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## ed Indian.

was relating to a logy some of his tperiences among is early days. ted Colonel Cody, ever see a red-

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

an unusual sight

see, this Indian

All Pure Tea

Free from Dust

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# HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

For all her bravery Signa looks after him with a sinking of the heart. It the first time he has left her for hours at a stretch since they were 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 mance that the book of fiction palls beside the reality. She recalls Northwell and the Grange, of which she is now mistress, and Florence notwithstanding, almost 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 get back to the Grange, After all a Bohemian life is not the one he should

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 nega-

left alone, and she begins to under-

stand what it means. Life, as seen from her window, pre | do? sents a marked air of monotony. The girls have left the fountain, but the and followed by a shaggy dog.

Presently, as she seans back in her chair watching the progress of these characters in the little drama enacted through her window, the figure of the two men face to face, with of a young girl comes slowly down the | their hands at each other's throats. hill. It has something familiar about rises before her, and, with a shudder, it to Signa, and she gets up and ap- she says quickly: proaches the window curiously. The figure comes nearer and then Signa I will see him at once." sees that it is the girl whom she saw opposite the hotel, she turns her face into words, but Signa shakes her and looks across at it, and Signa is head. 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 vacancy 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 curlosity about to ring the bell and ask the seated. Before her rises that awful landlord who the girl is, and the cause of her sorrow-stricken manner, get rid of him quickly, quietly, is her when she hears the sound of horses' hoofs and the sudden joy dispels all thought of the silent figure seated Frederic?" she says, trying to make within her view.

With a flush and a little exclamation of relief, she goes to the door; but as she does so the sound grows of deep, despairing sadness, and-of more distinct, and it is suddenly borne | pity in upon her that it is coming from the opposite direction to that taken by ing to control his voice. "Yes, at Saunders and Hector. With a keen the risk of refusal, at the risk of be- icily. "Yes, I am listening, but my white than she is, pang of disappointment she goes back ing misunderstood, at the risk of patience is wearing out, I warn you." The clock ticks a to the window, and as she does so a! light traveling-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 Blyte

alights. For a moment Signa can scarcely believe her senses, and looks hastly round the room to be sure that she is

But it is no vision; pale and thin, wrapped in a huge loose cloak, as if the cold had tried him, Sir Frederic horses to the stables. Sir Frederic certain what course to pursue, when he comes in sight again, and instead

Signa sees that he speaks to her, sees 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-

vacant eyes that Signa had noticed. In her intense interest and curiosity calls that moment when she almost forgets her astonishment tor Warren had dragged this man and dismay at Sir Frederic's arrival. to the edge of the battlement by sheer made one in Northwell Church. And Had he approached and spoken to the force, and stood ready to hurl them girl from sheer pity? she wonders. both into the darkness below. That seemed the reasonable explana-

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was someting of recognition in the girl's look, that the two were, if not familiar, certainly not strangers. It was a problem that puzzled and harassed her strangely. She stood and watched.

tion, and yet she could not disabuse

herself of an impression that there

Presently Sir Frederic said something, and pointed to the wood. The girl got up slowly, and with the same unheeded. She has so much to think air of dejection, and went in the diof: the past is so full of sweet ro- rection he indicated, and after looking after her for a minute, he wrapped the cloak round him and returned to the inn.

There is the usual little stir and bustle, and Signa, with a strange thrill hears his familiar voice in the passage. A wild hope springs to life for some refreshment, and continue place at once, at once!" his journey in ignorance of her proximity; but suddenly the door opens, and the landlord, coming in, closes the door after him carefully, and with | ingly. a series of apologetical shrugs and bows, places a scrap of paper, evidently torn from the back of a letter, on

the table in front of her. She takes it up reluctantly. Scrawl ed in pencil is written upon it: "I have travelled hundreds of miles tive, with the expressive shrug of the on the bare hope of seeing you. Do sane enough to warn you against, and not refuse me. I have words to say | to strive to save you from, the man The hours pass, but they pass slow- to you that I must say, and that it is who has become your husband"

iy. It is the first time she has been imperative you should hear. F. B."

He pauses, but Signa motions him for a full minute Signa stands start to go on, with a little smile af increing at the words. What shall she dulous wonderment. The first instant she resolves to

send a curt refusal; then, as she replace; the women, in their picturesque hot, wild temper of the man, she hesi- has raised her hand to the bell; she knitting-needles in their hands to to see him, to listen to what he has to with a gesture of infinite contemps criminal. chatter and gossip with their opposite say, and to persuade him to go at and weariness. "I implored you to neighbors; a shepherd's boy comes once, and quietly, before Hector down from the hills, tooting on a pipe | should return? Above all things, she dreads their meeting. Should she refuse, Sir Frederic, in a stubborn, obstinate mood, might insist upon remaining, and then— An awful vision

in the church. As she reaches the spot | luctancy as plainly as if he had put it one who, in his madness, is pouring

"Go, please; it-it is an old friend." The landlord goes at this. An interval which seems like an hour-an age—though it is but a moment passes, and Sir Frederic enters. CHAPTER XXX.

Sir Frederic does not offer to approach her, does not extend his hand, but inclines his head, and stands with one hand resting on the table, the other holding back his loose cloak. Pale and trembling, but outwardly calm. Signa stands at the other side of the table. She, for her part, offers ho greeting, nor asks him to be quarter of an hour on the tower, to I was mad, but there was method in | fled from me, is the man who stole a one fervent desire.

"You-you wished to see me, Sir her voice sound hard and calm. He raises his eyes and looks at her. a strange look of suppressed passion.

"Yes," he says, and he too. is try-

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

"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

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

"I know it," he says, simply. 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 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 for Heaven's sake say what you have to say and go before he comes back and finds you here." A gleam of scornful irritation lights

his eyes for a moment. "Do you fear for him or for me?" he

says, coldly. Even in that moment of dread and apprehension, she returns him his glance of scorn. "Can you ask?"

demands, swiftly, as she Hec-He sees of what she is thinking,

and his face grows more pallid. "You fear for me! You wrong me. I am not the coward that you suppose. I am no longer mad, Lady Delamere; and yet I love you still. Stay!' for Signa has made a swift movement to the bell; "do not ring; I have not sought you to make any protestations of a passion which will last me, as your heart will tell you. until death. But that you forced me to defend myself. I would not have spoken as I have done."

"Why are you here?" demands Signa, coldly, and yet with a fierce agitation. "If you have no fear, I have. Do you think I wish him to meet you? If-if there is any truth in but a mere straw in the wind to you, in her bosom that he will only stop you will obey my wish and leave the

"I will go at once," he says, "but I have first a duty to fuifill." "A duty!' incredulcusly, wonder-

"Yes," he says, calmly, his heavy eyes resting on ner face as if he were speaking words that he had rehearsed a hundred times. "Yes, a duty that will cost me much, that will cost you more. Lady Delamere, when last we met, I was half mad, but I was

"You warned me!" Hear me out—you have promised to fly from him while there was time. I less. had no reasons for my doubts of his

honesty except those of instinct--" "And mad jealousy," she says, felly. is stronger sometimes than reason. You disregarded my warning-you turned from the love of an honest if this is as false and unreliable as "Tell him—tell the gentleman that you deem it, it will cost you nothing to listen-I only ask you, to listen. The landlord bows. expressing re- Treat me, if you like, as a maniaccut an insane fabrication. Take it as such, if you choose, but hear me-it even of a madman!"

And he smiles bitterly. which he takes as permission for him to proceed, and wiping the cold dreps

of sweat from his brow, he goes on: "I left you that night crushed, maddened by shame and defeat; I had behaved in my madness like a gasps. brute beast; I had made the woman I loved afraid of me!" He groans, and were!" he says. "Think what you will, table. "I left her almost in the arms I could wish that it were as you say, of my rival, knowing well that he a cruel and cowardly lie. But it is would console her, that he would gain | Heaven's own truth. This man you the day, and all that I had lost. Yes, have married, this man to whom you my madness. That night I stood be- bride from her bridegroom, and who neath the stars and while I cursed the afterward shot that bridegroom. Shot! hour of my birth. I yowed that I What do I say? Murdered! Murdered! English gentleman into a wild beast!

Signa, are you listening?" "My name and title are Lady Delamere, Sir Frederic," she responds, white and haggard, but not more



"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 no rest of mind or body until I had learnt 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 went to London: I made inquiries. No detective could have been more vigilant, more of the bloodhound 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-we 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 dissipations and vice. From Paris I went to Italy-I came here. 1 remember a certain evening at Lady Rookwell'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

"Casalina!" she breathes, involuntarily.

that awful story, and the name of the

"Yes; I came to Casalina." "Casalina!" breathes Signa, a spasm what you have said, if I am anything of dread sweeping over her like a cold, chill blast of the north wind. He sees 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. I came here-here to this very inn, and here I found that my instinct had been true; ay, 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

"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 "I warned you against a villain. like, that it is a madman who speaks to you and accuses him, but it is a madchildren are playing round it in their members that she is alone, and the hear me—I ask no more." For Signa man who brings proofs!" and he holds up his hand and lets it fall as if it dress, cross the street with their tates. After all, will it not be better lets it drop, and sinks into a chair were the ax falling upon a condemned

Signa sinks back, panting, breath-

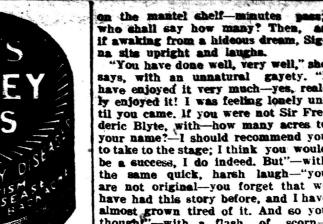
"I found little difficulty in discovering the truth of the story told by Lady Rockwell. It was still green in "And mad jealousy. But instinct the memories of the simple, honest people of the village. A young English lord had come and staved here. and won the affections of a peasant man to the arms of a villain. Stay, 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. With col-blooded self-possession+that is is all I ask. Justice justice is the due the name they give it—the English lord had shot the peasant-farmer like a dog, and decamped with the girl. She makes a cool jesture of assent, 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!"

"Before Heaven, I wish that it would not rest until I had pierced the | For now could a Tuscan peasant stand mystery which enshrouded the man before a noted duelist, and be the vicwho had stolen you from me-who had | tor? If ever there was a murderer, actransformed me from an honorable tually and morally, Hector Warren, Lord Delamere is one. And this is your husband!"

He stops and looks down at her,

The clock ticks slowly, contentedly,



if awaking from a hideous dream, Signa site upright and laughs. "You have done well, very well," she says, with an unnatural gayety. have enjoyed it very much-yes, really enjoyed it! I was feeling lonely until you came. If you were not Sir Frederic Blyte, 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 though?"—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 anud 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

(To be continued.) AROMA OF TEA.

believing it?"

## Due to Essential Oils in Infinitesimal Quantities.

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

There seems to be no mystery in regared to the matter, although as yet 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 "thers," 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 price 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 America, for the reason that in cross-Why this should be so is not, it seems, precisely known; and many experiments have geen made by the Gov ernment chemists to ascertain the reason and devise remedies in the matter. ocean transportation is due to salt air, gambled. it is thought it should be possible o discover some means whereby the came apparent to her people when,

protected from such injury. Since it is of the greatest importance that the aromatic subsances be retained in the commercially prepared towards "The Roamer." 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 miles from the Ojibway encampment. is this consideration that chiefly com-

mands attention. Very young tea leaves make the best tea, since at their stage of development they contain the largest percent age of aromatic substances.

# CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION

promptly cured by Baby's Own Tab- "against anything you will wager." lets. They have a gentle but effective larative which thoroughly regulate Everything I've won against your the bowels and sweeten the stomach. goods. and thus drive out all childhood ailments. Concerning them, Mrs. J. B. Tauffenbach, Richer, Man., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and to go. 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., Breckville, Ont.

BLACK EAGLE FLEES.

## presses his hand fiercely upon the I love you so truly and devotedly that 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 Prus- the table. The other Indian left soon sian kingdom the symbol of power, has after. forsaken its haunts, on the crags of the Suabian Alps, where towers the castle

of the Hohenzollerns!

earles have made their homes on the gigantic cliffs of the lower Alps which shelter this eradie of Hohenzollern the class of the lower Alps which the other indians, was ignorant of her shelter this eradle of Hohenzollern whereabouts. revalty.

appeared. The cause of their going is would be back within "three sleeps." a mystery, but to the peasants of the For more than two weeks the best Black forest and to many others it sig- trailers of the encampment hunted the nifies the passing of the Hohenzol- missing girl. Every attempt failed. lerns the hereditary Prussian kings. "Three sleets" lengthened into a denburg was crowned King of Prussia | The prospectors returned to their in 1701, he founded the military Order cabin and continued their search for of the Black Eagle, and incorporated ore. the king of birds into the imperial From one of the Indians they

seal. Beneath it were the words learned that Charlie Pepamee was de-'Suum Cuique"- To each his own" With the passing of the block eagle days in the bush and return covered of German royalty, says the pheasants with grime and blood and talk about will come the surrender of the sceptre of Prussian power.

safe-guarded their home and made into the bush. In his arms he carried them the most familiar things in the a bundle. The bundle was the body rugged and majestic vistas outspread of Kekokikomikook, "The Roamer." before the towers of the Hohenzol- He had found her body in the waters

According to reports that have reached Switzerland, there is many a German who believes that Kaiser Wilhelm, having violated the terse legend wawa Camp and left for there last of the insignia of the imperial seal-"to each his own"—is bringing down upon his head the wreck of the Hohen. despatch in Minneapolis Journal

When You Eat Bread you are entitled to everything in the whole wheat grain. Dr. Wiley 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

Daniei S. MacLeod, a prospector from Gold Lake, Southern Manitoba. while in Winnipeg told this story of an Indian Ophelia whose life was barthe exact nature of the secret has not | tered in a poker game against a pile been determined. It may be stated 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 Pawtic rapids, two weeks after the 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 the finest teas are not imported into members of the band, of which he is a member. He is the man whom ing the ocean they lose their flavor. Kokekikomikook, "The Roamer," loved and died for.

Early this summer the Lake Wenongle band of Ojibways were joined by a Keewatin Indian named Charlie Pepamee, also a trapper and fisher-If the loss of flavor incidental to man. He was disliked because he

commercially prepared elaf may be after the newcomer had made love to protected from such injury. He spurned her advances and didn't interfere with the attentions of Charlis

> After a fishing trip up Lake Wenongie, Peter and Charlie joined a band or prospectors of which Mac-Laren was a member, in a cabin 20 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 Charles enticed Pete to play. Nuggets were the states. When the last nugget had gone to Charlie, Pet jumped from his scat and hissed:

"Dog." Pointing to the card he added: "I'll stake my pony, gun, canoe, blankets and this," producing a Constipation in children can be string of nuggets from a pocket, "I'll take you," Charlie answered.

The prospectors stopped playing and watched. Pete lost. Angrily he called his opponent "dog" and turned

Charley called him back. Pemap Akose turned and asked what he wanted.

"I'll wager," Peepamee began "everything I've got against your girl Kokekikomibook. 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

MacLeod thought no more of the poker game until a week after he heard while in the Ojibway encampment that "The Roamer" had disap-

All that was known of the girl was This is the first year they have dis- that she had told her mother she When the grim old elector of Bra- moon, and she had not returned.

> mented; that he would wander for "The Roamer."

MacLeod and his friends on their way back to Gold Lake passed These eagles have been protected from molestation by imperial decree for centuries. Edicts innumerable returned from one of his periodic trips returned from one of his periodic trips of Arik Pawtic.

-Lieut Col. George R. Philp has been appointed A. D. M. F. at Petaevening.

"The fellow who marries a woman just for the fun of the thing." cays upon his head the wreck of the Hohen-zollern dynasty.—Zurich, Switzerland, who might get a little pleasure out of

Redbath 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!

not dreaming.

stands for a moment talking to the coachman; then as the man drives the slowly approaches the inn door, and Signa, losing sight of him, stands unof entering the inn, walks quickly up the lane to the girl sitting at the foun-