HER HUMBLE LOVER

From what Archie has told her, from the scraps of information which she gleaned, it would appear that the present Lord Delamer, is, if anything, a shade worse than his father; that he has never seen Northwell Grange, the abode of his ancestors, and that it is probable he never will. Paris, London, the gay haunts of pleasure, are his happy hunting grounds, and there he deports himself, while the home of his ancient house is left to a herd of deer and a gardener who plays the accordion. Signa's fancy runs such riot that she is almost beginning to experience the sensation of scorn for the misguided youth, and has worked up an eloquent burst of imaginary reproach, when something, which proved to be a shower of small stones, falls from the top of the slight cliff and strikes the edge of her dress. She looks up, but there is nothing to be seen, and concluding that some bird has rested on the edge and dislodged the gravel, she is about to lose herself in a second series of visions, when she hears unmistakable footsteps coming down the rudely cut steps to the beach.

For a moment she feels half amused. Evidently the musical gardener has espied them, and has tracked them to the spot from whence there is no escape, that he may capture them in the very act of that dire offence, trespassing.

With her head half-turned, and a smile on her face, she waits for the appearance of the owner of the feet that are slowly descending; then suddenly the smile vanishes, for there appears in sight, not a fustian-clad tiller of the soil with sour visage, but a gentleman who is certainly not a gardener, and whose visage cannot be described as sour.

Curled up in her corner, and half hidden by the low sun-whitened rocks, she does not come within the scope of the new-comer's vision, and as he stands leaning with one hand upon his stick, she has opportunity and time to regard him critically. Archie, with the fickleness of youth, has deserted his castle, and has disappeared round the corner with the now disheveled sunshade, doubtless to erect a similar edifice.

Standing as motionless as a statue, the newcomer makes a picture that Signa, artist to the core, appreciates and enjoys. Most of us prefer the picturesque to the commonplace -the beautiful, as certainly the stranger is neither commonplace or plain. Half-unconsciously Signa takes in the principal points of her picture; the tall, square frame, with its broad chest and well-formed limbs; the shapely hand, brown and strong for all its delicacy of shape; the gracefully poised head with its short, rippling black hair; and, lastly, the handsome, distinguished face, tanned and somewhat lined, with its dark eyes and clearly defined brows. A handsome man, still in his youth, for all the somewhat haggard and worn look in the eyes and the pensive turn of the clear-cut lips, half-hidden by the dark and rather foreign-looking mustache. A man with a past and a history, unless the human countenance be utterly deceptive and unreliable.

Signa, motionless as he whom she is criticising, notices, with a woman's quickness, that, though this man is undoubtedly a gentleman, his dress does not smack of Saville Row, that it is well-worn, and also—significant fact—that the wearer is utterly careless of its unfashionableness and of its age. There is no shining spot of gold upon him, not so much as a watch-chain, and the stick he carries has evidently been cut by his own hand from the parent tree. And yet for all his carelessly worn clothes, his unpolished stick and soft, rain-stained deer-stalker Signa detects the signs of birth and breeding. It has taken some few minutes to set down her impressions of him; they were stamped on her mind in as many moments, during which the unconscious object of her criticism had remained standing gazing seaward with an absent, abstracted expression. It was amusing thus far, but presently Signa grew uneasy. She had expected and hoped that having gazed his fill he would turn, and, still unaware of her presence, ascend the cliff and disappear; but as the moments rolled to minutes she grew impatient. Archie was out of sight—might get into mischief or danger any moment; she wanted —woman-like now that she could not —to leave the spot and return home. And yet she did not like to rise or call Archie. She might have done so at first, and gone her way without any awkwardness or embarrassment; but to discover her presence now would also acquaint this handsome wanderer with the fact that she had been playing the spy upon his actions. At the thought the color rises to Signa's face, and her brows knit; but the momentary feeling of annoyance changes to one of dismay when she sees the intruder throw himself down upon the beach and take a book from his pocket.

"Gracious powers!" she murmurs, "he may sit there for hours. I can't sit here waiting helplessly while Archie may—be in danger of tumbling into the sea."

And yet she could not bring herself to move; each moment she felt more dislike to facing the look of surprise with which she knew he would regard her. Besides, he was lying right across the narrow path through the boulders, which she must pass to reach the steps—unless she climbed the aforesaid boulders. The alternative gives her an idea. Suppose she should creep away behind him and reach the cliff, she could call Archie from there and be safe from the stare from those dark eyes which she so vaguely, foolishly dreaded.

With a smile at the absurdity of the situation, and yet with a faint thrill of annoyance, she rose softly, went back as far as the cliff would allow, and stepped lightly on to the first boulder and so on. She had reached half her prescribed distance, was just behind him, and still, perhaps, unseen or unheard, and was congratulating herself upon her ingenuity, when her foot slipped, and with the clattering of small stones, she slid to the beach. For a moment she remained motionless, half leaning against the stone upon which her hand pressed hard to support her—remained with a flush on her face and a haughty light in her lovely eyes, ready to meet the much-dreaded stare. But, to her amazement, the handsome head was still bent over the book, the prone figure remained as motionless as before.

A sudden thrill ran through Signa's frame, as the thought flashes through her "He is deaf." The thrill of surprise was followed by one almost of relief, and gaining courage by the assurance that he could not hear her, she stood upright and walked bodly past him. Three steps she had taken when, with a quiet self-possession, he rose, and with the book in one hand and the hat in the other, took a step toward her.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Are you hurt?"

The sudden shock of the discovery that her theory as to his deafness was an erroneous one rendered Signa for the moment speechless. With a strange air of mingled patience and respect, he put on his hat and waited, his eyes fixed with true delicacy and consideration upon the cliff above her head.

Even in her momentary confusion and irritation, Signa recognized the refined courtesy, and she felt vaguely ashamed of having put the foolish idea of flight to experiment. In that moment of waiting, too, she noticed something strange about the voice; it was English unmistakably, yet English softened and made harmonious by familiarity with more musical tongues. There is much in a voice.

"The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice,"

says Byron, and there was something infinitely sweet in this man's voice, sweet, yet grave and full of manliness —a voice that one could imagine stern and hard under provocation. That it was soft now was, Signa knew, because he wished to check any foolish alarm she might feel.

The haughty look dies out of the dark eyes, slain by the voice, but she answers gravely enough:

"Thanks! not in the least. My foot slipped——"

"I know," he says, softly, with a grave smile. "I was dreading it from the moment you started——"

"Then you knew——" exclaims Signa, with a sudden flush and a flash of the dark eyes.

He inclines his head, half apologetically.

"Yes, I knew you were there, but," he adds, not hurriedly, but with a quick earnestness as if he would impress it upon her—"not until I lay down. If you will come here where I stand, you will see the opening of the rocks low down on the beach, through which I caught a glimpse of you. I could not while I stood up."

Signa half-unconsciously obeys the request—or respectful command, whichever it may be.

"You see?" he says, with a faint smile, his eyes meeting hers steadily and with an intent look, as if he were guarding against the faintest expression of admiration or anything save the respectful desire to reassure her.

Signa inclines her head in silence.

"I am afraid," he says, still looking at her intently, and leaning on the stick with one hand, "that you will think—that you have already thought me a boor to lie there without offering to assist you?"

Signa turns her eyes upon him with a momentary flash. He had read her thought.

"I feared so," he said, gently; "and yet will you tell me which it would have been better for me to do? Will you put yourself in my place, before you condemn me? Say that you were a stranger who had unwittingly and innocently intruded on a lady's solitude, that you had not discovered it until it was too late for her to escape without embarrassment. would you not have done as I did—pretend that you had not seen her, and carried that pretense even to the verge of being clown enough to remain inactive when she needed assistance?"

He puts the question in the calmest, the softest of voices, with the grave earnestness of a man pleading for forgiveness, and anxious to explain away his offense.

Signa remains silent. What can she answer?

"I see," he says, "I was afraid that you would not find it easy to forgive me, and yet I acted for the best, as I thought. And the result might have been a sprained ankle on your apart and an endless remorse on mine.'"

By this time Signa had recovered her wonted self-possession—is it possible that he has made this long speech to give her time?—and she turns to him with a laugh.

"Im afraid I have been very foolish," she says, frankly, "and I deserved my tumble. I had an insane idea that I could escape without disturbing you. I owe you an apology for interrupting your reading."

He smiles.

"The book was upside down," he says. "I was too absorbed in the problem of the moment for reading. Now, having gained your forgiveness, you will let me help you to reach the cliff?" and he holds out his hand.

"Thanks," said Signa, "but I have a little boy playing truant round the corner. I must find him. Good-morning.'

"Permit me," he says, gently, and he points to a rock. "Sit down and rest, and I will bring him to you," and taking her consent for granted, he walks off. Signa seats herself and looks after him, conscious of a distant feeling of curiosity respecting him. If she had ever had any doubts as to his status, his manner has compeltely dispelled it. Be he whom he may, he is a gentleman, and used to command and obedience.

"An artist, perhaps," she thinks, but the next instant the upright, military bearing of the tall figure cancels that conjecture. Signa had met the stereotyped cavalry man, and was acquainted with his swagger and his characteristic style. No, this man was not of that class. While she is idly trying to arrive at a conclusion, the object of her speculation reappears round the corner, holding Archie's wet and gritty hand in his, and carrying the remains of the sunshade.

That Archie, who usually regards strangers with marked distrust, is favorably impressed by this one, is patent by the stream of voluble chatter with which he is honoring his conductor.

"Two large castles and a lighthouse, all of sand!" says the stranger, in his pleasant voice. "It is indeed a grand morning's work; who shall say Rome was not built in a day?"

"I know all about Rome," says Archie, complacently. "I'm reading the history with Signa. Do you know Signa? What made her send for me? There she is sitting on that rock. Doesn't she look like a mermaid? You know what they are, I suppose?"

"I have met with them—yes," Signa hears the stranger reply.

"Really—not pretending?" exclaims Archie, with wide opened eyes of awe. "Tell me about them, will you? Were they like Signa? Not so pretty, I expect, were they?"

"By no means," says the voice, almost inaudibly.

"I thought not," retorts Archie, with great triumph. "I don't think there could be anything more beautiful than Signa. Could there?"

"I mustn't answer that," is the reply. "You see I do no want to make your sister angry——"

"My sister!" exclaims Archie. "She is not my sister. Signa is going to be my wife."

"Then at last I have met a happy man!" says the stranger, with smiling gravity, as they stop at Signa's side.

"Our young friend and I have been exchanging experiences in natural history," he says, stroking Archie's hair.

"Archie's experiences are vast," says Signa. "We must go now, Archie," and she rises.

"Oh, wait a minute or two," pleads the child. "The tide is coming in, and I want to see it surround the moat of my castle. Do wait, Signa; you can talk to this gentleman, can't she?" and he looks up with frank innocence.

The gentleman smiles, not at all embarrassed, and Signa, coloring faintly, laughs good-naturedly.

"Archie gives me credit for the proverbial loquacity of my sex," she says. "How long will it be before the tide reaches your moat? We will give it five minutes."

"All right," says Archie, and away he bounds, dragging the ill-treated sunshade after him, and singing at the top of his voice.

"That little fellow seems very happy," says the stranger, leaning upon his stick and taking in the fleeting, diminutive figure. "Some one I knew used to say that man ceased to be wise when he reached the age of twelve."

"He is a dear little boy," Signa says, with a smile. "There never was a better, sweeter-tempered child."

"You are great friends, I see!" he remarks. "His approbation of you is just as emphatic. I thought you were brother and sister."

Signa smiles.

"No, I never saw him until a week ago."

He looks at her with evident interest.

"Indee," he says, with a curiosity which is leavened by the deepest respect.

"No," says Signa. "I have only a week's acquaintance with Northwell."

"You are almost as much a stranger as I myself," he says, looking down thoughtfully at the pebbles at his feet, "it is a beautiful place. In the whole course of my wanderings I have never seen more variety of scenery, such various types brought into so close a proximity. Wide-stretching sea, peacefully-flowing river, grassy vales and leaf-clad hills —one has them all here within the hollow of one's hand, so to speak. A favored spot, and this perhaps is the point from which one can view it to advantage," and he makes a movement with his shapely, sunburnt hand.

Signa listens and watches him as the musical voice falls into a grave, dreamy cadence inexpressibly pleasing.

"And yet the owner of this favored spot leaves it, as you see," says Signa, with a smile. "You came through the Grange grounds, did you not?"

"Yes," he replies. "That is, I just skirted them."

Did you see the house?" she asks. "It is a grand old place."

He nods.

"Yes; a very fine old place. It is a pity that it should have been neglected so long."

"Is it not?" assents Signa, warmly. "It seems almost human in its sad solitude and desolation. I fancy if the owner could see it, he could not fail to be touched."

"Very likely. With pride or shame, do you mean?" he asks, looking down at her calmly.

"With a little of both," says Signa, her eyes growing dreamy. "Pride that such a place, such a house was his; shame that he should have deserted it for so long a time."

He is silent for a moment. Then half unconsciously he sinks down on a bowlder lower than her own, and, leaning his head on his hand, looks out to sea.

Then he says quietly, in a ton of ordinary interest:

"Do you know anything of Lord Delamere, the owner?"

"I! No," replies Signa. "And I do not think anybody else in Northwell does. He is a sort of sphinx or mystery," and she smiles. "A kind of Wandering Jew or perpetual romance. All sorts of wild stories are told about him; fearful traditions which are no doubt to be taken with a pinch of salt. But I myself know nothing of him; how should I? I have only been here a week, and he, I think, has never been here at all."

"No," he says. "I think not."

Signa starts and looks down at him with astonishment. There is something in his tone that seems to intimate that he does not share her ignorance of the wandering earl.

"You know him?" she asks, curiously.

He is silent for a moment, then he looks round at her with calm, pensive eyes.

"Yes, I know something of him," he says. "We have been in the same place together—abroad and on our travels, I mean."

"Yes," says Signa, with marked interest. "And—and is he—but I beg your pardon, I forgot he is your friend," and she colors.

He laughs, the short, grave, musical laugh, and makes a gesture, slightly foreign, with his hand.

(To be continued.)

Giving a Horse Its Name.

The shire horse owes its name to Arthur Young's remarks, in the description of his agricultural tours during the closing years of the eighteenth century, concerning the large old English black horse, "the produce principally of the shire counties in the heart of England." But long previous to this the word "shire" in connection with horses was used in statutes of Henry VIII. Under the various names of the war horse, the great horse, the old English black horse and the shire horse the breed has for centuries been cultivated in the rich fen lands of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire and in many counties of the west. Curiously enough, the Shire Horse Society, which has done so much to promote the breed, was known for the first six years of its existence, which began in 1878, as the English Cart Horse Society.—London Chronicle.

Arm thyself for the truth!—Bulwer-Lytton.

ABOUT GOOD BUTTER.

How to Keep It in the Refrigerator Without Contamination.

Most persons nowadays are fastidiout about the butter they eat. The woman who is content to do without fruit and vegetables out of season usually considers it no extravagance to buy the best butter. And the number of persons who pay a really high price for special butter, fresh butter or other butter with an especially sweet flavor increases every week.

But the best butter can be rendered unfit for eating with little difficulty. Good butter needs to be carefully kept and it is often so carelessly or ignorantly cared for in stores and houses that it loses its good qualities.

The intelligent dealer, of course, has proper refrigerators and usually keeps butter in a separate compartment. As an extra safeguard he buys butter in small prints or blocks, and these are wrapped in waxed paper. But now comes the task of preserving its freshness in the home refrigerator.

Butter absorbs odors very readily, and that is why it is so difficult to keep properly. Of course it is quite out of the question to have a separate compartment for butter in the ordinary home refrigerator. But it is possible to keep the butter separate from everything else by keeping it in a special covered dish. Glass jars with glass covers that clamp securely into place are sold for this purpose, and one of them is an economy. As soon as the butter comes into the house remove the pasteboard and paper wrappings and put it into one of these jars It should be washed and scalded and thoroughly dried before receiving a new cake of butter. Any old butter remaining should be packed in another covered dish.

If the ice gives out and the butter is soft, try hardening it by putting it in a bowl under running cold water. This will do wonders with the butter. When it begins to harden around the outside cut it in small pieces so that the inside part will also harden.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

A GREAT LOSS

What Forest Fires Have Cost Canada in 1916.

Canada has lost through forest fires in 1916 over nine million dollars. This equals more than six times what has been spent on forest protection work from coast to coast.

The enormous sum wasted through this year's forest fires, most of which were preventable, would add another $480 to the first year's pension allowances of nearly 19,000 Canadian soldiers.

It is noteworthy that while some parts of the Dominion owe to rainy weather their immunity from fire damage, the season's record proves beyond gainsay that in areas where first rate fire protection systems were in operation, losses of life and property were held down to a remarkable minimum.

Quebec had some heavy fires in the Lake St John and Saguenay districts, also in the Gaspe peninsula and west of Escalana on the Transcontinental railway. It is a striking fact, however, that within the 24,000 square miles of Quebec, covered by the two well-organized associations of limit holders, the amount of green timber burnt is practically negligible. This immunity was not a matter of luck, but of consistent patient effort to educate settlers, lumberjacks and others in care with fire, coupled with a system of promptly reporting all outbreaks, and attacking forest fires in their incipiency with large forces of men and modern equipment.

British Columbia faced fairly favorable fire conditions through the summer months, and the cost of fire fighting was reduced by about 75 per cent. over the record of 1915. The number of fires was about half of last year. The British Columbia forest protection service is the most complete in Canada thus far and the saving of timber is a logical consequence

A heavy average of rainfall kept fire troubles at arm's length in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and this weather condition was undoubtedly responsible for the escape of the main areas of big timber throughout Ontario. The Claybelt fires at the end of July and first week of August procided a tragic sacrifice of 262 lives, and what is estimated to be six million dollars worth of property. There was practically no forest guarding organization in the fire-swept district, except along the railway track.

New Brunswick escaped the risks of 1916 with a very small timber loss, Nova Scotia having a similar experience. The records of the Dominion Railway Board show that the provincially-owned railway lines of Canada have not been responsible this year for any damaging forest fires. Those that were started were promptly extinguished by railway employees.

The Armenians.

The Armenians are not Roman Catholics, but are members of the Armenian church, one of the very oldest of the eastern churches not in communion with the orthodox Greek church of the Church of Rome. The doctrines of the Armenian church are almost identical with those of the orthodox Greek church. The Eucharist is administered in both kinds to all church members, and the clergy may marry before ordination.

Thousands Are Ailing From Constipation

No condition causes so many diseases as consumption. It not only prevents proper kidney action, but causes anaemia, stomach trouble and indigestion.

Why not use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and get cured? This excellent medicine restores normal bowel action in one night; thousands say so.

Just think of it! Your system will be pure and clean. You'll be free from headaches, sour stomach, biliousness—in short, you'll have jovial spirits and perfect good health. Get a 25c box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills today. At all dealers.

Pigeons in Constantinople.

In no big city in the world are there so many tame pigeons as in Constantinople. In many squares in London there are small flocks of pigeons, but in the Turkish capital they are to be seen by the thousand. These pigeons are sacred, and, indeed, many a wealthy Turk leaves money to be devoted to buying food for them. The story of why they are sacred is rather interesting. When Mohammed, the Turkish prophet, was flying from his enemies he hid in a cavern. At the mouth of the cavern two pigeons built their nest, so tradition runs, while across the entrance a spider spun its web. The soldiers who came along some days later felt certain that no one had entered the cave, seeing the birds nesting and the spider's web, and so never troubled to enter it and search. Ever since then the Turks have held pigeons and spiders to be sacred.

THANKFUL MOTHERS

Thousands of thankful mothers throughout Canada—many of them your own neighbors—speak with the greatest praise of that splendid medicine, Baby's Own Tablets. Many mothers would have no other medicine for their little ones. Among these is Mrs. Albert Nie, St. Brieux, Sask., who says: "I have been using Baby's Own Tablets for the past seven years and they have done my four children a world of good. I would not be without them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Jolting the Memory.

The old method of tying a string about the finger to recall to mind some task to be done at a certain time has been done away with. The new way is to transfer a ring from one finger to another. On the accustomed finger the ring feels natural and does not cause annoyance, but on the other finger it slightly irritates This irritation constantly will aid in recalling the task to be done. Just try it once.

For the bathroom, cork mats which can be rolled up are sensible accessories.

Obstinate whitewash stains may be quickly removed with a little hot vinegar.

"MADE IN CANADA"
DOMINION RAINCOATS
Best for Quality, Style and Value. Guaranteed For All Climates.
DOMINION
ASK YOUR DEALER

PILES.
You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—50c box.
Zam-Buk

Pears
For clear, white delicately flavored preserved pears use
Lantic Sugar
The ideal sugar for all preserving. Pure cane. "FINE" granulation.
2 and 5-lb cartons
10 and 20-lb bags
"The All-Purpose Sugar"
PRESERVING LABELS FREE: 54 gummed and printed labels for a red ball trade-mark. Send to
Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Ltd.
Power Bldg., Montreal 70

Constant Headaches
When the nervous system gets run down one of the most persistent symptoms is headache. Nervous headache has been described as the cry of the starved brain for more blood.
Because of its remarkable blood-forming and blood-enriching qualities, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food ranks first as a means of overcoming nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, headache, indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability and all the annoying symptoms of nervous breakdown.
It is not a mere relief, but thorough cure; for it rebuilds and reconstructs the wasted and depleted nerve cells.
50 cts. a box, 6 for $2.50.
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

DRS. SOPER & WHITE

SPECIALISTS
Piles, Eczema, Asthma, Catarrh, Pimples, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Skin, Kidney, Blood, Nerve and Bladder Diseases.
Call or send history for free advice. Medicine furnished in tablet form. Hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 6 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
Consultation Free
DRS. SOPER & WHITE
25 Toronto St., Toronto, Ont.

TRAPPERS! Send your RAW FURS to JOHN HALLAM
and receive highest cash prices. We send money the same day the furs are received. Charge no commissions—and pay all charges. We have paid out millions of dollars to thousands of trappers in Canada, who send their furs to us because they know they get a square deal, and receive more money for their furs. You will also. We buy more furs from trappers for cash than any other five firms in Canada.
FREE Hallam's Trapper Guide (95 pages) Hallam's Sportsmen's Catalogue Hallam's Raw Fur Quotations Hallam's Fur Style Book (32 pages)
Sent free on request. Address as follows:
JOHN HALLAM Limited
201 Hallam Building, Toronto.

Please Mention This Paper.