

BY COLONEL

Who Took
venge.

of Policy
own.

has been de-
members of the
except the new
accompanied
ent pro-fectio-
ary leaders who
bureau of former

men
R DATES

ork at Con-
Guelpin.

or the Series
ws.

At today's ses-
Poultry Associa-
for holding the
bitions through-
judges were ap-
Government for
local poultry as
to the members.
It was also
Government to
of organizing
country and to
ar. Among the
one urgent
to locate, and
for redistri-
spread funds as
and other pro-
grams leading
to be appointed
ork and a nat-
ional location
dies. The
Government
the campaign
production and
of the people

the convention
annual affairs
and that the
dian conven-
formation of a
city association.
the distribu-
tion of funds
a grant be made
a member in
the Confederation
relations on or

for local exhibi-
tion. The
Nov. 20, 21,
22, 23, Cathar-
stanford, Nov.
at week Novem-
ber December.
January, Toron-
to, Wednesday,
and, last week
were nomi-
nated, and their
to R. D. Wade,
of St. Cathar-
es, and W. H. Par-
Joseph, Port-
land, and J. D.
son, of Ar-
chibald, and
J. H. Min-
Switzer, R. E.
roan, R. Coffey,
Blumh, E. C.
Fox.

ed Indian.
was relating to a
boy some of his
periences among
the early days.
ed Colonel Cody,
ever see a red-

heard of such a
reply.
okee, down on the
nely answered
ed, waiting for a

an unusual sight
see, this Indian

All Pure Tea
Free from Dust
Sealed Packets Only
Never Sold in Bulk

"SALADA"

Black-Mixed-Natural Green. E212

HER HUMBLE LOVER

For all her bravery Signa looks after him with a sinking of the heart. It is the first time she has left her room for hours at a stretch since they were made one in Northwell Church. And yet she is sorrowfully glad that he has gone when she remembers the thousand and one little acts of kindness by which Saunders has proved his devotion.

To leave him with a maimed limb at a wayside inn in a strange country, the language of which he is next door to ignorant, would have been ungrateful indeed; and with this thought to console her she goes back to the guest-room and takes up a book; but it soon slips from her grasp and lies unheeded. She has so much to think of; the past is so full of sweet remembrance that the book of fiction falls beside the reality. She recalls Northwell and the Grange, of which she is now mistress, and her own notwithstanding, she wishes herself back again. Then she remembers Hector's strange dislike to this place, and decides that it arises from an anxiety to get back to England.

"When he comes back with poor Saunders," she thinks, "I will persuade him to turn the horses and back to the Grange. After all a Bohemian life is not the one he should lead."

So she thinks, dwelling, lover-like, on one theme—the lover. The hours pass. Every now and then the landlord comes in to ask her with a profound bow if she needs anything, retiring on her answering in the negative, with the expressive shrug of the shoulders.

The hours pass, but they pass slowly. It is the first time she has been left alone, and she begins to understand what it means.

Life, as seen from her window, presents a marked air of monotony. The girls have left the fountain, but the children are playing round it in their places; the women, in their picturesque dresses, come to the fountain to get their knitting-needles in their hands to chatter and gossip with their opposite neighbors; a shepherd's boy comes down from the hills, tooting on a pipe and followed by a shaggy dog.

Presently, as she leans back in her chair watching the progress of these characters in the little drama enacted through her window, the figure of a young girl comes slowly down the hill. It has something familiar about it to Signa, and she gets up and approaches the window curiously. The figure comes nearer and then Signa sees that it is the girl whom she saw in the church as she reaches the spot opposite the hotel, she turns her face and looks across at it, and Signa is instantly struck by the strange expression on it. In the dark eyes shines an expression of inexpressible mournfulness, that is all the more touching for a vague vagueness which seems to sit upon the beautiful orbs like a cloud.

The girl stands for a moment, then she goes slowly, aimlessly up the slope in front of the hotel, and entering a narrow lane, drops dejectedly at the foot of a disused fountain, and with her head drooping almost to her knees, seems to be waiting.

An intense, almost painful curiosity takes possession of Signa, and she is about to ring the bell and ask the landlord who the girl is, and the cause of her sorrow-stricken look, when she hears the sound of horses' hoofs, and the sudden joy dispels all thought of the silent figure seated within her view.

With a flush and a little exclamation of relief, she goes to the door; but as she does so the suddenly grows more distinct, and it is coming from the opposite direction to that taken by Saunders and Hector. With a keen pang of disappointment she goes back to the window, and as she does so a light travelling-carriage, drawn by a pair of dark horses, sweeps up to the hotel. Hidden by the curtain, Signa watches and waits curiously. There is no footman, and presently a hand is thrust from the window and opens the door; then Sir Frederic Blythe alights.

For a moment Signa can scarcely believe her senses, and looks hastily round the room to be sure that she is not dreaming.

But it is no vision; pale and thin, wrapped in a huge loose cloak, as if the cold had tried him, Sir Frederic stands for a moment talking to the coachman; then as the man drives the horses to the stables, Sir Frederic approaches the inn door, and Signa, losing sight of him, stands uncertain what course to pursue, when he comes in sight again, and instead of entering the inn, walks quickly up the lane to the girl sitting at the fountain.

Signa sees that he speaks to her, and she the girl raise her head with a slow stare of recognition; and then watches them as they talk, Sir Frederic standing with one foot on the crumbling stone, the girl looking up at him with the half-wild, half-

meeting with your scorn and reproach, I have come to you."

"I feel no scorn for you," she says, touched by his changed face and hollow voice; "I have no reproaches to utter, Sir Frederic. You will not expect me to say that—that I am glad to see you."

"No," he responds, sadly. "I do not expect that; I know as surely as that I am standing here that my presence is distasteful, my voice and face are hateful to you. Think, then, what it costs me to be here and realize how grave the cause which brings me."

"I do not understand," she falters. "I—my husband—Lord Delamere is absent."

"I know it," he says, simply. "I do not fear to meet him. I expect to find him here. I can wait until he returns, though it is to you to whom I have to speak."

"Speak, then," she says, quickly, with a spasm of fear. "You—you must not wait until he comes back. He may return at any moment—you have sworn to know the rest of mind or body until I had learned for myself who and what was the man you loved, and what was the mystery which enshrouded him."

He pauses, and unclasping the cloak throws it back, as if he were choking.

"I want to London: I made inquiries. No detective could have been more vigilant, more of the blood-hound than I was, therefore I employed no one. I learnt something in London; I went to Paris. I learnt more there, sufficient to identify Hector Warren with the Earl of Delamere. I—no, were all fools not to have discovered it at once. Yes, he was the Earl of Delamere, and bore a name stained with a mass of wild dissensions and vice. From Paris I went to Italy—I came here. I remember a certain evening at Lady Rockwell's when the name of this place was mentioned as that in which a dark and shameful deed was perpetrated by my rival."

With a sudden pallor, with a tightening of the lips, Signa turns her face to him.

She now remembers every word of that awful story, and the name of the place.

"Casalina!" she breathes, involuntarily.

"Yes; I came to Casalina."

"Casalina!" breathes Signa, a spasm of dread sweeping over her face. "A chill blast of the East of England has blown the impression his words have made, and his eyes gleam."

"I had forgotten the name of the place for a time, as you have done, but one day it came to me, and the story of crime and cruelty connected with it came here—here to this very inn, and here I found that my instinct had been true; even in the face of jealousy and a rival's natural mistrust, it had been true; and Hector Warren, otherwise Lord Delamere, was proved to be a villain, and a scoundrel!"

"Silence!" The word rings out like a trumpet note; clear and metallic, with fierce indignation and contempt. "Wait! wait!" he says, waving his hand. "I ask you to listen, to take nothing on trust. Remember, if you like, that it is a madman who speaks to you and accuses him, but it is a madman who brings proofs!" and he holds up his hand and lets it fall as if it were a dead weight falling upon a condemned criminal.

Signa sinks back, panting, breathless.

"I found little difficulty in discovering the truth of the story told by Lady Rockwell. It was still green in the memory of the simple, honest people of the village. A young English lord had come and stayed here, and won the affections of a peasant girl. She was engaged, betrothed—a solemn rite to one of the farmers here. The Englishman had enticed her away, the honest lover had followed them, and with the spirit of a long line of ancestors as honorable as Lord Delamere's had challenged him. Lord Delamere's self-possession—that is the name they give it—the English lord had shot the peasant-farmer like a dog, and decamped with the girl. The English lord was the Earl of Delamere, your husband!"

Signa turns upon him like a stag at bay, her eyes flashing like two violet stars above her white cheeks.

"It is a cruel, cowardly—lie!" she gasps.

"Before Heaven, I wish that it were!" he says. "Think what you will, I love you so truly and devotedly that I could wish that it were as you say, a cruel and cowardly lie. But it is Heaven's own truth. This man you have married, this man to whom you fled from me, is the man who stole a bride from his bridegroom and who afterward shot that bridegroom. Shoot! What do I say? Murdered! Murdered! For how could a Tuscan peasant stand before a noted duelist, and be the victor? If ever there was a murderer, actually and morally, Hector Warren, Lord Delamere is one. And this is your husband!"

He stops and looks down at her, white and haggard, but not more white than she is.

The clock ticks slowly, contentedly.

"Like an outcast, with my load of shame, with the touch of that man's hand burning me, I left the Park that night, vowed to a solemn purpose. I had sworn to know the rest of mind or body until I had learned for myself who and what was the man you loved, and what was the mystery which enshrouded him."

He pauses, and unclasping the cloak throws it back, as if he were choking.

"I want to London: I made inquiries. No detective could have been more vigilant, more of the blood-hound than I was, therefore I employed no one. I learnt something in London; I went to Paris. I learnt more there, sufficient to identify Hector Warren with the Earl of Delamere. I—no, were all fools not to have discovered it at once. Yes, he was the Earl of Delamere, and bore a name stained with a mass of wild dissensions and vice. From Paris I went to Italy—I came here. I remember a certain evening at Lady Rockwell's when the name of this place was mentioned as that in which a dark and shameful deed was perpetrated by my rival."

With a sudden pallor, with a tightening of the lips, Signa turns her face to him.

She now remembers every word of that awful story, and the name of the place.

"Casalina!" she breathes, involuntarily.

"Yes; I came to Casalina."

"Casalina!" breathes Signa, a spasm of dread sweeping over her face. "A chill blast of the East of England has blown the impression his words have made, and his eyes gleam."

"I had forgotten the name of the place for a time, as you have done, but one day it came to me, and the story of crime and cruelty connected with it came here—here to this very inn, and here I found that my instinct had been true; even in the face of jealousy and a rival's natural mistrust, it had been true; and Hector Warren, otherwise Lord Delamere, was proved to be a villain, and a scoundrel!"

"Silence!" The word rings out like a trumpet note; clear and metallic, with fierce indignation and contempt. "Wait! wait!" he says, waving his hand. "I ask you to listen, to take nothing on trust. Remember, if you like, that it is a madman who speaks to you and accuses him, but it is a madman who brings proofs!" and he holds up his hand and lets it fall as if it were a dead weight falling upon a condemned criminal.

Signa sinks back, panting, breathless.

"I found little difficulty in discovering the truth of the story told by Lady Rockwell. It was still green in the memory of the simple, honest people of the village. A young English lord had come and stayed here, and won the affections of a peasant girl. She was engaged, betrothed—a solemn rite to one of the farmers here. The Englishman had enticed her away, the honest lover had followed them, and with the spirit of a long line of ancestors as honorable as Lord Delamere's had challenged him. Lord Delamere's self-possession—that is the name they give it—the English lord had shot the peasant-farmer like a dog, and decamped with the girl. The English lord was the Earl of Delamere, your husband!"

Signa turns upon him like a stag at bay, her eyes flashing like two violet stars above her white cheeks.

"It is a cruel, cowardly—lie!" she gasps.

"Before Heaven, I wish that it were!" he says. "Think what you will, I love you so truly and devotedly that I could wish that it were as you say, a cruel and cowardly lie. But it is Heaven's own truth. This man you have married, this man to whom you fled from me, is the man who stole a bride from his bridegroom and who afterward shot that bridegroom. Shoot! What do I say? Murdered! Murdered! For how could a Tuscan peasant stand before a noted duelist, and be the victor? If ever there was a murderer, actually and morally, Hector Warren, Lord Delamere is one. And this is your husband!"

He stops and looks down at her, white and haggard, but not more white than she is.

The clock ticks slowly, contentedly.

on the mantel shelf—minute pass; who shall say how many? Then, as if awaking from a hideous dream, Signa sits upright and laughs.

"You have done well, very well," she says, with an unnatural gaiety. "I have enjoyed it very much—yes, really enjoyed it! I was feeling lonely until you came. If you were not Sir Frederic Blythe, with—how many acres to your name?—I should recommend you to take to the stage; I think you would be a success, I do indeed. But—with the same quick, harsh laugh—"You are not original—you forget that we have had this story before, and I have almost grown tired of it. And so you thought—"with a flash of scorn—"that it was worth while to travel all this way to tell me that Lord Delamere, my husband, was a—murderer—a cruel, heartless betrayer of a simple, helpless girl, and a murderer?"

"I thought it worth while," he says, white and tortured, his hands clinched on the table—"I thought it worth while, in defense of my own honor, in defense of yours."

"Thanks!" with bitter irony. "And pray what effect did you suppose this—extremely dramatic story would have upon me? What did you expect that I should do in the event of my believing it?"

(To be continued.)

AROMA OF TEA.

Due to Essential Oils in Infinitesimal Quantities.

It is probable that many persons who are given to "the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate," have often asked themselves, "What does the tea leaf owe its peculiar and aromatic properties?"

There seems to be no mystery in regarding the matter, although as yet the exact nature of the secret has not been determined. It may be stated, however, in the light of the investigations made by the men of science who have given the matter study, that tea owes its aromatic properties to certain substances of the sort known as "essential oils" and "terpenes" present in the leaf in such minute quantities that the herb must be treated chemically in 100-pound lots to obtain, in pure form, even a very little of the precious ingredients.

Tea depends for its flavor upon the substances mentioned, and the precise tea brings is determined practically by no other consideration. Tea in China or Japan fetches a price ranging from 15 cents to \$50 a pound, according to its quality. It is said that the finest teas are not imported into America, for the reason that in crossing the ocean they lose their flavor. Why this should be so is not, it seems, precisely known; and many experiments have been made by the Government chemists to ascertain the reason and devise remedies in the matter. If the loss of flavor incidental to ocean transportation is due to salt air, it is thought it should be possible to discover some means whereby the commercially prepared leaf may be protected from such injury.

Since it is of the greatest importance that the aromatic substances be retained in the commercially prepared leaf, the process employed in curing the product must be such as not to destroy or dissipate them. From the gathering of the leaf to the packing and the shipment thereof to market it is this consideration that chiefly commands attention.

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION

Constipation in children can be promptly cured by Baby's Own Tablets. They have a gentle but effective laxative which thoroughly regulates the bowels and sweetens the stomach, and thus drive out all childhood ailments. Concerning them, Mrs. J. B. Tauffenberg, Richer, Man., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets, and have found them an excellent medicine for constipation." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BLACK EAGLE FLEES.

Royal Bird Alarms Peasants by Deserting Germany.

A simple fact looked upon as a phenomenon, has startled Germany. It is this: The Prussian black eagle, from the first founding of the Prussian kingdom the symbol of power, has forsaken its haunts, on the crags of the Suabian Alps, where towers the castle of the Hohenzollerns.

For ten centuries these great black eagles have made their homes on the gigantic cliffs of the lower Alps which shelter this cradle of Hohenzollern royalty.

This is the first year they have disappeared. The cause of their going is a mystery, but to the peasants of the Black forest and to many others it signifies the passing of the Hohenzollerns—the hereditary Prussian kings.

When the great old elector of Brandenburg was crowned King of Prussia in 1701, he founded the military Order of the Black Eagle, and incorporated the king of birds into the imperial seal. Beneath it were the words "Sum Cuique"—"To each his own."

With the passing of the black eagle of German royalty, says the pheasant, will come the surrender of the sceptre of Prussian power.

These eagles have been protected from molestation by imperial decree for centuries. Edicts innumerable safeguarded their home and made them the most familiar things in the rugged and majestic vistas outspread before the towers of the Hohenzollerns.

According to reports that have reached Switzerland, there is many a German who believes that Kaiser Wilhelm, having violated the terse legend of the insignia of the Imperial seal—"each his own"—is bringing down upon his head the wreck of the Hohenzollern dynasty—Zürich, Switzerland, despatch in Minneapolis Journal.

When You Eat Bread you are entitled to everything in the whole wheat grain. Dr. Wilcy says: "Wheat is a complete food containing all the elements necessary for human nutrition." But be sure you get the whole wheat in a digestible form. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking—the best process ever devised for preparing the whole wheat grain for the human stomach. Two or three of these crisp little loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and berries, make a delicious nourishing meal. Made in Canada.

Girl at Stake Went to Death

Daniel S. MacLeod, a prospector from Gold Lake, Southern Manitoba, while in Winnipeg told this story of an Indian Ophelia whose life was battered in a poker game against a pile of nuggets, a canoe, a shotgun, blankets and pony, by the man she loved, but who didn't love her.

Her body was found in the Amik Powick rapids, two weeks after she learned what her Indian "Prince Charming" had done from the lips of the man who had won her in the poker game and who loved her with a cave man's devotion.

The men were Ojibway Indians of the same band as the Ophelia of the north, says the Toledo Blade. They were encamped at Lake Wenongie near the 53rd parallel above which "there is no law of God or man."

Peter Pemap Akose is a trapper in the winter and a fisherman and gold camp employee in summer. He is a strong man and is feared by the male members of the band, of which he is a member. He is the man whom Kokokimikook, "The Roamer," loved and died for.

Early this summer the Lake Wenongie band of Ojibways were joined by a Keewatin Indian named Charlie Pemape, also a trapper and fisherman. He was disliked because he gambled.

"The Roamer's" love for Peter became apparent to her people when, after the newcomer had made love to her, she went to him for protection. He spurred her advances and didn't interfere with the intentions of Charlie towards "The Roamer."

After a fishing trip up Lake Wenongie, Peter and Charlie joined a band of prospectors of which MacLaren was a member, in a cabin 20 miles from the Ojibway encampment. The prospectors had built a cabin, around which they were mining. In this cabin they played poker.

The second day of their stay with the gold seekers Charlie enticed Pete to play. Nugget stakes were high. When the last nugget had gone to Charlie, Pete jumped from his seat and hissed:

"Dog!" Pointing to the card he added: "I'll stake my pony, gun, canoe, blankets and this!" producing a string of nuggets from a pocket, "against anything you will wager."

"I'll take you," Charlie answered. "Everything I've won against your goods."

The prospectors stopped playing and watched Pete lose. Angriily he called his opponent "dog" and turned to go.

Charlie called him back. Pemap Akose turned and asked what he wanted. Pemape began "everything I've got against your girl Kokokimikook. If you lose you keep away from her and don't interfere with me when I take her away."

"Done," Pete agreed. "Deal the cards."

Charlie dealt him three cards. Pete was jubilant. Charlie looked at his cards and said "Show!"

Pete showed his hand. The gambler laid down his hand and revealed three aces and a pair of kings.

Without a word Pemap Akose left the table. The other Indian left soon after.

MacLeod thought no more of the poker game until a week after he heard while in the Ojibway encampment that "The Roamer" had disappeared. He inquired for Pemape, the gambler, and learned that he, like the other Indians, was ignorant of her whereabouts.

All that was known of the girl was that she had told her mother she would be back within "three sleeps." For more than two weeks the best trailers of the encampment hunted the missing girl. Every attempt failed. "Three sleeps" lengthened into a "month" and she had not returned.

The prospectors returned to their cabin and continued their search for ore.

From one of the Indians they learned that Charlie Pemape was dejected; that he would wander for days in the bush and return covered with grime and blood and talk about "The Roamer."

MacLeod and his friends on their way back to Gold Lake passed through the Ojibway encampment. On the day of their visit Charlie Pemape returned from one of his periodic trips into the bush. In his arms he carried a bundle. The bundle was the body of Kokokimikook, "The Roamer." He had found her body in the waters of Azick Pawick.

Lieut. Col. George R. Philp has been appointed A. D. M. F. at Petawawa Camp and left for there last evening.

"The fellow who marries a woman just for the fun of the thing," says the Cynical Bachelor, "is just the man who might get a little pleasure out of going to war."

From "Ye Olde Sugar Loafe" of grandmother's day, to the sparkling "Extra Granulated" in your own cut-glass bowl, Redpath Sugar has appeared three times daily, for over half a century, on thousands of Canadian tables.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

Made in one grade only the highest!

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