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you particularly want it to be punc- shrink from meeting Signa and Hectual," says the beauty, catching him and arranging his coat and collar for

the hundredth time. "Perhaps I'd better go and tell them to put the horses to the carriage. hadn't I?" he says, eagerly. "You know, I'm going to ride on the tox with the coachman, 30 I shall see them before you do, Miss Derwent. Oh, I am so glad—so glad my Signa is ocming back! And, I say, mamma says that I am to call her-Signa, you know-'my lady,'-but I sha'n't, you know-would you?"

"Certainly not," assents Laura,

That's the way you inculcate obedience to parents, is it?" says Lady Rookwell, coming out after them on the pretense of looking at the sky, but in reality to peer toward the station, and at the tall hall clock. "Where's that boy gone now? He will break his neck running up and down those stairs. Laura!"

"Im going to see that the flag-rope is all right!" shouts Archie. "I've left one of the girls to pull up the flag on the tower directly Hector and Signa come inside the house!"

And he disappears from view. 'Who is that riding up the drive?" asks her ladyship, as a horseman gallops toward the house. 'It is Sir Frederic." says Laura. "What a good fellow he is! How well he has discharged the trust Lord | shall!" Delamere committed to him! The earl will not find a thing wrong, and the steward himself says that Sir Frederic has worked harder than any paid steward would have done."

"Yes," assents Lady Rookwell, "we shall have to call him Sir Frederic gravely. the Good, instead of the Great. He certainly is wonderfully changed! It was a sharp lesson, but it has effected a marvelous cure. From a selfish, ly, in an undertone. self-opinionated country squire, the man has grown into a humble-minded, good fellow, I mean it."

unselfish gentleman.' "Good-morning!" calls Laura, step-

ping on to the terrace. Sir Frederic looks up, with a quiet smile, and lifts his hat; then dismounting, comes slowly up the steps. As he does so, the change that has taken place in him can be detected in his face and manner. The old still shyness and self-consciousness have gone, reserved gravity and self-respect that have nothing of vanity or conceit in them. He is as quiet as ot old, not given to many words; and there is a in the lines about his mouth, as if the events of the last twelve months had left their mark upon him.

"Well, Sir Frederic, the time approacheth," says Lady Rookwell, giving him her hand; and it is noticeable that she does not address him in the tone of half sarcasm, half satire, which used to come into her voice in the old time; there is more of respect in her manner, but not less of

"Yes." he says, quietly, taking out his watch, "they will be here very soon now. I think everything is street; and seen the arch; the ringers are in their places. Perhaps it would be as well to send the carriage to the glad it is such a magnificent day. The old place looks well." . And his eyes wander over the noble

"Yes, thanks in a great measure to you," says Lady Rookwell. "I ain) sure Delamere will be very grateful to you for all you have done. If he had teen here himself the estate could not have been better managed, or so well; you do understand how to 'run an estate. Sir Frederic-I'll say that for

"Thanks," he says, and he does not blush as he would have done a few months ago. "I have done my best, as I promised; I am sorry the task

was not a harder one." "Well, you have done all that was to me done, even to the last moment. But come in now and walt for them. I don't ask you to sit still, for none of us can do that—we must keep moving about-but come and be restless." He hesitates a monemt, then he

looks at her steadily. "Thanks; but I am going away

"Going away! Where?" demands her ladyship, sharply. starts a few minutes before theirs ar hand.

"Late, of course; it always is when I and the feeling that prompts him to tor, and Signa especially.

"Oh Sir Frederic, nonsense!" claims Lady Rookwell, mocking her "What do you mean by going away? You want to avoid What a touching sight it is to see a

"No," he says, quietly, in a low "You don't? Then why do you run away at the moment of their arrival,

as if they had the plague?" "Shall I tell you?" he says, sadly, but firmly. "Because I do not wish to be the death's-head at the feast. They are coming back happy, and to fresh and greater happiness, please Heaven! Do you think it would be well of me to remind them by my presence of all she—they have under-

"Down in the village, here in the house, are joyous faces and hearty voices to welcome them, and tempt them to forget the past. Why should I stay to recall it to them? No!"-and he stifles a sigh-"I will take my unwelcome presence out of their sight."

"I see!" says Lady Rookwell, sharply. "You alone of all the crowd are not glad to have them back, eh?" "You wrong me," he says, simply. "Sincerely, heartily, I welcome them.

There is no one, not even you, who greater earnestness and truth than I you are a generous-hearted fellow, | the last station.

who, through much suffering have cast away hatred and envy, and have learnt to rejoice in their joy?" "I can say that, yes," he says,

"Sir Frederic. I have never flattered ony man in my life--' "Nor any woman," says Laura, pert-

"And when I say that you are a He inclines his head.

"That ! value your friendship and esteem, you know," he says, simply. "But I say also that you make a quietly. great mistake if you think other people, Delamere especially, cannot be unselfish and forgiving as yourself." He turns pale.

"Do I not think so?" he says; with sudden warmth. "Do I not know that he is one of the noblest men the world holds?"

He looks her steadily in the face. "How do you think that I can persuade myself that my presence can be

arything but intolerable to her?" he says, in a low voice, 'Oh, are you in love with her still,

"Oh, aunt-aunt!" murmurs Laura, crimsoning. "Leave me alone, my dear!" ex-

on her sharply. "Let nim answer my question.' "Yes, I will answer it!" he says, and

his face is very pale. "I am still in ready; I have just ridden through the love with her, Lady Rookwell. No man who has ever loved her-these are Delamere's own words—can ever forget her. But"-and his voice is station: better early than late. I am earnest with truth and dignity-'my me put these furs round you. So," and love is that of a brother for a sister, and he who deems it otherwise wrongs me even more than I deserve."

"Oh, aunt, I will go in!" murmurs Laura, the tears dimming her eyes.

You are cruel!' "I am cruel only to be kind!" retorts the old lady, grimiy. "Yes, Sir Frederic, I am answered, and I am setisfied. And now I will satisfy you that your place is here amongst the Hector or his wife. Listen to me, sir. This morning I had a letter from Signa, and there is this line in it: Tell Sir Frederic that we shall hope and expect to see him at the Grange when we arrive, and that his presence will be considered indispensable both

"To London," he says. "My train I will follow you," and he waves his see after the hunt; we must do our

"Aunt!" exclaims Laura, indignant- "Our duty, you know."

"Oh. Sir Frederic!" murmurs Laura, ly. "you have tortured him! It is a erly. "Hector, dear!"

who fully understands his motives, shame!" and her face crimsons with "Well?"

indignation, while tears of sympathy for him glitter in her eyes. Lady Rookwell grins.

"Hoity toity!", sue says, fixing her riercing gaze on the beautiful face, 'Sir Frederic has found a pretty champion! He! he!" and she laughs. "Did I wound his tender heart? Well, then, you shall stop and comfort him," and utterly regardless of the beauty's

indignation she goes off. Sir Frederic takes his horse to the stables; the carriage, now all ready, stands in the yard waiting to start, and Archie runs down the steps and

climbs eagerly on to the box. "Off with you!" says Sir Frederic. with a smile. "Lucky young dog, you will see them first!"

As he turns to enter the house, the rector and his wife appear. The rector, sleek and smiling, shakes hands with Sir Frederic.

"Ah-happy day this, Sir Frederic! contented peasantry gathered together tc—ahem!—welcome their lord and master from-ahem!-his sojourn in distant countries. I trust to see my dear niece, the countess, in possession and farming, and all that, and that we of perfect health. It has been a try- shall settle down at Northwell all our ing time for my dear friend, the earl."

"Ah, we have been so anxious." murmurs Mrs. Podswell. "The dear countess"-she always speaks of Signa as the countess, and generally manages to bring the title in twice as many times as there is occasion for in the course of her allusions to her-"the dear countess wrote us a beautiful letter. What she must have suffered! We don't quite understand vet what really occurred," she adds, with sharp curiosity, but Sir Frederic does

not rise to the bait. "I dare say she'll tell you," he says. Your friends, Lady Rookwell and Miss Derwent are inside," and Aunt Amelia, with a sniff, passed on, balked and disappointed.

And now the time is getting short indeed. The crowds at the railway station and the arch grow thicker, and scouts posted along the line to this day will wish them happiness with give notice of the approaching train the railway signal is mistrusted by the simple village folk-pass the word "I believe it. That is to say that along that the special train has left

A hum and murmur of expectant excitement runs through the throng, and the station-master, with a great white rose in the button-hole of his best coat, donned for the occasion, comes out and shouts:

"It's a coomin'!" In the saloun carriage of the approaching train, Delamere and his wife look out upon the familiar scenery. With her hand fast clasped in his, Hector points out the white towers of the Grange as they glide into sight. "Near home, my darling," he says

She rises and leans over him. "Dear old Northwell! How glad, oh how glad I am to see you again! Look at the sea, Hector, Look! There is St. Clare, and Whitfield's boathouse. And there is the little bay where first -where first we met, you and I. Oh, the past is all a dream, and this is "Oh, then it is Signa!" says the old amongst it all, Hector!" reality. Oh, how glad I am to be back

'Well?" he says, watching her and delighting in her delight. "I was going to say that we would

never leave this spot. And, after all. why should we?" "But what is to become of the other places—the castle in Scotland and the

house in town?" he says with a smile. 'Let them all go," she says, fervently. "Here, in this beautiful place, I knew more of happiness than in all claims the terrible old lady, turning the world beside. Ah! if you were a woman-

"Well, if I were a woman?" he asks, smiling at her enthusiasm. "You would love the place you were

the happiest in. Then I shall love, and I do love thie," he says, "But sit down, darling; the air is cold, for all the sunlight. Let he draws the soft sables round her white throat. For times have changed, and he has resumed his old duty of looking after her. Not that she seems to require much looking after, for, although the face is somewhat pale. there is health in it, and in the bright eyes that shine like violets with the

dew upon them. "I hope Archie will come to the station to meet ue." she says, nestling rest of us, and that it is no part of wonder whether he has grown? I shall be quite jealous of Laura: all his letters are full of her. Are you tired. dear?" and her eyes grow anxious in

a moment. He laughs, and puts his arm round

"Tired! I wonder how long it will be before you lose the idea that I am to Hector's complete happiness and an invalid." he says. "Why, you remine! Now, sir!" she concludes tri- quire a great deal more nursing than I do! You nearly killed yourself in Sir Frederic turns his head aside, nursing me, and you still keep it up, and is silent for a moment; then, with though the sharpest pange I feel now out raising his head, he says huskily: are the pangs of hunger. My dear, you "It is like her-like her! Yes. I will find me riding to hounds before will remain. Her word is law to me, the week is out if this weather lasts. and she knows it! If you will go in, By the way, that reminds me; I must I duty, you know."

MAGIC BAKING LABEL NO BAKING POWDER

"I want you to settle at Northwell. and be quite—quite—what shall I say? quite lord of the manor, you know. want you to keep the hounds; is that the right way of putting it?"

"That is near enough. Well?" and he draws her nearer to him and gives her a lover's kiss; "and 'go in' for feeding cattle like the Duke of Deerford, who thinks of nothing else?" "No, not like the Duke of Deerford." she says, with a smile. "Dear old duke

Because you fooled him to the top of his bent and talked short-horns. you that don't know one bull from another!" he says, laughingly. "All the same, I like him, and I hope you will go in for short-horns

shall always like him, because

days With a spell of London and Scotland for a change," he says, with a smile. Then he starts, "Here we are! and—good Heaven!—they have decorated the station!"

"No! But-not -for us?" falters The train stops, and the stationmaster and all the porters hasten to the carriage, and stand as if they were a deputation sent to receive royalty. "I hope your lordship and ladyship

moving his cap. 'Quite well, thank you, Saunders,' says Hector, who never forgets a man's name. "Is the carriage here?" Before he can answer, a voice in childish treble shricks his name. "Hector-Signa!" and Archie is in

are well?" says the station-master, re-

folded in her embrace. "Archie-Archie!" she panta "Oh my dear, how glad I am to see you!" Yes, and so am I," he returns. But, oh, Signa, dear, how thin you have grown! But you are still very beautiful, Signa! And aren't you very, very tired? "What a lovely carriage, and Hector-I beg your pardon—I ought to call you 'my lord!'

my dear Archie," says my Lord of Delamere, taking the boy up in his arms and kissing him. "And how are pape and mamma?" "Oh, you'll see 'em at the Grange." says Archie. "Come along. They are all waiting. What a time you

"Hector will more than satisfy me,

We expected you an have been! hour ago." My Lord Delamere, taking his wife upon his arm, and holding Archie's hand, descends the step, and the crowd collected at the bottom bursts out into a hearty cheer.

It is so unexpected that Signa drops her veil to hide the sudden crimson that covers her face, but some one in the middle of the crowd shouts. "three cheers for her ladyship!" and as the cheers rise, she, with true inhead in acknowledgment, while her arm trembles within Hector's.

The crowd follows them respectfully but eagerly to the carriage, and run after it.

with his arms round her neck. "What a long, long time you have been away!" he says, excitedly.

such a beautiful—but I wasn't to tell you! You'll see it directly—there!" and claps his hands, as the triumphal

arch appears in view.

"Hector!" exclaims Signa, with child-like delight, and a little breathless pant; "Hector! Oh, how good and thoughtful of them! It is beau-

tiful Archie, dear!"
"Isn't it?" he assents, joyously. 'and they've been at work such a time, on it, and Sir Frederic helped: he

Is Breakfast Ready? The answer is easy in the home where Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the regular every day breakfast cereal. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-eat, Shredded Look at the people, Hector; all Wheat Biscuit is the joy of Northwell must be there!" the housekeeper in Summer. Served with sliced bananas, berries, or other fruit, they make a nourishing, satisfying meal at a cost of a few cents.



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People with strong constitutions es cape most of the minor ills that mak stinct raises her veil and bows her; life miserable for others. Don't yo envy the iriend who does not know what a headache is, whose digestion is perfect; and who sleeps soundly at night? Hw far do you come from when the horses, rather startled by this description? Have you ever made the noise, plunges forward, the crowd an earnest effort to strengthen your constitution, to build up your system Archie jumps on Signa's lap, and to ward off discomfort and disease? nestles amongst the costly sables. Unless you have an organic disease it is generally possible to so improve your physical condition that perfect "I health will be yours. The first thing thought you were never coming back to be done is to build up your blood and I have missed you so! And is as poor blood is the source of phy-Hector really better?" turning to look sical weakness To build up the blood at him and snatch at his hand. "I Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is just the wanted to come out to you, wherever medicine you need. Every dose helps it was, but there was no one to take to make new blood, which reaches evme! I shouldn't have been afraid to ery nerve and every part of the body. go alone, and I told 'em so. And it's bringing color to the cheeks, brightness to the eyes, a steadiness to the hands, a good appetite and splendid and he flings himself at the window energy. Thousands throughout the country whose condition once made them despair, owe their present good health to this medicine. If you are one of the weak and ailing give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and note the daily gain in new health and

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drew it on paper first, and built up

Signa glances at her husband quick-"It was very kind of Sir Frederic." she says, with sweet gravity. "Oh!" and she breaks off with a little cry.

"There!" shrieks Archie; "there are the bells! I was listening for them! Isn't it grand? Signa, it is like the queen coming in. isn't it?" Before she can reply, there rises a ringing cheer, followed by a storm of quick hurrahs, and the horses grow restive and suddenly stop. Lord Delamere looks out gravely, but with a pleased light in his eyes. Not for himself is he gatified, but for his

With a sudden impulse he rises. and, touching the spring of the hood causes it to fall back, and converts it into an open carriage, and still standing, takes off his hat.

"Signa," whispers Archie in a frenzy of delight, "he's going to speak to

(To be continued.)

Give the hustler half a chance, and he will take all of it.

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The regions pictured here are in the Highlands of Ontario, and were the hunting grounds of the Hurons before the ships of Spain turned to the westward from Palos. The Hurons selected in these Highlands of Ontario some of the loveliest districts in Canada. The scenic beauties, the health giving atmosphere and the excellent fishing are now attracting a steadily growing army of visitors. One day's journey from most of the large centres places the traveller in Muskoka, Lake of Bays or Algonquin Park, and the Grand Trunk lines thread the territory in such a manner that every point is made easy of access. From the train you may visit the outfitting stores and then launch out into the deep woods by canoe. Whole families now spend their vacations camping in Algonquin Park. Fleets of steamers give service over the Muskoka Lakes and the Lake of Bays. While these districts have lost none of their primitive loveliness every form of recreation has been provided, including golf links for the devotees of the royal and ancient game. There are modern hotels for the lover of social life and quiet spots for those who wish to be near the heart of nature, while in Algonquin Park log cabin camp hotels have been constructed back from the beaten paths of travel, which combine primitive surroundings with the comforts found





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