HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

"Never!" said Signa, bitterly. "But I know that it is so!" he retorted, almost fiercely in his despair and jealousy. "He has won you from

he has stepped in between us with his false airs and lying speeches. I felt it from the first, and I hated him from the moment I saw him!" "All this is nothing to me," said Signa, panting with indignation. "Let

You say he is nothing to you," he d, desperately. "Swear that it is tell me that you do not care for

him—that you will not marry him—and I—I will be satisfied; yes, I will not torment you any more. Tell me here and now that he is nothing to you, and I will be satisfied." I will be satisfied.' Signa remained silent, and, with a look of mingled anguish and fury, he

turned upon her.
"You will not? No, I knew you would not; I felt sure of it! Even at this moment perhaps you know where he is—perhaps you came here to meet him."

"Let me pass!" said Signa, white and terrified. "I will not listen to an-other word; indeed, I think you are

mad, in truth. Let me pass!"
With a muttered oath, he flung the gate to and locked it; and thrusting the key into his pocket, he turned on

"To go to him! No, you shall not!
If my love for you can do no more, it can at least guard you against your self."

And he leant against the gate, and folded his arms with a nir of dogged, insane determination.

Signa steadied herself against the battlement of the turret with one hand. She had now come to the conclusion that he was mad indeed, and a coldchill fell upon her, and deprived her speech for the moment, but she struggled against the deathly numb ness and pained courage. If he were indeed mad, she must coax, not exas perate him.
"Sir Frederic,' she panted, "what am

I to think of such conduct? You cannot intend to keep me here a prisoner.
It is—it is too ridiculous!" and she forced a laugh that sounded hollow

and fearful in her own ears.

"Give me your promise to have nothing more to do with this fellow," he said, hoarsely, "and I will go down on my knees and implore your pardon."

"I do not wish you to do enothing

"I do not wish you to do anything of the kind, Sir Frederic. I wish you to open that gate and allow me to

"I cannot, I dare not!" he said, wiping the perspiration from his face. "I will save you, even against your will, from this man. Tell me that he is nothing to you, that you will not listen to him or have any communication with him and I will be content. It is of you, not myself, that I am now thinking. Signa, Signa, listen to me!"
Signa shrank back—for he had ex-

tended his arms imploringly—and leaning over the buttress called quick-ly for help. The cry seemed to madden

"It is useless, useless!" he said, "The man is deaf, and if he were not I have sent him home. There is no soul within

OPEN LETTER TO THE

the Atlantic, to Vancouver and Victoria on the Pacific.

WOMEN OF CANADA FROM

Captain the Hon. Rupert Guinness, A.D.C., C.B., C.M.G., R.N.V.R., Senior

Defore leaving. The Lady Gwendolen made arrangements to have a

This pendant is a very pretty one of silver-gilt-and bears the motto

The badge is now, we are informed, being distributed by the Committees

specially designed souvenir pendant distributed through the various recruiting centres to the Mothers, or Wives—or Sweethearts whose influence

LADY GWENDOLEN GUINNESS

Give me your promise, nearing.

Signa. Signa took no heed of him but ran to the furthest end of the tower. and looked over with the intention of leaping over it if need were. But a glance showed her that to leap meant broken limb, if not death, With a low moan sne turned and faced him, leaning heavily on the stonework, for the trying scene was beginning to tell on her strength, and she felt physi-cally weak and faint; and yet the sit-uation was almost absurd. She knew tor a certainty that he would not harm her; mad with jealousy as he was, she knew that he would have died rather than lay a finger upon her; but she also felt convinced that he would keep her there the whole night, and the mere thought of such a catastrophe

drove her to despair.
For a moment, as the moonlight fell upon his white, haggard face, she thought that the whole scene must be a horrid dream, and that she should wake and find herself in her room at the Rectory. Then, as he moved, she knew that it was real, and a low cry rose from her parched lips and cleaved the air. The cry seemed to wring his

"Your promise," he cried: "that is all I ask. Great Heaven! you cannot think that I mean to harm you. Signa, it is of yourself and your welfare

made a step forward, and Signa, think-ing that at last his madness had taken an evil turn, swung round prepared to leap into the darkness, when suddenly there rose above the tower the vision of a man's head and shoulders, and the next moment Hector Warren

the next moment Hector Warren sprung lightly on the grassy platform Signa uttered a low cry of relief and thanksgiving and sank down on the ground, overcome and almost pros-trate. Then she felt an arm round her. and knew that Hector Warren had

carried her to the seat.
"Do not be afraid," ne murmured in her ear; then he turned to Sir Fred-eric, still standing staring with stony astonishment.

Signa, looking up with an effort, saw that Hector Warren's face was as white as that which he confronted, but white with an unspeakable wrath and white with an unspeakable wrath and indignation. Like an avenging spirit, he stood, with broken fragments of stone and ivy that had clung to him as he climbed the tower; like a man waiting to exact reparation for a cruel wrong, he confronted the dazed, bewildered Sir Frederic.

"What does this mean?" he demanded; and his voice, stern, though low and well in command, almost struck terror even to Signa's heart. "Are you mad?" And he went to the gate, and shook it with a force that must have brought it down if it had not been of iron and strongly made. "Give me the key! Do you not understand that you have alarmed the lady-terrified her almost beyond endurance? Give me the

And he advanced to Sir Frederic, standing motionless, with an ominous

darkening of the handsome face.
"No. no!" exclaimed Signa, darting between them. "He does not know, he

does not understand what he is doing. You must not touch him-you must not indeed!" Hector Warren's hand fell to his

"I will not: leave him to me," "I will not; leave him to me, murmured, gently. "Go you and sit down. I will get the key from him."
"Come, give me the key," he said, firmly, but not roughly. "I am not to be trifled with," he added, sternly, under his breath.

"I will not," said Sir Frederic, awakening as if from a stupor. "This place is mine; you have no right here;

you have no right to interfere be-tween me and this lady. Take your hand from my shoulder!"
"The key—the key! Give him the key!" implored Signa, clasping her hands in her terror.
Hector Warren looked round at her

with a reassuring smile.

"Come, Sir Frederic," he said. "Be reasonable. Let me have the key. This farce—it is nothing more than a farce—has been played long enough. You have alarmed Miss Grenville by your tomfoolery, and should be ashamed of

yourself. Give me the key."
"I will not," said Sir Frederic, with
the intense stubbornness of a man
half insane. "She has but to give me

he came toward her. HAIR GOODS

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her promise, and I will not only give her the key, but implore her pardon."
"Promise--what promise?" demanded Hector Warren, sternly.
"Do not ask him!" implored Signa,

burning flush spreading over her ace. "Persuade him to let you have the key, and let us go. Every moment is one of intolerable misery to me!"
"You hear!" said Hector Warren,
ominously. "The key—the key!"

"I will not give it to you," said Sir Frederic, sullenly. "Say what you will, do what you will, she shall not leave here till I have her promise." "You will not!" said Hector War-

Then, before Sir Frederic could guess at his intention, he had seized him by his arm, and dragged him in the buttress.

Signa sprang toward them with a

syna sprang toward them with a cry of alarm.
"Oh, what is it you mean to do? Hestor?"—the word slipped out before she was aware of it—"you will not hurt him?"

"Listen!" he said, sternly, with fierce determination in his voice. "You tell me that you mean to keep Miss Grenville in this place till dawn. You know what that means; you are not so had as not to understand that by so bad as not to understand that by so doing you subject her to scandal, that you run the risk of injuring her reputation. That may be your intention, perhaps. I am indifferent as to your intention, and think only of the result. Now listen to me. I intend that she shall leave here within an hour. You say that you will not give up the key?"

"By Heaven, I will not!" sa'd Sir Frederic, hoarsely. "Good! Then I am going for assistance But you will go with me. Do you understand? No?" and he grasped him suddenly round the shoulders

and sprung upon the buttress. "I mean to leap from this beastly place, and to take you with me. Are you Sir Frederic glanced down; darkness into which he gazed seemed

"Are you ready?" demanded Hector Warren, calmly, sternly.
"Stop—stop—I do not care! I will stay!" shrieked Signa. But Hector

Office of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and his wife, Lady Gwendolen Guinness sailed a few weeks ago for England after having spoken in almost every town of any size in Canada from Sydney and Halifax on Their aim was to organize Committees to secure recruits for the Over-ceas Division of the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve, and the work which they launched and which was unreservedly helped along by the DATENTS Hon Mr. Hazen for the Canadian Government, has already had splendid results, and hundreds of good recruits have joined the Navy under the auspices of the R. N. C. V. R. IN ALL COUNTRIES

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Warren seemed deaf even to her. "Once more—ah! you will not! Come, then!" and with a herculean

grasp he dragged Sir Frederick to the edge.

And at this moment his opponent's courage failed him. With a shudder-ing look into the darkness below he drew back, and thrusting his hand in-

to his pocket, drew out the key and flung it on the ground without a word. Without a word Hector Warren se cured the key, and going calmly and quietly to the gate, unlocked it. Then he opened it wide and motioned to Sir

Frederic.
"Go" he said, slowly, and with despairing glance full of anguish and despair, Sir Frederic passed down the broken stairs. They heard him staglike a drunken man till his footsteps were drowned on the turf.

CHAPTER XVIII

Silent and trembling, Signa against the stonework of the tower her hand pressed to her heart, her breath coming in quick, short gasps The horror of the scene was still upon her, and yet a faint thrill of joy was beginning to flutter in her bosom, for she began to realize that Hector War-ren was standing beside her. Quite blient he stood, not looking at her waiting with the truest, noblest, ten-derness, that she might have time to recover. Another man would have pressed his attentions upon herwould have been fussy, and sympathe



tic, and soothing, but he was too wise; be simply stood, the strong hand -the band that had grasped our Frederick with a grasp of iron resting on the gate. Moments that seemed minutes passed thus; then, as with a sigh she raised her head and glanced at him,

"Are you rested now?" he asked, and his voice, which when she had heard it a few minutes before was so stern that it struck terror even to her innocent soul, was as soft and gentle as a woman's.

The simple question, the gentle voice, brought the tears to Signa's eyes, and she put up her hand hastily

eyes, and she put up her hand hastily to wipe them away.

"Yes—yes, quite," she murmured.

"That is well," he said, soothingly.

"Will you not sit down for a little while—"

"No, no," she broke in, with a faint shudder. "Let us go at once," and she looked round loathingly. He understood that the sight of the place, the very atmosphere, was un-endurable to her, and he stretched out

his hand, and taking hers, drew her "You are sure you feel strong en-

ough to walk?"
"Yes! ah, yes."

"Lean upon me; so," and he drey her nearer so that she would really lean her weight on him. So, almost supporting her, he led

her down the stone steps. At the bottom he paused a moment and flung something behind him. It was the key, and Signa shuddered as she heard it strike against the wall. No word he could have spoken could have been more full of scornful contempt than the gesture with which he ing the hateful key behind him.
"Will you rest here?" he asked, as

they entered the park, but she shock her head.
"No; let us go," then she stopped,

troubled and bewildered. Where could she go? Not to the Park, certainly not there. He looked down at her, a strange

light in his eyes, a commingling of tender pity and passionate love. "Can you bear that I should ask you

question?" he whispered. "Can I bear--" she echoed, in a low, tremulous voice. 'Who should have more right to ask me anything

than you who—who have saved me from that madman?" "Hush!" he whispered. "Do not

speak of it. Try and forget it. There was no real danger; he would not have touched you."

"No—no, I understand that, but—ah, it was terrible!" and she covered

her eyes with her hands.
"You must not—you shall not think and dwell on it!" he said, with an intense tenderness that was almost fierce. "Treat it as an ugly dream." forget it. If you had not come! How

"Ah, if I could! But I shall never ciá you come? I dià not know you were near--" almost groaned in his remorse. "If I had never gone!" he murmur

ed. "I would give ten years of my life to have remained near you to have protected you. How did I come? It was"—and his voice grew solemn
—"it was more than mere chance, it was Providence. To the day of my death I shall believe that something within me warned me of your danger, and drew me to this accursed spot! I only returned to Northwell this I only returned to Northwell evening; I could not rest in the house, and set out for the Grange, but at the turn of the road I felt drawn to the Park, and followed the impulse. Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!"

She did not echo the thanksgiving,

but he felt her hand tremble on his

"I strolled in the moonlight till I came to the tower, and was looking up at it when I heard your voice; no matter! No more of tids! Remember, it is only an ugly, miserable dream! And now—how does it happen that you are here?" and he looked down at her with tender, earnest anxiety.
"I was—I am on a visit to the Park;

Lady Blyte asked me—Sir Frederic was away," she winced at the name—"and she felt lonely, and wished me to come."

"I understand," he said, in a low voice. "And she—she did not know he was here?"
"No, no, a thousand times no! I

am sure of that!" said Signa, earn-estly. "And now—an! what am I to estly. "And now—an! what am I t do? I cannot go back to the house! and she raised her eyes to his with real alarm.

"No; certainly not," he said, calmly, "De you know the nearest path across the Park to the Rectory?" he asked, as if it were the most natural question Signa started.

"What will they say?" She looked up at the moon, now high in the

"What will they say to your return-ing so late at night and unexpected, and escorted by me?" he said, with that calm, masterful air which inspires confidence even in the most timid of women. "You must leave that to me. I will explain——"

"You will not tell them-"Does one ever tell one's bad dreams?" he asked, with a grave smile. "No. You shall leave it all to me. Are

you sure you are strong enough to walk yet?" Signa sighed, but the sigh was of a different nature to that which had a

few minutes before burst from her nale "I am quite sure," she answered,

simply. And it was true. Her heart beat fast and furiously, but a feeling of quiet serenity and peace was be-ginning to fall over ner like a refresh-

ing dew.
The blood crept back slowly to her lips, the terrified expression vanished from her eyes, and a soft, tremulous glow took its place. It was almost as if she had obeyed his command, and had taken the horror of the last few minutes as a dream from which she had now awakened.

Looking down at her in the moon-light, he saw the change that had come over her lovely face, and his

come over her lovely face, and his ewn brow lightened, and he drew her arm still more closely to his side. So they walked along the narrow path in silence. Signa tried to speak, to find some words in which to exprese the heartfelt gratitude toward him that throbbed in every vein of her body, but she could not. A sensation, half of delight, half of pain, was tak-ing possession of her, and she almost fancied, a's she looked up at the star lit sky, that this, too, would prove a dream, and that she should wake and find that he had gone. Presently they came to a seat under a tree, and with-out a word he led her to it.

"You must rest a few minutes," he said, gently.

"I am not tired, indeed I am not And—I am afraid it is dreadfully late," and she smiled, but she sat down nevertheless. He stood beside her, and took out

his watch. "It is not so late. No. I will not tell you the time," he added, as she opened her lips. "What is the matter?" for she bent forward with a

sudden pallor and a low cry.
"Your hand!" she murmured. He looked down at his outstretched and; it was cut and torn, and was streaked with blood.
"It is nothing," he said, with a smile. "Really and truly nothing," and he felt for his handkerchief.

(To be continued.) The Barrel Frock.

It comes via Paris. And it is one of the rumored spring

fashions. It is no queerer than some other sar-torial whimsicalities we have seen-

and worn!

This new frock fits snugly at the top, widens out at the knees and is caught in at the foot. One new model was of soft crepe, with new long sleeves and the new collarless neck, and, of course, the barrel-like skirt.

"I hope your son has obtained em ployment amod refined suroundings."
"Oh, my, yes. He works in a refinery."—Louisville Courier Journal.

MARKETS OF PARIS.

Buyers in the "Halles" May Not Carry Parcels of Any Kind.

There are some pueer customs and regulations in the "halles," the great Paris central markets. No buyer is allowed to enter or leave the markets carrying a parcel, however small it may be. To carry parcels is the privilege of the porters of these markets. Quaint figures are they in baggy velvaten trousers, blue striped Jerseys and blg brimmed, round leather hats. They alone can be employed to convey from the market to the street outside your merchandise, whether it be half a beef or only a good fat hen.

Madame has to help in her purchases market women known as the keepers. These women sit at the entrance to the main division of the markets and for a small fee watch over all purchases brought to them. Many of these "salesladie." are wealthy. A portly dame, a small seller, wears a fine pair of diamonds in her ears and a sparkling sollitative on her ring finger. There are some pueer customs and

inger.

Another character at the markets is he "cutter." When a sheep is brought o him by the buyer for a half a dozen earls housekeepers he cuts the animal to six portions and divides it among hem. The purchasers draw lots for the lest pieces and ray according to value eccived.—Exchange.

\$1,000.00 Reward Forfeited If Remedy Fails

We hope this notice will ceach the eyes of people who are troubled with constipation and bowel trouble. Dr. Hamilton's Pills have been guaranteed to cure any case within three days. and the above reward will be paid for any case resisting this greatest of all remedies.

No prescription ever written could surpass Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. For years they have been curing the most obstinate of constipation, biliousness. cases of constitution, billousiness, headaches and sour stomach. Here is your chance to test Dr. Hamilton's Pills. If they fall—your money back for the asking. Be sure you get the yellow box, and insist on being supplied with only Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c at all dealers. dealers.

Smart Silk Stockings.

The plain silk stocking has many rivals.

There are cloaks galore-in white on black, black or white, and many other For the woman who wears sports clothes there are ribbed silk sports lose in colors to match footwear and suits. For evening war there are exquisite affairs of fine silk, heavily embroidered and inset with laces.

Stripes are silk much in evidence—and you may have the stripes up and down or around, just as you prefer.

Hoarding.

We think we'll try
To save some dough,
With which to buy An egg or so.

-Youngstown Telegram.

We think we'll save A million sous
To buy the kid
A pair of shoes.

Geneva Free Press-Times.

HOT SALMON CANAPES.

A Salmon Appetizer Which You May Not Have Tried.

Cut out six rounds of rather stale bread with a fancy cutter, and cut of the centre of each round cut a piece with a smaller cutter so as to make a hellow case. "

Fry a golden brown in boiling fat, and drain. Take a teaspoonful of chutney, half a teaspoonful of curry powder, and a tablespoonful of brown or white sauce, and add two table-spoonfuls of saimon, salt and peoper. Pound smooth, and make very hot. Fill the croutons with this, suching it into a neat pyramid.

Powder with sieved yolk of egg and serve very hot.

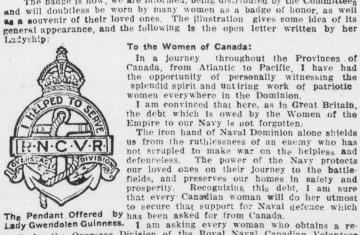
It is with flowers as with moral quantities; the bright are sometimes poisonous; but, I believe never the sweet .- Hare.



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had helped to secure recruits.

"I helped to serve."

To the Women of Canada:

In a journey throughout the Provinces of Canada, from Atlantic to Pacific, I have had the opportunity of personally witnessing splendid spirit and untiring work of women everywhere in the Dominion. work of patriotic

I am convinced that here, as in Great Britain, the debt which is owed by the Women of the Empire to our Navy is not forgotten.

The iron hand of Naval Dominion alone shields

The iron hand of Naval Dominion alone shields us from the ruthlessness of an enemy who has not scrupled to make war on the helpless, and defenceless. The power of the Navy protects our loved ones on their journey to the battlefields, and preserves our homes in safety and prosperity. Recognizing this debt, I am sure that every Canadian woman will do her utmost to secure that support for Naval defence which has been asked for from Canada.

(Signed) GWENDOLEN GUINNESS

Lady Gwendolen Guinness. I am asking every woman who obtains a re-eruit for the Overseas Division of the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve to accept a small silver badge, as a souvenir of her effort and sacrifice towards upholding the Cause of Humanity and Civilization, and bringing the struggle in which we are all engaged to a speedy and a

The new menace of unreserved Hun piracy adds further interest to the compaign for Naval Recruits and enforces the necessity of increasing naval effort, and it is hoped that a still more generous response will be given to the Naval Recruiting Committees Call. In the meantime, we feel we voice the feelings of many of our read-ers in extending our thanks to the Lady Gwendolen for the happy thought her gift embodies and to Captain Guinness and herself for their tireless exertions on behalf of the Cause.