d thoulders BOM OIL She turn to her, And she can were second-

back and have small if the person such disclothes covthe air and irify the skin Exin of the

salt also tend eck and bring giving it the or some good n and helps necretions

the muscles ck will keep sh and make

te dark from

For a bleach juice diluted onge with it

or whitening freely.

ient, the suft the meet is

HER HUMBLE **≡** LOVER **≡**

"Thanks," she says.

asks Archie, bluntly.

the library, Archie.'

rou are poor-

"Because,

with a laugh.

questioningly.

grows pleading.

to Blyte Park.

promptly

wicked;

"And what are you going to do

am going to the Grange, to explore

"Oh," says Archie, thoughtfully;

then his eyes wander over the distin-

"I say, why do you wear such old clothes?"

"My dear Archie!" expostulates Sig-

na, with a smile; but Hector Warren

"Why do I wear old clothes, Archie?

"I see," says Archie. "I'm sorry

"So am I," retorts Hector Warren,

shrewdly, "poor people are always

things and peach. Do you peach? I

"It would be very nice," says Hec-

wish you were as rich as Sir Frederic.'

face with a smiling watchfulness.

wise. Money isn't everything, Archie.

ou wish you were rich, Signa?"

thing," she repeats; "one can be

the sighs half happily, half regret-

Grange, than pay the proposed visit

Perhaps he is thinking the same,

trip. I hope you will enjoy it. I will

think of you as I sit amongst the

dusty books. Yes, Sir Frederic is a

great man. It is rather surprising

"Is it?" says Signa, laughing softly.

"Perhaps Sir Frederic experiences

this morning-fancies also that the

lady in the land. After all, there is

small room instead of sleeping.

a peny when one is rich."

the subject.

Rookwell."

penetrate to her very thoughts.

straight before him.

enough for him."

happy without it, Archie."

The child shakes his head.

he orens the gate and trots out.

continues

it is poor people who steal

am poor and cannot afford better."

he answers, absently. "Oh, I

over to lunch," replies the rector. "I'll a strange glance of inquiry, and for order the carriage to be ready in an trusterous color flooding her cheek. hour, if you like; he expressly asks you to go early. You'll admire the park grounds, my dear," to Signa. Yes," Mrs Podswell says, with great indifferently. interest, "and the house; it's quite a show place. Sir Frederic is very proud says:

"So it appears," says Signa, smiling, as she remembers the baronet's re- hope you will have a pleasant day." marks about "his place" and "people." think ! will go and look after

Archie," she addz. The rector looks after her with his chin on his hand, musingly.

"Sir Frederic's very, ahem, attentive, Amelia," he says, suggestively. "Yes," assents Mrs. Podswell, significantly. "He must have been struck guished figure ruminatingly for a moby her; certainly the girl looked strik- ment, and he says, with the suddenness ing last night. It was a mistake, her of his age: not dining with us."

"I think I said so," said the rector, meekly. Mrs. Podswill sniffs.

"Who was to know that they would laughs easily. have taken so much notice of her? I'm ! sure Lady Rookwell made herself because new ones are expensive-not quite ridiculous; however, they have to say uncomfortable-and perhaps I taken to her, and that's an end of it. I wonder whether Sir Frederic's really smitten?"

"If-if it should be, it would be a great thing for the girl. Amelia, 1 think it is our duty to give her every assistance. It would be rather advantageous to have a niece of ours the future Lady Blyte, of Blyte Park; and really such strange things happen;" he coughs and shakes his head thoughtfully. "I wish we had let her sit down to dinner.'

"Well, that cant be helped now," re torts Mrs. Podswell, sharply; "and, after all, there was no harm done. I'll go and get ready now. Have plenty of cushions put in the carriage. I'm sure I'm willing to do my duty by the girl, whatever it may cost me."

"Quite so, my dear," murmured the rector, meekly; and he falls into 'a brown study, in which he sees Signa, Ms niece, reigning at the Park, and himself an honored guest there.

Meanwhile, Signa had made straight for the garden, where she knows that she will find Archie perched on the back of a rustic seat, overlooking the road to the Grange. As she approaches this spot she hears a man's voice, mingled with the boy's, and she knows that it is Hector Warren's.

For a moment she stops, half inclined-why, she knows not-to go back: but ashamed of her folly, as she designates it, she goes on.

Archie is seated on the very top of the rustic seat, looking down upon Hector Warren, who leans over the fence, and Signa is in time to hear the child say:

"Well, if Signa says it's all right, I'll forgive you." "Thanks," says Hector Warren.

Then, as he sees Signa, he lifts his weather stained deer-stalker and stands upright. "Good-morning, Miss Grenville,

have just been making my peace with Archie. I only need your advocacy to gain forgiveness." She gives him her hand, feeling that the tell-tale color has mounted to her

face, and smiles. "I explained it all to Archie this morning," she says. "But he is a

hard indge "So I find," he says, his eyes fixed on her face-not pale now, but lovely as a blush rose at sunrise. "Are you tired this morning after last night's dissipation?"

"No," she says. "Were you coming to the Rectory?" He shakes his head,

"Not yet. I shouldn't dare to present myself before the regulationtime, 12 o'clock. No, I was going to the Grange; but I saw Archie, and stopped to win forgiveness."

There is silence for a moment; his eyes are fixed upon her face—hers fixed upon the ground.

Archie regards them with his shrewd scratiny for a moment, then he says -'Signa is a great lady now, Mr. War-

"Indeed!" he says.

Archie nodds, "Yes, since last night. It was all last night. I heard papa and mamma talking about it. Mamma said that she had no idea Signa would look so well, or that Sir Frederic and Lady Rookwell-that's the old lady with the teeth-would take so much notice of

"Archie!" exclaims Signa, laughing. But he goes on undaunted. "And this morning mamma kissed her, and papa made ever so much fuss of her. Ain't it funny? And what do you think? Sir Frederic sent one of his grooms to ask her to go over and lunch at the Park. I saw him in the kitchen, where he was drinking beer."

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Hector Warren looks at Signa with

the life of her Signa cannot help the 'Look there," he says. see where the river opens to the spray of pine, Archie." sea? There is a little bay there-"Are you going to Sir Frederic's?" are. You have no idea how pretty the 'Yes," says Signa, trying to speak spot looks when one stands opposite to it on this side of the river. It He is silent for a moment, then he makes a perfect little picture. "Sir Frederic is a great man, and thought, perhaps, I might tempt you and Archie to accompany me-but you Blyte Park must be worth seeing.

> "Yes! "Never mind," he says. "The tide will not wash the picture out. Will

are going to Blyte Park!"

you come to-morrow?" "I should like to go very much, the says, shading her eyes and looking wistfully toward the sea, "and Archie will be delighted."

"Would you? Will you meet me to-morrow, at this time, at the end of the lane leading to the beach? It is a great deal to ask, I know," and his dark eyes rest on hers gravely. Signa looks down and hesitates. She

longs to say "Yes," but she wonders what the rector and his wife will say. "A very great deal to ask," ne repeats. "Too much. Never mind." "But I do mind!" she says, with a low laugh. "I want to go very much,

indeed. I do not know why I should not. It will not matter-I mean it will be of no consequence to any one-"Excepting Archie and me," he puts in, quietly.

Eigna is silent for a moment; then she looks up. "Yes, I will come. At the end of the lane?

tor Warren, his eyes fixed on Signa's "It is a promise," he says, and his eves brighten. "Archie has found out the value of "Yes, but," and she colors faintly,

riches at an early age." says Signa, "are you sure you can spare the time; "Archie is fearfully my uncle said that he heard you say you were going to leave here soon?" "Isn't it?" he asks, shrewdly. "Don't He is silent for a moment, looking down at th ground, then he says: Hector Warren waits for the answer "I did say so. I do not know. I am

as well as Archie, and the dark eyes, a wanderer on the face of the earth, with their grave smile, rest upon hers without a tie, objectless, purposeless." There is something in his voice, "I don't know that I do," says though it is not intentionally sad, that Signa, lightly. "Money is not everytouches Sgna. "Are you so quite alone?" she says,

gently. "Quite," he says, with a grave "If I were rich I'd buy a pony," he laugh, as if he were ashamed of havsays, and this seems to bring the arguing moved her pity. "I have absoment to so practical a conclusion that "Can I tempt you to walk a little heritage of woe.' It is very hackneyway?" says Hector Warren. "It is so ed, but fearfully true. I have been lord teautiful a morning, the very hedges

of myself ever since I was a boy, and are fragrant. Will you not come to I am rather tired of my heritage." the end of the lane? Archie is already Signa looks at the handsome face there"; and the grave, musical voice with deep interest. He has spoken almost to himself, and quite unconsci-Signa looks over the fence wist- cus to the effect his words have profully, then, with a faint smile, passes duced. "Chance, mere chance directed through the gate he opens for her. The my footsteps here; I was curious to see the place I had heard so much of. win is shining with all its summer and I came, intending to stop a few aplendor; up above their heads, in hours only, and to drift away again as ar. old oak, a thrush is pouring out its after-breakfast seng; the hedges. purposeless as when I came; but there is a charm-" He breaks off, and as he says, are fragrant with the seems to suddenly recollect that he is breath of the wild flowers; and as not alone. "The Grange is rather fas-Signa hears the gate click behind her cinating," he goes on, with a curious smile. "I am fond of old books, and I fully, thinking vaguely how much

snall stay a little longer to pore over nicer it would be to wander along the Delamere's." lanes, or saunter over the deserted Signa cannot speak. Already she seems to hear him say, "Good bye," and to feel that he has gone.

Fortunately for her. Archie comes for he looks up at the sky and then running up with his hands full of wild at the beautiful face at his side, and flowers. "Look here," he says. "I've picked You will have a fine day for your

these for you, Signa. Come and sit down and look at them." And he drops on to the bank. Signa obeys, and Hector Warren stands looking down at them, wondering whether in all his surroundings he

that he is not married," and he looks has seen a more beautiful picture than this, which the lovely girl makes as she bends over the flowers and lifts some difficulty in finding a lady good Her face, lit with a loving smile, to always rest when they should, but the boy's eager one. He smiles thoughtfully. Signa "Aren't they beautiful?" says Archie. fancies that he is graver than usual

"Do you know their names?" "Not of half of them," says Signa, handsome face is somewhat paler and shaking her head. Hector Warren throws himself

more haggard. She cannot guess that he has speat the night pacing his down at her feet, and holds out his hand. "Give them to me," he says, plea-"Perhaps so," he assents. "I should" think Sir Frederic would be rather santly. "I think I can satisfy Archie's

hard to please. The lady whom he curiosity." honors with his choice will be a great And he takes the flowers and names them one by one. "How clever you are, Mr. Warren!

wisdom in Archie's opinion; one can buy things more precious even than Do you know everything?" "Not everything, Archie," he replies, smiling. "But I'm fond of flowers, you "One cannot buy everything," says Signa, quietly, and he looks at her see. There's one that grows in Italy wistfully, his dark eyes seeming to and Switzerland. You want a spray of pine to make your bouquet complete." Archie follows his gaze to a tall pine "And did you enjoy yourself last

nice finish for Signa's posy; but you

"I can try," said Hector Warren,

"Please do not," says Signa, quickly

and emphatically. "You surely do not

mean to climb that tree?" And her

Absolutely

couldn't get it, I'm sure."

night?" he asks, suddenly changing growing opposite them and shakes his head. "I can't get that," he says, decided-"Very much," she answers, looking edly. "Could you?" up at him with the smile in her eves "I think so," he replies. which turns them from grey to violet. "There's a nice piece there," says "It was very pleasant. I think every-Archie, pointing almost to the toptody enjoyed themselves. Even Lady most bough. "It would make such a

rising.

smile.

face flushes.

He nods, and as a swift shadow tasses over his face Signa knows that he is thinking of the story which her ladyship had told so dramatically. She longs to ask him plainly if he has heard it before, and whether it is true, but it is scarcely a subject that she can refer to, and he remains silent, walking with his hands behind his back and his head lowered, for a few moments, then he raises his head, and with a slight gesture, as if dispelling a truoblesome thought, ne

says, lightly: "Do you know that I had a wild idea of asking you to let me show you a walk I have discovered? I half hoped to see you as I passed this morning."

"Had you? What walk?" mays Frederic's invitation. He turns and points to the view Putnam's Corn Extractor to-day.

Painless COPIS No cutting, no plas-Putnam's Extractor

"Why not?" he says. "Sir Frederic will no doubt pick you a grand bouquet from his hot houses—will you not let me offer you a modest spray of

And as he speaks, he takes off his coat and begins to climb. "Pray do not!" exclaims Signa, eyeing the tall, gaunt pine aghast. 'Archie was only in fun, and-ah, do

She breaks off with genuine alarm in her voice, for with the ease of a practiced athlete he sets his foot on the rough, searred bark, and grasping bough, pulls himself up to it. "Do not be alarmed," ne says, and

his voice sounds light and cheerful,

as if he enjoyed the task. "There is

no danger, or I would not distress you

by risking it. You shall have your "Isn't it splendid?" whispers Archie, there where the fishermen's cottages excitedly. "Fancy climbing that tree, and all for a bit of leaf, Signa!"

And he stands with his eager face upturned to the graceful figure that is. slowly but surely ascending the tree. "Is this it?" comes Hector Warren's voice downward.

"Higher still!" says Archie. "No, no!' cries Signa. "Piease do not! Archie, I am very angry with you! Oh!"-for a rotten branch gives way beneath the climber's weight, and comes crashing down amongst the leaves with an ominous sound; but Hector Warren is too practiced an athlete to trust himself to a bough unless he has tried it, and Signa, with bated breath, sees him swaying still higher, until he is lost amidst the thick branches of the tall pine.

"Oh, Archie, Archie!" murmurs Signa, reproachfully. "See what your idle words have done!' "He is all right, Signa," says Arch-

ie, confidently. "Don't you be frightened. See, here he comes! And he has got the very spray." Carefully, for all his apparently careless speed, Hector Warren comes down, and in another moment standing with the spray in his hand

before them. "There you -indeed, it is rather pale and anxious

gravely. "It was not worth risking a broken limb for!"

He laughs, and wipes his hands, scratched and torn by the rough bark and sharp pine needles. "There was no risk, I assure you. Please believe me. Won't you accept it, for Archie's sake?" and he holds

out the dark-green spray. Signa takes it with downcast eyes, and without even a "Thank you" her heart beating too fast, perhaps, to allow of words, but Archie dances with delighted admiration.

"I didn't think you could climb like that!" he says, confidentially. "I thought you couldn't do anything but read books."

"Did you?" retorts Hector Warren, good-naturedly. "Well, it isn't much lutely no one to study. You know that after all. I'll teach you to mount a line of Byron's-'Lord of himself, that tree some day, perhaps. Now let me arrange the bouquet, may I? Then you a year ago: can present it to Miss Grenville." and he seats himself on the bank and spreads out the wild flowers. Signa watches him, fascinated by the quiet, masterful manner which sits upon him as easily in his coatless state as it did last night, when in evening dress he overawed even the great Sir Frederic. . (To be continued.)

HARD WORKING WOMEN

ed. But it is the duty of every wo- demands made in the same cause on the war? man and every girl to save her strength as much as possible, and to build up her system to meet unusual demands. Her future health depends upon it 'To guard against a breakdown in health the blood must be kept rich, red and pure. To keep the blood in this condition nothing can equal Dr. Williams Pink Pills. They strengthen the nerves, restore to pallid cheeks, and renewed energy to listless people. Women cannot they can keep up their strength and keep away disease by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. N. E. Tompsett, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "For several years I suffered terribly from nervous debiilty and was scarcely able to do a thing. During that time I consulted several doctors, and many medicines without getting any help, and I began to think that I never would get better. One day I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised. and thought I would try them. After taking four boxes I was much better, but I continued using the pills for several months, when I was again in the best of health. When I began taking the pills I weighed only 100 pounds. While under their use with my renewed health I now weigh 140. I recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

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Can a German Bullet Send a Canadlan Soldier to Hell?

The Christmas Pastoral, 1914, of Cardinal Mercier, archbishop of Malines, Belgium, was as follows:

"If I am asked what I think of the He looks round at her with a quiet eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the the sore spot safety of that man's soul. Greater love hath no man than this, said our Sav-Signa, more than ever regretting Sir out the sting overnight. Never fails to cave his brothers, and to defend the



THE WAR MAKING YOU RICHER OR POORER?

A Question That Suggests An Answer That Every Citizen Should Make.

ashamed of himself."

The speaker had more in his mind its. He was thinking of the sacrifces

on every good citizen. as it will help or hinder the winning least six million dollars, of which four Will Find New Strength Through the of the war, and he is bound to spare minimons must be talked in or income no effort, to save no money, if there contributions of patriotic citizens. Let Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. by the cause is advanced. When near-every man whose profits or income It is useless to tell a hard working ly four hundred thousand Canadians have been increased since August 4th, woman to take life easily and not to are so impressed by the gravity of the 1914, consider well if he will not have worry. Every woman at the head of call that comes to them that they reason to be ashamed of himself if a home; every girl in offices, shops have offered to risk the loss of limbs, this great Fund is unable to fulfil its and factories is subjected to more or of health, of life itself, what good cit- mission, and he at the same time is

charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism

doubt that his Cod welcomes him the appetite, bring the glow of health | with love? Christian mothers, be proud of our sons. Of all griefs, of all A BLOOD-FOOD NOW MANUFACour human sorrows, yours is perhans the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence, but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain temroral honors, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect cnarity. It cancels a whole lifetime of sins-it transforms a einful man into

Anonymous Shakespeare.

Margaret Anglin had been playing gives digestion splendid aid, supplies Viola, Katharine and other Shakes pearean heroines in the great theatre Nutritious blood courses through your at Melbourne, Australia, which had been crowded to the roof at every performance. But the time came to move on to a smaller city with a less sophisticated population, and her manager was assailed by doubts. He did not think Shakespeare would do. He prorosed confining the repertory to modern plays. When she remonstrated he explained:

"They want to laugh." "Then why not 'The Taming of the Shrew?" Miss Anglin suggested. He hesitated. Despair had him, but require. finally he replied, "Oh, well, we'll try it, but we mustn't let them know who

"I had forgotten this incredible re- month you'll scarcely credit the push mark," says Miss Anglin, "until I arrived in the city to play, and there, to Ferrozone is more than a tonic bemy horror, everywhere advertising cause its work lasts, its benefits rewas displayed announcing blithely main and are not temporary. It that Miss Anglin would appear in a stores health where other treatments comedy, 'The Taming of the Shrew,' by Immortal Bard.''

NOT INTERESTED. (Exchange)

court-room-What is this makes the corn go without pain. Takes out the sting overnight. Never fails—out the sting overnight. Never fails—leaves no scar. Get a 25c bottle of hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of George Bump.

Stranger—Inc.

Bump, bankrupt, are suing his trustee in bankruptcy.

Visitor in court-room—Are you interested in the case?

Stranger—Not in the slightest. I'm George Bump.

Said a clergyman in a pulpit in one his pocket-book? Let us confess that of the eastern townships of Quebec, these demands are heavy; yet if Can-"The Canadian who adians were to give only their surplus comes out of this war richer than he earnings over and above what they he went into it, will have cause to be were earning in, say, 1913, these de-

mands would be more than satisfied. Of all these calls, none is more inthan army contractors and their prof- pertant than that of the Canadian Patriotic Fund. This is the Fund -financial as well as personal-that that guarantees to the mothers, wives are inevitably imposed in time of war and children of our soldiers freedom from all danger of privation while In the time of such a world cata- their breadwinner is away. To make clysm to the real pairiet nothing can this provision for the dependents of be normal. He must view every act Ontario's soldiers in 1917 will cost at of the war, and he is bound to spare millions must be raised by personal less worry. These cannot be avoid- izen can hesitate to meet all righteous able to count himself the richer for

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