Redpath SUGAR

No one ever doubts REDPATH quality, because in its Sixty Years of use no one has ever bought a barrel, bag or carton of poor Redpath sugar. It is made in one grade only—the highest.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

2 and 5 lb. Cartons—
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.

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HER HUMBLE LOVER

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It is a strange scene. The father sitting in the dark, high-backed chair of carved oak, with his white, thin hands folded peacefuly on his black gown, his mild, benignant gaze resting for a moment on each face thoughtfully; the two women of the world waiting with awe-stricken faces for the solution of the dark enigma which has hung like a cloud over Lord Delamere's head, and has wrought so much evil; the figures of the sister of mercy and the doctor seen dimly in the shadow; Sir Frederic standing quite in the dark, with compressed lips and troubled, remorseful eyes; and lastly, the two figures on the bed, the tall helpless one lying prone in his wife's arms, hovering 'twixt life and death, with the expression of a peaceful child on his lips and in his eyes, turned now and again to the lovely face above him.

As for Signa, there is no feeling of curiosity, or fear, scarcely of interest. She barely glances aside, so intent, so absorbed is she in the loved one. It will matter nothing to her, however dark and awful the story may be. If she should hear that her lord has been as wicked and criminal as he has been represented, it will make no difference to her. Love has overcome all other feeling and sentiment in her.

It is for others that the story is to be told—for herself it has no interest whatever; all that life holds worth the having or the knowing lies pillowed on her bosom.

If the choice were hers she would rather that the mystery remained unsolved, that it should go down to the grave of dead memories unexplained and still entangled. Give her her loved one in life or death, give her some chance of atoning for her desertion of him, and she will be content.

With a long sigh she lays her cheek against his, and becomes enwrapped and absorbed, almost without hearing, certainly without any desire to hear.

"Go on, father," says the weak voice, and Hector smiles faintly. "We are waiting."

The father rouses himself from his deep meditation and raises his head.

"My children," he says, in serene, peaceful accents, which fall upon the strained ears with a soothing effect, so free from taint of partiality or passion; so just, yet merciful is he, that it might be some judge upon the bench calmly unfolding a skein of entangled evidence—"milord, our friend here, wishes me to tell you how it happens that he is lying here smitten by the hand of that Providence which vain man disregards, and too oft despises, until the hour comes when the power which moves the whole world makes itself felt. Listen, then, and learn the solemn lesson conveyed in the words, 'Take heed how ye judge, lest ye be judged.' In the early spring of this same year, before our Tuscan woods had burst into full leaf, while the snow was still on our mountains, there came an Englishman to visit us. We lie out of the beaten track, here is Casalina, and travellers from the great world seldom turn aside to penetrate our simple valley. This Englishman was a great and powerful lord, but he came alone and without state. He lodged in the humble village inn, and went among us like one of ourselves. His habits and mode of living were as simple and unpretentious as our own, and he might have been the peasant in more than garb, but for the good his wealth and kindly nature were never weary of doing. Before many weeks had passed the sickly and the needy had learned to look upon him as their friend, and I soon knew where to go when one of my flock fell into troubles too deep for me to help him unaided. This Englishman's purse was always open to me, the aid of his strong arm always at my service. Like my people, I grew to regard him with gratitude and attachment——"

"Is—is it necessary, father?" murmurs Lord Delamere, expostulatingly.

The father scarcely glances at him. He has been adjured to tell the truth—the whole truth—and he is telling it.

"—In our little community our lives are as open to each other as those of schoolboys. When one is in trouble the rest of us know it, and sorrow with him; has one cause for rejoicing, he calls upon the rest to rejoice with him. When milord came amongst us, one of us was in sore trouble. At the outskirts of the village, outside my parish, lived an old man and his daughter. The man, Baptiste, had led a hard life, and had grown into the habits of those whose eyes are constantly fixed on the mire and dross of the world, while they neglect and disregard the heavenly treasures above them. This man was a miser, one who lives only to accumulate gold; one whose sole god is money. The girl, his daughter Lucia, was beautiful. At our village feasts she had been twice crowned as our queen. Our young men were in love with her, we were all proud of her; and her untroubled life sailed on like a boat upon the lake yonder when the water is calm and the sails shine in the sun like sheets of silver, until there chanced to come into Casalina a wealthy merchant from Florence. This man, who was old enough to be the father of Lucia, and of whose life report had spoken evilly—set his eyes upon the girl, and proposed to make her his wife. Lucia repulsed him with scorn and dislike; but the man pressed his suit, and, knowing her father's ruling passion, took advantage of it. Alas! that such natures should exist, he offered to buy this girl for his wife, and the father sold her!"

There is a dead silence. Signa raises her eyes dreamily for a moment, then returns to her loving watch again.

"—The father sold her! The girl's tears, entreaties, prayers, could not move him. Gold was more precious to him even than his child's happiness, and he commended her to obey, and accept this man for her husband. In Tuscany a father, even a bad father, holds supreme control over his children's destinies. He has but to say 'Do this,' and they do it. The girl Lucia felt that she must obey, and we, though we shared her misery, were powerless to help her. I, though she was out of my flock, went to remonstrate with the father, but in vain. The mad love for gold overmastered every other feeling, even that of reverence for spiritual authority. The girl was his daughter, he said, and should do his bidding. The village was much excited, and the story was discussed at every fireside and every fountain, and it came quickly to the ears of milord.

"His nature was quick to sympathize—the English race is instinctively on the side of the oppressed. He took up poor Lucia's cause, and went to plead with the stony-hearted father. I will not say that it was so, but I think he offered to purchase Lucia's freedom with a larger sum than that for which the father had sold it; but the old man's heart was hardened, and for once hate and malice overcame his love for gold. With an oath he swore that the girl should do as she was ordered, and marry the man of his choice, and that she should obey him though he should lose rather than gain."

Hector moves slightly, and the doctor comes round to the bedside and feels his pulse, but the thin, wasted hand moves impatiently, and the calm, passionless voice continues:

"— Lucia's anguish was terrible to behold. She who was once, and so lately the happiest girl in the village, was now the most wretched. We feared that she would seek to take her own life, but she was carefully watched by her inhuman father and an old woman, who followed her like a shadow, and was in the pay of the man who had bought her. Poor child! day after day she would come to me with tears streaming down her pale face, her eyes wide open with horror and dread."

The voice pauses a moment, and a quick, sharp sigh comes from Laura Derwent's lips; Signa makes no sign.

—"The day for the wedding was fixed. She was not to be married here—there would have been danger and bloodshed, her father knew—but at Florence. The wedding-garments were bought; they were rich and costly, fit for a lady, and too fine to deck the sacrifice of a simple peasant girl. But they brought no consolation to poor Lucia, and only her father's threats could induce her to try them on. The morning on which she was to leave Casalina arrived, and the bridegroom had sent a handsome chariot to convey his bride—his purchase, his slave—to Florence. With oaths and threats the father forced her into the carriage, and, amidst the ominous mutterings of her old playmates, she was driven off. It was a hard task to keep the peace and prevent bloodshed that morning, but peace was kept and no blood was spilled."

"Thanks to one person," murmurs Hector, looking at the pale face, framed in its silvery hair.

"My heart was wrung as I bade the poor girl farewell, and I directed my steps to the ill to tell the English milord that all our efforts had proved futile, and that the hard-hearted, gold-cursed parent had proved merciless. There I heard that milord had left the inn, taking with him two of his horses and that the landlord had no information as to his lordship's route or whereabouts; he did not know, even, whether milord would return.

"Sorrowfully I went home. At nightfall, when the village, which had been in a stir of excitement all day, had sunk into quietude, my servant came to me with the strange tidings that the grand chariot which had borne poor Lucia away, had returned to the village empty, driven by a strange coachman, and with its own coachman bound and gagged on the roof. I hurried to the inn, and found that the news was true.

"The coachman's story was very simple. Ten miles from Casalina the coach had been stopped by a tall and powerful peasant, who had hurled the coachman from his box, and, without harming him, had bound and gagged him.

"Not a word had been spoken, or was spoken, until this peasant had carried the weeping and almost lifeless girl to a carriage which had been concealed under some trees by the roadside; then the peasant came back to the bridegroom's chariot, and addressing the coachman, said:

"'You will be driven back to Casalina. No harm will befall you while you remain quiet. Tell Baptiste that his daughter has been removed to a place of safety, and that no harm will come to her. To-morrow you will take this chariot back—empty—to its owner, and tell him that his victim has been snatched from his clutches, and that he will never see her again. If he should ask you who has done this, you may tell him that Lord Delamere will give him every information, and will await his coming at the mountain inn.'

"Then milord—for it was milord in peasant garb—mounted the box of the other carriage, and the good English horses tore out of sight. Lucia was saved."

Lady Rookwell draws a long breath and utters a stifled 'Ah!" of relief, and casts a glance of admiration and womanly approbation on the pale face lying on Signa's bosom.

"—Lucia was saved," says the father mildly. "The deed was a rash and desperate one; I cannot accord it my approval, and yet"—he pauses—"but see, oh, my children, how one desperate deed begets another! Listen! At midnight, while I still sat at the inn striving to pacify the furious Baptiste, there came suddenly down the village street none other than milord himself."

Sir Frederic raises his head for a second, then it droops again.

—"Milord himself, I see him now as I see him then, pale and weary, yet calm and impassive, like his nature. He rode in amongst us as if he had but come from an excursion of pleasure. Baptiste flew at him like a wild beast, demanding of him an account of his daughter, and calling him a thief and a betrayer. Milord bore it all like a man, like an Englishman, and a gentleman. He put the raging man from him gently, and told him that his daughter was in a place of safety, and that she was as sacred to him as his sister."

"Poor Lucia!" murmurs Hector.

"—Raging and struggling, Baptiste was led away to his home, and then milord explained to me. He had carried Lucia to some English people at Aletto, whom he knew and whom he had interested in her story, and there she was to remain, hidden away until her father relented. If he did not relent, then she would go with thes people to England. So much for the story of Lord Delamere's abduction of a peasant girl on her wedding day."

Solemnly, not sternly, he pronounces these words, and a thrill goes through the hearts of his hearers; one, Sir Frederic, bites his lip and stifles a groan of remorse.

"—This is truth, truth against the world's lies and scandal. Lucia had been treated by milord like a sister. He had not exchanged one word with her from the time of the rescue until he had left her in the keeping of his English friends. I know not what foul lies the world wove round this story, but this is the truth."

"Yes—yes!" murmurs Lady Rookwell, and a faint smile of satisfaction crosses Hector's lips. Signa does not show any emotion; she simply smooths the hair from the white forehead and kisses it.

"Shall I continue, my son?" asks the father, turning his mild glance toward the bed. "Are you weary?"

"Yes, go on,' says Lord Delamere, closing his eyes and stroking Signa's hand contentedly, while his breath comes slowly and heavily. "You tell it—well—father. Poor Lucia!"

The father bows his head, remains for a moment silent, then, looking straight before him, as if he were communing with himself rather than recounting a tragedy, continues:

"On the morrow the bridegroom arrives, and he and Baptiste come to the inn demanding to know where milord has hidden Lucia. Milord—I learnt all this from my good friend Hermann; I was not there, or I would have prevented what happened—milord refused to tell them. He—knowing the nature of both men—offered them a large sum of money on condition that they relinquish all authority over Lucia. Baptiste would have taken it, but the bridegroom was implacable. He insisted upon knowing the hiding-place of poor Lucia, and as milord would not tell him, he challenged milord to the duello."

Lady Rookwell draws a long breath. After all her favorite, Lord Delamere, may be a murderer! But Signa does not move or falter. Calm, watchful, absorbed, she bends over Hecter, utterly indifferent to the conclusion of the story. If there is any bias in her mind it is toward vengeance upon the wretch who had bought Lucia. It would not move her in the slightest if the father had said in plain words, "milord shot him!"

"Milord accepted the challenge. The meeting was fixed for the following morning. It was to take place outside the village on the mountains. The landlord, Hermann, came to me that night and told me all that had passed. I went down to the inn and saw milord. 'Do you mean to meet this man?' I asked. 'I—' said milord. 'And you mean to kill him?' I know that you are what is called in England "a dead shot;" do you mean to kill him? 'Judge for yourself,' said milord, and he showed me his pistols. One was loaded with a bullet, the other with simple powder that would harm no man. 'The bullet is for me,' he said; 'the powder is for him. If he should aim straight I am a dead man. I shall fire over his head.'"

(To be continued.)

SUMMER HEAT HARD ON BABY

No season of the year is so dangerous to the life of little ones as is the summer. The excessive heat throws the little stomach out of order so quickly that unless prompt aid is at hand the baby may be beyond all human help before the mother realizes he is ill. Summer is the season when diarrhoea, cholera infantum, dysentery and colic are most prevalent. Any one of these troubles may prove deadly if not promptly treated. During the summer the mothers' best friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and keep baby healthy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ROYAL YEAST
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

Toronto Fat Stock Show

It is doubtful if any of us realize the need that there will be for meat and live stock in the Eupropean countries after peace is declared. Canadian breeding stock and Canadian meat products will be in demand. It behooves the Canadian breeder and feeder to grasp the opportunity and produce a maximum of live stock when prospects are so good for continuous high prices. No better outlet for the best of his stuff can be found than at the auction sale of the Eighth Annual Fat Stock Show, Union Stock Yards, December 7th and 8th next.

It is difficult to grow old gracefully. —Mme. de Stael.

Bread-Making 1917 Contests

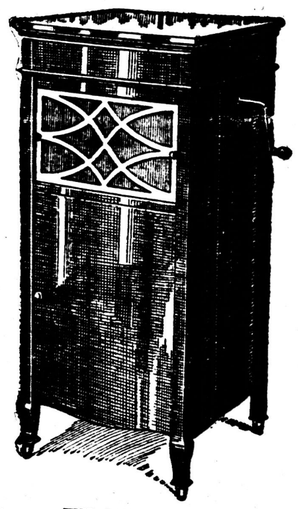
At Rural School Fairs in Ontario

PRIZES: Five Large Phonographs
Five Sets of Dickens' Works
Girl's Own Annuals
Attractive List of Books
Canuck Bread Mixers

More than $2,000 worth of prizes for bread making will be offered at the rural school fairs this fall. Among the prizes are five large cabinet phonographs, fifteen Canuck bread mixers and many attractive books. These splendid prizes will make the contest the most stirring ever held at rural school fairs. Every girl between the ages of 12 and 18 should read all about this fine opportunity, and should begin now to prepare for it. The prizes, under the conditions explained below, will be awarded for the best loaves baked with

Cream of the West Flour
the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

—the flour that you will want to use always, once you have given it a good trial. We want you to know for yourself that it makes splendid big loaves of the lightest, most wholesome bread that good flour can bake. That is why we make it well worth your while to try it, by offering these attractive and costly prizes.



THE PATHEPHONE

Five of these large cabinet phonographs, each with twelve records, given as first prizes in District Contests. Value, $150. Size, 20 in. x 20½ in. x 44 in. high.

For this contest we have divided the Province into five districts, each with several counties. In each district we will give a large cabinet phonograph, a set of Dickens' Works and three bread mixers. These are called the District prizes and they are to be given in addition to the prizes offered at the local rural school fairs. (See list of districts below.) Be sure to compete at your local rural school fair. If you win first prize there, you will then automatically become a competitor for the phonograph and other district prizes.

The Prizes, remember, are offered for the best loaf of bread baked with Cream of the West Flour. No other flour will do. For local prizes we offer a number of valuable books. By local prizes we mean those given at the fair.

1st Local Prize.—"Girl's Own Annual," a great big beautifully bound, illustrated book with 800 pages of stories and articles about people, art, animals, gardens, sewing, crocheting—everything that particularly interests young girls, older girls and their mothers. This is a wonderful prize that you can treasure for years.

2nd Local Prize.—"Stories of Famous Men and Women," heavily cloth bound with gold titles, many beautiful pictures in colors, entrancing life stories of Florence Nightingale, Grace Darling, Flora MacDonald, Jenny Lind, the late Queen Victoria and others.

3rd Local Prize.—"Britain Overseas," a big handsomely bound book with many colored pictures, interesting stories and descriptions of the countries and the peoples of Britain's world-wide Empire.

4th Local Prize.—"The Queen's Gift Book," a book of stories, pictures and special articles by Britain's best writers; the proceeds from the sale of this book are for the benefit of disabled soldiers in England.

NOTE.—Unless the entries number six or more only first and second prizes will be awarded. Unless the entries number ten or more no fourth prize will be awarded.

The District Prizes.—The winner of the first prize at each local fair automatically becomes a competitor for the following District prizes. One-half of the first prize loaf will be sent to the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, to compete in the District Contests. (See conditions below.)

1st District Prize.—The "Pathephone" is the name given to the fine big mahogany phonograph we offer as first prize. It will give you endless pleasure and entertainment for a lifetime. It has special reproducer attachments and needles, enabling you to play all kinds of flat disc records of no matter what make. The Pathephone reproduces band music, orchestra music, songs and funny pieces perfectly; with it goes a dozen of the famous Pathe records. Total value, $150.00.

2nd District Prize.—Set of Dickens' Works, 18 splendidly bound volumes with many illustrations. Among the books in the set are "Oliver Twist" and "Old Curiosity Shop." These are two of the most entrancing stories ever written.

3rd, 4th and 5th Prizes.—"Canuck" Bread mixers. This simple, yet well-made, machine takes the hard work out of bread making. Instead of laborious kneading of the old method, you just put in the ingredients, turn the handle and the dough is thoroughly and more evenly mixed.

FIRST PRIZE AT LOCAL RURAL SCHOOL FAIRS

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

Every girl may compete at the rural school fair in her district, whether or not she attends school, providing that her 12th birthday occurs before November 1st, 1917, or her 19th birthday does not occur before Nov. 1, 1917. One loaf of bread must be submitted baked in pan about 7 x 5 inches and 3 inches deep, and divided into twin loaves so that they may be separated at the fair. *The loaf must be baked with Cream of the West Flour.* One-half will be judged at the fair. The other half of the prize loaf will be sent to Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, to compete in the District Contests. The judging will be done by Miss M. A. Purdy, of the Department of Breadmaking and Flour Testing. The local contest at the fair will be conducted under the same rules as all the other regular contests at your fairs.

The Standard by which bread will be judged will be as follows:

1. Appearance of Loaf	15 marks
(a) Color	5 marks
(b) Texture of crust	5 marks
(c) Shape of loaf	5 marks
2. Texture of Crumb	40 marks
(a) Evenness	15 marks
(b) Silkiness	20 marks
(c) Color	5 marks
3. Flavor of Bread	45 marks
(a) Taste	25 marks
(b) Odor	20 marks

Important.—Each loaf must be accompanied by the part of the flour bag containing the face of the Old Miller, and an entry form must be signed by the girl and parents or guardian stating date of birth, P.O. address, and giving name of dealer from whom Cream of the West Flour was purchased. The form will state that the girl actually baked the loaf entered in the competition. The forms will be provided at the time of the fair. The decision of the judges is final. Not more than one entry may be made by each girl and not more than one local prize will be awarded to the same family.

Which District is yours? This list shows you which counties you compete against if you become a competitor for the District prizes:

District No. 1.—Counties of Glengarry, Stormont, Dundas, Grenville, Leeds, Frontenac, Lennox and Addington, Carleton, Lanark, Renfrew.

District No. 2.—Counties of Hastings, Prince Edward, Peterboro, Northumberland, Victoria, Durham.

District No. 3.—Counties of York, Ontario, Peel, Halton, Wentworth, Oxford, Brant, Waterloo.

District No. 4.—Counties of Welland, Haldimand, Norfolk, Elgin, Kent, Essex, Lambton, Middlesex.

District No. 5.—Counties of Bruce, Grey, Dufferin, Simcoe, Districts of Muskoka, Parry Sound, Timiskaming, Algoma, Sudbury, Manitoulin.

THE RESULTS of the contests at the fair will be made known in the usual way as in the case of all the other regular contests. The District results will be announced as soon as possible after the conclusion of the Rural School Fairs in the Province.

DO NOT MISS THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY. Every girl between 12 and 18 years should compete. What a splendid way to stir up increased interest in breadmaking! Get a supply of Cream of the West Flour at your dealers and practise using it as often as possible to increase the chances of winning. If your dealer cannot sell it to you, write to the Campbell Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Toronto, and we will promptly tell you the nearest place to get it.

NO COMPETITIONS IN COUNTIES NAMED BELOW: The competition is open to all parts of the Province where Rural School Fairs are held, except the Districts of Rainy River, Kenora and Thunder Bay. These districts are the only parts of the Province where school fairs are held by the Department of Agriculture in which this competition will not be a feature. There are no district representatives of the Department of Agriculture in the Counties of Huron, Perth, Wellington, Haliburton, Prescott, Russell or Lincoln, and no rural school fairs are held in these Counties by the Department of Agriculture. There are, however, a few local school fairs held in these seven counties, and we are opening the competition to these fairs. We will announce later the districts in which each of these Counties will be included.

The Campbell Flour Mills Co., Limited
(West) Toronto, Ontario

(Keep this announcement for reference)

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TO DEALERS: The above preliminary advertisement is inserted to inform the public about our bread-making competition. We will shortly advertise in the "home print" pages of local weeklies the names of dealers handling "Cream of the West" flour.