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SIR WILLIAM'S

tightly in his, and smiled across at earth than Sir Wilfred Carton." "I can't very well throw you out of

the cab, Mollie," he said.

"I might have taken a hansom by myself," she remarked, remorsefully. They had arranged that Jack should evel to Weybridge in a different comartment to that of the girls; and when he was alone he tried to realize tightened, he looked at her with eyes that Clytie was his wife. His wife! Let him say it over and over again hard and stern. for fifty times; He tried it; but it proved ineffectual; he could not realize it. It was only a short distance from the station to the cottage, and] the girls walked, Jack following them at a discreet distance.

met him under the verandah. "She has gone upstairs to take off her things. I have persuaded her to that terrified Mollie. lie down for a few minutes; You won't mind, Jack; you know that she has not been very well lately? And though she was so calm and behaved so beautifully, of course it has been very trying-what word is the best to use , I wonder?-business for her? Clytie is not like most girls; she is so ed in a hard voice: -how shall I put it?-so delicate in . her mind. So modest and sensitive; not like me. If I'd married you in this way, I should have regarded the whole affair is a beno-i beg your pordan!" Jack laughed. in Mollie's presence,

almost able to realize his happiness. "Don't you worry, Mollie, dear," he said. "I know what you mean; and 'beno' is a very good word; of course it means a bean-feast, an outing. Yes; you'd have been all right." "Rather!" she said in her sweet girlish voice. "I'd have gone to a restaurant with you and had champagne-oh, but don't you be anxious, I've got some champagne for you-for us. And don't be nervous about Clytie. She's

under her bright influence, he was

all right; it's only that delicate way of hers, as I say. She is like a beautiful orchid, something rare and fine, and you have to treat her as such." "Do you think I don't understand, Mollie?" he said, with a smile. "What I am asking myself is, how such a rare and beautiful thing as Clytie

a star stooping to the puddle in which Mollie glanced at him curiously, and nodded brightly as she touched the flowers on the table with a girl's sen-

sitive, sympathetic touch. "Almost a bridal table, isn't it?" she said. "I went as far as I could; you see, I did not want to make the maids suspicious. I'll run up and see if Clytie is rested. Of course you want her. Oh, don't I know—at least," demurely, "I can guess."

She went upstairs, and Jack sat on the arm of one of the chairs, and once more tried to realize what he had gained by that morning's work. Mollie was away some little time; but presently she came down with a little air of disappointment. Jack turned to

her eagerly. "She-she is asleep," said Mollie reluctantly. "Oh, don't look so hurt, Jack! Think of what she has gone through this morning! All that calmness of hers was only apparent. And depend upon it, she was all of a quiver all the time; and this is the reaction. She'll wake presently, and she will come down looking like herself. And is there a more beautiful self in the world? Is there any girl more loyely, more sweet? Oh, Jack, if I were a man I should envy you. I can understand how proud, how happy you must

"Can you?" he retorted incredulous-

Jack took Clytie's hand and held it is no prouder or happier man on this He started and looked at her.

"What?" he demanded. Mollie saw her slip, turned pale, bit her lip. But it was too late for re-

traction, for remorse. "Oh. Jack!" she cried tremulously. "What have I said, what have I done?" His face had paled, his lip had that were already beginning to grow

"You called me Sir Wilfred Carton. he said. "You knew?" Mollie also was pale, and was tremb-

"Ye-s," she faltered. "I knew." When he reached the cotage, Mollie she felt like a prisoner in the dock. He stood up and confronted her; and "When did you know?" he demanded not loudly, but with an earnestness

"I knew," she murmured." I knew the first day I saw you; at least, I guessed-that night in the church-

He bent his brows on her and stood for a moment in silence; then he ask-

"And Clytic she knew? When?" "When?" breathed Mollie, as if she were choking. "Oh, Jack-Wilfred, 1 mean—why do you look at me, speak to me, like this-Why are you so an-

"I am not angry," he said. "Answer my question. I want to know the truth. When did she know?"

"The—the day of the storm," Mollie jerked out, as if in spite of herself, as if she were compelled to answer. "You -you spoke to her-you let your name slip out. But what does it matter? Why are you so angry? You love her, you are married, she is your wife."

"The day of the storm; I remember," he said, as if to himself. "Ever since then. And she kept it from me. She -she deceived me. I see it all. There is no longer any mystery about it." He laughed bitterly, with a laugh that made Mollie shudder www, she knew

"What do you mean?" she asked, with faltering accents. "What do you see? Jack-Wilfred- Oh! I don't know what to call you! You could stoop to such as me. It's like are not going to make a fuss, you are not going to be crue!!"

-but just. You tell me that Clytie knew who I was as long ago as that. You have both of you concealed the fact, you have both of you deceived me. Why? But I know. My eyes are opened. I know why she has married me. She wanted me to have Bramley and the money, as arranged by this accursed will. She has never cared for me Don't speak! I won't listen. I've been a fool; yes, a fooland in a dream; but I'm awake now. I know. I've loved her with all my heart and soul. No man could have loved her better, more truly, more devotedly. And she has fooled me for the sake of some foolish sentiment of self-sacrifice. She has never cared

for me. Mollie sprang to him and caught his

arm. "Jack, you're wrong!" she cried.

'Clytie loves you!" He flung her from him. "That's a lie! She does not care for me. She shrinks every time I touch her-she has not said a word of love-she has not let me kiss her. Oh, I see it all now! Just to gratify this idea of hers, this idea of sacrifice, she has sacrificed herself. Sacrificed! I think I shall go mad. To be married to a girl who shrinks from your very touch!

"Jack! I swear to you you are "Yes." said Mollie, "I think I can. wrong!" cried Mollie, clutching him I should say that at this moment there | again. "Let me go to her, let me

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eruption that is stubborn, has resisted treat-

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Weak and relaxed state of the body, nervousnes, despondency, poor memory, lack of will power, timid, irritable disposition, diminished power of application, energy and concentration, fear of impending danger or misfortune, drowsiness and tendency to sleep, unrestful sleep, dark rings under eyes, weal ess or pain in back, lumbago, dypepsia, constipation, headache, loss weight, insomnia. Dr. Ward gives you the benefit of 29 years' continuous practice in the treatment of all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases. The above symptoms, and many others not mentioned, show plainly that something is wrong with your physical condition and that you need expert attention.

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ence of 29 years in treating men and their ailments.

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"I had been troubled witheczem on my face which took the form of a Later it broke out on my limbs and they itched very much, causing me to scratch them until they were bleeding. The ranh would often keep me awake at night. "I tried some remedies, which

failed, and then thought I would try Cuticura Scap and Ointment. I was not long till the man began to disappear, and I used three cakes of Scap and four boxes of Ointment. which healed me." (Signed) W. M. Hymers, Paris, Ont., Sept. 12, 1919.

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bring her down."

He caught her and almost flung her into a chair.

"No," he said. "You shall not bring her. Stay there. And listen to me. You're a sensible girl, and must know what I feel, what I want to say. I refuse to be made a dupe. Tell her that I decline her-her sacrifice. That I decline to be the husband of a woman who doesn't love me, who has married me to satisfy some quixotic fancy. I understand now her reason for asking me to marry

her. For all this accursed secrecy and underhand business. Do you think that I am such a cur as to accept her sacrifice? No! She bargained that I was to leave her, to go somewhere—to the devil. for all she cared, I suppose—after this mockery of a ceremony. Well, I am going—"
"Jack, Jack! She loves you—let

me bring her down!" wailed Mollie, wringing her hands. "Stay where you are," he said, sternly. "I've been in a dream; but I'm awake now. Bring her down when I'm gone. Tell her that I've gone forever. That I'm not such a fool and cur as to claim for a wife the woman who has married me for an idea.

Love! You must think me a fool I tell you that not by word or sign or look has she shown any love for me.' He laughed bitterly. "Quite the contrary. Oh, quite the contrary. Stay where you are." He sprang to the writing-table.

caught up a pen, and wrote something on a sheet of paper. "There! Give her that." He tossed the paper sav-"No," he said, sternly. "Not cruel claim to Bramley and the money. I drove him to sleep, thous agely on the table. "I resign all didn't want them. I wanted the wo- he was fain to lie awake and chew man I love."

Mollie ran to him and clung to him, weeping bitterly and white with fright. He put her from him; then held her at arm's length and looked at her a little less fiercely.

"You're a good sort, Mollie," he said, grimly. "But you are only a girl, and you don't understand. Give Clytic that paper when she wakes, and tell her she has nothing to fear from me. I shall never claim her. I hope to Heaven I shall never see her

went through the open French win-

Almost distraught, Mollie ran after him, calling to him; but he strode across the lawn, without turning his head, and was quickly hidden, from

Cook's Cotton Roof Compound.



her by the trees.

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CHAPTER XXV.

There was rejoicing at Parraluna: lack Douglas had come back. The Jarrows had received no notice of his return, for Jack had declared his intention of accompanying Chope only an hour or so before the sailing of the White Witch.

Of course, Chope had seen that something was the matter, for Jack had looked as if he had been through a bad time; but Chope had asked no questions, and, as he told the Jarrows, had been only too glad to get Jack on any terms, especially when he had been informed of Jack's identity.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarrow received Jack as if he were their own son, and proceeded to kill the fatted calf forthwith; Teddy, the boy, expressed his joy in a shrill yell of delight, and so hovered about his hero during the first few days that Jack had a great difficulty in avoiding falling over him; the hands, too, were very pleased to welcome a man who, though evidently their superior in education and position, never traded on the fact to shirk his work or put on side ,and was an

all-round good mate. The only person at Parraluna who evinced no enthusiasm at his sudden and unexpected return was Mary Seaton. Indeed, she did not come forward with the rest to greet him, and after some of the excitement had subsided, Jack bethinking himself of her, went in search of her. She was washing in the little paddock behind the farm, and as Jack strode up she turned her head swiftly at the sound of his footsteps, and, her face rather pale, nodded and scanned him for a moment of two with a keenness and something that looked to Jack like disapponit-

"Well, Mary, I've come back, like the bad penny. Aren't you going to shake hands?" and he held out his. "Mine's wet," she said.

"Dry it, then," said Jack, "or FIL take it as it is. She dried her hands, and as he took

cent eyes which fai "Have you been well? ner, much thinner

"Oh, I'm all right?" every one here, including yo

She glanced at him s under her lowered eyelids, nodded, a turned to her washing again; and Ja after a few more words, left her. There was a tremendous supper the farm that night, to which all hands were invited; and Jarrow drank Jack's health so often, likewise Mrs. Jarrow's, Chope's, the hands', and 'Absent Friends' that he needed a little against the against the second transfer of t tle assistance when at last the party broke up, and he retired for the short

remainder of the night. Now, Jack had volunteered no information about his trip to England, or the cause of his return, and the Jarrows, respecting his reticense, asked no questions; like Chope, the were only too pleased to get him back,

whatever the reason might be. In a few days it seemed to the and almost Jack himself, that he had never left Parraluna, as if those momentous months in England, with all their doubts, and hopes, and final dis-appointment and misery were but the insubstantial web and woof of a dream

He had had plenty of time during the voyage to ponder and broad over the events which had reached their climax in his strange marriage to Clytie; and he had seen no reason for any change in the conviction which had struc! him on the afternoon of the marriage, when Mollie had let the cat out of the bag. Clytic had not married

had entrapped and deceived him. There was the case in a nutshell, and there was an end of it, so far as he was was the case in a nutshell; and there was an end of it, so far as he was concerned. He would never take which can be seen from the Plain) advantage of her quixotic generosity and "those girt big stones are called by the natives.

had struck him so heavy a blow with Johnson said: "These were two eminent monuments of art and rude-

him sorrow's great panacea—work. ness, exhibiting the first essay and And there was enough of it, in all the last perfection in architecture." conscience. A great deal of time had Evelyn, it is evident from a remark been lost already, and Chope was anxbeen lost already, and Chope was anxious to get to work. The machinery had to be brought up from the port, huts erected at Silver Ridge, and a number of other indispensable preliminaries into the execution of which Jack threw himself with al his characteristic ardor and energy. And there was only time to snatch hasty meals; certainly no time for brooding; and at night physical exhaustion generally drove him to sleep, though sometimes he was fain to lie awake and chew the bitter cud of his misfortune.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.) Peculiar Etiquette.

Some of the American Indian tribes preserve customs of their past, and of these none is more interesting than a peculiar practice followed by the Sloux of the Devil's Lake reservation. it appears on competent authority that from time immemorial these Sioux have adhered to an etiquette whereby He put Mollie away from him and it is the bounden duty of the host to supply his guest with all the food he may desire, and, as a rule, the opportionment set before the visiting Indian is in excess of the capacity of a single man. On the other hand, by the same custom, the guest is obliged to eat all that is placed before him, else he grossly insults his entertainer. Now, it was found that this practice would work a hardship, but, instead of dispensing with the custom, the Indian method of reasoning was applied, and what is known as the professional eater was brought to the front. While the guest is supposed to eat all that is placed before him, it serves the same purpose if his neighbor assists in devoucing the bountiful repast, the main object being to have the plate clean when the meal shall be finished. In order to ensure the final consumption of the allotted portion visiting Indians call

upon these professional eaters, where duty it is to sit beside them through a meal and eat what the guest eit. The professional eaters are never looked upon in the light of guests. but more as travelling companions with a particular duty to perform. It is stated that one of the professional eaters was known to have dispos of some seven pounds of beef at a sitting.—Family Herald.

Wasted Effort.

At a fire recently a brave fireman came gasping and painting from the burning building with his eyebrows singed in the flames. Under one arm he carried a small but heavy box, which he deposited in a place of safety with the air of a man who had saved a box of government bonds from destruction. On opening the box it was found to contain six bottles of a man claimed by a thick crystal through which is some distance and pure gold and contains colored stones covered by a thick crystal through which is some distance of a man claimed At a fire recently a brave fireman with the air of a man who had saved a box of government bonds from de-struction. On opening the box it was found to contain six bottles of a new patent fire extinguisher.—Argonaut.

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.



Dates Back to 1700 Years B.C.

presented to Great Britain by its

because she wished him to be come possessed of Brandey and Sir William's fortune. She had been impelled by a mistaken impression which the great made upon them. Johnson made upon them. Johnson

ness, exhibiting the first essay and in his diary, made an unsucc

implements were found, believed to have been used by the builders. They were of stone and flint.

Under various private ownerships the ancient memorial has been wran-gled over in the courts, robbed of its trilithous to make bridges and mill dams, and allowed to suffer needless damage from storm and relic hunter, and has been either a white dephant or a mere source of gain.

KING JOHN'S LOST TREASURE The idea of making use of the elec-tric sparatus used in locating ores tric sparatus used in locating ores to discover King John's lost treasure has put forward by Capt. Hugh Pollard in an English paper. He recalls the fact that, several years ago, Sir William Hope Informed the Society of Antiquaries that the ford of the Wash where the treasure was lost in the thirteenth century was reclaimed in the seventeenth and that claimed in the seventeenth, and that the land lies between Walpole and Long Sutton in Lincolnshire. Now this treasure of King John's is of extraordinary interest. Not only did it contain loot from half the tastles and churches of England and John's

sud contains colored stoms covered by a thick crystal, through which is seen the ministure of a man climed in a green Secon tude. It is formed of ensembled monits or a blue ground. The man is easted on a throne with a crown on his head and holds a fleur-de-lie in each hand. Hound the edge are the words in Ancile Secon: "Allored had me worked." Someteay the figure represents Alfred himself. It so perhaps the crown which the sem depicts is the one which the elements wrenched from the unworthy hands of John all that long time ago, and the one which, it is to be hoped, the twentieth sentury will recover.

Conclet With Bacon. very hearty and delleious

one cupful of boiled and e with one tablespoonful butter and milk enough to beaten eggs, salt and paprika e, and pour into a hot greased pan. Sprinkle over the top d fried bacon and mineed paraand proceed as for any fi



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less it was relief to leave it for the quiet not boys the river, where one come not between and south-vary along the root Cluck's armier tally of the wife straight roads hat less to the same. And Senile Marne. And Senl's of to many French

the violedly ravaged.

the me, therefore, a pleasing this of the German missississis that of the German mississis that officers, coming under a down the Guise Road margh. armies had march-T came to poor, wasted Senlis, the point to the capital that Ger-rmies reached in 1914, and gned their names to a docuwhich will for all time reord tter and immeasurable failure man arms, of German terribleof the spirit which was express-so brutally at Senlis.—American leview of Reviews.

The March to Mecca.

The great caravan which every year sets out from Cairo for Meeca has a conductor on a camel leading the way. Day and night, whatever the weather is, he remains without any covering naked to the waist. With him march men with large torches, which are kept alight during the night and illuminate the column of smoke above them, so that it appears a pillar of fire. During the day, when the head of the caravan is difficult to see on account of intervening hills and mounds of sand, the torches are kept burning, so that instead of the light which served during the night a column of smoke indicates to the straggling caravan from afar the direction of the march and the time and place of a halt.





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