

**Roche's Female Pills**  
For Women's Ailments

Scientifically prepared remedy of proven efficacy recommended by physicians. Sold for half a century in Patented Tin Blister Cover by Messrs. "The Canadian Dispensary," Toronto, Ont. Accept no other. At your drug store or Mail Direct from your Canadian Dispensary, 100 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont. Price 25c.

It can exist intact within 2.66 the radius of the planet. This spoken of as "Roche's Limit," lying in this limit. It does not follow from this that the particles of which the rings composed are the shattered remains of a small satellite but rather they are the material from a satellite which has been broken up. It is not so close to the planet as "Roche's Limit" the attraction of the various particles each other that would tend to pull them together into one mass. It is only close proximity to the planet. The forces which strain forces is so great that no particles can take place, plains possibly, why the rings exist in their present condition. The total mass of the rings to be very small, for they disturb the motions of any of the smaller satellites, though mass six hundred miles in diameter only thirty-one thousand beyond the outer edge of the ring.

Interesting observation was made year or so ago of the passage rings of the planet between us and Saturn. Through the light of the sun diminished to one-fourth of its brightness when the rings before it, at no time was it entirely eclipsed, by any of the rings. It was computed that if the diameter of one of the individual rings had amounted to as much as four miles the star would be temporarily eclipsed. An limit for the size of the moon's thus obtained. The average size of the particles is probably less than three miles.

**FOUR FEET CALLOUSED?**  
To remove lumps by applying the Corn and Wart Extractor. Purely vegetable remedy safe and is guaranteed. "Putnam's" only, 25c per bottle.

**EGG, GOOD MONEY.**  
"An' nothin' in the world good for somethin'" is one of the sayings of Slim Buckley, of Lake.

He is a thrifty soul. He has summer and traps in his between wheat and furs he is cooking breakfast. She a rotten egg into a skillet and starting toward the door to get away when Buckley stopped.

man, don't know that egg said Buckley.

"It's rotten," protested his wife.

"No difference," declared the aphorist. "That ain't nothin' in the world but—"

"Slim Buckley," exclaimed his wife, "I've heard that a thousand times."

"I've never sniffs at the doors of prosperous farmers of the river country. But foxes are not animals—there is something 'bout 'em that's different."

"I've tested it," Dr. Thomas' Oil has been on the market for thirty years and in that time has proved a blessing to thousands. It is in high favor throughout the world and its excellence has far fame beyond the seas. It is equal in the whole list of liniments. If it were double the price it would be a cheap liniment.

**Juvenile Goggles.**  
The goggles are made of the finest material and are very comfortable to wear. They are also very durable and will last for a long time.

**Wax as to Candlesticks.**  
We used to have silver candlesticks or colored pottery candlesticks. Now behold the porcelain candlestick with the blue candle. Blue candles are of a different color than the white ones. They are in a blue dish. The result is very attractive.

surgical operation is necessary saving corns if Holloway's Corns be used.

**PARKER'S**

The clothes you were so proud of when new—can be made to appear new again. Fabrics that are dirty, shabby or spotted will be restored to their former beauty by sending them to Parker's.

**Cleaning and Dyeing**  
is properly done at PARKER'S

Parcels may be sent Post or Express. We pay carriage one way on all orders.

Advice upon cleaning or dyeing any article will be promptly given upon request.

**PARKER'S DYE WORKS, Limited**  
Cleaners and Dyers,  
791 Yonge St., Toronto

**SIR WILLIAM'S**  
**WILL**

CHAPTER XVII.

One afternoon, a few weeks after Hesketh Carton had looked up the vista in his safe, Clytie rode down the winding road to Withycombe. She had started by herself—quite by herself, for she had sent the groom back with a message to Mollie to wait tea; and it was rather singular that she had not taken this way to Withycombe until after some consideration and hesitation at the crossroads.

And now, as the sure footed mare, with graceful and confident steps, wound her way down the steep and uneven road, she was wondering whether she was acting wisely in going, for she was conscious, painfully conscious, that her object in visiting Withycombe was to see Jack Douglas.

He had scarcely been out of her mind since the eventful day when she had lain fainting in his arms. She had tried to forget him, had told herself a thousand times that it was not most her duty to blot him from her memory; but it is easier for the leopard to change his spots than for a girl to forget such an incident in her life as that which had accompanied the storm in the bay.

And she knew that she wanted to see him; she had waited, with more or less patience, for him to avail himself of her offer and visit the Hall; but day after day passed, and he had not come. It was possible that he had not cared to come, that he had forgotten her—and yet something far back in her heart whispered that he had not done so. Was it pride that was keeping him away? She knew that he was proud, as proud as he was fearless; and if it were pride that kept him away, she would not be surprised. But she knew that he was not so proud as he was fearless; and if it were pride that kept him away, she would not be surprised.

A faint blush stained the ivory of her cheek as she looked dreamily at the now leafless trees, the beech and pine towering above the road and casting sombre shadows in the mellow glow of the winter sunlight.

How happy she had been in those weeks which seemed so long ago! She had almost forgotten the miserable problem of the will, and her own responsibility and cares in connection with it; and felt almost as free as the fisher-girls who laughed and played on the jetty, the girls she was inclined to envy, for they were free to live and marry whom they would, and were the mistresses of their own lives.

Presently she came to the bend of the road, and a child ran out from among the trees calling joyously to her. It was Polly, and Clytie pulled up with an answering note of welcome in her voice.

"Why, Polly, is it you? How lucky to have met you; for I was coming to see you?"

"Was 'oo?" said Polly, her rosebud mouth stretched in a delighted grin. "What a bootful horse!"

"Isn't it?" said Clytie. "Would you like to come up? There is plenty of room for you. See, now, put your foot in the stirrup—come to the bank where you can reach it—and give me your hand. That's it!"

"Do you think he'll bear me?" asked Polly, gravely, as she nestled down

with Clytie's arm protectively round her.

"Yes, I think so," said Clytie, pressing the curly head to her bosom. "And how is mother?"

"Velly well," replied Polly, as a matter of course. "An' I'm velly well; it's only Mr. Jack what's bad."

"Oh, is he bad?" asked Clytie, the smile vanishing from her face and her voice lowered.

Polly nodded solemnly. "Yes, he's been velly bad; so muvver says, but he says no, not at all, that there's muvver knows, cos he don't eat like what he did. She says he pretends to, but he don't really."

"So he hasn't seen a doctor?" said Clytie, in the same low voice.

Polly shook her head. "He got kites angry when muvver said he should, an' I don't think it was only a cold. A cold does make 'oo miserable, doesn't it?"

"It does," assented Clytie. "And you think that it is only a cold that is the matter with—Mr. Jack?"

"I don't think so," said Polly, shrewdly. "Cos he don't cough or blow his nose; but he's miser'ble nuff, and he doesn't come home till late, an' walks about by hisself with a hat wet to work, an' he don't laugh no more when he carries me about."

"Oh, he still carries you, Polly?" said Clytie.

"Yes; he isn't too bad for that," said Polly, in a tone of thankfulness; "though muvver often tells him to put the brat down—I'm the brat. I think he's going to leave Withycombe; I hope he won't, don't you, Miss Clytie?"

Clytie felt as if a weight had suddenly fallen on her heart.

"I don't know, Polly," she said, speaking rather to herself than the child. "If it is better for him to go—"

Mrs. Westaway came out of the cottage at this moment and eyed the pair with a mixture of pleasure and reproach.

"Lor, bless the child! If she ain't allus in mischief, an' makin' a noose of herself! Give her to me, Miss Clytie, and do 'ee come in and have a cup of tea."

She took the child, giving at a loving shake, and called to a boy to take the horse to the stable, and Clytie followed her into the cottage.

"The kettle's boiling, miss. I put it on, thinking that Mr. Jack might drop in for a cup; but there's no dependin' on him these days. The best of men are a worry an' a fret, and he's no better than the rest at bothen!"

"Polly tells me that Mr. Douglas has been ill," said Clytie, as she cut the bread and butter, and surreptitiously covered a slice with sugar for Polly. But Mrs. Westaway's eyes were sharp.

"You'll spoil that child, miss, same as Mr. Jack does," she said, with mock severity. "Yes; he's been ill, least-ways, I think so, or I don't know what's the matter with him. Sometimes I've thought it was the complaint most young men get."

"What's that, Mrs. Westaway?"

"Love," responded Mrs. Westaway sentimentally. Clytie bent over her teacup and stirred the tea carefully. "An' so I kep' a watch on the young

**FREE**

To Asthma, Hay Fever and Catarrh sufferers! Write to-day and get a trial treatment of the world's greatest remedy, Buckley's two bottle mixture; nothing ever made like it. One bottle gives instant relief, while the other drives the poison from the system. Something different: not burning or nerve wrecking drugs, but two scientific mixtures that will conquer any of the above ailments. Don't hesitate a minute longer. Fill out the blank below and get started on the road to health.

W. K. BUCKLEY MANUFACTURING CHEMIST,  
57 Dundas St. East, Toronto.

Mr.—Please send me two bottles of your mixture. I enclose ten cents to cover cost of postage and mailing. Do this to-day as for a limited time only.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....

There's many of 'em as have got their heads and necks washed for 'em, but I've seen that he don't take no notice of 'em. 'Fraid it's some gal in fur'n parts."

"Well, be it as it may, he's changed a deal lately," said Mrs. Westaway with a sigh. "I saw him today, ways an' his laugh an' his spirit, for we scarcely ever hear him laugh now; and he seems like a man in a dream. And he's more careless than ever; gets wet through and don't come home to change; and no bullying as I can give him have any effect on him, as it used to do."

"And the jetty at Pethwick?" asked Clytie.

"That goes on amain, miss," replied Mrs. Westaway, with a shrug of impatience. "He seemed wrapped up in it. I don't see the sense of givin' your soul to a thing and lettin' your body go starve, Miss Clytie; and that's what Mr. Jack is doin'."

"I am sorry to hear such a bad account of him," said Clytie, after a pause, and as casually as she could. "He was very kind to us—when we were stayin' here, you know."

Mrs. Westaway nodded. "He's kind to everybody, miss, 'ceptin' himself," she said laconically.

"How beautiful the sea looks. I think I will stroll down to the beach," Clytie said, after another pause.

Polly would have followed, but Mrs. Westaway called her back, and Clytie went on alone. The beach was deserted; the men had not come back from fishing; and the food and looked at the sea pensively and sadly. There seemed to be something missing in the beauty of the scene. Presently she looked toward the wooded cliff, and saw a figure seated at the foot of a tree, its face turned from her.

She knew it at once. It was Jack Douglas. He was sitting with his chin in his hands, his pipe in the corner of his mouth; and there was something so solitary, so melancholy in his attitude, that it appealed to her heart.

Well, she had seen him, heard of him, and now she could go back—to think of him, to dwell upon that motionless figure gazing out to sea. That was the worst of it; her visit had done her no good, had only increased the restlessness, wishfulness, which had entered into her life.

She climbed the beach, looking straight up the road before her; then he hesitated, and with a consciousness of the curly head to her bosom. "And how is mother?"

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**CONJUGAL HEALS**  
**RASH ON CHILD**

On Husband's Face, Redness on Child's Face. Lasted a Year.

A man cannot tell how his wife's body, and a child's face, are affected by the use of the Conjugal Toilet Talcum.

The Conjugal Toilet Talcum is an indispensable adjunct of the daily toilet in maintaining skin purity and skin health.

It is a perfect skin preservative, and is the only talcum powder that is safe for the face.

It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

the people," he said almost fiercely. "Ah! well; then there must be some other reason, no doubt," she said, with a smile.

"The smile, the words spoken with a lightness, through which he could not see the genuine distress, stung him. He hit back on his pipe to keep the retort back; but it forced itself from his lips.

"Yes; there is always some other reason," he said, in a low, stern voice, "and I've got mine; and it's best for me to go."

"You are unhappy here?" she said, not quickly but in a tone he was compelled to answer.

"Yes, I'm unhappy," he admitted, as if the words were wrung from him. "Most men are when they want something they can't get."

She smiled. "I should have thought you were one of those men who always get what they wanted," she said, with the same deceptive, misleading lightness.

He was silent; and she went on, quite calmly, though her heart was beating fast.

"I mean that I should think you are a very ambitious man."

"He stared at her.

"Ambitious! Well, perhaps you're right, Miss Bramley. But I'm only being lately. Yes, I see now! I'm ambitious, that's what I am; but I'm not ambitious for me, I've set my mind on something beyond me, something as far away as that streak of light in the sky there." He pointed with his pipe, and then stuck it fiercely in his mouth again.

"The sort of thing which the specialist spoke of in the nervous run-down condition caused by the overwork and the many anxieties of to-day. Sufferers find themselves tired, morose, law-spirited and unable to keep their minds on anything. Any sudden noise hurts like a blow. They are full of groundless fears, and do not sleep well at night. Headaches, neuritis, and other nerve pains are part of the misery, and it all comes from starved sedatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of rich, red blood. Therefore to cure nervousness and run-down health Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be taken. These pills actually make new, rich blood, which strengthens the nervous system, improves the appetite, gives new strength and spirits, and makes hitherto despondent people bright and cheerful. If you are at all 'out of sorts' you should begin curing yourself at once by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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**THE BRAEMAR**  
**GATHERING**

The Braemar Highland gathering, which was on September 14th, is the greatest and the oldest of Scottish gatherings. For five years the gathering has been allowed to lapse, but this year the King, who is the patron of the Braemar Highland Society, by whom the gathering is held, indicated that September 14th would be the day for its resumption.

The Braemar Highland gathering is a most interesting and a most enjoyable one. It is a gathering of the clansmen of the Braemar Highlands, and it is a gathering of the clansmen of the Braemar Highlands, and it is a gathering of the clansmen of the Braemar Highlands.

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to hear what I shall have to say to the King, and his mood changed, as if he had suddenly remembered that he, Jack Douglas, Lord Stanton's man of all work, was at the dressing Miss Bramley, of the Hall.

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly. "I've no right to speak to you like this, to ask you to—take an interest in me. Then his voice grew deeper and seemed to ring with the assertion of a right. "But let that pass, if you will, and tell me—do you mean a calculation—'If I ask you to hear my story in some months—in the spring—will you care to hear it, Miss Bramley?"

(To Be Continued.)

**EUROPEAN ARMY UNIFORMS**

Until the great war broke out France had never adopted any official field uniform for its army as a whole. Troops on the march were supplied with uniforms, while several experimental uniforms had been tried in sections of the army. When the war broke out in 1914 the troops went into service in their historic red and blue. The impracticability of this uniform was soon discovered, and a color of light grayish blue was adopted. This was said to blend with the surroundings in the field in Northern France than the khaki worn by the British.

The British army was first entirely equipped with the khaki service uniform in the South African War of 1898-1902. The khaki adopted was the same as the khaki-colored uniform which had been used in India and the same uniform is still used though varying in color and details this year.

The uniforms of the Italians have been of a character, particularly since the Napoleonic conquest of Italy, but an immense variety of colors. Presently the Italian army is still using each separate kingdom and state uniform, and it is not until 1914 that the entire Italian army came under one dress regulation. These regulations were changed in 1915, and the field uniform is now a uniform of brownish gray in color.

Many experiments with a field service uniform were made during the Boer War, but it was not until 1914 that a definite uniform was decided upon. The army since that time has been equipped with field uniforms of brownish gray. Military uniforms of the war of the nations agreed that it was the most practical of the uniforms now in the field as far as adaptation to the conditions of the field, though the light-fitting tunics and heavy helmets are unsuited for modern warfare.

**ROYAL YEAST CAKES**

Royal Yeast has been the standard yeast in Canada for over 50 years, and it is a well known fact that bread made with Royal Yeast possesses a greater amount of nutriment than that made with any other.

Malcolm had a scheme to create a system of intercommunication between the distant parts of his kingdom by means of foot runners. Accordingly, he summoned his subjects to meet him on a given day on the plain where the present castle of Braemar stands. When the people were assembled it was announced that the King offered as prize a purse of gold and a full suit of dress to the man who first reached the top of Craig Chiorastach (Kinnaird's Craig).

There was no lack of competitors, and the preliminaries being duly arranged, the King gave the signal to start. Hardly had the runners started when a young man who first reached the top of Craig Chiorastach (Kinnaird's Craig).

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**MURINE**  
**Night**  
**Morning**  
**Keep Your Eyes**

Clear - Clear - Clear

Use Murine Night Morning to keep your eyes clear and bright. It is a most effective eye treatment, and it is a most effective eye treatment, and it is a most effective eye treatment.