

HER HUMBLE LOVER

Sir Frederic paced up and down for another hour, then, parched with thirst, remembers the wine, and going in, drinks a goblet with unsteady hand and feverish haste; then absent-mindedly he sinks into the chair in which Signa had been seated, and half drowses. There is no fear in his heart, though he knows that he is waiting for the man whose villainy he has unmasked, and whose wife he has sent away; he has passed beyond the range of all feeling save miserable despair.

The evening draws in; lights shine here and there in the windows of the village street; peasants drop in at the Mountain Goat, wearied with their day's work, to get their simple draught of wine and water. The landlord opens the door and looks into the sitting room, but thinking his strange guest has fallen asleep, retires again on tiptoe.

Presently there comes the sound of horse's hoofs down the paved street, and with an abruptness that brings the horse to his haunches with a clattering noise, Lord Delamere pulls up, who has been waiting behind the blind, comes into the passage, then shrinks from his task, and muttering: "He said he would wait and explain; let him do so!" creeps discreetly out of sight.

Hector hastens through the little hall and opens the door of the room, suddenly, but gently.

"Well, Signa," he says, cheerfully, with an undertone of joyous relief. "I have come back, you see. Where are you? Are you sitting in the dark? Saunders is not so bad, after all. It is a sprain and I left him in good hands. Signa—for the silence suddenly frightens him—"are you there? Are you asleep? Where are the lights?"

Hurriedly he takes his match-box from his pocket, and, striking a match, lights a candle, then, shading it with his hand, he turns round and sees—not Signa, but Frederic Blyte asleep in her chair.

For a moment he stands as if he were dreaming, and the candle almost drops from his hand; then he looks round the room eagerly, and without waiting to rouse the sleeper, darts upstairs into her room. She is not there. With a sudden, awful fear, which he chokes with a disordered laugh, he returns to the sitting-room, and lays his hand upon Sir Frederic's shoulder. The sleeper awakes, and with startled eyes stares up at the dark, threatening ones glaring down at him, for a moment in a bewildered fashion. Lord Delamere's hand grasps him tighter.

"Wake up," he says, not roughly, but with deep intensity more ominous than any mere roughness. "Why are you here?"

Sir Frederic rises and confronts him, and even to that moment Lord Delamere notices the change that time and passion have wrought in the once self-satisfied countenance.

"You have returned then," says Sir Frederic, not yet quite in possession of his faculties.

"I am here, yes," retorts Lord Delamere, impatiently. "Answer my question: why are you here?—in this place?—in this room?"

"Take your hand from my shoulder," says Sir Frederic, gloomily.

Lord Delamere's hand drops, and he smiles darkly.

"Now, then," he says, "speak quickly. Why are you here?—what is your business?"

"I came to seek you. I followed you here," answers Sir Frederic, calmly, but with the calmness of a man wrapped in despair, and too careless of his danger to heed it.

"Well, you have sought and found me," says Hector, instantly. "And then, what did you come for?"

"I came to tell you that you were a villain," says Sir Frederic, "a cruel, heartless villain."

An awful smile crosses Lord Delamere's face.

"Could you not wait until I returned to England? Was it necessary to take so long a journey for such a purpose?" he says, with deep sarcasm. Then he starts, and looks at him closely.

"Was it to tell me only, or to tell another?" he asks. "Have you seen Signa—Lady Delamere?"

"Yes, I have seen her," answers Sir Frederic, with a sigh.

"Where is she? Do you know where she is?" demands Lord Delamere, with a fierce look. "I know where she is," is the response, dogged and heavy.

Lord Delamere seizes him by the arm. "You have seen her, you have followed her here, to pour some wild, mad story in her ear!"

"I have come to tell her the truth of the truth of which I warned her the night you treated me like a dog and tore her from me."

Almost madly he put the question, and with the same heavy manner Sir Frederic answers: "Yes," he says, "she has gone alone. She would not permit me to accompany her."

"You!" echoes Lord Delamere, with a wild scorn that is so like Signa's that Sir Frederic flushes a heavy red.

"I am a gentleman and an honest man, Lord Delamere; you know that she would have been as safe with me as—"

"Cease, you madman!" breaks in Lord Delamere, seizing him by the arm. "Do I not know that she would have rather died than have you with her—oh, my darling—but—oh, Heaven, sent me calm sufficient to deal with the fact!" and his lips open with a wild prayer. "Now, listen to me. You say that she is beyond my pursuit. Whither have you sent her? Answer at once, or as there is a Heaven above us, I will bring the answer from your throat!" and, indeed, his hand waves in the air with an ominous motion.

"I am not afraid; you cannot awe me, Lord Delamere!" says Sir Frederic. "I directed my man—"

"Your man!"

"Yes, my coachman, to take her ladyship to Aletto; if he drives quickly—and he will do so, he knows the road, and the horses were fresh—she will catch the night mail!"

Hector tears the watch out of his pocket, and with his hand to his head makes a rapid calculation.

"Oh, Heaven! it is too true!" he groans. "She will cross before I can reach her. Oh, fool, fool, to leave her alone and unprotected. I felt this evil! I felt it approaching! Oh, Heaven! if I had but stayed! Oh, my darling! my darling!" and giving way to his emotion for a moment, he hides his face in his hands, quite forgetful of the tall, white-faced, Sir Frederic. After a moment he recovers, and he looks darkly at his companion, darkly and wonderingly.

"You madman!" he exclaims. "What wild story did you tell her? And to think that she should believe you—believe your simple word against my love and devotion! It is incredible! Am I, too, mad? I cannot believe it. By what witchcraft, what miserable art did you gain her ear and convince her?" he demands, with desperate intensity.

Sir Frederic flushes, then pales again.

"You are right. My bare word, though she knows I would not lie, was not enough. I brought proofs, Lord Delamere, absolute, irrefutable proofs of your crime—"

"Crime!" he echoed it with a bewildered air. "Crime! But you said proofs! What proofs? Answer! If you knew that you were in peril of your life—that I can scarcely keep my hands from your throat, you would be more acute, Sir Frederic Blyte!"

"I am not afraid!" he responds, doggedly. "I told you so before. I know I am dealing with a desperate, unscrupulous man; but I am utterly and completely indifferent. For myself I care nothing—it is of her—"

"Silence! You shall not speak of her!" exclaims Lord Delamere, sternly. "The proofs—the proofs by which you convinced her, you madman!"

"They were not far to seek; they were ready to my hand," replies Sir Frederic, coldly. "The girl you ruined, whose lover you shot, is here in this place. I had but to bring them together; Signa had but to hear the miserable, cruel story from the victim's own lips—"

Lord Delamere interrupts him, with a groan.

"Oh, Heaven! I see it all!" he says, striking his forehead, and leaning against the table. "I see it all! Oh, my poor darling, what you are suffering now! And alone, too—alone!" and more than once he hides his face in his hands.

There is silence broken only by the buzz and hum of the peasants chattering over their wine. Then Lord Delamere lifts his pale, haggard face, and looks sternly at his companion.

"Sir Frederic," he says, and his voice is stern and solemn, "this day you have done a wrong which, if there be any true manhood in you, will bring you remorse that shall last you until your death!"

Sir Frederic starts and glares at him.

"Wrong!" he says, hoarsely. "I have done no duty, my duty. I have unmasked a villain, and unmasked a pure, trusting woman."

"No!" responds Lord Delamere, in an awful voice; "you have committed an error that, by its consequences, amounts to a crime."

"Error!" says Sir Frederic, panting. "Yes, who were you to judge? You elected yourself my judge; you tried me on a matter of life and death; you convicted me; you sentenced me without hearing both sides. For myself, I—I can bear the consequences of your mad injustice and malice; but she—oh, my darling, my tender-hearted girl, whom I have watched over as never father watched over daughter, husband over wife—you have broken her heart, and sent her into the world to bear her misery alone! Oh, Heaven! if there be any sense in you, any feeling of humanity, any capacity for remorse, you will wish that you had died before you did this day's black, bitter work!"

White and trembling, Sir Frederic glares at him.

"What—what is this?" he demands, hoarsely. "Do you dare to tell me that it is not true?—that—"

"Look at me," retorts Lord Delamere, confronting him with flashing eyes, and with a face awful in its

sternness and solemnity. "Is this the face of a coward—an assassin? You mad fool! If you had but waited—if you had but met me man to man, instead of man to woman—I would have convinced you—"

With an awful cry, Sir Frederic staggers against the table, and holds out one trembling hand, as if to put the wretched doubt away from him.

"No, no! It is true! You shall not deceive me!" he pants.

Then his voice changes to one of wild, piteous supplication: "You dare to say it is not true? Prove it to me, prove it to me, and I will grovel at your feet like the cur you deem me!"

"And will that bring my darling back to me?" demands Hector, in a dry, harsh voice. "Will that atone for her broken heart? Through I stretched you dead at my feet, would that efface the agony you have made her endure—"

"Stop! stop! Spare me!" moans Sir Frederic, bending like a reed before the hurricane. "For Heaven's sake, spare me! Oh, Heaven! what have I done?"

"You have broken a trusting woman's heart!" is the stern response. "You want proofs—you shall have them. Not proofs such as yours, but evidence so indisputable that your craven soul shall, indeed, grovel in the dust. Come with me, you madman!" and, with a wild gesture, he snatches the candle from the table and strides out.

Sir Frederic follows, trembling and awe-stricken.

CHAPTER XXXII.

There is a bright moon overhead, and as they step out into its rays, Lord Delamere flings the candle from him and strides into the road toward the fountain.

Sir Frederic looks at it and shudders. It—if the girl's tale should be false, then—then he has, indeed, broken Signa's heart and wronged this man!

With white, working face, Lord Delamere makes his way up the lane; every step is familiar to him, and stops ping before a small cottage within the churchyard boundary, he knocks gently.

"Where—where are we going?" asks Sir Frederic, faintly.

"To a man who knows the truth, and whose word even you dare not doubt," says Lord Delamere in a low, stern voice.

The house is quite still; no sound or light comes in answer to the summons.

Hector waits a moment, then he looks toward the chapel, from the windows of which streams of exquisite colored light are falling faintly on the grass and gleaming crosses of the churchyard.

"Follow me!" he says.

With bent head Sir Frederic follows. As they go along the narrow gravel path between the house and the chapel, a shadow comes into the light from the windows and follows. It is a woman's figure; it is the girl Lucia!

Hector pauses a moment at the porch, and Sir Frederic comes up to his side. They stand in silence as the last strains of the organ accompanying the evening service die away upon the air, and Hector stands with bared head as if the music and the solemn chant had come upon his troubled and tortured soul like healing from angels' wings. Then he lifts his head, as he does so, the light falls full upon it, and at the instant, with a low cry, the girl, who has been watching, springs before him and all upon her knees, with upstretched hands and with pleading, half-earnest, half-joyous face.

Hector starts and his face grows pale, then he says, gently: "Lucia, you are here, then?"

"Yes, yes," she pants, "I am here! I have been waiting for you! Something told me you would come, and ah, Heaven! you are here!" and she clasps her hands wildly.

Gently, almost pitifully, he bends over her.

"Get up, Lucia; I want to speak to you. This gentleman—you have seen him before?"

She looks coldly, indifferently on Sir Frederic, and nods.

"Yes! How long you have been coming, Hector, I have seen you in my dreams so often, and they told me that you would come, but when I woke—and, oh!"—she breaks off, her tone of gentleness changing to one of fierce questioning—"it is not true what they say in the village?"

"What is not true, Lucia?" he says, in the same voice, the voice in which he would speak to a wayward child.

She laughs with light scorn.

"They said—come near, he will hear!"

Humoring her, he draws a little apart, and she stands on tiptoe to whisper.

"They said that I was not your wife, Hector, that—that you had another wife, that the beautiful girl at the fountain who would not let me touch her was your wife—"

she breaks off suddenly, alarmed, smitten with dread by a look in his eyes. "Tell me! Speak quickly!" she pants, in her swift



Chats With the Doctor

(By a Physician)

JOINTS.

Italian. "It is false, is it not? Ah! it could not be true, you would not be so cruel, so false—ah!"

"Lucia," he says, gently, and Sir Frederic, as he hears the tone—he cannot understand the words—puts his hand to his head, bewildered. Is this man a master in the art of deceit? If this is not further proof—this meeting of these two and their manner—what is it? "Lucia," he says, "we will talk of that another time. Go now."

"Go, and you!"

"Go, and wait for me at the fountain; I will come to you directly. Go now, like a good child," and he puts his hand on her head soothingly.

Her head sinks on her bosom, but she obeys him. With a swift gesture, she snatches his hand to her lips, before he could have prevented her had he wished to do so, and glides away. Lord Delamere motions to Sir Frederic to remain where he is, and then bareheaded enters the chapel.

Sir Frederic sees him disappear in the light, and then turns away a few paces; as he does so, he feels a light touch upon his arm, and looking down, sees the girl at his side.

She waits a moment, looking steadily up into his face, her eyes gleaming darkly in the half darkness; then she draws nearer, and whispers, in broken English:

"Milord—that young girl—she who listened at the fountain, and snatched her hand from poor Lucia, who is she?"

Sir Frederic hesitates; then he says, slowly, coldly: "That lady was Lady Delamere, senora."

"Miladi De-lamere!" she echoes. "Then it was my Hector's sister?" Sir Frederic shakes his head.

"No; the lady was his wife. Why do you ask?"

"His—his wife? His!" paining in the direction of the porch.

"Yes," he says, bewildered, his mind in a whirl. "Why do you ask? You have asked me a question; will you answer mine; do you understand me?"

She does not reply, does not seem to understand or even hear him; her lips, half-parted, murmur the words: "Wife—wife," in a cazed tone, as if she were trying to realize it.

"Why do you ask?" he says, touching her arm to recall her.

She shakes his hand off in a dull, heavy sort of way, and still murmuring "Wife," glides slowly from his side.

With his hand to his brow, Sir Frederic turns to the porch.

What is this mystery which, even at the moment of its promised solution, thickens and becomes more inscrutable?

Steps are heard on the walk. It is Lord Delamere. Beside him is the priest, his beautifully placid face, with snow-white hair inflaming it, looks angelically serene beside the dark, haggard one beside it.

Seeing Sir Frederic, he touches Hector on the arm. Hector looks up.

"My frie—the man of whom I spoke," he explains.

(To be continued.)

BEST TREE FELLERS.

Beavers Are More Expert Than the Best Lumberjacks.

The most expert lumber jack is inferior to the beaver as a tree feller. He cuts down trees in the most scientific way. He can fell a tree so it will fall toward the pond where he wishes to construct his home, thus saving himself unnecessary work.

After the trees are felled the construction work begins. He works chiefly by night, for he is a nocturnal prowler. The moon is his lantern, the quiet of the night his inspiration, his sharp teeth are his hatchet and chisel, and his little paws are his means of conveyance, his spade, his hammer and his trowel. His hard, flat, hairless and scaly tail is a propeller when swimming and a balance when he is cutting timber, for he stands on his hind legs when gnawing down trees.

The beaver is a strict vegetarian, and his diet consists chiefly of barks, tender shoots and water plants.

To flood low grounds the beavers sometimes have to build a dam exceeding fifty feet in length. They usually lay it out with the curve facing upstream. The foundation is built of poles four or five feet long by an inch or two thick. These they lay crosswise, filling all crevices with mud.

The beaver digs up mud with his fore feet, then holds it close to his breast with his fore legs, swims to where he has started his dam, and having deposited it in its proper place, beats the mud down with his paws—not with his tail, as has been believed.

—St. Nicolas.

The Real "War Bread"

must contain the entire wheat grain—not the white flour center—but every particle of gluten and mineral salts—also the outer bran coat that is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the real "war bread" because it is 100 per cent. whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Contains no yeast, baking powder, seasoning, or chemicals of any kind. Food conservation begins with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast and ends with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for supper. Delicious with sliced bananas, berries, or other fruits. Made in Canada.

Parboiled and then fried in boiling dripping, they have a most delicate and attractive quality. In this way they can either be served as a vegetable, with the dinner, instead of potatoes, or as a separate savoury. They can also be cut in slices and fried briskly for about ten minutes, without being boiled first. They should be piled on a dish where cooked, and a little salt sprinkled over them. Boiled until tender, then thoroughly strained to remove all water, they can be placed in a saucepan and beaten up with salt, pepper, and a little milk or butter.

Chinese Locksmiths.

The earliest locks known to man were of Chinese make. Although it is impossible to tell the exact date of those still extant, they are wonderfully well made and as strong as any manufactured in Europe up to the middle of the eighteenth century. The Chinese locksmith of to-day uses exactly the same kind of tools that his forefathers had, for they are very simple and primitive. He carries all his implements in two cabinets, sitting on one and working at the other. When he has finished all the work available in one neighborhood he fastens the two cabinets to a bamboo rod and slings it over his shoulder. He tramps through the towns burdened in this way and stops when he is called, much as a seissors grinder or umbrella mender does in our country.—Wide World Magazine.

1917	37,675,940 Bushels
1916	38,825,602 Bushels
1915	11,564,305 Bushels

CANADIAN COMPARATIVE GRAIN STATISTICS.

Quantity of wheat and other grain in store at terminal elevators, interior terminal elevators and public elevators in the east on June 1, 1917, with comparisons for three years.

Her Waist.

Yet sometimes the "zip in" is prevented. There is much leeway as to its position. But mostly it stays where it really belongs. It may be swathed, draped, leather-belted, sashed or simply suggested by line.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS OF GREAT VALUE

Mrs. J. A. Lagace, Ste. Perpetue, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to me and I would strongly recommend them to other mothers." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing. They have become convinced through actual use of the Tablets that nothing can equal them in regulating the bowels and stomach; driving out constipation and indigestion; breaking up colds and simple fevers; expelling worms and curing colic. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Worth Knowing.

All rubbing and wringing by twisting is harmful when washing woollens; be sure to rinse out all the soap-suds.

A chicken for broiling should be wrapped in a buttered paper bag. This will keep the meat moist and retain flavor.

The stove with a red top will have a cool oven.

Never mix any salad with dressing until you are ready to use it.

A very practical way to finish a floor is to paint it with linseed oil.

A boot tree is an excellent thing to use when darning a stocking. It helps in shaping the darns to the foot.

Paper bag cookery is peculiarly suitable for fish. They are much more delightful when cooked by this method.

When boiling eggs, always have the water boiling when eggs are put in, and then boil them for two minutes.

Jelly bags, pudding cloths and strainer cloths should be thrown into clear, warm water immediately after using.

Sleeve Vagaries.

Cuffed or cuffed. Tight or of a looseness. Long or brief to shortness. Kimona-shouldered or inset. Belled or belted at the wristline. In fact, anything's "it" but leg-of-mutton.

"Redpath" stands for sugar quality that is the result of modern equipment and methods, backed by 60 years experience and a determination to produce nothing unworthy of the name "REDPATH".

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

Made in one grade only—the highest!