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Fix You!

ht Out: Every

ickache

Here, fortunately for Signa Mrs. Podswell, the door opened, and the gentlemen came in, straggling and hesitating, as usual, with the regulation smile upon their faces.

For the life of her, Signa could not help looking up with an expectant glance. But her eyes fell, and something in her heart dropped also. The tall, stalwart figure was not amongst them. Hector Warren had not come.

A long, pompous- looking gentleman, with a yellow mustache, which helped Signa identify him as Sir Frederic, came first, his hands thrust into his pockets, a consequential air about his whole person. Arcie's description had been so graphic that Signa could almost fancy this gawky individual talking about "my lands" and "my peopeople." Sir Frederic yawns behind his hand and looks around the room; then, suddenly the yawn dies away, and he stares at the unexpected apparition of a beautiful girl with a sheepish blush.

CHAPTER VII.

"Hem," snaps Lady Rookwell, with a dry chuckle, "number one brought down at the first shot. Come here, Sir Frederic, here is somebody you'd like know"; and Sir Frederic, blushing still more furiously, moves his long and important person across the room.

"My dear," says Lady Rookwell, her sharp eyes fixed with a sarcastic, unmerciful smile upon the bashful Sir Frederic's inflamed countenance, "this is Sir Frederic Blyte, commonly known in these parts as Sir Frederic the Great-

"He! he!" grins the doctor. "I say -come, you know," expostulates Sir Frederic, "Really know, eh-

"Sir Frederic the Great," repeats Lady Rookwell, showing her admir captain, in the same tone, and not at ably made set of teeth. "Because he all offended; he and Lady Rookwell is the greatest-I should also say the are old friends. "You might be in a longest - man in the county. Aren't you, Sir Frederic? 'Pon my word," stammers the great

man, half-vexed, half-pleased, as Lady Rookwell had intended him to be. "And this, Sir Frederic, is Miss Grenville-what's your other name, my dear-I didn't catch it " "Signa," says Signa, very much

amused. "How do you spell it?" demands her ladyship.

Signa spells it.

Seenah for?' Lady Rookwell grunts.

"Oh, I see. I don't understand Italian, and I don't want to; but I dare 'say Sir Frederic does, eh?" and she grins mischievously at her victim. "Er-not very well. I've been in Italy."

"So has every other fo-fellow," snaps her terrible ladyship. "You haven't introduced us yet, Lady Rookwell," says Sir Frederic,

reddening angrily. "And I'm not going to be hurried," retorts her ladyship, delighted at having "roused" him. "If you can't wait my time you had better go away." Sir Frederic bows with his hand up

on his heart, and Lady Rockwell, accepting his submission, resumes. The daughter of an old friend of mine-I knew him and fell in love with him when you were squalling in your cradle, Sir Frederic. Now you

know each other."

"Bah!" snaps her ladyship: "fine distinguished looking, that even Signa riano!" victim.

"Nicely turned, my dear, very nicely. Now, Sir Frederic, sit down and coil your long legs under your chair and amuse us.'

try, Miss Grenville?" he asks.

days. "Ah," he says. "We must show hand which she extends him. you our lions. Have you—ah—been across the bay yet?

Bilious



The liver gets sluggish, the bowels constipated and then comes the bilious spell with headache nd stomach trou-Dr. Chase's Kld-

mey-Liver Pills re-lieve this condi-tion most promptly and thoroughly y reason of their combined action

he asks, with a smile.

"In bed," says Signa, "whither he has gone with the most polgnant disappointment. If you value your peace of mind, it would be well for you to avoid him for a few days. He has

Signa replies in the negative. "Really! All the pretty part lies that way. I-ah-have a place over there. I dare say you have heard of it-Blyte Park, you know."

"I don't think I have," says Signa. "Indeed!" he exclaims, with an air of surprise and disappointment. hope Mrs. Podswell will bring you to see it. My mother lives there—keeps dreadful things to say to you rehouse, you know. I should like to show you round my land. Although I say it, I think you'll find rather a jolly place; I rather go in for keeping it up, you know, look after my people and—ah—that sort of thing."

It is as much as Signa can do to refrain from smiling; Archie's imitation was really excellent.

"I shall be very glad," she murmurs, vaguely.

"Yes." he resumes, stroking his moustache with immense satisfaction. 'My idea is that when a man has aah-place, he ought to do his duty by it. My mother will be awfully pleased to see you. I'll ask Mrs. Podswell to bring you over." "I am afraid my aunt will scarcely

be well enough," says Signa. "Tea?" says Capt. Jenks, in a voice loud enough to drown all the rest. No, thank you, Mrs. Podswell. Never drink tea, especially after dinner and the rectory claret. Begging your pardon, I don't reckon it a drink fit for a man--good enough for womenthey like it and it suits 'em. Oh,

When I was in command of the Arethusa-"Oh, dear!" exclaims Lady Rookwell, quite audibly. "Now he's going to shout out that anecdote about his tiresome ship. I wish he was on board of her now!

"So do I, my lady!" retorts the worse place than on deck of a man-0'-W2r.

"I dare say," says her ladyship, sardonically, "though it doesn't seem possible!

Before the captain can find a retort, and while the rest are laughing. the door opens, and Mary, scarcely audible in the merriment, says, "Mr. Warren."

Signa catches the name, and looks up with a sudden thrill. A silence falis upon the company,

"Oh, there's a 'g' in it, is there? The rector changes color and forces a Then what on earth do you call it feeble smile, and Aunt Podswell nearly drops the tea-cup she is holding. "It is an Italian name," says Signa. With his calm smile, Hector Warren comes across the room toward her.He



JOHN HALLAM Limited

der his arm-his whole appearance so

Mr. Jenks, besides the tall, graceful

figure appears to have grown more

With the easiest deference he

makes his apologies, and Signa hears

the low, musical voice murmuring

pointment, and so on. Aunt Pods-

quence, and with a bow he leaves her

ity—a curiosity which deepens as he

approaches Signa, and bends over the

"I am sorry I am so late, Miss

Grenville," he says, as respectfully

and earnestly as he had addressed

"Better late than-ahem!-never."

Mrs. Podswell, the hostess, herself.

vulgar and commonplace.

201 Hallam Building, Toronto.

"I trust that Miss Grenville will permit me to continue the acquaintance so pleasantly begun," says Sir Frederic, politely, but with a recovery is in evening dress-his crush hat unof his pempous air.

speeches are thrown away on this feels surprised and startled. What is young lady, Sir Frederic. She has the vague something about him that heard 'em all, haven't you, my dear?" | seems to dwarf all the other men in "I shall be very glad to listen to the room-that makes Sir Frederic any of Sir Frederic's, Lady Rockwell," look more gawky than before, and his say Signa, pleasantly, feeling for her clothes ill-cut and countrified; while Her ladyship nods with approval.

Mentally wishing the terrible old lady to the deuce, Sir Frederic never- tained him, his annoyance, and disaptheless obeys, so far as sitting down goes, and attempts that most difficult well, with her nerves all abroad, of all feats-to be "amusing" to or-

stammers that it isn't of any conse-"Do you like this part of the counand comes up to the rector. The rest of the company watch him with the "I haven't seen much of it." says most intense and almost open curios-Signa; "I have only been here a few

says the rector, with the air of making a most original remark. "No serious business, I hope." Headache Hector Warren shakes his head with a smile.

"Oh. no," he says, and the rector, feeling that he has been rebuffed, colors, and takes to his heels. "Let me take your cup," says Hector Warren. "Shall I get you some

more tea?" "No, thanks," says Signa, as she gives him her cup, and Sir Frederic feels a pang of regret that he hadn't thought of bestowing this little attention.

Hector Warren takes the cup to the table and comes back, standing before Signa and the other two as if he were quite unconscious that every eye in the room was either openly or covertly regarding him.

"And where is my friend Archie?" he asks, with a smile.

avoid him for a few days. He has

"She has heard every word, unless she is quite deaf," says the captain. with a laugh. "Ah!" retorts her ladyship, "a little flattery will be a pleasant change for

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specting the solemnity of a gentle-

man's promise," and she laughs softly.

deprived of his almonds and raisins?

I am very sorry. If I had thought

they depended so entirely upon me, I

"Have neglected most important

business and been here?" says Signa,

He is not at all embarrassed, though

"Yes," he says, "a promise is a pro-

"It will be the best course," says

He stands for a moment, wondering

whether the long-legged gentleman

will rise and give him a chance of

taking his chair, but Sir Frederic is

too overcome by the distinguished

stranger to move, and sits with an

"Hem," says Lady Rookwell, "In-

"Mr. Warren-Lady Rookwell-Lady

Lady Rookwell's sharp eyes fix

"Warren, Warren," she says, "are

"Hem! I used to know some War-

rens in Bedfordshire. Perhaps you

"I am afraid I cannot claim kinsnip

with any of the proper Warrens," he

says, with a smile that puzzles Lady

"Ah, well," she says, "it doesn't

This beautifully vague reply stag-

gers her ladyship, and she turns her

Signa detects a faint smile of amuse-

ment in his eyes, and she wonders

whether Lady Rookwell will return

to the attack; but her ladyship knows

when she is beaten, and talks to Sir

music, and Mrs. Podswell comes across

"Have you any music with you.

"Perhaps Miss Grenville can play

without music?" hazards Sir Frederic,

Lady Rookwell looks inquiringly at

"Of course she can," she says, and

Sir Frederic is just about thinking

of accompanying her, but before he

has made up his mind Hector Warren

has reached the piano and opened it.

He unscrews the music stool for her,

arranges the candles and stands like

a willing, eager slave; yes, one who

knows how to minister calmly and

easily, and all before Sir Frederic has

"I wonder what I had better play?"

says Signa, almost to herself. "How

long it seems since I touched a

"Play just what you like," he says.

leaning forward so that she alone can

hear him. "Forget that you are not

alone, and please yourself; one of us,

at least, will be more than satisfied."

look of his dark eyes, and her own

fall for a moment. Then, without

asking him who that one is, she breaks

irto a Swiss melody, which she has

often heard the milk-girls singing on

their way up the hill at sunset. He,

too, has heard and knows it, and as

he leans against the piano, his arms

folded, his whole mind fixed on her,

he thinks-a wild thought enough-

up the hill.

you know it?"

like grave-stones.

you-hem! she'll hear me."

how sweet it would be if they two

She looks up and catches the intent

Signa rises without any hesitation and

Signa?' she says, awkwardly.

"No," she says, "I have not."

Signa shakes her head.

matter. And are you staying here?'

troductions are out of fashion, but you

Rookwell, Mr. Warren," says Signa.

themselves upon him like needles.

you of the Norfolk Warrens?"

"I think not," he says.

"For a time," he says.

are of that family?"

shoulder to him.

the room to Signa.

with a blush

goes to the piano.

quite made up his mind.

her.

Rcokwell.

Frederic.

may present your friend, my dear.

presence and easy manners of the

uneasy sense of inferiority.

Lady Rookwell shows all her teeth in

mise, and sacred. I shall plead guilty,

and throw myself on Archie's mercy.'

would-

Signa.

with a smile.

ar appalling grin.

"Poor Archie! And was ne really

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AND VALUE

All sizes

Men. Women

and Children

DOMINION

her; you don't give her too much, Amelia, do you?" and she grins again. "Beautiful, beautiful," murmurs Mrs. Plumbe, meekly, as the Swiss air comes to an end. "Oh, don't let her leave the piano, please! Mr. Podswell, please ask her to play again -or to sing?" The rector picks his way across the room with a bland smile. "You play very well, my dear, and

with-ahem- admirable expression. Expression in music is-"Sing us something," comes in Lady Reckwell's voice.

Signa smiles at the abruptness of the request, and she glances, half-unintentionally, at the handsome, thoughtful face above her. "Do not sing a note unless you

rlease," he says, in the low voice in which he had spoken previously. She colors, but shakes her head. "What does it matter?" she says. They do not mean to be rude. Will

you see if there is anything in the

cabinet that I remember?" He goes down on his knee, much to the amazement of Sir Frederic, who could not have done such a thing for fear of being laughed at, and turns over the portfolio.

'Come Into the Garden'-no. 'The Maid of Athens.' I wonder when this portfolio was opened last?" he says. "In afraid there is nothing here-

remember something. Let me see." She thinks for a moment, then she sings an old-fash oned ballad so sweetly that, before she knows it, Mrs. Plumbe feels her eyes fill. As for Lady Rookwell, she looks a little more ferocious-as usual when her feelings are touched. There was a murmur of admiration

a word from the tall figure beside her. She looks up at him. "Don't you like it?" she says, with a smile.

He seems to awake from a dream, and with almost a start looks down

"It isn't a question of liking," he answers, his eyes fixed on hers. "Your

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Then somebody mentions the word

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THE HOUSE FOR GIFTS.

"I hope not," she says, smiling.

LA PARTE TO THE HAR MINE PROPERTY OF EXPLOSE THE MAN seng will haunt me the pight THE DOOR TO HEALTH

through."

"And now you must sing for them." she adds. "And not for you?" he says.

"Oh, for me, too," she assents, with a faint blush. "How do you know I have any

voice?" he says. She smiles mysteriously, but shakes her head. "What shall I sing?" he asks.

"The air from 'Carmen,' " she answers at once. He thinks for a moment with knitted brow, then his face clears.

it," she retorts. "I have heard you. new, rich blood, and this good blood better in the world than a good square strengthens the whole system and "No," he says. "I plead guilty. I

I did not know you were near. You health, some life, itself, to the pills. mean that night I was trespassing in the Grange gardens?"

ncw? Shall I play it for you?" "Oh, I dare not trouble you," he

And, to the amazement of the company, he sits down to the piano as calmly and quietly is if every man could play, and with a masterly touch and finally I was hardly able to go strikes the opening chords, and in a about the house and almost wholly invoice which Signa remembers in- capacitated for work. While in this and evidently the animal mistook it stantly, sings the famous air. "What a lovely voice!" exclaims could wander through the valley and Mrs. Plumbe.

"Plays like an artist," says Lady asks Sir Frederic, in a whisper, of an improvement, which just manifest cock by the tail, he hoisted it in mid-Rookwell, with cool, curt decision. "I Lady Rookwell."

knew she could. She's her father's "Who is he?" repeats the old lady, daughter. My dear Amelia, you have "I don't know, but I can make a guess. got a treasure! I wonder whether A man who sits down and sings like that must either be a music master or Mrs. Podswell smiles feebly, and an opera singer. He isn't a music a real blessing for all weak girls. murmurs something about Signa being master, because they don't walk and a "good" girl, which makes Laty talk as he does; therefore he must be Rookwell grin till her teeth become the other thing; and what on earth the rector means by admitting a man "Good!" she echoes, scornfully, of that sort to his table I can't "You might as well say Raphael's imagine." masterpiece is pretty or nice. I tell Sir Frederic shakes his head.

"Depend upon it, you're right. It's

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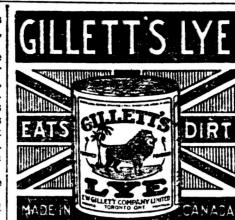
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-it's rather bad form on the rector's

part, you know. "Very good form, I should say," retorts her ladyship. "If we all of us got somebody at our homes to amuse people as this man is doing it would be to our credit."

"But you said just nowthe bewildered baronet.

"I said I didn't know what the rector meant, and I don't. I suppose he doesn't know. He'll have an apopleptic fit, and Amelia will faint, when they find out."

"I think," says the baronet, glancing at his watch, "that- Oh. I must be going. Can I order your ladyship's carriage?"

(To be continued.)

"Never mind," she says. "I can New Apparatus May Aid Tuberculosis Diagnosis.

HUMAN TELEPHONE.

Dr. Glover, a French physician, has devised an appartus for internal diagnosis by which sound waves given out by hunan organs may be propagated either through the air in the ordinary manner of sound waves or through the bones and when Signa finishes the song, but not Boyer in the Scientific American. By means of the apparatus, it is said, the practitioner will be afforded the possibility of an early magness or tuberculous and a close study of respiratory organs is also practicable. Describing Dr. Glover's apparatus, the

Scientific American says:

"He places a galvanometer in circuit with a microphone, an induction spool primary and a voltaic battery. A volt-meter is attached to measure the electrometer is attached to measure the electro-motive force at the moment or experi-ment. For a given position of the microphone this apparatus develops a ec-tain intensity, which is indicated by the index of the galvanometer. When the he organic sound vibrations, from heart, the organic sound vibrations, from heart, lungs, etc., its inembrane is subject to perfocic deformations, which are revealed to the eye of the observer by the galvanometer hand, the quotient of the voltage of the electric source of the resistance of the microphone circuit being kept constant. In order to test and check the visual record thus obtained of the latient's internal mechanisms. Dr. Glover has devised a system of two receivers inserted in the secondary coil of the induction spool. This is appropriately used in examining respiration and neart action. It is to be noted also that the galvanometer test is of value when associated with ordinary feeling of the pulse, for it reveals delicacies of the vascular vibrations which would not be sensible to the organs of touch.

"Finally it is a simple enough step to attach a recording needle to the galvanometer. ing kept constant. "Finally it is a simple enough step to attach a recording needle to the galvanometer, somewhat after the plan adopted for the testing of candidates for the French aviation service, thus obtaining a permanent graphical record, which may be studied at leisure under far more favorable conditions than those of the operating room or the elicie."

Is Through the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

ating room or the clinic."

The blood is responsible for the with anaemia, indigestion, heart pai- that contained it. pitation, headaches or backaches, un-"Why do you choose that?" he says, There is just one certain, speedy cure cd buns at the rate of 400 an hour! "Because I know that you can sing | -Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make strengthens the whole system and meal of flowers. It has not the slightbrings good health and happiness, est idea, however, of the difference had no idea I was disturbing anyone. Thousands one their present good between artificial and real flowers. Miss Devina Laliberti, St. Jerome. Que., says: "Last year I seemed he Grange gardens?"
"Yes," she says. "Will you sing it gradually to grow weak and run down. I did not sleep well, had a poor appetite, and grew pale and generally languid. I consulted a doctor who told me I was anaemic, and gave me a tonic. This I took faithfully for some time, but it did not help me, and I appeared to be growing worse, condition a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got "Who is this Mr.-Mr. Warren?" I began their use when I could see ed itself in an improved appetite and the improvement was rapid and I was not long in regaining perfect health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are You can get these pills through any

medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bungalows.

A bungalow is primarily never more than one storey high. In addition to this, it must be surrounded by verandas, and it must be built of either thatch or tile. The type was introduced into India from Bengal, and it was called a "bangla," or Bengal house, because that was the kind of modest homes the Bengalese erected. It is co well suited to the climate of India that it is generally used by even the better class of British residents. It is so well suited to the climate of India that is generally used by even the better class of British residents. It is also used by the government for the accommodation of travellers along the public roads. Dak bungalows are erected at intervals of about fifteen miles, and here any traveler can get accommodation at 50 cents a day. At the end of twenty-four hours if his room is demanded by some later comer he is compelled to give it up and move on.-Exchange.

Why We Have Two Eyes. Because we have two eyes, the things we see seem solid and not flat. with the result that we can judge their distance from us with fair correctness. Look through a window at a house across the street with one eye closed

and then with the other eye closed. The bars of the window frame will cut across the opposite house in different places. The two fields seen with the eyes separately, although in the main alike differ. When you look at the house with both eyes open the two fields seen by the two eyes are combined and the house across the street assumes depth and relief. Although we see a house with each eye, we see only one house with both eyes. This makes the stereoscope possible—an instrument so designed that the two eyes are made to converge on a single point, and yet to see two different pictures. If these two pictures represent a chair as it would appear to the right and left eyes respectively they are perceived as one solid object.—Popular Science Monthly.

Weak, Nervous Children Quickly Gain Strength Under Following Plan

Nervousness, just like weakness, is a family predisposition. We inherit tendencies to disease just as we inherit physical resemblances. The strain of study, social duties, work at home-these all tend to make nervous troubles among children. No wonder that St. Vitus Dance, Epilepsy and constant headaches have become alarmingly common. Pale, nervous, listless young people are

met everywhere. It is nothing short of criminal for parents to neglect 'signs of weakness in their children. By ignoring the dightest symptom of nervous or n ental strain, you may condemn your child to life-long invalidism. If any member of your family complains of Leadaches, fear of going into dark places, give them than wonderful tenic, "Ferrozone." Strength of body and mind, hardy nerves, ability to study with comfort, all the attributes of health quickly follow the use of Ferrozone. It establishes strength, color, endurance, vim-does this by tilling the whole system with nourishment and tissue-forming materials.

It's because we know the enormous good that Ferrozone will do. because we are sure very shild and even crown folks will be permanently benefited that we urge you to give it a trial. All dealers sell Ferrozone in 50c. boxes, six for \$2.50, or direct by mail from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston,

CURIOUS MEALS.

Elephants Are Gormandizers, and Giraffes Have Queen Tastes.

Elephants, at least captive elephants, havo queer tastes, says Pearson's Weekly, in an entertaining article about the peculiarities of fourlegged gourmets. One memorable day in 1908 Suffa Culli, the mighty and popular Indian elephant at the zoo, ate his bed. A thirty-six round truss of straw had been put down on the floor for his comfort, and when the keeper went round in the morning not even the bands of the truss re-

Suffa Culli followed it up during the health of the body. If it is good, dis- day by eating three trusses of hay, ease cannot exist. If it is bad, the | weighing 150 pounds. Finally some dcor is shut against good health, dis- one trought a number of Christmas ease is bound to appear in one form | paddings into the elephant house. Sufor another. One person may be seized fa Culli swallowed his pudding withwith rheumatism or sciatica, another cut even opening the cardwoard box

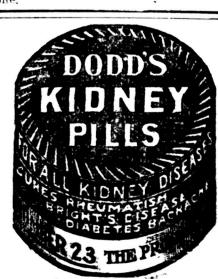
A zoo keeper once kept a tally of strung nerves, or any of the many the number of not cross buns an eleother forms of ailment that comes phant took down. For six hours on when the blood is weak and watery. and one fine Good Friday it swallow The average giraffe leves nothing

> Some years ago when "garden hats" were all the rage the giraffe at the zoo made a day of it. In that glerious twelve hours he accounted for no fewer than seventeen hats, the majority of which were chewed beyond recog-

Lition before they could be rescued. One of the funniest mistakes a giraffe ever made-funny for lookerson, that is to say-was when a peacock strolled into the paddock. The peacock's tail caught the giraffe's eve. for a gigantic and luxuriant species of flower. At any rate, before any one several boxes. It was not long after | could interfere, down came the giraffe's long nack, and, seizing the peaair. It was not long before bird and better rest at night. From this on tail said good-bye to each other, and the peacock fluttered away, screaming with indignation. Although a trifle astonished at the proceedings of the newly discovered flower, the giraffe chewed the tail with great gusto.

Chloride-of-lime will remove mildew, but care must be taken not to have solution so strong that it will burn the goods. A heaping tablespoonful of the lime added to pail of water is suffici-

Many a man loses what little reputation he has gambling for a bigger





sing necessary sa, every bit weakness in be rubbed a by good old

ort to the . Traine inmalady For lumd go far to as Nerviline matism there erties in Ner ank. The way int and takes

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