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SIR WILLIAM'S

CHAPTER I.

"Tell me the truth, please," Sir William said grimly, but quietly; and the doctor; after a momentary glance at the hard stern face, told him.

Sir William stood motionless for a moment or two, then his lips twiched.

"Thanks, Morton," he said calmly. "I had an idea that it was bad: but I did not think it was as bad as that -as near.'

As he spoke he reached for his hard felt hat and held out his hand. 'Well, I've had a good time, in my way. It isn't everybody's way, per had never had the least idea of haps; too much work, and too little sport, and no feeding for it but the pleasure, some would think. But contempt which the hard-working, work has meant pleasure to me No strenuous man of business has for

Good-bye." Doctor Morton went to the window its face turned to the wall. and watched the square, upright figure as it went down the street and out of sight; and he shrugged his shoulders and muttered:

"The old man's a plucky one, to the

Sir William's carriage awaited him at the end of the straggling village street, but he signed to the coachman to drive off, and followed, walking steadily and by no means slowly, across the square and out into the open country in the direction of Bramley Hall; and as he passed them the people bowed or touched their hats with that significant indication of respect which the world is so ready to pay to wealth, prosperity, and position.

At the brow of the hill, from whence the Hall, a fine, old-fash ioned mansion, could be seen, stopped, and turning his back to his country-seat, looked long and steadfly at a film of misty smoke which hung above a cluster of factories and houses; for it was there his treasure, and consequently his heart, was.

He had begun life as one of the factory lads down in the bottom of Bramiley Pit and it was there, climbing the steep and slippery rungs of the ladder of success, that he had made the vast fortune which had chtained for him the house of an ancient, a noble family, and his baronetcy. Often, when as a boy he had coveted it, little thinking that his coveting would lead to possession, little dreaming that he would in the fulness of time lord it in the ancestral home of the county family to which had once belonged every acra of the estate which now owned Sir William as master.

And now he was going to die. With a caick gesture of the hand, as if he were bidding the place good-bye, he smothered a sigh and went on to the Hall. The great door was open for him promptly, for every servant on the vast place knew how perilous it was to keep the imperilous old man waiting, and Sir William passed

Dr. Martels Female Pills For Womens Ailments



through the wide hall and entered a

small room at the end. It was not only a small room, but one so plainly furnished—a common deal table, a wooden chair, and another without arms and of the cheapest description were, with the excepalmost all the furniture that is was no attempt at ornament, none of my etther, it is so, you may the knackknacks with which most men surround themselves; no guns or for fishing-rods; for Sir William

I can't complain. Thanks once more, an occupation which means "wasting time." The only picture had Sir William sank into the hard wooden chair, and leaning his arm

upon it drew a long breath and gazed thoughtfully before him, his rugged brows knit, his lips tightly com-He sat there for nearly half an

hour, then he rose and crossing the room slowly turned the picture and looked at it long and fixedly. It was the portrait of a lad, a handsome boy, with something of Sir William's strength of expression, but

Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Bon't think children can be cared of bedwetting by spanking them. The trouble is con-stitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE to any mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you in this way, send no money, but write me to-day. My treatment is highly recommended to adults to abled with rine difficulties by day or night. Write for free

WINDSOR, Omeric

Mrs. M. Summers. Box &

with finer features, a more sensitive mouth, and eyes in which a certain nobility, a touch of tenderness, shone through the smile of boyhood's audacity and spirit.

This was the pertrait of Sir William's only son, only child, Willred. And it was the old story-two strong will in conflict and the deuce to pay. The father had been fond and proud of his boy; proud of his good looks, his high spirits, his perfect courage, and his very daredeviltry; but he had wanted to rule the boy as he had ruled all with whom he had come in contact; !and there was too much of his father in him for Wilfrid to submit. There had been the usual little quarrels, then the one big ore in which the father had bade his con begone, and had turned him out of the house as if he were one of the

lowest of the menials. The young man nad given his father a chance, for he loved him, had hesitated at the door and, looking back, had murmured brokenly "Father!" But Sir William had hardened his heart; and as now at this moment being punished by the memory of his son's face, the tone of that 'Fa-

ther!" It was not the first time he had been a prey to remorse, had experenced that paternal yearning which lirks in the bosom of even the hardest of men; and he had written to Wilfred, to the wild Australian settlement where Sir William had traced him. But there had been no reply; and the portrait had remained, until this moment, with its face to the wall. The father's hand had been extended, Wilfred had refused it, and

He turned away at last and, unlock ing his safe, took from it some docu-ments and opened them out on the table. He had scarcely done so when table. He had scarcely done so when there came a knock at the door.

Sir William folded the documents quickly and covered them with a newspaper; then said "Come in!" The door opened slowly and a young man entered. He was tall and thin, with the form and free which are well.

the form and face which are usually described as "distinguished-looking." His features were much sharper than those of Sir William, and his face was of that pattern which often goes with almost black hair and eyes. It was the face of a man of intellect; and one would have guessed him to

be the general manager of the Pit Works, and Sir William's nephew, the son of his only brother. His name was Hesketh Carton; next to Wilfred, he was heir to the baronetcy. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "

disturb you? I wanted the pass-book."

His voice was low-pitched and
musical, a voice that matched the face; but the tone was rather thin and sharp, and had behind it—as had the face a note of reserve. Sir William reached for the pass-book and held it out then drew it back and looked at Hesketh.

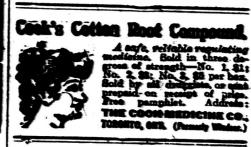
'No, you don't disturb me; in fact, wanted to see you. Come in and shut the door." He signed to a chair and Hepheth sat down and waited calledy, his eyes that impassizely on the old man's regard face.

"Morton's fast been giving me some bad news," said Sir William, in a matter-of-fact way. "Says I'm going to die."

Hesketh's eyes were downcast for a momenth, then he looked up with an expression of concern and anxiety. sir," he said, in a very low voice. "No, scarcely—ch, you mean to you? Rhank you, Hesketh; much obliged. Ah, well, we must all die some time; and, as I told Morton, I've had a good time. I've got all I wanted—and I suppose few men can say that, not a very old man, as age goes now-But we won't mingle our

But it is inevitable, sir?" asked Hesketch gravely. "Surely you will

tears over the inevitable."



have other advice, a London special-Sir William declined the suggestion

with a shrug of his shoulders. "No use," ne said gravely. "Morton's a clever man; and I've never tion of the huge safe in the corner, known him wrong. And he warned almost all the furniture—that is me some years ago; but I was in the looked more like an office than the thick of it then, and too busy to take "den" of a wealthy baronet. There heed. It's always got to the end of But I want to talk to you aboutbusiness. ?

As he skope his eyes wandered to the picture, and Hesketh's following them, saw that the portrait had been reversed and was now hanging in its proper position. He did not start, but his rather thin lips came together thightly, and he averted his eyes from the picture instantly. "Of course, I've made my will," re-

sumed Sir William. "In fact, I have made two wills." He drew the newspaper from the documents and laid his hard, knotted hand upon them. "In one yes, I'll tell you, Hesketh; it is better you should know the whole state of the case—I left everything

Hesketh's face flamed for a moment, and the dark glistered; but Sir William was looking at the papers absently, and when he glanced up the momentary flush had gone, the eyes met his stead y, with nothing, but grave interest and attention in their expression.

"I made this soon after Wilfred had gone, and you came. But blood is thicker than water . beg your pardon, Hesketh, I forgot that you, too, are of my kith and kin; you are so unlike your father. No matter! My son is my son and though Wilfred has behaved badly, has proved himself unforgiving and unrelenting-You know I wrote to him?" he broke off, in a lower voice.

Hesketh shook his head. Yes, and he did not condescend to reply.

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grand family remedy at once. It will nothing. You've been interesting give you energy, spirits, ambition, yourself in politics; spouting at the Sir William's heart had hardened appetite, good blood, better nerves

HE BESTELL For Three Years." Hard and Awfully Sora! Disfigured. Culicura Heals

"I had been coffering with a pine-ply face for three years. My face was full of pingles and they were hand and sofully some. They fra-tund and dried up, and were scally, and disfigured my face. They cannot me to less a lot of sheet, and were archity intry, making me acceptable and irritate my face.

"I started to use Cutieurs. Soap and Ointment and I used two cales of Cuticum Scap and two boxes of Cuticum Scap and two boxes of Cuticum Sintment when I was healed." (Signal) Clifford Yeomans, Best Chandlook, M. S.

) se Cuticum for every-day tollet purposes. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Cintment, dust with Takum.

"Perhaps the letter did not read him; the answer may have miscar ried, sir," suggested Hesketh. The old man shook his head.

learned that he as in the place to which I wrote-Mintons. And let-ters do not miscarry nowadays, excapting in fiction. But let that pass. I have forgiven him. Perhaps I was as much in fault as he was Good Lord!" he broke off impatient ly, "what is the use talking about it! Anyhow, I can't disinherit him altogether: I must give him a chance." He was silest for a moment, his browns knit as is he were brooding: then he looked up with semething like a start, and went on:

"You remember Clytle Bramley?" Hesketh inclined his head. He was devoured by curiosity, anxiety, but his manner, his face displayed no sign

"It was about her we quarreled," said Sir William. "I wanted him to marry her." Hesketh's eyes fisshed for a mo-

mefit. "Why?" he saked. The old man frewned and bit his

"I was indebted to her father." he said. I bought the land, the Pit land. He paused and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, it was all straight enough. Yes, yes; I know. But he was in difficulties and I had lent him money grimly. "I'd do it again of course; but—I took a liking to the girl-I wanted to make up to herthere, there! My reasons do not matter," he broke off, with his wonted imperiousness. "Wilfred refused." Hesketh looked down.

"He scarcely knew her sir," he Sir William flushed. "What had that to do with it? He could have de known her, courted her. She was as

nice a girl as any man could wish for; and a lady, a Bramley! He refused point blank, insulted me-and her. There, it makes me hot to think of it; all the old bitterness arises in me. Let's say no more about it. He will have seen the folly, the madness, of his ways by this time, I'll wager. He'll her fast enough now."

Hesketh shot a glance at him. "You mean-

"I mean," cut in the old man, touching one of the wills, "that I have left the estate, and my money to Clytic Bramley.

Hesketh rose then sank down again quickly, biting his lip in annoyance at his display of emotion.

"On condition that she marries Wilfred. If she refuses, then the whole of it goes to him. If he refuses, then it goes to her for life and afterward to-you." Here was a pregnant silence; then

Hesketh shook his head. "The will will not stand, sir," he said, in a thick voice.

Sir William smiled. "Do you think I am the man to make an invalid will?" he said, grimly. "I have had counsels' opinion, have taken every precaution. The clauses are so simple that a chiuld could not misunderstand them. No lawyer could wiggle out of them. And I made it when I was of sound mind!" he added, grimly.

The younger man leaned back and fingered his lips with him long, thin fingers. He had scarcely grasped the thing in its full significance; scarcely realized how he himself was affected by this absurd, this grotesque

"I am so sure of the result, of the success of my-plot, that I have pro vided for you—have made you safe. have left you the Pit Works and wenty thousand pounds, Hesketh."

The Pit Works and twenty thousand pounds—a generous bequest. indeed. But how small, how contemptibly small compared with the Bramley estate and the vast fortune of which Sir William was disposing in so farcical a fashion! The pale face grew pallid, the Hesketh had to moisten his lips before he could make

the suitable response. "You are very generous to me," he said, huskily. "Very generous! I did not expect anything beyond small sum—as a remembrance." Sir William nodded and waved his

"I'm giad you're satisfied," he said,

gravely. "And, mark you, Hesketh, in leaving you the works and this capital I am giving you a chance of making a fortune. What would I have given for such a chance! I entered the works as a machine boy-but you know all that. I found them shaky and rotten; I leave them as sound as a rock and as prosperous you'll carry them, still higher. You've got brains, Hesketh; you'll do big things. There's a future before you. Oh, I'm not blind. I've been look-Don't stay sick or ailing! Use this ing on while I've pretended to notice meetings, and all that. Right! I never But death heals all quarrels; and this in a 25c. box of Dr. Hamilton's you're cut out for it. And you can the eld man as he gazed at the half- Bills. Sold at all dealers in medicines, go shead. Garden is getting old; he

mity. Heads

ofte, you can

He stopped suddenly, his face
twitched and he leaned back heav
Heaketh rose and approache

Heaketh rose and approache

appropriate anxiety.

Sir William pulled himself togeth:

er, and rose, steadying himself by the erm of the substantial chair. "It's nothing a little faint," he said. "A glass of water—thanks, Heaboth. It is time to dress; there goes the gong."
Hesketh felt himself dismissed, but

went out of the room relunctantly.

The light of the early spring day was waning as he went up the wide states, still flanked by the portraits of the Bramleys; for 6fr William had bought the old place, bought it lock, stick and barrel. Hesketh went to the window of his dressing room and looked out on the velvety lawns, and trimlykept Italian gardens, the park, and, heptond it, to the hills dotted with the homesteads of the farms which had gone with the house. And all this was going to pass to

girl, to Wilfred, the prodigat son, if he married her, and he, Hesketh who has flattered himself that he had taken that son's place, was to be content with the improbable reversion of the estate and fortune, with the Pit Works to console him for the loss of the rest. Most men, especially of the rest. Most men, especially most young men, would have been satisfied; but Hesketh was greatly dissatisfied. The works were well enough, but he had grown fond of the old house, and lands, with their historic associations. It was true he could make a fortune out of the business which had made Sir William's, but he would not be master of Bramley Hall, of the wide-stretching lemon juice it will be insight.

Home-made baked beans in 20 misses will you would think they were home-made anyhow! But they expressed from the can to an earthen dish, a few sixtes of baces which had made Sir William's, but he would not be master of Bramley Hall, of the wide-stretching Bramley Hall, of the wide-stretching brown. They have quite the lands. Wilfred, the prodigal would be that; and there would be a vast be fooled! difference in position between Sir Wilfred Carton, baronet, of Bramley, and plain Mr. Hesketh Carton, of the Pit Works.

KEEP CHILDREN HEALTHY To keep children healthy the bowels must be kept regular and the stomach sweet. Nine-tenths of the ailments which afflict little ones are caused by derangements of the bowels and stomach. No other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets in guarding either the baby or growing child from the ills that follow a disordered condition of the bowels or stomach. They are

them Mrs. W. B. Coolledge, Sarnia. is nothing else left for them to do but Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Uwill
Tablets for over thre years and have
found them the best medicine I have
ever used for my children. I never
thousands and thousands for their uphave any trouble giving them to my keep. little ones and they have saved me many a doctor's bill. My advice to all mothers of little ones is to keep a box of the Tablets in the house."

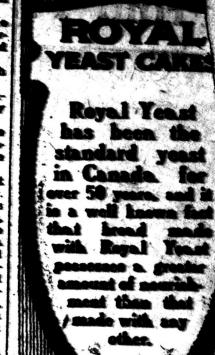
The creation of beggars has never been due to the exercise of kindness. All beggars are made, more or less, by The Tablets are sold by all medicine the charity system. With charity dealers or by mail at 26 cents a boy abolished and every individual under from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co..

Brockville, Ont. Improvements.

Baker's cinnamon buns, always so unlike "the kind mother used to bake," may be made aimost to pass for those, by buttering, rolling in a bit of cinnamon mixed with sugar, and browning for just a few minutes in the oven. The bakers' cinnamon buns are never brown enough anyhow. so this will not make them overdone.

of ice cold orange juice is delicious. When compelled to serve berries without cream, try a little marshmallow-whip instead. It is really almost as good, perhaps quite so. It can be made at home or bought, and has the advantage of keeping indefinitely. It has proved a boon to many a housewife, when the cream has gone sour, or when a pudding or other dessert seems untempting, and requires a little extra touch to make it just

Grow spearmint in your garden, and



sugar and ice cold water.) Without lemon juice it will be insight.

ON WRONG LINES

(To be continued.) Reform Needed in Legal and Charity Systems.

A change in our legal system must be made which will take account of the complex life of the present, as against the old-fashioned form of living, which brought with it temptation, greed and jealously. Persons who, on account of wrong environment, have stooped to illegitimate means to attain their ends should be corrected, with discipline if you please, but not with brutal punishment. After correction they should have the chance to make a mild but thorough laxative and nev- an honest living; they should not be er fail to give results. Corncerning ostracized as at present, so that there

standing that we are all born to work and enjoy our work in accordan with our fitness for the work we are called upon to do, there will be no need of charity, and crime and disease will be lessened tremendously. Editorial by Misha Appelbaum in Hu-

FEATHERS

Write us for prices on strictly new goose, duck, chicken and turker to ers, any quantity. Highest price paid. Geo. H. Hees Son & Co. Lim Apple sauce served with a dressing ited, 52 Bay etreet, Toronto.

Blouse News

Hand-painted eatins. Three-quarter sleeves. Overblouses of plain net. Softly rounded necks aplenty. Button-back models now and the Basque models of sports wear. Blouses of tricotine made on sweet

Valenciennes and Duchess combine in front panels.

Human experience, like the stern make a perfect summer 4rink, by | lights of a ship at sea, illumines only crushing a few leaves of it in a the path which we have passed over.

