up at the wharf at the foot of King street. They wanted to buy, beg or steal tobacco, the supply of which the war in Virginia had much diminished.

Scattered at their country homes within a short distance of Alexandria were 300 troopers. Washington had personally enlisted these men on account of their swilful horsemanship. They had come back to northern Virginia from Valley Forge that Washington might have fewer men and animals to feed.

Quietly assembling on the outskirts of the town one dark night, the squadron divided into two parties, one under the leadership of Capt. Alexander and the other under command of Lieut. Smoot. The men made their way by side streets and lanes to the wharf.

With a yell the two squadrons galloped down the wharf, and before the astonished sentinels had time to fire they swept up the gangplanks, cut down those who did not flee and securely imprisoned the crew and officers below.

A hurried parley, in which the American raiders informed their prisoners that they intended to set fire to the ships immedately, led to a surrender at discretion.—N. Y. Sun.