

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

Mollie laughed shortly. "Because she wouldn't go." "What you want is change," he said, after this piece of defiance. "I mean change of scene, place, surroundings, and freedom from worry. Let me see." He considered for a moment. Mollie waiting with a semblance of patience, and meeting Clytie's reproachful gaze with a grimace. "Yes; I used to send you, when you were a child, to Withycombe. You remember?"

Mollie clasped her hands. "Rather! Of course! Dear old Withycombe! That jolly old farmhouse on the hill running down to the beach. With the fishing-boats and the lime-kin! The very place! Let's go there, Clytie dear, so at once. It's only twenty miles; and we can put up at the farm, and take some horses, and the pony jingle, and make a regular picnic of it. Mother Bunce at the farm—what a dear, fat old thing she used to be."

"Mrs. Bunce is dead," said Doctor Morton. "But the farm is being run by her married daughter."

"I don't remember her," said Mollie. "I dare say not. Really, I think you can't do better than go there, and at once, as Miss Mollie says," he resumed.

"Yes," said Mollie. "And tell Mr. Granger not to worry her with letters, and papers, and things."

"I will obey your royal highness' commands," he said.

Mollie nodded, not at all crushed by his sarcasm.

"I always like you; you are so sensible," she declared, with emphatic approval. "I'll send word to Mrs. Fry, what her name—at once, and we'll start to-morrow or the next day at latest. And I'll bring Clytie back as fat as one of the Butleys' little pigs, and burned as black as a nigger; then you can go around and boast how you've cured her."

Dr. Morton grinned. "Thank you. Do you know what I should prescribe for you, if I had my way?"

"No, and it doesn't matter. I shouldn't take it. I once poured a bottle of medicine into a flower pot; and the way that poor flower shrivelled up and died was a lesson to me. Ask him to stay in touch, Clytie; he's been so sensible and good."

The doctor declined, gently displacing and patting the arm thrown around his; and when he had gone, Mollie, ignoring Clytie's attempts at a lecture, set about their preparations.

Simple as they were, they took three days in the making; for Mrs. Fry, at the farm to which they were going, had to get the rooms for her expected lodgers, the horses had to be sent on, and so on; but on the evening of the third day the two girls arrived at the quaintly beautiful combe, or valley, which, like a cleft in the hills, wound in serpentine fashion from the uplands to the sea's margin. It was one of the most secluded spots imaginable, and the Hill Farm, as it was called, looked down upon a thin line of thatched cottages that stood on the edge of the narrow road which the new inhabitants proudly designated a "street."

These inhabitants were, with the exception of the few farm laborers, fishermen, as simple and as rustic as children of a larger growth; the place was seldom visited by tourists—who made for the neighboring and more famous combe, Pethwick—and no spot would have been better chosen for Clytie's troubled mind.

The farm-house was a large and old-fashioned one; and Mollie, as she looked round their sitting-room, gave a nod of satisfaction and approval.

"Just the very thing you want, my dear!" she declared. "No state, no ceremony, no Sholes, no flunkies—by the way, I like flunkies—and, better still, no Mr. Granger and his business letters, and, best of all, no Mr. Heath Cartton! I like Mrs. Fry, looks a sensible sort of woman, and she doesn't threaten to fuss. It's more her misfortune than her fault that she doesn't remember us. Tells me that she went abroad with her husband long, long years ago." But she is evidently and properly impressed by the honor of having the two Bramley princesses bearing her roof all means! I remember them of old. How ill they used to make me! But I'm stronger now; plenty of cream, Mrs. Fry. What are you mooning about, Clytie?"

Clytie was looking out of the window at the sea, which lay like an opal in the setting sun, and she started slightly.

"I was thinking that it would be good, to live here forever," she said, dreamily.

"That's symbolical of your condition, my dear sister. Withycombe is all very well for a time; but give me Bramley Hall, and the flunkies, for a permanency."

Clytie slept soundly that night. Mollie, creeping from her bed and listening at Clytie's door, heard the regular breathing, and nodded approvingly, and the next morning came down with a touch of color in her cheeks.

After breakfast—the wholesome breakfast of bread and butter and golden eggs, of home-made bread and butter and clotted cream—Mollie insisted upon dragging Clytie down to the beach. Some of the fishermen were pottering about their boats, or mending their nets, and they and their wives and children greeted the young ladies with evident but mes-

How Sallow Skin Can Be Changed To Rosy Complexion

Every woman with pale cheeks and poor complexion needs medicine—a potent tonic to regulate her system.

To tone up the stomach—to insure good digestion—to give new life and vitality to the whole system—where is there a remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

Dr. Hamilton's Pills enable you to eat what you like—they correct constipation—make nourishing blood—instill force and vim into a run-down system.

If nervous and can't sleep your remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they search out the cause of your condition and you rise in the morning refreshed, strong, vigorous, ready for the day's work.

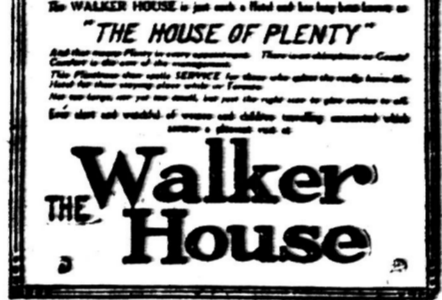
Dr. Hamilton asks every weak and debilitated person to use his Mandrake and Butternut Pills. They make old folks feel young, and weak folks feel strong. Their effects upon insomnia and languor is marvelous. Hundreds declare they soothe and quiet the nerves to that a good night's rest always follows their use.

To look well, to feel well, to keep well, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are mild, cleansing, strengthening—good for the young or old. Sold by all dealers in 25c boxes.

"Abroad, perhaps. What do you say? Have you been abroad, in foreign lands?" she asked Jack, abruptly, so abruptly that he almost started, for he was aroused to the consciousness of the fact that he was staring at the older girl.

"Yes," he said. "I have traveled a good deal. It's very beautiful, though. Perhaps some of the bits along the Portugal coast—and Sydney Harbor.

The tone of his voice was so unlike that of the Withycombe fishermen that Clytie's attention was attracted.



Where Service is not Sacrificed to Size
THE HOUSE OF PLENTY
Walker House

to him, but only faintly and transiently.

"Oh, I know," said Mollie. "Australia raves about Sydney Harbor, and when the ship is going into it they run about among the strangers and ask them what they think about it. One man hung a board across his chest with 'Yes, it's a fine harbor; but you didn't make it!'"

Jack laughed. "That's a good story," he said, approvingly. "I should have thought you'd have heard that," said Mollie. "If you've traveled much."

"I have," he admitted, "but it's worth hearing again."

His sang-froid gave Mollie pause for a moment, then she said: "Are you living here, Douglas?"

"Yes, for the present," replied Jack. "You know it very well!" she asked, casually.

"I only arrived here a week or two ago," he answered, with strict veracity. "You're a sailor, then?"

He nodded. "Yes; and several other things; tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary—yes, most of 'em, barring the thief," said Jack, cheerfully.

"Mollie!" murmured Clytie, in an undertone; and Mollie was silent for a moment or two; then, as if she were pining for intelligent conversation, she began again.

"Suppose you have some friends, relations, here at Withycombe?"

"No, said Jack, calmly, and looking over his shoulder. "Nary one. I just happened to come to the place."

Girls Wanted TO LEARN RUBBER SHOE MAKING

Good Wages Steady Employment
\$1.50 per day while learning.
Board, \$4.50 per week.
Railway fare advanced.

APPLY TO
THE INDEPENDENT RUBBER CO., LTD.
MERRITTON, ONT.

St. Joseph's Levis, July 14, 1932.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen, I was badly kicked by my horse last May, and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do, my leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES,
Commercial Traveller.

ed, with the frankness which in any one but Mollie might have been offensive; but Jack laughed; as most of her victims did.

"Appearances are deceitful, miss," he said, suddenly, remembering that his manner of speech was rather too free and easy for his assumed character. "I'm one of the latest of men—when I go to the beach, it isn't often I do, though."

With smiling but unobtrusive interest, as they made their way over the rocks to the sea edge.

"A sail—no; no wind; a row wouldn't be bad," said Mollie. "It's years since I was in a boat, I wonder whether there is a man who could take us," she added, looking round.

A young man, in a blue jersey and fisherman's long sea-boots, was sitting on the edge of a boat with his arm folded and a pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth. He had been observing the girls for some time. Mollie went up to him.

"Can you take us for a row?" she asked, with the calmness, the freedom from embarrassment, which belonged to Mollie.

He took the pipe from his mouth, and his hand went up to his hat, but dropped again, even in the act of lifting the sailor's cap. He eyed her for a moment; then, as if regretting his hesitation, said:

"Certainly, miss. And began pushing his boat into the tide-way was not able to go about.

Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband died, and I came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it.

It brought relief from my troubles.

I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.

There are women everywhere who long for children; their hearts yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham, Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years' experience is at your service.

of hard woods may have heating values widely different. Where hard woods and soft woods are mixed together without regard to the proportion of each the values may be so different that one man may for the same money buy twice as much heating value as another.

The shape and size of the sticks may also cause great variation in the actual amount of wood substance, and therefore of fuel. If weight were the measure, the species, shape and size of sticks would make little difference, provided the wood were thoroughly seasoned. It would be necessary, however, to fix certain standards as to time of seasoning of wood, the special-ists say.

The bulletin points out that there is special opportunity for greater use of wood for fuel in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and the lake states, where is a rural population which is estimated to use annually 19,000,000 tons of coal. A considerable proportion of these fuel users will find wood available close enough to their own neighborhood to make long freight hauls unnecessary. By turning to wood they will not only conserve the fuel supply and relieve transportation, but are likely to contribute to the prosperity of their own community. For one thing the opportunity to sell wood fuel tends to encourage the improvement of farm woodlands by proper thinning.

An increased market for wood fuel should open up good opportunities for operators of thrasher and silo cutting outfits or others who have gasoline or kerosene engines to do custom sawing during the winter, according to the bulletin.

BELLS.

Britain Makes the Best in the World.

Bell makers are looking forward to working overtime at making bells for some years to come, for the Hun on the continent has melted down hundreds of church chimneys to supply him with his much needed metal for ammunition.

The best bells are made by British bell makers, who are so skillful that they can cast a chime of bells which require practically no alteration afterwards.

As these bells weigh anything from half a ton upward, and special moulds have to be made for each bell, this is

FUEL VALUE OF WOOD

Varies Widely—Should Be Sold by Weight.

Wood for fuel should be sold by weight instead of by cord measure, for the heating value depends not upon the bulk of the wood, but upon its weight, say foresters of the United States Department of Agriculture in a bulletin recently issued. A yard of dry wood of one species has about as much heating value as a pound of any other species, but two cords may vary 100 per cent in their value for heating.

It is the custom to sell hard woods and soft woods at slightly different prices because of differences in heating values. This is only a superficial classification, however, as two species

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about.

Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband died, and I came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it.

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A more wonderful fact than it sounds.

The moulds for the bells are made of bricks and loam that have been thoroughly baked before the white hot metal is poured into them.

Best metal, by the way, is made of four parts of copper and one of tin, and it was for the copper the bells contained that they were ruthlessly torn from their churches by the Germans.

In the early days most bells were made in the churchyard of the church in which they were to be hung, in order to avoid the great difficulty of transport.

Now, however, they are made in special bell foundries.

Some of the bells now chiming here only been hung with great difficulty on account of their huge weight. Big Ben, for example, weighs nearly four tons, and Great Peter of York Minster nearly eleven tons.

One of the mysteries that has puzzled bell metal for years was how the great bell in the bell tower of Pekin was ever hung. It was cast in 1415, and weighs 53½ tons. It measures fifteen feet in height, is nine inches thick, and has a circumference of 43 feet at the rim.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.
Stuffed Potatoes.
Six potatoes, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, one very small onion (chopped), two ounces butter, one ounce ham (chopped), a little cream. Bake the potatoes, then cut in half, and scrape out the middle. Mix with the other ingredients until smooth, add cream, fill the cases and bake in the oven until a golden brown.

Wood's Throat Lozenges

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole system, restores new Blood, improves the Digestion, cures Bronchitis, Debility, Mental and Nervous Weakness, Headache, Loss of Sleep, Catarrh of the Nose, Heart, Throat, Bladder, and all other ailments. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists and chemists in plain glass containers. Price, 25c. Beware of cheap imitations. MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Phone 2444).

The Rat Problem.

The suggestion has been made that the rat problem might be best solved by making use of the skins of the rodents for the purposes of leather.

Somewhat with the gift of guessing computes that there are 100,000,000 rats in this country, and the damage they do would cost at least 5,000 skins a day.

It would take at least 5,000 skins a day to supply a small modern tannery. Nobody wants the rats; they belong to anybody that can catch them. That is the only problem—to catch them and skin them, and then deliver the goods. There is not enough leather to go around. Fish skins are susceptible of tanning, and there are rat skins which make good leather, large enough for many purposes.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Esquimaux High Kickers.
Instead of using only one leg in the standing high kick Eskimos employ both feet, just as they would in a high jump. Although handicapped in this way, by throwing the head and the shoulders higher than the feet a record of six feet nine inches has been established. No other people enjoy more than the Eskimos the exhibiting of their athletic abilities. Whenever there is a national celebration they literally flock into Nome by the hundreds, intent on displaying their prowess.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Aim High.
If you hit the mark you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.—Longfellow.

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Clear Your Scalp and Skin With Cuticura

After shaving and before bathing touch scalp with Cuticura. If any itching occurs, wash with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of Soap applied with the hands. One Soap for all uses, shaving, shampooing, bathing. Finally dust shaved parts with Cuticura Talcum. The Soap, Ointment and Talcum sold everywhere.

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