

Have You Ever Thought of This? That a Cup of **SALADA** TEA

**"SALADA"** TEA

properly infused, is one of Nature's greatest blessings as a harmless stimulating beverage.

**SIR WILLIAM'S**

**WILL**

CHAPTER II.

He looked down and tapped the will with his fingers.

"No," he said, at last.

"Not," she responded swiftly, the blood mounting to her face, her eyes flashing indignantly. "Sir William Cartton was a masterful man; he rose from that factory there—she pointed in the direction of the Pit Works—and bought my father's house and land; there seemed to be nothing he could not buy. But he has not bought me."

Mr. Granger's wrinkled fingers continued to play on the parchment. He knew enough of women to be aware that it is better to let their emotions find their proper vent in words and tears, and now there was something suspiciously like tears in the beautiful gray eyes.

"Please put yourself in my place," she said, with a falter in her voice. "Would you like to be made the instrument of a father's malice, his vengeance, on his son?"

Mr. Granger coughed. "I don't think Sir William intended—"

"Ah, intended! How can he know what he intended? All we know is, what he has done; sold me, and his son, into mutual slavery—if we should be weak enough to consent. Yes, that is the pith of the matter, Mr. Granger," she went on, resolutely, her brows coming together, her eyes glowing. "I refuse, at once and absolutely, to comply with the terms of the will. Give me a piece of paper and pen, please."

The lawyer's fingers ceased to play, but he did not procure the required articles.

"Time enough for such decided action, my dear Miss Clytie," he said, gravely. "You have twelve months in which to make up your mind."

"I do not need twelve months," she said, promptly. "I want to—re-release myself at once, to leave this place."

He shook his head. "You can do neither," he said. "You must remember that I pointed out to you that Sir William had foreseen this—er—not unreasonable antagonism to his wishes and had provided for it by the clauses which put you in possession of the estate until the twelve months have elapsed, and makes your renunciation invalid for a like period."

Her lips came together and she moved to the window.

"He seems to have thought of everything, I feel as if—as if I were in a net," she said.

Mr. Granger affected to busy himself with some papers and averted his eyes from the girl's figure; he knew that the threatened tears were now falling.

"He was a far-seeing man," he murmured.

"He was an unjust one," she retorted.

**Spring Fever**

—What Is It?

THREE o'clock in the afternoon—and absolutely no "pep." You call it spring fever, but is it?

When you are constipated waste matter remains in the intestines, decays, forms poisons which are absorbed into your blood and carried by it to every cell in your body. When your cells are thus poisoned, of course you have no "pep."

Pills, salts, mineral waters, castor oil, etc., merely force the bowels to act, and make constipation and self-poisoning a habit. Nujol is entirely different from drugs as it does not force or irritate the bowels.

Nujol prevents stagnation by softening the food waste and encouraging the intestinal muscles to act naturally, thus removing the cause of constipation and self-poisoning. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take.

Nujol helps Nature establish easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today and watch your "pep" come back.

**Warning:** Be sure to read in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. All druggists insist on Nujol. You may suffer from imitations.

**Nujol**

For Constipation

Mollie drew her sister's hand onto her glowing bosom, and stroked the beautiful hair lovingly.

"What has that old man been saying to you, Clytie?" she asked, sweetly. "Why have we come here? What does it all mean?"

"It means that Sir William has left me the Hall and all his money—and—and that Mr. Granger wants to persuade me to keep it, Mollie!"

Mollie drew her head back and looked upward at the flushed face and burning eyes.

"Oh, I beg his pardon!" Mollie said, slowly and in a low voice. "He was right—and you are trying to be a fool!"

CHAPTER III.

"You are trying to be a fool!" The words as they were written down look offensive enough. But Mollie had a particularly free chart from her older sister, and Clytie was too accustomed to such speeches from Mollie; and, indeed, the girl had a happy and unconscious facility of sharp retorts and quick repartee, which, uttered by her soft, full lips, and with her clear, beautiful voice, seemed innocent enough at the moment of delivery. It was not until the sufferer, the object of her wit and appalling candor, was removed from the charm of her presence and the spell of her striking beauty, that he felt the barb of the dart she had inserted in him.

Between the two sisters was a love almost more than sisterly; for they had been left alone in the world when Mollie was quite a little child, and Clytie had mothered her; but gradually, as Mollie's wings and legs had extended, the girl had seemed to change places, and it was Mollie who now almost mothered Clytie.

Not that Clytie was lacking in mental or moral strength; but she had inherited something, at any rate, of the gentleness, the tenderness, and the unworidliness which had proved so fatal to the Bramleys, especially to her father, who had assuredly been the most gentle, the easiest going and most unbusinesslike of men. Mollie was a kind of "sport," as gardeners say, and had inherited her sharpness and shrewdness from some ancestor on the maternal side.

Clytie could be firm enough, as has been seen, when her sense of duty and honor and right demanded a resolute stand; but Mollie always had her armor on her lance, and her young, untamed spirit eager for combat. Clytie not only loved her, but understood and was proud of her; and so she was not offended when she was told that she was threatening to make a fool of herself, but said, with a sigh:

"I don't understand, Mollie."

"Didn't I tell you," Mollie said, perching herself on the arm of the chair and drawing Clytie to her, with a soothing and protecting air which was quaintly maternal in so young a girl. "I was asking for information. I came into the room and found a nice-looking old gentleman frowning at me, and my sister sitting in tears, and I naturally asked the cause of it. You are weeping because Sir William Cartton has left you Bramley and a large fortune, and that you don't want to take them. I am naturally surprised and somewhat indignant."

"Sir William has left me not only all this, but a husband," said Clytie, wiping her eyes and hiding some portion of her blush with the same handkerchief.

"Really?" said Mollie. "Sir William doesn't do things by halves. You are sure he hasn't left two; one for me? Who is the happy young man? He is young, I hope."

"It is his son, Wilfrid," said Clytie.

"No! Why, he must be the present best, of course! If so, perhaps you will tell me what you are crying for."

"It is so shameful, Mollie," said Clytie. "He is Sir William's only son; and for me to take all Sir William has left me would be to rob Sir Wilfrid. It is true I can refuse it—him; and, of course, I shall do so. The property will then go to him; and everything will be right."

"Excepting you," said Mollie. She was silent for a moment, her sharp but pretty brown eyes narrowed to slits; then she said: "And hasn't he any say in the matter? He might be another kind of fool and refuse to marry you; though, I confess, I cannot imagine any man being such an imbecile."

"Of course, he would refuse to marry me," said Clytie in a matter-of-fact tone. "Then the property would come to me for my life, and afterward go—"

"To the Asylum for Lost Cats, I suppose; that's where the money of people like Sir William generally goes in the end."

"No; it goes to Mr. Hesketh Cartton."

"The tall, thin man with black hair and white face?" said Mollie. "He's worse than the Asylum for Lost Cats."

"Don't be prejudiced and unjust, dear," said Clytie. "You know nothing of Mr. Hesketh Cartton."

"No, I don't; that's why I don't like him. There is something about him—I think it's his nose—that's too thin or, perhaps, it's his eyes; they're too small and black. Or is it his lips? I don't know; that is the matter with them; but I don't like them. So, if Sir Wilfrid refuses you, and you refuse him, all the property goes to Mr. Hesketh Cartton. In—deed!"

She was silent again for a moment or two; then she asked:

"What is Sir Wilfrid like, Clytie?"

Clytie shook her head. "I don't know. I have not seen him since we were boy and girl; and then we only met once or twice. He was always at school, and we were on the Continent with father when he was home for the holidays. I shouldn't know him if I met him. His father and he were always quarreling, and at last went abroad—to Australia, Mr. Granger told me."

"What was he like?" Mollie asked again.

"Oh, how can I remember, dear?" replied Clytie, with a little impatient restlessness. "He was, I think, a—er—a boy."

"He was a good-looking boy, at any rate, if that is his portrait in the William's room. Oh, yes," she

continued answering the surprise in Clytie's beautiful gray eyes, "I have been nearly all over the house. You didn't suppose I was going to sit in a corner, with my finger in my mouth, while you were quarreling with that old gentleman? No; I have been into nearly all the rooms. What a magnificent place it is, Clytie! It's like one of those ancestral homes, you read of in the old-fashioned novels—stately rooms, vast halls with figures in armor, a stained-glass window, oak-paneled walls, terraces, and rose-gardens, plum lawns and jeweled flower-beds, terraces, in rich carpets only they are in black now—the whole box of tricks complete. And it all belongs to us Bramleys, didn't it? How did we come to lose it, Clytie?"

"We didn't lose it; we sold it," replied Clytie absently. She was still dwelling, brooding, over the absurd will.

"The same thing," said Mollie cheerfully. "One must speak by the card lest equivocation undo us. That's 'Hamlet.' Nice to know the poets. How did we come to sell it, then, Miss Clytie?"

"Oh, it is an old story," said Clytie, pushing her soft, dark hair from her forehead with her white and beautifully formed hand. "We were in difficulties. We were always in difficulties," she sighed—and father cut off the tail and sold Bramley to Sir William."

"And the Pit also belonged to us, didn't it? And father sold that to Sir William?"

"Yes," said Clytie, listlessly. "He wanted to make provision for us two girls."

"And did he?" asked Mollie.

"He did—he would have done so; but he put the money into an investment that turned out badly; and so he left us only just a little to live upon. That is why we are so poor."

"I beg your pardon. Were poor. You forget that you are the mistress of Bramley and—er—how much is it, Clytie?"

"A quarter of a million, Mr. Granger says," replied Clytie, ruefully.

"Bramley and a quarter of a million!" Mollie exclaimed softly, gazing ecstatically at the moulded ceiling.

"And you propose to give up all this, to go back into stuffy lodgings in London, to live on cold mutton and Dutch cheese. To wear our tailor-made costume at one pound six, to stomp about in cheap boots, to ride in penny buses? Not if I know it!"

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"Oh, am I? I am old enough to pre-

fer Bramley Hall to 120, Goodson Street; to leave the Bramleys between a court drummer and a cheap, ready-made 'empire.' I am old enough to know that you are out of your place in Goodson Street and in your place at Bramley, to be painfully aware that a young and lovely girl like you ought to live in a paradise like this, to take her proper position among proper people. I am also conscious that Bramley Hall would suit your young and meek sister much better than dingy lodgings in the purlieus of Camden Town; in fact, my anxiety that you should not make a fool of yourself is absolutely selfish. I propose to remain at Bramley Hall—er—er—er—we can do so."

Clytie shrugged her shoulders helplessly.

"Yes," she said. "This ridiculous will states that we should live here, at the Hall, as if it absolutely belonged to us. I have twelve months in which to make up my mind, to come to a decision. Of course, I do not want a year. I would surrender the property at once; but Mr. Granger tells me that I cannot do so until twelve months have elapsed."

"Hurrah! There was some sense in Sir William, after all! Twelve months. All sorts of things can happen in a year; and I vote that we enjoy ourselves, Clytie, for that period."

"Enjoy ourselves!" murmured Clytie, with a sigh. "Yes! Why not?" retorted Mollie. "At any rate, I mean to do so. I've fallen in love with this old scoundrel, I suppose that's a kind of family ancestral feeling. And I'm going to be very happy. And so are you, of such a kind as a dhabrahah I will take precious good care. For goodness sake, pull yourself together and get rid of that 'morning-bride' only they are in black now—the whole box of tricks complete. And it all belongs to us Bramleys, didn't it? How did we come to lose it, Clytie?"

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Many of the woes of womanhood are due to kidney weakness. At first the back aches. Then pains gather around the hips and lodge right in the small of the back. To stoop or bend seems impossible. Headaches are constant. Unhappy existence. No pleasure in life when the body is overcrowded with poisons that the sick kidneys can't filter out.

Bright's disease is the next stage, but it can be prevented by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills (Mandrake and Butternut). They cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently.

When the kidneys work properly pure blood is formed. This means purification and strength for the whole body. Back-aches and dragging pains are forgotten. Irregularities disappear, vital energy is restored, and happy, robust health is once more established.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills for women's ills is the slogan of thousands today.

Enormous benefit in many ways follow their use, and no woman or girl can use medicine that will do their general health more good.

For the sake of your liver, for the sake of your general well-being, you can't improve on Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box.

**WORTH KNOWING.**

To remove bloodstains, wash with cold water until the stain turns brown, then rub with a good cleansing soap and soak in warm water.

To care for a tiled floor, wash with soap and water, then polish with the following mixture: Five pints boiling water, two ounces laundry soap shaved, one ounce sal soda, one-half pound wax, one cup turpentine. To prepare this, mix the wax and shaved soap, add the water and stir over a moderate fire until well dissolved. Add the soda, remove from the fire and stir until cool. When ready for use, heat slowly, add turpentine and apply with a soft cloth.

To remove mildew, wet the spot, rub with soap and cover the spot with wet starch. Spread in the sun with dry. Apply the soap and starch a second time if necessary. Or cover with lemon juice and expose to the direct sunlight.

To remove chocolate stains, sprinkle with powdered borax and soak in cold water.

To remove iodine stains, soap in alcohol, ether or chloroform.

To clean copper utensils, use a scouring powder and soft flannel.

To remove lampblack or tar, saturate the spot with kerosene, and then wash with soap and water.

To remove vaseline stains, wash the fresh stain with turpentine.

To remove perspiration stains, wash in soapwater, rinse and dry in the sunshine. Or soak in Javelle water for five minutes, then wash in warm water and soapwater.

"I had my coming-out party on the second day of February," said the Debutante. "That was groundhog day," replied the Male Brute. "When you came out, did you see your shadow?"


**DOMINION**

**Bicycle Tires**

"Unquestionably the Best Tires Made"

For speed, safety and thoroughly satisfactory service, no more to ride on "Dominion" Tires. The extra mileage makes them the best and cheapest to buy.

Sold by the Leading Dealers



**SOUR MILK.**

Some Good Ways in Which to Use It.

What can I do with all this sour milk? more than one housewife has asked herself this summer when the ice shortage has left her ice box empty for several hours. Some do not seem to realize that sour milk can be used in place of sweet milk for practically all quick breads, cakes, cookies. Sour milk, it is even thought by some good cooks, gives a more tender texture than does sweet milk.

Considerable care should be taken, however, in using the right amount of soda with sour milk. Many persons use more than is necessary. Sour milk varies in acidity, but in general from one-fourth to one-half teaspoon of soda to one cup of sour milk is a good proportion. If the milk is only slightly sour and consequently only a small amount of soda is required—for example, one-fourth teaspoon of soda to a cup—it is advisable to use baking powder for additional leavening in the proportion of one teaspoon of baking powder to each cup of flour used.

**Creasures of Habit.**

The Olean (N. Y.) Times headlines it this way: "Twins Born Seven Times in One Street." The news fills us with amazement and tempts us to philosophize. Amusement, because twins should like being born so well that they repeat the act seven times; to philosophize on the force of habit which makes them continually choose the same street as the scene of their natal creases. It seems to us that if we were twins with an incurable birth habit, we should desire a bit of variety. Having been born once in Olean, we should yearn for some different place for our next debut; we should try to be born in China, in France, in Salsamania, in Catterangur, in Indiana, at Aurora Pon—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.**

Regina D'Italia—At New York, from Genoa—At New York, from St. Nazaire, Santa Clara—At New York, from St. Nazaire.

Taormina—At New York, from Genoa and Marcellino.

Zappelli—At New York, from Brindisi, Radnor—At Philadelphia, from Brindisi.

Italia—At Gibraltar, from New York, Duca D'Aosta—At Naples, from New York.

Britannia—At Marseilles, from New York.

Montezuma—At London, from Montreal, Coban—At Sydney, from New Zealand, Seal—At Sydney, from St. John's, Bessie Keoper—At Sydney, from Charleston.

**"Completely Discouraged"**

Is the feeling and plaint of women who are "run-down" so low they work deeply, head aches, back aches, dizziness, feelings, dainty, pale and weak, little things annoy and everything goes wrong. Let Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription give you a month and see what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for more than a million women in the last fifty years.

What it has done for others it can do for you.

A helping hand to lift up weak, tired, over-burdened women—find it what you'll find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives you just the help that you need. To be had in liquid or tablet form, 50 cents, at all drug stores.

It is a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and healing nerve; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless.

You can procure a trial pkg. by sending 10c. to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

TELEPHONE, ORE.—A few years ago I had a severe nervous breakdown. I would have pains in my head and would suffer with backache. I was ailing for about two years. Had doctors but did not seem to get cured of the ailment. At last I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. It built me up and I felt better in every way than I had the two years previously.—Mrs. L. BRANT.

**Mrs. Lillian Taylor Tells How Cuticura Healed Her Baby.**

"Our baby was two weeks old when his face became very red and terribly itchy, and he was fairly crazy with the itching. I tried all the skin ointments and lotions, but nothing would do. I thought he might be diseased for me."

"I thought I would give Cuticura Soap and Ointment a trial. I found that the ointment was just what I needed, and a box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured him." (Signed) Mrs. Lillian M. Taylor, Box 98, Danvers, Mass., Oct. 28, '18.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify. Cuticura Ointment to soothe and protect. Cuticura Pills to purify the blood and remove the cause of the skin disease. Sold everywhere.

**CLARK'S CANADIAN BOILED DINNER**

NEED NOTHING BUT WELL COOKED AND SEASONED JUST HEAT AND EAT

W. CLARK

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