HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

It was true that he had not spoken a word to her in the drawing-room at the rectory, but she was not offended; she knew that he had refrained from addressing her because he desired to avoid any reference to their meeting on the beach. With the delicacy of a gentleman he had so behaved as to spare her any embarrassment. Signa quite understood it, and was in no way offended; she knew that he had read her uncle and aunt at a glance, and it made her arrand all the easier Still she approached the great, huge place slowly, scarcely heeding Archies

chatter as he ran by her side, occasi-onally turning off to chase a butterfly or pick a flower.

They reached the broad terrace with

its moss grown flight of steps, and Archie ran up then, calling to her to

Perhaps he'll be gone," he said, apprehensively.

But he had not gone. The big door,

with its panels of worm-eaten oak, was ajar, and with a strange feeling of mingled awe and curiosity Signa entered the hall. Hector Warren had opened one of

the shutters, and the light streamed into the vast space, discovering the massive beams of cak and walnut, the exquisite carving, in which the glit— pure gold—still shone; a line of por-traits, all the Delameres since the race obtained, the name, looked duskily down on the two intruders; fair wo man in silks and satins, rows of men in armor and tunic, with sword and parchment roll, there they were, half-obscured by the dust, worth a king's ransom as works of art, and yet left to the moth by the young man who had inherited their name and their grandeur.

From the roof, all carved and gilded, depended a score of tattered flags, and on the gallery still shone, for all the dust, a great shield emblazoned with the Delamere coat of arms.

Signa had been in many an ancient palace in romantic Italy, and visited many a German castle and famous Swiss chalte, but she had never felt sensation as she felt now. She to laugh, but the laugh died away on her lips. The vast place semed like a church, and instinctive she glanced toward the east for the altar; but though there was no altar, there was a magnificent painted window, which she knew must be of priceless value.

She tried to laugh, but she could nly manage a smile. "Here we are at last, Archie," she

said; but Archie was too excited to answer in the same strain.
"Isn't it grand, Signa?" he said. "l

shouldn't like to sleep here!"
Signa laughed and walked toward staircase, that, large enough to admit of a coach and four being drawn up to it, ran up to the foot of the up to it, ran up to the foot of the painted window, and thence round to numberless corridors.

"I don't know where to find Mr. varren," she said, half aloud. "We might wander about for hours, Archie.
The place is like a cathedral!"
"Supose we shout?" suggested

suggested Archie; but Signa shook her head. It

seemed like descration.
"No-no;" she said. "He said he wanted the library; that must— it ought to be on the ground floor. Let us try," and she opened the door lead-ing from the hall, and entered a long, lofty room. It was the dining-roombanquet-hall we should call it now. The dust of numbers of years rested as a falling veil upon the scene, yet its magnificence still made itself felt. ained windows, exquisite magnificent pictures, and furniture which a connoisseur would have pro-nounced unique, struck Signa with a sense of awe and delight. Upon the Tong table stood an immense epergne of bronze, filled with flowers long since faded, and beside a chair lay bouquet dropped by some fair hand, now perhaps turned to dust. "This is the dining-room," she said.

"We shall never find the library,

"Never mind. Let us go on till we b. Isn't it jolly, Signa?" "Jelly isn't the word for it, Archie,"

she gaid, trying to speak lightly. "How can a man leave all this to dust and decay?" hie didn't reply to such a physio-

from hers, and scudded to a door at the end of the room, and, pulling it ajar, ran in.

Signa followed, and then stood sil-

ent and motionless.

They had found the library at last. Before them was a room, not so as the dining-hall, but much more alaborately fitted and furnished. The four sides were lined with books, the light coming from above through a dome of vainted glass. Luxurious chairs were placed at worm-eaten writing tables; perfolios six feet high

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were placed in alcoves built to receive them. It was an apartment fit for a palace. But it was not the grandeur

that arrested Signa's footsteps.

It was the presence of a human being. For seated in a chair near the centre was Hector Warren. The table was strewn with books, and papers, which apparently had failed to interest him for head of the seat of the est him; for he sat with his head resting on his hand, a cigar between his lips, and his eyes fixed dreamily upon the painted roof.

As Signa stood looking at him, she

As Signa stood looking at him, she felt half-guilty of prying upon him, so weary and dreamy was the expression of the handsome face, so lost to the present, so buried in the past. He might have been one of the figures in armor that lined the hall, strolled in to spend half an hour in meditation but for his modern clothes and the gar between his lips.
"There he is," said Archie, trimph-

antly

"Hush!" said Signa, warningly, and she would have retreated. But the boy's voice, light as it was, reached the dreamer, and raising his head, he looked up and saw them.

Without a start, but with a smiling of surprise, he rose and approach ed them, dropping his well-worn hat on the table, and flinging his cigar in

"This is a surprise," he said, light ly. "I have been dreaming! Well, Archie, and how are you?" and he laid his hand on the boy's head. "I'm quite

quite well," said Archie, 'What are you doing? "Reading a little, thinking much," he answered, fixing his eyes on Sig-

"We couldn't find the library for

ever so long," said Archie. "What a big place it is? Aren't you afraid to sit here all alone?"

"No," he replied, still stroking the health alone, when the stroken the stroke

boy's hair. "What do you think there is here to harm me? All places are alike to him with a good conscience-or a bad one," he added, with a curious curl of the lips. As he spoke he drew the chair forward and dusted it with the duster which las on the table. "Won't you sit down?" he said to Signa. "It is," as Mrs. Podswell said, 'fearfuly dusty,' but I think if you sit here," and he places the chair, "you will be on an island of comparative cleanliness, surrounded by an ocean of dust". ed by an ocean of dust."

Signa sat down.
"After all, it is clean dust," she "But I am afrair we have dis-you," she went on, her color said. turbed you," she went on, her color coming and going a little as she ap-

proached her mission.
"Disturbed-" he echoed, in a significant tone which repudiated the idea emphatically. "If I were going to say that I am deeply grateful to you —and Archie—for putting in an appearance, I should speak the simple truth only. I was getting tarrible truth only. I was getting terribly bored with my own society. Thinking is poor amusement, and it is one I am rather too much given to.
"You mean looking back?" said

Signa.

He nodded.
"Yes, looking back; the vainest and most useless of operations. 'Ah! if I had but done this, or I had left that alone!' Bah!" and he laughed, with a touch of sadness in the laugh.
"What waste of time it is! This is
just the place for dreaming," and he looked round the book lined room.
Signa watched his face; there was

still a vague expression of melancholy in the dark eyes, and she found her-self wondering what he had been ng back upon, and what sort of

past his had been.
But she checked the speculation, remembering her errand. "I have come with a message," she said, looking up at him as he leaned against the table, his dark eyes fixed upon her face with an intent gaze.

"A message?" he said, with a faint smile.

"Yes," said Signs. "From my unt. She will be glad if you will ine with them to-morrow." aunt.

ine with them to-more. Simply Not a word of excuse. Simply Not a word of excuse. Simply the plain invitation. He noticed and fully understood it and admired the diand

rect, truthful way in which she had put it. He noticed also that she said "with them" in stead of "with us." For a moment he stood silent, his eyes fixed on the ground, then he looked up at her with an inquiry in

his glance. "It is very kind of Mrs. Podsweii," he said. "Do you think—" he stopped and laughed softly, with quiet

amusement.
"Do I think what?" asked Signa
"I wonder whether you will be offended if I should ask you the question that trembled on my lips?" said, slowly

Signa laughed. "Had you not better try?" she

"I will! I was going to ask you if you thought they really wished me to come?

Signa colored.
"Isn't that generally understood?" she said.

"I am answered," he responded, smilingly. "I see. Will you thank Mrs. Podswell very much, and assure her that I should only be too, delighted, but—but—will you help me with an excuse? I can't say that I am otherwise angrad, because I am otherwise engaged, because I am not, and she should know it. I have no grandmother on a sick bed, or business demanding an instant journey into a far country. Will you help

me?"
"No," said Signa, laughing softly. "Besides, you misunderstood me. They really wish you to accept, and to

"That alters the state of things," he said, instantly. "Then I shall be only too delighted, and it is really very

kind of Mrs. Podswell to take com passion upon a stranger and an un-known waif that has floated to her

Signa smiled at this unintentionally

high-flown acceptance.
"Then I will tell her," she said, rising; "they dine at six o'clock, and you will meet some people."

He bowed.

"I shall be very pleased," he said.

"How joily!" exclaimed Archie from
the top of the steps, where he had
perched with a large folio of plates on
his knee; "that is if they let me come
in to dessert. They do sometimes if
the bishep isn't there."

"And why not when the bishop is there?" asked Hector Warren, smiling up at him.
"Because I once trod on his gouty

toe, and he can't bear me ever since," reglied Archie, with perfect equanim-ity. "I hope they'll let me to-morrow, because you're going to be thera."
"Thanks, very much. Suppose I enter into a little conspiracy with you,

Archie? "I don't know what you mean," he

said, calmly. "Let us imagine that, just at des sert-time, you were passing outside the open door, and I saw you, and I friend Archie? Kindly permit him to join us at the festive almonds and raisins, Mrs. Podswell?" How would that be?

Archie laughed in his quaint, old Archie laughed in his quaint, old fashloned way.
"I think you are very clever," he said, admiringly. "You keep a sharp lookout for me, and if you don't see me I'll give a soft whistle."

Hector Warren laughed.
"I don't think I would venture on the whistle, Archie," he said. "It might lead to a suspicion that the whole thing had been arranged." "I see," mused Archie. "Perhaps I might mew like a cat; I can do that

very well."
"You might venture so far," ad-naited Hector Warren. "Have you got a nice book up there?"
"Yes, pretty fair," said Archie.

"Then will you wait while I show Miss Grenville the picture gallery?"

Archie nodded from his lofty perch.

"I'll wait," he said. "I suppose I can look at any books I like. You will take care of her?" he added, gravely.

"Every care, I assure you," replied Hector Warren, gravely. "I promise to return her to you without a broker "Very well, then," said Archie, with

ar air of being satisfied.
Signa stood smilingly looking on

while this negotiation was being con-ducted; then she said, as he took up the bunch of keys, "But I think we must be going back, Mr. Warren."
"Do not say that," he pleaded. "Let us take a look at the picture gallery before you go; it is well worth see-

"I am all curiosity," said Signa; "but I am afraid that we have interrupted and disturbed you." He smiled, and it was a sufficient

answer.
"Take care of the dust," he said, a he cpened a door opposite that by which he had entered. "It is not so thick here, excepting in the carvings.
This is the long corridor to the picture-gallery; there is a door here which leads to the dining-room, and another passage which twines all round the house."

Signa looked at him with a smile of surprise on her face.
"How do I know?" he said, putting her question into words. "Because I have been exploring the place during the short time I have been here, and have gained a vast amount of inforthe short time I have been here, and have gained a vast amount of infor-mation from a plan and guide to this building which I found on the centre table in the library; I will show it to you when we get back. This is the door of the picture-gallery," ne added, as he opened a tall door with painted panels. "I have been here before this panels. morning and opened the windows."

Signe uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration. It was a splenapartment, a salon decorated in the most exquisite taste, and still untarnished and unsolled, save by a thin coating of dust. The contents of the room were priceless, and how any man in his same senses could have allowed such a collection of treasures neglected and unguarded amazed Signa.

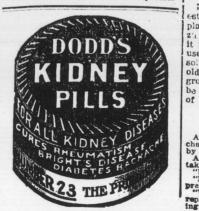
"It is a handsome place, isn't it?" he said, quietly.

"It is magnificent," said Signa-"simply magnificent. The place is a palace! It is difficult for me to realize that it can be so neglected and de-Berted!"

He shrugged his shoulders. 'It is not the first palace that has owned a fool for king," he responded, quietly; and he walked beside her thoughtfully, as she ran her eyes rapidly over the pictures.

"Some of these, I feel sure, are masterpieces," she said "To think of them being hidden away like this! What can possess Lord Dolamere?" He smiled gravely

"Lord Delamere has been possessed by evil spirits, many and various," he said, in a low voice. "Amongst them they have driven him from his home, and made him a wanderer up-on the face of the earth. But you are on the face of the earth. But you are an artist, I see," he said, more lightly, yet earnestly; "there is no mistaking the expression in the critical eye. If you will make a promise, I will have this gallery properly cleaned—you know I have Lord Delamere's permis-





"What promise?" she asked, looking over her shoulder at him.

"That you will come here now and again and spend half an hour with the pictures," he said, respectfully, plead-

Signa flushed.
"I will come if I may," she said

"That is a bargain." he said. "See, now, here is the ballroom. It was not a bad idea to open it on to was not a pan idea to open it on to the picture gallery. I wonder how many a young couple have wandered here to look at the pictures, reflected in each other's eyes?"

Signa laughed, then she clasped her

hands in a genuine girlish gesture of admiration and delight.

"Ah, I don't know which is best!"
she exclaimed, looking from the splen-

did salon to the picture-gallery.
"Designed by Luigi Barri, fresco besigned by Eurig Barri, frescoes by Boucher, carvings by Grinling Gib-bons, so says the guide," said Hector Warren. "Yes, it is a fine room." "Imagine it filled with guests, with

music floating in the perfumed air, with laughter and gay chatter echoing in the galleries: fancy the place lit up and dazzling in all its glory of blue and gold! Oh! I wish I could wave a magic wand and restore the Northwell Grange to its old glory! If I wer

master—"
"Or mistress?" he said, softly.
"Or mistress," she said, her eyes growing deeper and more rapt, "how proud I should be of it! Even as I proud I should be of it! Even to see the am," and she laughed, "an insignifi-cant nonentity, I would like to see the place full of life and happiness."

"Would you?" he said, with a strange smile on his face as he leaned against a pillar and looked over at her, flushed with the faint excite-ment called up by the theme.

She laughed and recovered herself. "Yes, but if wishes were horses, beggars would ride. I'm afraid Lord Delamere will not come back and restore the house of his forefathers, because Signa Grenville has a fancy for eeing it free from dust and full

He did not reply, and in silence he followed her to the hall.
"What wonderful faces they have," she said, looking round at the por-

traits.
"Wonderful!" he said, half resting on a table and swinging the keys on his finger, his eyes fixed on her face, and wholly indifferent to the portraits

"As how?"
"Why," said Signa, "they are all either extremely handsome or extremely ugly. There is no medioc-

tremely ugly. There is no mediocrity."

"There is none in the unhappy family," he said. "They are all said to have been particularly good-looking or particularly plain, as you say, and they carried the rule to their moral they carried the rule to their moral they want to the said the said the said to the said the sai qualities. 'Good or evil, pure and simple, should have been the Delamere

motto. Signa listened with interest. "Did you read that in the guide."

she asked. "Oh, I have heard Delamere say much the same thing," he said carelessly.

(To be continued.)

Johnny Roche's Tower.

Standing on the banks of the river Awberg, between Mallow and Fermoy, County Cork, Ireland, is a remarkable edifice known as "Johnny Roche's Tower." The whole tower was built by the labor of one man, who subsequently resided in it. This individual, who received no education whatever. also erected a mill, constructing the water wheel after a special design of his own. Long before the introduction of the bicycle he went about the country in a wheeled vehicle of his own His last feat was to build his tomb in the middle of the river bed. John Roche died, but was not interred in the strange burying place which he selected for himself, his less original relatives deeming such a mode of sepulture unchristian. — London Strand

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The Coffee Plant's Friend.

in Columbia there is a tree highly esteemed as a shade for the coffee plant. It is found also in tropical Braz'ı and possesses qualities that make it reculiarly suited for this particular use It will live on a stoney, poor soil, and a tree only eighteen months old will shade 144 square yards of ground while when full grown it may be fifty feet high and have a spreadof fifty feet on either side.

THE PIGHT BAIT.

(Rochester Times)
A preacher, accompanied by two charming young ladies, stood entranced by the beauties of a passing stream.
A fisherman, happening, by, and mistaking his occupation, said:
"Kechin' many, pard?"
I am a fisher of men," replied the preacher, with dignity.
"Well, you sure have the right bait." replied the fisherman, with an admiring glance at the girls.

TIRES OF A MOTOROAR.

Why They Are Found Heated After a Long and Fast Run.

It is well known that after a long and fast run the tires of an automo-bile are found to be very hot, and many have supposed this is the result of the friction of the tire on the road.

of the friction of the tire on the road. The Scientific American says that such is not the case, at least as to the greater portion of the heat.

"The real cause of heating," says that magazine, "is the internal friction of the fire itself, for as the tire is being constantly deflected by contact with the road, the various piles or with the road, the various piles, or with the road, the various piles, or layers, which compose the tire do not act uniformly, and consequently there is more or less motion between them that results in friction and heat. The greater the change in shape in the tire as it contacts with the road

greater will be the friction.
"Of course the harder the tire is pumped the less will be the friction, but it is evident that, while a perfect ly rigid tire would generate but little heat, it would fail in giving easy riding. So we must put up with some heating and consequently wear of the . The subject is one that is be successfully studied by the tire

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You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Williams Medicine Brockville, Ont.

TT ---Were to Last

Along many miles of the western front, as it was till the end of June, it is now possible to stand at one's ease in the middle of No Man's Land and observe the differences between a German front trench on the one hand and a French or British front trench on the other. The first point to be 1 oticed is that the allies' wire is only cut across by neat lanes or gangways at convenient intervals, while the German wire lies in a traubled press on man wire lies in a trampled mess on the ground. Then, the allies support the ground. Then, the times support their barbed wire mainly with wooden stakes; the Germans do it with iron. Next, cur parapet owes much more of its strength than the German to visible sandbags.

Inside the two trenches the differ

cuces are greater. The allied trench mer who hoped and meant to move on like the work of men who hoped or feared, that they would be in it for years. British trench housing has been much more of a makeshift, a sort of camping-out, with some ingenious provisions for shelter and visions for shelter and comfort, not more than the least that would serve. Most of the dugouts are just serve. Most of the dugouts are just roughly delved holes in the earth, with caly enough props and rafters to hold the roofs up; their floors are bare ground, with a little straw on it; their dcors, if they have any, are a few odd pieces of plank with a couple of other pieces nailed across; often the floor is on the trench level, to save burrowing. Lighting is done with candles, mostly bought at the canteen, and if anyone owns an armchair or a twofoot high mirror, it is the jest of the

The German front in the west is like one huge straggling village, but of wood, and strung out along a road 300 miles long. Of course, the houses are all underground. Still, they are houses. of one or two floors, built to certain official designs, drawn out in section and plan. The main entrance from the trench level is, sometimes at any rate, through a steel door, of a pattern

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apparently standardized, so that hundreds may come from the factory on one order, and missing parts be easily replaced. The profusely timbered doorway is made to their measure. Outside this front door you may find a porforated sheet of metal, to serve for a doormat or scraper. Inside a flight of from 12 to 36 stairs leads down at the stair stairs. an easy angle. The treads of the stairs and the descending roof of the staircase are formed of mining frames of stout timber, with double top sills; the walls are of thick planks notched at the top and bottom to fit the frames and strengthened with iron the code running from ten better to reds running from top to bottom of the stairs and with thick wooden struts at right angles to these.

At the foot of the stairs a turneled At the foot of the stairs a turneled corridor runs straight forward, for anything up to 50 yards, and from it open rooms and minor passages on each side. In many dugouts a second staircage on two staircages. staircase, or two staircases, lead to a lower floor, which may be 30 feet or 40 feet below the trench level.

All these staircases, passages and rooms are, in the best specimens completely lined with wood, and as fully strengthened with it as the entrance staircase already described. In one typical dugout each section of a pla-toon had its allotted places for messing and sleeping, its own place for parade in a passage, and its own emer-gency exit to the trench. In another, used as a dressing station, there are beds for 32 patients and a fair-sized operating room. A third, near Ma-metz, was designed to house a whole company of 300 men, with the needful kitchens, provision and munition store rooms, a well, a forge, riveted with sheets of cast iron, an engine-room, and a motor-room. Many of the captured dugouts were thus lighted by

electricity.

In the officers' quarters there have been found full length mirrors, com-fortable bedsteads cushioned arm-chairs and some pictures. One room is lined with glazed sanitary wall-paper, and the present English occupant is convinced by circumstantial evidence that his predecessor lived there with his wife and child. Clearly there was no expectation of an early move.

Other German treuch works show the same lavish use of labor as the dugouts. In the old German front trench south of La Boisselle an en-trance like that of a dugout leads to a flight of 24 stairs, all well finished. At their foot a landing three feet square opens on its further side upon a nearly verticle shaft. Descending this by a ladder of 32 rungs, you find a second landing like the first, opening on a continuation of the shaft. Down this ladder of sixty rungs brings you to the starting point of an almost straight level tunnel three feet wide and about five feet high, cut through pure, hard chalk. It ends in a blank wall. This is right underneath a huge crater which had evidently been held. and probably made by British troops. So that, at the moment of the advance in July, nothing remained, presum-ably, for the Germans to do but to bring the necessary tons of high ex-plosive to the end of their tunnel, and blow the mine under the base of the near Fricourt, the mine still contains part of the machinery used for winding up the excavated chalk to the sur-

German trench work is, therefore, more elaborate than the British, but that does not mean that it is better. No doubt the size and the overhead strength of German dugouts keep down casualties under bombardment and sometimes enable the Germans to bring up unsuspected forces to harass our troops in the rear with machine-gun and rifle fire when a charge has carried our men past an uncleared dugout of the kind. On the other hand, when an allied advance is made good. every German left in such a dugout will be either a dead man or a prison-er. No doubt, again, the German dug-outs give more protection from very bad weather than ours. But they also remove men more from the open air, and there is nothing to show that the half-buried German arymy gains more by relative immunity from rheumatism and bronchitis than it loses in the way of general health and vitality. -London Times.

Common sense is very uncommon. -Horace Greeley.

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