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HER HUMBLE LOVER

CHAPTER I
"Dear me, on dear me! This is very unfortunate—very, just like Jack—poor Jack!" and the rector of Northwell leaves a sigh and shakes his sick head complacently at the ceiling.
The scene is the drawing-room of Northwell Rectory, a comfortable room, looking out toward the sea and the estuary of the Storr. The speaker is a middle-aged man, marked with the usual clerical hair mark—sleek, not to say fat, rather bald-headed, and with a soft, hesitating, nervous manner which is apt to strike one unconsciously at first sight, and to provoke a smile on better acquaintance. The person addressed is Mrs. Podswell, the rector's wife, a thin, insipid personage, with faint blue eyes, and hair of that color which a humorist has likened to a garden gravel path. The lady is reclining full length on a sofa, her favorite position, and she, too, heaves a sigh as if the enormities of the said "Jack" were indeed hard to be borne.
"Whatever else does the letter say?" she asks, in a thin, querulous voice. "Really, I think it rather inconsiderate of Mr.—Mr.—"

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nerves are all unstrung as it is. What did you say her name was, Joseph?" sharply.
"Joseph, my dear."
"Who do you spoil it?"
"Si-g-n-a," replies the rector.
"Who a fearful heathenish name," says the querulous voice. "I never heard of it before."
"Let me give you the name," the rector, apologetically, "that it was her mother's name."
Mrs. Podswell groans, and the groan is scarcely off her lips when the door opens and a young girl enters.
"For a moment she stands with her hands clasped loosely before her, her face veiled, her slim, graceful figure upright as a dart, in perfect repose, waiting to be received; and so smitten by surprise are the amiable pair that she is kept there while the clock ticks a minute. For, veiled as she is, there is something so full of majesty, dignity, of indefinable grace and power in the dark-clad figure, that, to put it vulgarly, the Reverend Joseph and his wife are taken aback. What they had expected they could scarcely have said so in so many set words, but it was certainly not, as they had expected, a gilded-looking lady that their measure imaginations had pictured.
The rector is the first to recover himself, with a little cough and the suave smile which men of his class find so useful he comes forward with fat hand extended.
"So you have come, my dear?" he says.
This is so self-evident that it scarcely admits of a reply, but the young girl says, "Yes," and puts her long, slim, gloved hand in the short, fat one.
"See, you have come," repeats the rector, rather feebly, "and—er—I am sure you are very glad to see me. This, my dear, is your—ahem—Aunt Amelia. Your aunt, I am sorry to say, is not so strong as we could wish; she is—"

"No, no, certainly not," assents the rector.
And with a last shake of the head, and a deep sigh, as of the most profound resignation under a heavy trial, he glides out into the hall.
Meanwhile, Signa has followed the maid-servant through a long, winding passage lined with time-stained oak—a passage that in the hands of an artist might easily be transformed into a glorious, picturesque hall, but which at present is in settled harmony with the prevailing gloom—and into a bedroom.
"Where is your luggage, miss," says the maid, pointing to an old and battered portmanteau seared with much traveling, and still bearing fragments of many-colored labels, English and foreign. "The dinner-bell will ring in half an hour. Is there anything I can do for you?"
The question is not unlikely put, for the girl has all a true woman's admiration for beauty, even in those of her own sex, and there is something in the lovely face, resting its pallor, or the subtle light that shimmers in the dark grey eyes, that touches her.
"Nothing, thanks," says Signa, sinking on to the bed, and taking off her hat with a little weary gesture, and the maid, after lingering a moment, goes away and straight down to the kitchen, where she betters her criticisms upon the new-comer.
"A perfect lady, and as beautiful as a picture. Poor young thing!"
Signa sits for a few moments on the side of the bed, her eyes fixed on the window with a gaze that assuredly sees nothing of the view of sea and river, meadows and hills, that the lattice window frames.
Then with a sigh and a smile—it is difficult to say which is the sadder of the two—she recalls her wandering thoughts, that have been skimming backward, and begins her toilet.

"Half an hour the girl said," she murmurs. "It will not do to be late. If I am not mistaken, unpopularity is accounted one of the cardinal sins in this place. What a piece it is!" and she shudders. "He used to describe it as like this; but I never perceived it." "He was the father gone to heaven, and Signa deeply as his God's good world, for to be possible, in a house like this, to endure the gloom and darkness? But they don't endure it, they enjoy it! Oh, my poor darling, if you could see me now," and she closes here yes, not with tears, but with the same strange smile. "You, whose one aim and endeavor was to make life bright and sweet! She rubs her eyes with the towel for a longer time than is necessary to dry them, then she looks up suddenly and seizes the hair brushes, and lets down a flood of beautiful hair that has been, rather feebly, and—er—I am sure you are very glad to see me. This, my dear, is your—ahem—Aunt Amelia. Your aunt, I am sorry to say, is not so strong as we could wish; she is—"

Heart Fluttering Easily Corrected
GOOD ADVICE TO FOLKS BOTHERED WITH PALPITATION, WEAKNESS, ETC.
If your heart flutters, be careful. An attack is liable to come on at any time. Excitement, over-exertion or emotion may cause it. If blood rushes to the head, if palpitation and short breath are noticeable, there's cause for alarm. If you want a good, honest remedy, try Ferrozone. We recommend Ferrozone because we know it's just right for heart trouble. It cured A. F. Beattie, who lives at Allen Hotel, Bay City, Mich. See if your symptoms resemble these:

How many hairs? has a Bear?



We doubt if there is any person in Canada who is not interested in Fur, and who does not admire their beauty, softness and warmth; but how many have ever thought of the great number of hairs required to cover a skin to produce this warmth and softness?
The actual number of hairs on any given skin can be accurately determined by mathematics and an abundance of patience.
We have cut a piece out of a black bear skin, one inch square in size—have sealed and deposited it with the bank and are giving

\$300.00 IN PRIZES
to the 64 persons who are nearest correct in their estimate of the actual number of hairs on that one square inch of black bear skin.
This contest is entirely free to every one who complies with the conditions, and we might frankly state that the sole object of this contest is to familiarize as many people in Canada as possible with the wonderful bargains they can secure in stylish guaranteed Furs and Fur garments, through Hallam's system of dealing direct—"From Trapper to Wearer!"
Just send today for a copy of the 1916-17 Edition of

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We are the Largest Cash Buyers of Raw Furs direct from Trappers in Canada. Our Raw Fur Quotations sent Free.
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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
KIDNEY PILLS
THE PRU
SOUR CREAM RECIPES.
There are almost indefinite uses for good sour cream. When it is but slightly soured, with a scant teaspoonful of soda as a corrective for each pint of cream; it makes delicious ice cream. Here follow some good sour cream recipes:
Chocolate cake—One cupful of sugar, one-quarter cupful of sour cream, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one square of chocolate melted in one-half cupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of baking powder.
Sour Cream Cookies—One-half cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of sour cream, one rounding teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, flour to roll soft.
Steamed Pudding—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of sour cream, two cupfuls of Graham flour, one cupful of raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Steam three hours.
Raisin Puffs—Two eggs, one-quarter cupful of butter, two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sour cream, one cupful of raisins, seeded and chopped, one teaspoonful of soda. Steam in cups one hour and serve with any good pudding sauce.
Johnny Cake—One tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, one cupful of sour cream, one cupful of cornmeal, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of soda.
Graham Muffins—One cupful of sour cream, one-half cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of graham flour, two eggs, well beaten, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in quick oven.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH
Lies Through Rich Blood and Strong Nerves.
Debility is a word that fairly expresses many ailments under one name. Poor blood, weak nerves, impaired digestion, loss of flesh, no energy, no ambition, listless and indifferent. This condition is perhaps the penalty of overwork or the result of neglected health. You must regain your health or succumb entirely. There is just one absolutely sure way to new health—take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills will bring you new life, fill every vein with new, rich blood, restore elasticity to your step, the glow of health to wan cheeks. They will supply you with new energy and supply the vital forces of mind and body.
There is no corner in Canada where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not brought health and hope and happiness to some weak debilitated person. If you have not used this medicine yourself ask your neighbors and they will tell you of some sufferer who has been restored to health and strength through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One who has always a good word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Luther Smith, of West Hill, Ont., who writes: "I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to tell you what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I had an operation for tumors. The operation in itself was quite successful, but I was so badly run down and anemic that I did not gain strength, and the incision did not heal and kept discharging for nearly a year, until I weighed only eighty-six pounds and could scarcely walk across the floor. I had got so sick of doctors' medicine that I would vomit when I tried to take it. A good friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so I bought a box. Before they were gone I thought I could feel a difference, and I got a further supply. By the time I had taken five boxes the wound ceased discharging and commenced to heal. I took in all thirteen boxes and am to-day enjoying the best health of my life and weigh 140 pounds. I sincerely hope anyone suffering as I did will give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and I feel sure they will not be disappointed."
You can get these pills from 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.

Spots on painted walls come off—easily—when you use Old Dutch Cleanser
Illustration of a woman cleaning a wall with a brush and a can of Old Dutch Cleanser.

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Illustration of a trapper and a large pile of furs.