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HER HUMBLE LOVER

The footmen move to and fro with the tea and coffee cups; there is the usual little preliminary chatter at the whitest tables. Lady Bumbleby, who dislikes what because, as she explains, it makes her think, settles down in her chair and coaxes Hector Warren into talking—into telling her some more of his stories about the wonderful people he has met, and the more wonderful places he has seen, and Sir Frederic still bends over his photograph album. And Signa, nestling in the spacious armchair just beside which Hector Warren stands, listens with half-closed eyes, and is happy. Perhaps Hector Warren knows that she is within hearing, for certainly every now and then he turns his head and addresses his story as much to her as to Lady Bumbleby; and at such times Signa's eyes meet his with a rapt attention, and sometimes with a smile, which repays him in more precious coin than Lady Bumbleby's laugh.

Hector Warren can get near, and stands tall, but awkward and ungainly, trying not to color and frown. "Oh, thank you!" says Signa, in the low, sweet voice which, though it is the same in which she would express gratitude to a cowboy for opening a gate for her, thrills to the very centre of Sir Frederic's heart. "Have you have you got your music?" he says, and he knows that his voice is harsh and hurried compared with the calm, easy tones of Hector Warren. "It was put in the carriage," says Signa, looking round at the card-table. But Hector Warren, with many apologies for interrupting the game, has inquired of Mrs. Podswell, and comes up to the piano with the information that the music is in the conservatory. "I'll get it," says Sir Frederic, hurriedly, and he gets it, nearly knocking from the conservatory as he does so. "Thanks," says Signa, gratefully, as he comes up red and hot. "What shall I sing? or shall I play?" and she looks up at him with a kindly smile. Sir Frederic turns over the music hurriedly, and takes a song haphazard,

"Miss Grenville wishes you to sing," he says, without lifting his eyes to the handsome face. "Certainly," says Sir Hector Warren immediately; and he goes to the piano as if obedience to Signa's wish was the first duty of his life. Sir Frederic stalks off, instead of remaining at the piano, as he should do, and throws himself down beside Lady Bumbleby's chair, and watches the two at the piano. Why cannot he look and move like Hector Warren? He does not drop the music, does not color and stammer like a shy hobbler. Why cannot he, Sir Frederic, bend over her and look into her eyes with that calm, gentle, reverential smile? And what are they whispering about? Why doesn't he sing and have done with it? And poor Frederic thrusts his hands into his pockets, and glares at them from under his heavy brows. "I dare not attempt it," says Signa, shaking her head, in answer to some pleading question of Hector Warren's. "It is most difficult, and—and I should put you out." "No," he says, "I will chance that. Do try. I shall be so grateful." And he places a piece of music upon the stand. "Then you must play," says Signa, getting up resolutely. "I dare not attempt it unless you play." He sits down, and then Sir Frederic, with a cruel pang, understands that they are going to sing a duet. With a faint color in her cheeks, and with lowered eyes, Signa begins. It is an old-fashioned duet, a dialogue

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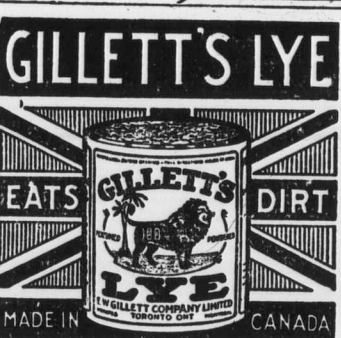
between a shepherd and his mistress, exquisitely simple and therefore touching and effective; and as their two voices mingle—hers so clear and sweet a soprano, his so light and musical a tenor—the card players cease playing and turn on their chairs to listen with keen enjoyment of what is really a very fine execution; but every note fills Sir Frederic with an anguish of jealousy and envy; his face grows white with the effort to maintain his composure; and when, at the close of the song, a burst of applause such as is not usually heard in drawing-rooms greets the performers, he half rises and utters an inarticulate cry. "What's the matter, Sir Frederic?" says simple Lady Bumbleby, breaking off in the midst of an exclamation of delighted enthusiasm. "Are you in any pain?" "No, no," he says, huskily. "Oh, I thought you were. Wasn't it beautiful? I never met any one like Miss Grenville! Lady Rookwell may say what she likes about her niece, Laura Derwent, but I'm sure she couldn't hold a candle to this girl! What a prize she would be for a young fellow! I declare, if I were a man I should be simply madly in love with her—I should, indeed! And do you know—and she leans forward to whisper with a confidential little chuckle,—"I think one young man is already, and that's Mr. Warren."

Sir Frederic mutters something unintelligible. "And what a wonderful man he is!" she goes on, with a shake of her head. "One of the most charming and well-informed men I ever met; sings like an angel, too! Really, looking at them as they stand there, I think they would be a suitable pair, don't you? I love match-making!—Really, very suitable!" Sir Frederic wipes the perspiration from his brow, and stammers something; then he gets up with a jerk, that makes Lady Bumbleby jump.

room; but the hated one is still singing, and he stops short. "I—I think I will have a cigarette," he says, ashamed that the man shall see his weakness; and he goes into the conservatory. But he does not help himself from the little white box which Lady Rookwell considers her supplies for those of her guests who are devotees of the Goddess Nicotina; instead he opens the door of the conservatory, and leaning against the frame, stares at the dark, summer sky moodily. Suddenly he hears Signa's voice close behind him, and he starts and thrills. "Do not mind," she says, with a soft laugh. "I am quite sure I shall not catch cold; besides, you will never find it amongst the others!" Then Hector Warren's voice replies: "I think I shall. I know your shawl amongst a thousand."

Pale Cheeked Women Told About Restoring A Rosy complexion

A few years ago the girl with pale, drawn cheeks scarcely knew what to do in order to restore her fading appearance. At that time there was no blood food medium—made that really would put color and strength into systems that were more or less worn out. To-day it's different. The blood can be quickly nourished, can be made rich, red, and hearty. All you have to do is take two Ferreroze Tablets with a sip or two of water after meals. The effect is almost magical. Mothers, look at your children. Are they ruddy and strong—or do they look pale and weak, and anemic? FERREROZE will rebuild them. Take your own case—Is your blood strong and rich? Have you that old-time strength and vigor, or are you somewhat under the weather? FERREROZE will supply the strengthening elements you require. It is a blood-forming, nourishing tonic that makes every ailing person well. FERREROZE is a marvelled formula; it contains in concentrated form certain rare qualities that especially fit it in cases of anaemia, poor color, thin blood, tiredness, and loss of weight. Every day you put off using FERREROZE you lose ground. Get it today, sold in 50 cent boxes by all dealers, or by mail from the Cattarhoxone Co., Kingston, Ont.



"I—it's very hot," he says; "there is no air in the room—"

"No? I was just thinking it was so comfortable and nice," she says, innocently. "I wish you'd go and ask them to sing again, Sir Frederic."

But he doesn't answer, and stalks to the car-table, standing over Lady Rookwell, with his back to the piano, to shut out the sight of the pair that Lady Bumbleby thinks will make such a good match.

"Curse him!" he mutters. "It—it shall not be! Never! No, never! I'll find some way to prevent it! I—"

"What's the matter—am I playing wrong?" asks Lady Rookwell, looking up; and driven away again he mutters a negative, and with a scowl that takes in the whole room, goes straight out into the hall. But even here there is no rest for him; Hector Warren's voice reaches out like a tormenting fiend's, and fills his jealous soul with fury.

Then, as he reflects that he has lost two chances; that he has sat with her at dinner, and had the opportunity of hovering near her at the piano, he curses himself for not having made the best of those chances, and, remembering his mother's advice, he struggles hard to be calm and composed.

"After all," he ruttlers, leaving the hall, utterly indifferent to the astonishment with which the butler and a stray footman regard him, "the chances are all on my side. If I could but keep cool! I am playing into his hands! I feel it! I feel it! But I will keep cool and self-possessed. He shall not have another opportunity of crowing over me! Here," he says, turning to one of the footmen, who instantly tries to look as if he were quite unaware of Sir Frederic's presence, "bring me something to drink; a glass of water—champagne—anything! The room is hot."

"It is hot, Sir Frederic," says the man, with ready sympathy for a man who asks for a drink. "Champagne and cup, sir? Yes, Sir Frederic," and he brings a cool cup in which the frosted ice is floating temptingly. Sir Frederic takes a long drink, and returns the cup to the man, with half a sovereign accompanying it, and waves him away.

"That will do," but the man hesitates a moment. "If you'd like a cigarette, Sir Frederic—begging your pardon—they're on the table in the conservatory."

"No, no," he says, impatiently, and he takes a step toward the drawing-

room; but the hated one is still singing, and he stops short. "I—I think I will have a cigarette," he says, ashamed that the man shall see his weakness; and he goes into the conservatory. But he does not help himself from the little white box which Lady Rookwell considers her supplies for those of her guests who are devotees of the Goddess Nicotina; instead he opens the door of the conservatory, and leaning against the frame, stares at the dark, summer sky moodily. Suddenly he hears Signa's voice close behind him, and he starts and thrills. "Do not mind," she says, with a soft laugh. "I am quite sure I shall not catch cold; besides, you will never find it amongst the others!" Then Hector Warren's voice replies: "I think I shall. I know your shawl amongst a thousand."

that we should come into the conservatory; and he has gone for my shawl, though really it is hot enough here." "Yes, yes, I know," he says, hurriedly, in mortal dread of the reappearance of Hector Warren. "It is awfully hot even here, but it is cool outside, and here is a shawl. Will you come?" Signa cannot refuse, or say, "I am waiting for Hector Warren, and I will go with no other gentleman but him," so she rises and with a trembling hand he puts the shawl around her shoulders, narrowly escaping an accident with the xx-eyed daisies in her hair.

"Ah, yes, this is better," says Signa, as with her hand just touching his arm, they pass out under the verandah. "What a lovely night! I wonder they do not have open air fetes in England as they do in Italy—the weather is often beautiful enough."

"Yes," he says, absently, his ears strained to catch the dreaded footsteps. "Yes, yes, it would be an improvement on the usual dinner-party,

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wouldn't it? If—if you like—if you care in the least about it, I will have one at the Park."

"Oh, no, not at all," says Signa, laughing. "It was merely an idle expression of opinion, and meant nothing."

"Your opinion can never mean nothing to me," he says, his breath coming quickly, his voice almost inaudible, so nearly that Signa does not catch the full meaning of his response, and does not heed it.

"What lights are those?" she asks. "How pretty they look!" "Those are the lights of the Park," he says; "they can be seen from almost all parts of Northwell."

"Yes? It looks very pretty from here." "You make me very proud to hear you say that," he says. "I—I have always been proud of—of my home, but I shall value it from this hour more than before, now that you have praised it."

As he speaks, he hears the dreaded footsteps; but it stops suddenly at the conservatory door, where Hector Warren stands with the shawl on his arm.

He stands looking at the two figures in the light streaming from the drawing-room windows—looking at them with a strange expression on his face, that is neither that of jealousy nor envy, nor even fear, but of deep, almost solemn gravity. For a moment it seems as if he means to join them; then, with compressed lips, he murmurs:

"No! It must come, sooner or later. Why should it not be now? Then he looks at the Park lights, just as they are going, and murmuring: "Will she refuse?—will she?" he turns and leaves then, his head bent, his face very grave and set.

Signa turns her head rather uneasily at this speech of Sir Frederic's. "Oh, every one must admire such a place," she says, trying to speak carelessly. "What a delightful old lady Lady Rookwell is, isn't she?"

(To be continued.)

WINTER HARD ON BABY

The winter season is a hard one on the baby. He is more or less confined to stuffy, badly ventilated rooms. He is so often stormy that the mother does not get him out in the fresh air as often as she should. He catches colds which rack his little system; his stomach and bowels get out of order and he becomes peevish and cross. To guard against this the mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. They regulate the stomach and bowels and break up colds. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sore Absolutely Painful Corns Go!

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WHALING DAYS OVER. A Once Thriving Industry That Has Nearly Vanished.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution and for a period of seventy-five years following the conclusion of that struggle whaling was the most important branch of the American fisheries. From 500 to 700 vessels sought whales in all the oceans and seas of the world, and in one year New Bedford alone sent out 300 vessels, whose cargoes of bone and oil were the basis of the industrial life of the city. The pursuit of sperm whales reached its climax in 1837, when oil valued at nearly \$4,500,000 was brought in, mostly from the south Pacific. The height of the industry was in 1846, when 70,000 persons derived their support from whales and 720 vessels, valued at \$21,000,000, were engaged. For more than fifty years the fishery has been declining, and in numerous ports that once derived most of their wealth from the industry there have for a long time existed only memories of former greatness. For a number of years the sperm, right and bow head whales that supported the fishery in early years have been very scarce and their pursuit has been unprofitable, and the present importance of the whale fishery, amounting in value to less than 2 per cent. of the American fisheries, depends on the taking from shore stations of species of whales that formerly were for the most part neglected.

Bottle Tricks—Old and New.

Ever see a bottle with full-sized eggs inside? How did they get in there? Simplest thing in the world. If you let an uncooked egg stand in vinegar for about twenty minutes, you can elongate it enough to get it into a small-necked bottle. Pour in cold water, says the Popular Science Monthly for January, and the egg will return to its original shape. How do they get a ship inside a bottle? Another easy trick. The ship is built outside and then placed in the bottle through a false bottom. Is there anything simpler? Exchange.

Grand Complexion Improver! Better Than Cosmetics

When it's so easy to bring back the bloom of youth to faded cheeks, when skin disfigurements can be removed, isn't it foolish to plaster on cosmetics? Go to the root of the trouble—remove the cause—correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion to be proud of. How much happier you'll feel—pimples gone, cheeks rosy again, eyes bright, spirits good, joyous health again returned. Never a failure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, get a 25c box to-day.

THE CLOWN'S FACE. Pathetic Incident From Whose Use of Black Lines Co-

"One of the greatest tragedies of the theatre," said a prominent dman, "is connected with the clown's face."

"In the time of Louis XVI was a famous clown named Guillaume (Gros Guillaume), whose audience in the Rue Favart wonderful eccentricities of voice and mimicry. One night legend runs, his wife was dying he was still obliged to go on a certain clanking, clashing Parisian mob that stood in the way in the days before their seats in the orchestra.

"Like all imitators of the 'comedian,' his face was white with flour. Under the burden of great domestic sorrow he was and slow in his performance, an order to stir him up his res on the stage lit him a resc whack with a heavy cane. The bination of his sentimental t and the physical pain caused Guillaume to weep. As he streamed down over his white face the aspect was so comical that the audience cheered and laughed itself into hysterics. And ever since then every clown has black lines on his whitened face.

"Many are the black lines of the face of the actor that the audience know not of."—Chicago Tribune.

Way He Put It.

Two friends were talking over the good fortune of a mutual acquaintance who had succeeded in gaining the hand of a rich girl, relates the Boston Globe. "I didn't think Edward had it in him," said one friend. "It must have taken a lot of diplomacy on his part to win out in that venture."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "As a matter of fact, I happen to know that he told her the simple truth." "You can't say so!" "Yes," he told her he couldn't live without her."

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