

the dust powders in  
This chemical should be  
along the bathers' neck to  
set as follows: Take  
between the thumb and  
finger the pinch on the  
back of the neck, where  
the scapulae are, one below  
the other, on the right  
side first, on the left side  
when spread in dust.  
When over a large pan  
of water falls off may be  
to make up gainful  
his work.

Water must be supplied  
in hot summer days and  
man should be kept if it  
the egg and the body of  
the mosquito every day  
be dry egg production  
and more feed is required  
to cheap as water and so  
needed. Ample fresh air  
should be twice as much  
drinking water than  
at least once a week.  
Now dead animals of any  
about the premises, as  
result from ptomaine  
poisoning.

A fish will whet the appe-  
tite of youngsters and hasten  
to relish a feed once or  
twice a day. A small  
net mesh, but it should  
be freely allowed to  
feeding trough to be

is always offering to  
ever put up any  
he is generous

The question came so unexpectedly that Jack was almost guilty of a start; but he was on his guard instantly, and he replied promptly, and of course, quietly calmly.

"Yes, miss."

She leaned forward, her chin in her hand, her eyes resting on his with a steady gaze. "I am sure," Jack thought she made the most beautiful picture he had ever seen.

"Do you know it very well?" she asked.

"Fairly well," he replied; "it's a large place, you know," she said, with a sigh.

"It would be very difficult to find anyone there, would it not? I mean anyone who had become lost, or did not wish to be found."

"Well, it would," said Jack. He was a very proper young man, and his words this time were polite, respectful, but by no means an interested one.

"Do you happen to know a place called Mintona?" asked Clytie, after a pause.

"Mintona?" he repeated, as if he were trying to recall the name. "I think I've heard of it."

She breathed a little sigh of disappointment. "You have never been there? No; it would be too strange a coincidence if you had. I—I am trying to find someone who is there, or who would be known."

Jack nodded. "A man?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Clytie. She hesitated for a moment, then she said: "It is Sir Wilfred Carton. But it is very probable that he did not bear that name, that he was living in Australia under another name."

"Ah, yes," said Jack, thoughtfully; "there are a great many men over there who don't care about their real names being known."

"I am afraid that is the case with this gentleman, this Sir Wilfred," she said with a little sigh.

"That is Sir William Carton's son?" said Jack, quite steadily, his eyes fixed on the flower in the bosom of her dress.

"Yes," said Clytie. "He left England some time ago, and though letters were sent, as I am used to him at home, Mintona, no reply has been received, nothing has been heard of him—but it is not very likely; the country is so large." She dropped back with a sigh.

"Yes," said Jack. "It's like the good people here who ask anybody, when they've come from London, if he has come their cousin, George."

Clytie smiled. "It was rather foolish of me," she admitted.

"Not at all," said Jack, hurriedly.

"What is this Sir Wilfred Carton?" he asked, as if he were desirous of helping her, if he could.

An illustration of a still life scene. On the left, there are three glass bottles of varying sizes, some with stoppers. In the center, a large, shallow bowl is filled with liquid, and a stream of liquid is being poured into it from above. To the right of the bowl, there is a small glass cup and some fruit, including what looks like a pear and some dark berries or grapes. The entire scene is rendered in a detailed, etched style.

CHAPTER XIII.

"You don't let the grass grow under your feet."

It was Mollie who spoke, and she was seated on the old quay wall at Fethwick, her long legs swinging, her long shanter all on one side. Beside her, also seated on the wall, but more decorously, was Clytie, with a book, which was turned page downward on her lap as she gazed thoughtfully out to sea.

Between them, lounging on the quay, with a cigarette in his mouth, was Lord Staunton, to whom Mollie's complimentary remark was addressed.

"No; why should I?" he responded, looking up at her with a smile. "I'm not a horse."

"But we've done a lot in the time, have we?" he added, complacently, as he looked down the valley road, which only a few weeks ago had been so quiet as to seem a road through a valley of dreams, and was now all alive with men and carts, and humming with the sound of voices, shouting, laughing, men calling orders to their horses and each other, mingled with the "chip, chip" of chisel on iron hooves.

"I don't know which would be used for building the new jetty," said Mollie. "I'll give you the credit, Lord Staunton."

The lad colored with pleasure, then turned and looked up the road, whence came the sound of a horse coming down the hill, a horse ridden at what seemed a dangerous pace by a rider on a high saddle as if he had been born there.

"Douglas deserves his share. We shouldn't have been where we are if he hadn't been for him, you know. Now, he pushes the world round, if you like! Never knew such a fellow! Give him an order, and he's on to it."

**Webster  
On  
"Morale"**

*Webster*

**MORALE** (*Mo-ral*) is (*F. See Moral*, at the same definition, or the condition in other words, so far as it is affected by, or dependent upon, moral considerations, such as zeal, spirit, hope and confidence; mental state, one of a body of men, an army, and the like.

**HAT** is Dr. Webster's definition. Many of us know the word only in its war-time application.

Webster dwells firstly upon the usage of the word "morale" as applied to the common-place happenings of every-day life. His allusion to its reference to an army comes later. And Webster is correct—meticulously so.

It was their private-life morale that made such splendid soldiers of our boys when the time came for them to don the khaki. It was that, and that alone, that made them take the first step, and it was that which carried them through to victory. If their every-day morale had been neglected, the Army could have done little with them and success would not have crowned their efforts.

It is the many little incidents of your daily routine that make up your morale—the morning shave, your clean linen, polished shoes, brushed clothes. Webster speaks of zeal, spirit, hope and confidence. It is by attention to the small details of your personal appearance that this may be attained.

The Gillette Safety Razor enters as much into the morale of every-day life as it did into that of the warrior. It helped our soldiers to maintain their confidence and bearing. It will do the same for you. The Gillette Safety Razor makes the daily shave come easy—there is no pulling or scraping—no honing, or stopping—just five minutes of perfect shaving comfort. And, afterwards, a chin that tells of morale and self-respect.

*Sold at most stores catering to men's needs.*

MADE IN CANADA

**Gillette**

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

**The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Que.**

Mollie. "It's a good word. He calls ride, among other things," she added, lowering her voice, for Jack was very near them now.

"Rather! The other day he was up at the Towers he got on an ill-tempered beast o' foal, a wretch I wouldn't mount for love or meny."

"Same thing."

"Yes," Douglas took the frills out as him in as great a half-hour tussle as I've ever seen; and I've been through the riding-school, you know."

"And didn't he cure a smoking chimney, mend the clocks' and set a broken leg or two?" asked Mollie.

Stanton laughed. "Pon my word, I think he's equal to all that. Anyway, haven't tried him at anything he's refused as yet."

Jack rode by, raising his hat, but scarcely glancing at the group on the wall. He had exchanged his fisherman's loose kit for a riding-suit, and looked now decidedly more like a young squire than the foreman of the Perthwick jetty-works.

"Jack, Douglas!" called Stanton; but Jack didn't hear him, and riding down to the men, dismounted and joined them.

"His lordship did not deign to stop," remarked Mollie blandly.

"Oh, he didn't hear," said Stanton easily.

"Oh, come," said Mollie, with an air of relief, "it is comforting to find that he has one defect—that he is deaf."

"Got ears like a lynx," said Stanton easily.

"And eyes like a hawk, and a nose like a fox-hound."

"He's gone into his shed' office," said Stanton. "I wonder—Excuse me a moment," he broke off, as he went wearily to the office.

"Lord Stanton appears to have caught a paragon," remarked Mollie: "a sort of Admirable Crichton. Well, I suppose there is some excuse for his enthusiasm. Douglas is rather a wonderful young man, isn't he?" said Mollie reflectively.

"Is he?" said Clytie, looking up from her book. "Yes, I suppose he is."

"You don't like him?" suggested Mollie.

Clytie, looked up again, as if with faint surprise.

"Not like him? Why do you say that, Mollie? I don't dislike him. Why should I? Indeed, I think he is rather a nice young fellow; and we know that he has a great deal of pluck; and that he is a very good-natured and kind."

"Yes, he's that," said Mollie, as if she were conceding a point. "However busy may be, he is always ready to take you for a row or a sail."

"Take us," corrected Clytie absently.

"Didn't I say us? Of course. And he is very good at that kind."

Clytie laughed. "You mean Polly," said Jack. "Kid's scarcely the word."

"Sorry. I don't mean to bring a blush to the face of my proper sister.

Kid is a word which I learned from the young gentleman who has no name gone to worship in the temple of divinity; and who will probably forget that he has left two ladies waiting for him."

"You learn a great many silly words from Lord Stanton," said Clytie with a laugh.

"Do I? But I'm teaching him something in return—manners. He's rather a backward pupil."

"Well, he has rather a forward m'tress."

"But I shall succeed in time; perhaps when I am a white-haired woman."

"Do you propose continuing the lessons for a long period?" asked Clytie demurely.

Mollie colored. Now and then she found that Clytie's wit matched her own.

"I shall see. But we weren't talking of that hobbledeyho, but of Mr. Douglas. The men call him 'mister' now, you know. He's not a bad sort, though I do find Lord Stanton about him."

"No," assented Clytie. "He seems a particularly good sort. Polly worships him. But that's not wonderful. He is so good to her, I should think," she went on, almost to herself, "he had a warmer heart than most men. Have you noticed how he treats his horse?"

"No," replied Mollie, looking strained before her.

Clytie laughed softly. "And you usually catch an observant young person."

"Oh, only of things and persons interested in," retorted Mollie incessantly, but with a sharp, sideways glance at Clytie.

"Look. There it stands, quite firm and it will stand there until he comes to it; or, if it should wander a little way, it will come directly he calls."

"That's a trick," said Mollie, with a disparaging shrug of her shoulder.

"And the horse has learned it in forty minutes," remarked Clytie.

Mollie laughed. "You're as bad as Lord Stanton," she declared, "Polly!"

Clytie's gray eyes opened with surprise; then she shrugged her shoulders and returned to her book.

Stanton had entered the shed and found Jack examining some accounts.


"Oh, Douglas," said the lad, "do you think you could give us some tea? I know you keep some crockery here and it's such a deuce of a climb up one of the cottages; besides, they make such a fuss, and the lad would have to tramp down again to the boat."

Jack looked up with no great readiness.

"I've only the roughest kind of crocks here, Lord Stanton," he said.

"Anything will do," said the lady. "Here, I'll help you!"

"Thanks," said Jack. "I've got the stone tally before the noon knock off."



**DODD'S  
KIDNEY  
PILLS**

**23 THE**

**ORIGIN OF SUGAR.**

In a recent issue of the French Academy of Sciences, Monsieur Guignard calls attention to the use of the sorghum plant as a source of sugar, especially on account of its abundant growth in the north of Africa and other places. His researches show that the amount of sugar may reach as high as 16 percent. Although sorghum sugar does not crystallize as well as beet sugar and is inferior to it in quality, it will be useful to develop the production from this source now that other supplies are lacking.

The discharge of the River Amazon is greater than that of any other river in the world.

The origin of the word "magnet" is a matter of some uncertainty. By some authorities it is claimed that it is derived from the name of the city of Magnesia, in Asia Minor, where the properties of the lodestone are said to have been discovered. It has, however, been asserted the names come from Magnis, the name of a shepherd who discovered magnetic power by being held on Mount Ida, in Greece, by the attraction for the nails in his shoes.

The salmon can swim 25 miles an hour.

India rubber was used for the first time as an eraser in 1770. Prior to this the crumb of bread was used for erasing purposes.

A Japanese industry which has made remarkable progress in recent years is that concerned with the extraction of vegetable wax, which is coming into greater demand on foreign markets.

**Acres of Bananas.**

In India and the Malay peninsula the produce from one acre of bananas—or plantains, as the fruit is termed in that region—will support a much greater number of people than of similar area under any other crop. Plantain meal is made by stripping off the husk, elicing the core, drying it in the sun, and then reducing it to powder, and finally sifting it. It is calculated that the fresh core will give 40 per cent. of meal, and that an acre of average quality will yield over a ton.

**WOMAN'S BEST LAXATIVE**

Proved Every Day That Dr. Hamilton's Pills Are Just Right for Women's Ills

Little wonder woman suffers so much from constipation. She always hesitates, continually puts off taking medicine.

Of course a woman's system is delicate, is easily injured by drastic purgatives. Bitter experiences with such medicines make her cautious, and to her great injury, chronic sluggishness of the system is permitted.

Few pills are suited to the actual needs of woman—they are too strong.

But there is a good woman's laxative, and it combines mildness with thoroughness of activity. It is known to the people of many nations as Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which never gripe, never cause nausea and are safe to use no matter what the conditions of strength or circumstances of health may be. A naturalness and regularity of the system, as important to every woman, is quickly acquired by the regular use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

As a health-bringer, as a tonic laxative, as an all-round ladies' medicine, there is positively nothing so efficacious as Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Marshall and Butternut, 25c per box, all dealers.

**Strive to Keep Sweet.**

Some folks are the very picture of misery. Their mouths are so constantly in a sour pout that they get ugly before they get gray. The kiddies take to their heels when they see the nagger coming down the street. Objectors are always wanting a new boss. Dismal old age stares the unfortunate victim in the face and he's bound to get scorned on the world for the world has little to offer him. You can't take such risks.—Exchange.

**Major and Minor Prophets.**

The major prophets of the Old Testament were Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel. The Old Testament books contain their prophecies. The minor prophets of the group of Old Testament writers from Hosea to Malachi are so called because of the brevity of their prophecies. Malachi was the last of the minor prophets.

**Try to Read Wisely.**

The habit of reading wisely is by no means an easy one to acquire, but, unless acquired, the mind is likely to become so cloyed with literary sweetmeats or satiated with academic treatises that it revolts indignantly and for the time at least refuses to respond to the demands which habit places upon it.

**Dr. Martell's Female Pills**  
For Women's Ailments

No. 10239  
Proprietary  
Dr. Martell's  
Female Pills

A scientifically prepared remedy of known worth, recommended by physicians. Sold in Box with Signature. Kalkbrenner, Kalkbrenner, Druggist or by Mail. Accept no other. At all Agents, Lymann Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.