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"Don't be an idiot," says her lady p"Signa, look down at me. I am notship, with a grin. 'Sit quiet and en- not worthy to touch you even as I do. joy a concert for nothing and without But thou, pure saint, look down at me the trouble of going to the theatre. still. Pity me, for I love thee, and Order my carriage! Certainly not! I know myself unworthy. Love me a am enjoying myself." The song went on to its close, amidst, from this point, profound sil-

ence, then arose a murniur of wellbred surprise and excitement. "Didn't know you'd got a professional," grunts the captain to the amazed

HER HUMBLE

ELOVER

little, Signa, for sweet pity's sake."

He puts his hand to his brow as if

"Why," he says, with a grave smile

You were not there-I mean-I beg

your pardon"-for Signa has turned

crimson and moved away slightly-"I

beg your pardon! Forgive me, Miss

Signa laughs. She recovers her-

"That was what Lady Rookwell

have forgiven me? I did not come

by some word or look I should resent

fluttering like a bird in her bosom.

"I must take care not to ask indis-

"You can ask none of me that I'

creet questions for the future.

play of the great gray eyes.

again?" she says, with a smile.

shocks of horror or amazement.

murmur, incredulously.

"Oh, dear Lady Rookwell, it camed

my nephew heard it at the Rag and

the next morning in vain."

and the false-hearted girl-"

Lady Rookwell, with intense enjoy-

ment in the excitement om her audi-

"Which," says the rector, earerly.

Lady Rookwell looks up, and her

eyes takes in the two tall figures

standing almost in the centre of the

group, for Signa and Hector Warren

have paused to listen; Signa with a

look of deep, pitying interest, he

with a calm, impassive look on his

"Which?" she echoes. "Why, of

course, the wrong man. It always

A murmur of horror rises from the

"Yes, robbed the poor fellow of his

There is silence for a moment, and

ment on the awful story to her com-

panion, and is surprised to see his

pale face frowning; and as she looks

he fixes his eyes upon the wrinkled

face of the old woman and seems

about to speak; but suddenly the

frown changes to a smile, half sad,

half scornful, and he turns to her

"I will sing you that song, now

bride and then took his life. That is

group, and Lady Rookwell sums up

fellow through the heart."

Lord Delamere!"

with a laugh.

Lord Delamere shot the poor

"Yes. She was very beautiful, it

Mrs. Plumbe.

wedding day."

as seconds "

them hurt?"

tor.

strates, pointing to the scene.

vise-like grasp.

did you not?"

Grenville. I-"

your absence."

self in a moment.

and bewildered rector. 'Approfessional! My dear captain!" exclaims the rector, gasping in horror. "I—assure you; no, no, quite a m.istake. Mr. Warrer is a friend of Lord to recall himself. Delamere's; he brought a letter of in-

troduction." The captain shakes his head "I dont care about that. I say he's

a professional. I don't care. it's nothing to me. I like it." "But-but," stammers the rector;

I think you are mistaken. A friend of Lord Delamere's-Signa sat beside the piano in the

shadow thrown by the candle-screens, listening to the sweet voice with aimost a heart-ache, so perfect was the pleasure, and it was with a smile of thanks that she looked up and greeted him as he left the piano and stood be-"Thank you," she says, with a little

sign. "It was all too short. What a wonderful voice you have! Do you know what they are saying?" and her eyes gleamed with amused curiosity. 'What?" he says, looking half over his shoulder at the little group whispering with their heads together.

"They are saying that you are an opera-singer. Is it true?" He thinks for a moment.

'I wish I could say yes." he says, with a smile. "But it would be of no use. You would know better."

She nods. "Yes; you sang beautifully, but not as a professional, who makes the most of his best notes. You wasted

He laughs. "I suppose so," he says. "I sing almost entirely by ear, and very incorrectly, as a rule; but to-night I tried There was a significance in his

tone that made Signa's eyes drop. "How hot it is!" he says. "May we not go out on the verandah?" and he puts his hand on the window and opens it. "Will you not come outside

for a breath of fresh air?" he pleads. Signa hesitates a moment, then she glides out and stands beside him. Before them stretches the bay, with the silver river running down into the -sea. There is no moon, but the sky never-failing good luck he would have man of the world, caring for his own is light, and here and again the stars shine faintly through the warm night. It is a lovely scene, and as Signa stands and looks at it, a vague feeling of peace and happiness steals over In her ears still rings the song of the Spanish lover; beside her stands the man who has shown her so much sympathy. It is a strange feel. I don't know anything about foreign ing that pervades her whole being; a feeling of half-fearful, half-painful delight, that she cannot define, and clings to almost desperately, lest it should fade and vanish if she were to

ask the reason for its presence. The soft summer night is a night for love; love's breath mingles in the warm, balmy breeze and floats upward from the lips of the sea; but Signa does not think of love; she is too happy with this vague happiness

to think or to analyze. And the man beside her? He stands leaning against the back of a chair, which he has tilted to the upper angle, and his eyes are fixed, too, but not on the sea. They rest on a fairer picture even than that which lies below them-on a young girl's beautiful face, on a young girl's lithe, graceful figure. Never in all

his life and what a life it has beenhas he who calls himself Hector Warren been moved by woman's loveliness as he has been moved by Signa's. It has struck home to him, when he had concluded that he had no heart to be struck at. The charm of her fresh young presence, her voice, the very sway and movement of her form, have sunk into his innermost soul, and he knows that the passion within him which burns to night, at this moment, is the last love he will ever experi-

And yet he stands with a sad, almost a tragic shadow on his handsome

He longs with all the ardent desire of a nature little used to the check, to take her in his arms and whisper the fierce, hot words, "I love you!" And yet no! Not so would he woo her! Rather would he approach her as the sin stained devotee creeps to the feet of his patron saint, and kissing the hem of the soft, filmy skirt, whisper,

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Lady Rookwell has finished her story," he says. And that is all. Not a word in defence of his absent friend. CHAPTER VIII.

The evening is over, the guests have gone, and Signa stands before her looking-glass, with a face faintly flushed, and with a curious, dreamy look of happiness in her dark-gray eyes. For she feels that the evening has been a triumph for her, and that a change has come over the spirit of her dream, and that the tide of her life has changed. When she had said good-night to Aunt Podswell, that This is his temptation, his desire: lady, who had not thought her niece But he fights against it. His brows good enough to sit down at the table knit, his hands clutch the chair in a with Lady Rookwell and Sir Frederic "How lovely," murmurs Signa, "it is more beautiful now than at sunset; Blyte, had actually impressed an icy kiss on the sweet, white forehead, and the rector had held her hand and patyou would have seen the sunset from ted it with a nervous, embarrassed here if you had come to dinner. Why playfulness which spoke volumes.

The worthy couple felt rather ashamed of themselves, but they would not have done so if Signa had not made such a sensation .

But it was not of her triumph, or her uncle and aunt's changed manner that Signa was thinking, but of Hector Warren. As she stood, looking into vacancy rather than at her own beautiful reflection, she recalled his handsome face, with its hundred-and-one would call a pretty speech," she says. | fleeting expressions; she heard his "I did not mean it as such," he voice speaking and ringing in her says. "And I spoke the truth, though ears. The sad, grave look of the dark I did it rudely and abruptly. You eyes haunted her; there was some thing strangely fascinating for her in because now let me be careful"— the very bearing and movement of and he smiles-"because I knew that the graceful, distinguished figure. She you did not mean to dine, and I felt could not unerstand why it should be so, but she was conscious that when that-I am going to be candid-that he spoke to her, something within her went out to meet his words, as it were, that when he touched her, a sharp "That is rather a worse speech than thrill, half painful, half pleasurable, the first one, says Signa, laughing, ran through her. but with a strange feeling of delight

Love? She never thought of it, and if she had done so, would have laughed at the idea; how could she love a man of whom she knew nothing, of whom she had seen so little?

shall deem indiscreet," he says, bend-Then, as she slowly got rid of the ing near her that he may catch the gauze dress, there flashed upon her remembrance the awful story which "Well, then, I will ask you to sing Lady Rookwell had told so dramatically, and the strange expression which "We should lose this," he remonhad crossed Mector Warren's face as he listened. He had seemed as if half But he moves toward the window, inclined to contradict her, and pronevertheless, and opens it for her. As nounce the romantic tale a fiction, but he had not done so. Was it true, and they re-enter the room Lady Rookwell was saying something in the did he know that it was true? If it was not true, why did he not speak up epigrammatic way which seemed to afford her listeners-and they were in defence of his absent friend? all gathered round her-enjoyable

Signa could not repress a shudder as she recalled the story. That Lord Delamere should rob a man of the giri he loved was bad enough, but that Frederick applicates, and presses you be true?" Signa hears Mrs. Plumbe "But I tell you it is; it 's all the cold blood was terrible. talk of the town. Sir Frederic

The very name of Delamere was dear?" heard it at his club, didn't you? and growing fearful in her ears. She could Signa looked over at her aunt, inpicture him standing over the b Famish. Oh, there is nothing too the man whom he had robbed of his bad for him-nothing. He is worse happiness and his life-standing with than ever now. If it wasn't for his the cold, impassive look of a heartless lost every penny he has got, but he pleasure only, and careless of the cost wins instead of loses; he is lucky in to himself or others. It was a terrible everything. This young girl; she story, and it made her shudder. For was going to be married—indeed, I relief she turned to Hector Warren. believe it was the day before the mar- and recalled the musical voice with riage and he met her, met her com- which he bade her good night, the gentle pressure of his hand as ing home from market, very likely held hers. How was it possible that had gone to get her wedding things! he could own such a man as the cruel, heartless Lord Delamere for friend? ways, and I don't want to. At any rate, he met her, got into conversa-

And so she goes to sleep at last, and in her dreams Hector Warren and tion with her, and the result was that Lord Delamere mingle in strange the bridegroom waited at the church confusion, the one with the sad, gentle smile in his eyes, the other with "And-and he really persuaded the the hard, cold scowl, as he stands over girl to go away with him?" asked



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the man he has robbed and killed When she comes down in the morning a little pale, perhaps, but wondrously beautiful in her pallor, her aunt greets her with a stiff smile, and the rector rises and puts a chair for her at the breakfast-table-a courtesy he has omitted until now-and Signa feels that indeed things have changed. "Well, my dear." he says, with his head on one side, and an affable smile "and how do you feel this morningnot knocked up, I hope, eh?"
"Not at all," says Signa; "I enjoy-

ed myself very much indeed, and enjoyment never knocks me up."

"I am glad of that, very glad," says the rector, rubbing his chin. "Altem! Yes, it was a pleasant evening, thanks to you and-er-our friend, Mr. War-

ren. Signa feels the blood mounting to her face at the sudden mention of his name, but she bends over the coffeecups and conceals the uncalled for blush.

"A-er-most accomplished gentleman," continued the rector; "quite a gentleman, don't you think, my dear?' "Quite," assents Signa. "Yes, played and sang beautifully."

"Lady Rookwell said he was a professional," said Mrs. Podswell, grim-Signa shakes her head confidently. "No, I am sure he is not."

"Ahem-how do you know, dear?" asks the rector, curiously "Did "No. he didn't tell me; at least he admitted that he was not," says Signa,

reflecting. "I wish we knew who he was," remarks Mrs. Podswell, complainingly. "It is very awkward; Lady Rookwell asked a hundred questions about him last night, and I could not answer

one scarcely." "It doesn't matter," says the recplace shortly."

A sudden vague pain strikes Signa, and her head droops: but she recov ers herself, and looks up calmly enough a moment afterward. "And what do you think of Sir Fred-

"Oh-he was very polite! The rector coughs and takes up note which lies on the table. "Ahem! he has sent over by one of the grooms an invitation, my

eric?" asks the rector with a smile.

'Sir Frederic," replied Signal absent

dear.' "An invitation?" says Signa. Mrs. Podswell, do you mean! The rector colors and coughs again. "I thhink, my dear," he says awkwardly, "that you might call your aunt by a more affectionate nameahem!-"Aunt Amelia' would sound

better." Signa smiles and flushes a little. "Very well," she assents in that calm, quiet way which so awes the

rector "The invitation is for your aunt and you, my dear," he goes on. "It is er rather short notice; but Sir he should afterward kill the man in to take advantage of the fineness of the weather. Would you like to go, my

> uiringly. "Oh, don't study me!" says Mrs. Podswell. "I dare say I shall manage it. In fact, we'd better go. Sir Fred-

eric wouldn't like us to refuse." "You see, Sir Frederic is the most influential man in our part of the country, my dear Signa," explains the rector, deprecatingly, "and he isof him to send over so soon after last Arthur Sheask. Adamae, Sask., writes: hats are finished they are either trad-night, and so early. The groom is "i have used Baby's Own Tablets and ed to the village storekeeper for neahem!-rather touchy. It is very kind night, and so early. The groom is waiting for an answer."

"Pray, do not let us offend Sir Frederic," says Signa with a laugh. "The consequences would be too fearful. But what about Archie's lessons?" and she looks over with a smile at Archie, who sits open-eyed, and lis-

nocent pleasure. It was very kind of you to undertake Archie's education, but of course we understood that it was merely as a pastime for you, and that it was not to be an irksome task. Archie will do very well; we couldn't face rouged and powdered with the face.

All Course Weakings is discernible?

Is she following the rashion set by the undressed chorus girls of the stage?

Is not walking dress cut so lew that tablish Truly Wonderful

awkwardly. "We shall see about it; at any rate, Archie can have a holiday to-day, eh, Archie." and he smiles across at the child, who takes no notice of him, but watches Signa's face.

"Signa's a great lady, now Lady Rookwell and Sir Frederic have made friends with her, I suppose," he says, and at this shrewd thrust Signa colors, the rector rubs his chin, and Mrs. Podswell says solemnly:

"Archie, if you have finished your breakfast you can go and play."

heart?

Is she going the pace in a restless delication a restless delication in the blazing light of the sire to shine in the blazing light of the sire to shi on Archie's face.

breakfast you can go and play." "I don't want to go and play if Signa isn't coming," he replies, calmly, and Mrs. Podswell is about to retort angrily, when Signa says in her quiet

"Go now, Archie; I will come in a minute or two," and he gets off his chair and goes out obediently. "What time do we start for the park?" asks Mrs Podswell. (To be continued.)

than she drew from it, the surplus go- while Ecuador, Panama, Honduras and power of Ferrozone in a week,—It's ing to assist those western provinces Peru are noted for their Panama hats. whose contributions, although exceedingly liberal. did not equal the heavy known to pay as high as \$100 for a demands caused by the large enlist- Panama hat, such prices are decidedment from these provinces. For 1917 ly unusual. Hats of the best quality, the situation will change. lars, and the Committee has decided to ask Ontario to raise that amount—in mands from the province on the Fund other words-to make provision only for its own people.

The total represents about one mildion dollars above the contributions for 1916, and therefore there can be no Ontario's patriotic people so far as the



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living know, or appreciate, what tish Government has the rubber martor. "I believe he intends leaving the ket under its control and what that control means to us ,and also to the neutral countries of the world.

Handicapped on every side, baffled by this question and that problem, Great Britain has found a means of keeping her finger on the rubber situation and a way to give Canada crude rubber at a price not only low by comparison, but at half the price paid for it at the outbreak of the war.

The real purport of this is not appreciated until one store to consider. This is a rubber age. Without rubber thousands of persons would idle and millions would suffer inconvenience beyond comprehension for no synthetic substance to replace rubber have increased and also the price of has ever been d'ecovered, in spite of repeated efforts along that line.

segan in 1893 to finance and subsidize show at about normal. lege that in order to cut off the Ger- ther footgear.

Few of those of us who shake our man supply she refused to admit rubheads and bemoan increasing cost of ber to the United States at the outbreak of the war, until finally agreement was reached with American Great Britain is doing for us in the rubber manufacturens, whereby all way of keeping down the price of at rubber is shipped to the States through least one staple article-rubber. Few the British consular office at New of us realize how completely the Bri- York. Canada's rubber comes direct, except through the British Consul at New York. With this advantage and with the fact that England is using thousands of tons of rubber to supply her army she has benevolently and patriotically reduced the price from \$1.25 to 67 cents a pound, which is a considerable decrease from the price in 1910, when it was three dollars &

Dound. The sparing price of leather is fast bringing boots and shoes to the point of luxuries, but Britain has solved the question by giving us rubber-the only satisfactory substitute for many leather goods- at a price within the reach of all. To be sure chemicals and fabrics used in rubber manufacture labor, but the decrease in the crude rubber price has kent rubber goods, Through her foresight Great Britain and particularly rubbers and over-

rubber plantations in Ceylon, Suma- Hore is an opportunity for the tra., Java and the Malay States. Preveratriotic man. The mother country is lous to that time all rubber used came | generously giving us rubber at a refrom South America and Africa and duced price in return for the fact that exclusively from the wild trees. To she must have leather. The approach day that supply continues, but 23 per of winter gives us an opportunity to cent, of the whole and Great Britain use more rubber in our footwear, buycontrols the market with the rest. ing at a lower price and at the same So closely does she guard this privi- time saving on the more costly lea-

CHILDREN OF ALL AGES pliant and flexible so that they may be folded and carried in the pocket without injury, can be purchased for

from \$2 to \$40, depending upon the When sick the newborn babe or the shrewdness of the buyer and the fingrowing child will find prompt relief ancial needs of the maker or seller. through the use of Paby's Own Tab- Women and children, owing to the lots. They are absolutely safe for all definess of their fingers, make the children and never fail to banish any best hats, and but few men are enof the minor ills from which little gaged in the industry. No factories ones suffer. Corcorning them Mrs. exist for their production. As the think they are splendid for children consaries or sold to the native buyers, of all ages." The Tablets are sold by who send them in lots of fifty to a medicine dealers or by mail at 25 hundred to the merchants at the port. cents a box from The Dr. Williams -W. E. Aughinbaugh in Leslie's. Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ABOUT YOUR GIRL.

tening with all his might.

"My dear," said the rector, blandly,
"you really must not let your selfimposed duty interfere with your innocent pleasure. It was very kind of

You to undertake Archiele advection

Are her fingers, neck and arms covered
with gaudy jewes, cheaply imitated on
the five and ten-cent counters? Is her
one would think she was on her way to
the opera and so high that the color of
her stockings is discernible?

Is she following the lashion set by the

that it was not to be an irksome task.

Archie will do very well; we couldn't think of allowing you to consider yourself an ordinary governess."

"Oh, but I can't give up my position as Archie's guide, mentor and friend,"

Says Signa, smiling at the blank look on Archie's face.

Is the pursuit of pleasure, frivolity and captures and beneficial effect.

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mother?

Is the pursuit of pleasure, frivolty and fashion the consuming passion of her heart?

Is she going the pace in a restless delies of the place of the pla

Is she no longer a comfort to those at home, the confiding delight of her mother and the pride of the family cir-

ie? If this is your daughter are you beend ! If this is your daughter are your of her? Look at her latest photograph. Then take down the picture of her mother or grandmother.

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toes can be cured by the custard pie.—Judge.