

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

HER HUMBLE LOVER

Signa shakes her head. He takes her hand and draws her to the window.

"Look there," he says, with a quaint air of anticipating her surprise; and Signa utters an exclamation of astonishment. Below her lies the valley, with its river running down to the sea, which rolls on to the sands in gleaming bars of silver foam; but it is not the river, nor the sea, nor the climbing limbs of noble trees which call for the exclamation, but the apparition of a huge mansion which lies almost at their feet, and which she has hitherto missed. White, almost snow-white in the moonlight, it seemed to float, phantom-like, amidst the softly waving trees and flowing river. The child laughs gleefully.

"I thought you hadn't seen it!" says Signa, triumphantly. "Moss people never guess that it's there. It's a real place, you know."

"So I suppose," says Signa, laughing.

"But I pretend it isn't," says Archie, gravely. "I pretend it is filled with knights, and ladies, and men in armor."

"Instead of which," says Signa, almost to herself, "it is probably filled with gentlemen in shooting jackets and ladies in the latest Newmarkets; but softly as she says it, he hears her. "Oh, no, but it isn't!" he says, crowding over her. "It's empty."

"Empty!" exclaims Signa, staring at the magnificent pile. And, as she looks she notices that the gardens, exquisitely planned as they are, are lying in a state of decay under the moonlight; that there are no lights in the windows; that no sight or sound of living thing is to be seen or heard. She turns with a laugh to the child, who kneels on a chair by her side, with his chin perched on his hands, staring gravely, comically down at the house.

"So it is, Archie. What a shame!" "Isn't it?" he says. "That's what papa says. He says that the earl—it belongs to an earl, you know—is neglecting his duty," with a shrewd imitation of the rector's pulpit style—"neglecting his duty and wasting his substance in foreign lands, while the house of his fathers is left to decay," and he eyes Signa with an elfish gleam in his solemn eyes.

Signa struggles with her laughter, but the imitation is too good, and a silvery peal rings like music through the room, causing Archie to start and thrill with apprehension.

"Oh, I forgot," she says, checking herself, but it was your fault, you wicked, unearthy child, Archie, you must have learnt that by heart. But say—I'm not laughing at you—you mustn't imitate papa; it's very wicked."

"Is it?" he says, rather carelessly. "I won't do it if you don't like it. I won't do anything you don't like. You must tell me what you like, you know. I wish you would let me stay here. I could sleep on that woolly rug, couldn't I?"

"No—no," says Signa. "Mamma would be angry, dear. Come, you must go now. See, I will hold the light. Come," and she takes his hand in hers and opens the door.

"Will you stoop down and let me kiss you?" he asks, and she bends down.

"Good night, princess," he whispers solemnly, and Signa, holding the light above her head, sees his white figure disappearing not quickly, but slowly, down the long passage.

Then she closes and locks the door and goes to the window.

Yes, it is real enough, the vast place with every pillow and window standing out against the background of the trees, and as she looks down at it, all so solitary and silent, she can sympathize with Master Archie's childish dream, and almost feel inclined to dream herself.

"What a pity she murmurs. "What an idiot a man must be to leave a place like this to the moth that devours, and to the rust that decays! An earl, the child said; perhaps he has a half dozen such places; at any rate, he has none grander than this. Yes, I can see the weeds on the great gravel path. I wonder now, whether my uncle, the rector, would deem it a great crime if I ventured to pay a visit of exploration? Archie should accompany me, and we would people the old place to our heart's content."

Then she turns from the window, and is about to close it, when a man's voice, singing a scrap of the opera "Carmen" floats upward.

With a start, Signa draws back and listens; half convinced that it was fancy. But after a pause the voice floats up again, and almost against herself she draws the blind aside and looks down.

As she does so the song, the scrap of careless song, ceases, but she sees, or fancies that she sees, a shadow of man cross the weedy gravel path and join the other shadows in the shrubbery.

For a moment her blood runs quicker in her veins, then, with a laugh, she drops the blind and turns away.

"I'd better go to bed," half-ashamed of the effect the sudden appearance of life in the old place has produced on her. "Yes, certainly I had better go to bed, or, like Archie, I shall be dreaming 'big dreams'."

CHAPTER III.

"The boy stood on the burning deck," "The boy stood on the burning deck," repeats Archie, with a yawn.

"Well," says Signa, "that boy has been standing on that burning deck a long time, Archie. Don't you remember any more of it?"

And she looks up from the volume of poems with an amused smile.

"There's something about dead, or fled, or head," says Archie, "but I forgot exactly what it is. Oh, I remember now! 'The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled.' The—the—no! It's no use, Signa; I think the sun has got into my head. It would be nice down by the shore. The tide is just coming in. Don't you think the boy might stand on the burning deck until to-morrow?"

And he looks up at her with the quaint gravity that is so much in advance of his years.

"Perhaps he might," says Signa, glancing out of the window rather wistfully. "Put the books up while I fetch my hat and we'll have a scamper."

A week has passed since Signa arrived at Northwell Rectory. Looking back at the monotonous seven days, Signa is inclined to think that for Archie she would have been reduced to a state of imbecility like that of Marilana of "The Moated Grange." Never in all her varied and extended experience, has she known what boredom is until now; and but for Archie she feels that she must have given up in despair and taken refuge in flight. But Archie has been the saving clause.

"I must do something," she said to the rector on the first morning. "I'm afraid I shouldn't do much good to the poor, or be of much assistance in looking after the parish, I never know what to say to poor people, and should feel that I had been guilty of great rudeness in entering their houses without an invitation. Oh, no! I am sure I should prove a failure. But I think I can find something to do. I will teach little Archie, if you will let me?"

And the rector had coughed and set his lock down and looked at Mrs. Pedswell, who had moaned faintly and murmured something about the child being very slow and obstinate.

"Slow!" echoed Signa, but pulled herself up in time. "I've lots of patience," she said; "let me try. We have struck up an acquaintance, sworn a friendship, indeed, already."

The pleasant parents neither said "yea" nor "nay," but Signa took their incoherent response as a consent, and assumed the duties of Archie's guide, mentor and friend at once, much to the unexpressed relief of the rector and his wife, who were only too glad to shift their responsibility. For

Signa soon discovered that these worthy people's duty consisted in urging upon other people the duty of hard work, and doing as little as they themselves could help. The "martyr" lay on the sofa all day and scolded the servants, and the rector lounged about the garden, or strolled aimlessly round his parish, and talked about "duty" to the curate, a lean and care-worn young gentleman, who worked from morning to night on a salary of something under a hundred a year.

Signa and her charge lived almost solitary lives together. An old room was found at the end of the rambling house, and converted into a school-room, and here, when they were not walking in the lanes, or clambering about the beach, the two spent their time; putting in an appearance in the dining-room at meal times. It was an admirable arrangement, and it suited all parties concerned, and no one better than Signa herself. With her uncle and aunt, she was as quiet and silent as the first evening she arrived; but up in that old room overlooking the sea, there were many bursts of song and laughter, which never reached the gloomy apartments downstairs.

Archie was the companion of all her walks, and chatted to her as he never chatted to any one else, pointing out the celebrities of the village on the Stor, and amusing her with his quaint criticisms on persons and things.

He pointed out Captain Jenks, the half-pay captain, who used to promenade up and down the quay in a suit of blue serge with brass buttons, and with a telescope under his arm. He also showed her the captain's son, a local swell in gaudy costume, who, said Archie, shrewdly, "spends all his time, Signa, leaning over the bar of the hotel; you'll see him if you look in at the door, talking with the young lady behind the bar." But Signa declined. He told her the names of the boatmen sauntering on the beach, or wending their nets, and soon the "beautiful young miss that Master Archie allers has with him" began to be known, and the men touched their hats, and the women courted and Captain Jenks made a nautical salute, and young Mr. Jenks stared with all his eyes when her back was turned, and blushed and glared at his boots when he met her face to face. And thus, the strange girl was getting gradually to be a part and parcel of the place, and—well, if she was not happy, she was at peace. She was living in one of Archie's enchanted castles for the present, but the time was coming when the spell should be broken, and how near that time was she little guessed.

"There is one thing I like about you awfully, Signa," says Archie, as they turn out of the gate and run hand in hand down to the shore. "You really mean it when you say you'll only be a minute; now it takes mamma half an hour to put her things on, and Miss Plumbe—that's the girl with the red cheeks, the doctor's daughter, you know; we met her yesterday in the High street, and she whispered to you that I was a singular child; but I heard her."

"I remember," says Signa, with a laugh. "You have sharp ears, Archie."

"Well, when she comes to dinner she takes a quarter of an hour to take her hat off. I've counted the time by the clock. Oh, Signa, let us go into the Grange gardens instead of to the sea," and he stops short in front of a pair of tall iron gates that stand at the entrance to the grass-grown avenue leading to the great white house, which he had shown her in the moonlight. It is not the first time they have stood and looked between the rusty bars, and Signa had listened to no end of Archie's stories about the big place, stories half wild and fearfully fabulous, made up from snatches of dinner-table talk he had heard from his father. But hitherto they had not ventured beyond the gates, partly in consequence of Archie's never-ceasing anxiety to get to the beach, and partly because, for some reason too vague to put into words, Signa has avoided mentioning the subject to the rector.

They stand now looking in, Archie impatient, Signa hesitating.

"Come on," he says, with a tug at her soft, white hand. "Let us go right up to the house. I'll show you the sundial and the place where the prince sat when he was here—a prince did really come and stay here—papa remembers it—"

"The last temptation is irresistible," says Signa, with a smile; "but the gates are locked, Archie."

Archie laughs scornfully.

"Of course they are, and we couldn't open them if they weren't; they're too old and rusty; but I know a place to get in at, if you'll stoop. I suppose you're not too tall to stoop very low?" and he looks at her critically. "Let's see," and he half drags her to a gap in the hedge, half protected by a rough bar of wood, and instantly slips under like a rabbit. "Here I am, and I shan't come back," he says, with a laugh; "so you'd best follow, or I shall think you can't bend!"

Signa hesitates another moment, then stoops and passes beneath the bar. Wouldn't it have been better if she had kept straight on her way, and refused to pass the boundary-line of Northwell Grange? The Fates alone can say. It was the Rubicon of her young life—and she passed it.

"Come on!" exclaims Archie; "don't be afraid!" for Signa stops short as

there flashes to her remembrance the snatch of "Carmen" that came floating up to her window and the tall shadow that she saw or fancied that she saw, disappear among the trees. "There's nothing to be afraid of except the deer, and even a girl can't be afraid of them. See! there they go!" and he throws up his arms and scares a herd of deer, that flit across the grass-grown avenue, and stand looking at the intruders with wide-open eyes and pricked up ears.

"Tell me, Archie," says Signa, as she comes up to him, and stands to stare at the wide-stretching front of the great empty place, "do deer sing?"

"Do—deer—" and he bursts into a shrill laugh of glee. "Why, what made you ask that, Signa? Of course not; at least, not out of a fairy book. They do all sorts of things in Fairyland."

"Perhaps this is Fairyland," said Signa, and I heard one of them in a fairly good tenor voice singing the air from 'Carmen'—I mean from an opera, Archie."

The child stares at her with his head on one side, then he goes on with the confidence of a superior mind.

"It must have been the gardener," he says. "He lives in that lodge there; you can't see it from here, and he

Prohibition
is not in force for the finest beverage of all

"SALADA"
TEA

For flavour, quality and richness there is nothing to equal a cup of "SALADA". Invigorating, refreshing, and so pure and clean.

SOLD AT ALL GROCERY STORES
40c., 50c., 60c. and 70c. a pound

weaving a fantastic history of the owner.

(To be continued.)

Cromwell and Quinine.

We owe to Sir Clements Marham the introduction of quinine yielding trees to British India and the consequent cheapening of the drug from a guinea to a halfpenny an ounce in Calcutta, but the medicinal properties of cinchona bark had long been known. They were discovered by the Jesuits, after whom it was called *Jesuit's bark*. Concerning that Sir Clements used to relate an odd coincidence. Oliver Cromwell died of tertian ague, and quinine might have saved him. In the very newspaper in which his death was announced, the *Mercurius Politicus*, there was an advertisement of *Jesuit's bark* for sale. But the name of *Jesuit* was abhorrent to the Puritans, and hence Cromwell's medical advisers would have nothing to do with it. —London Chronicle.

"MADE IN CANADA"

DOMINION RAINCOATS

Best for Quality, Style and Value. Guaranteed For All Climates.

ASK YOUR DEALER

TRAPPERS!
Send your **RAW FURS** to JOHN HALLAM

and receive highest cash prices. We send money the same day the furs are received. Charge no commission—and pay all charges. We have paid out millions of dollars to thousands of trappers in Canada, who send their furs to us because they know they get a square deal, and receive more money for their furs. You will also. We buy more furs from trappers for each unit than any other firm in Canada.

FREE Hallam's Sportsman's Catalogue Hallam's Fur Book of Quotations Hallam's Fur Style Book (in pocket) Sent free on request to:

JOHN HALLAM Limited
201 Hallam Building, Toronto.

sings sometimes, and he plays the concertina."

Signa laughs.

"We'll say it was the gardener," she asserts carelessly. "Ah, Archie, what a beautiful place!" and she leans her hand against the stone pier of the broad steps, and puts her hat back with an air of enjoyable admiration.

"Isn't it?" exclaims Archie, as proud as if it belonged to him. "But, come up the steps, Signa—come up and look through the window. Don't be afraid; there's nobody there. See, the lock's all rusted, and there's grass on the steps. Papa says that the furniture must be all worm eaten and decaying away. I should like to go inside, shouldn't you?"

Signa leans on the broad window-sill, and peers through the dirty glass into a vast hall.

"Very much," she admits, "but don't let that tempt you to commit a burglary, Archie; you were quite capable of it, I know! Ah! what a pity!"

"What a pity it's left like this," he says, in his shrewd, quick way. "Isn't it? Signa, do you know what I would do if I were Lord Delamere, and Northwell Grange was mine?"

"I can't even guess," she says, taking his hand and wandering round the terrace.

"I should marry you, and come to live here," he says, gravely.

"You might do worse, Archie," says Signa. "And I'm very much obliged to you. But come along, Archie, I'm not quite so hardened as you, and I'm in mortal fear of some one or something appearing on the scene and demanding our business here. Let us go back into the lane and down to the sea."

"Go back!" he laughs, with superior knowledge. "We needn't do that. Look here, come with me and I'll take you to the sea in a couple of minutes."

Signa pauses a moment to look back at the wing of the house they have wandered round, then she gives him her hand, and with all due triumph he leads her down a sheltered avenue of shrubs, and suddenly, as if by magic, she finds herself at the end of a miniature precipice, at the bottom of which lies a cove of sand all golden in the sunlight, and upon which the green sea is rolling in with a musical, lapping sound.

"Mind! Don't fall!" says Archie. There used to be a rail here, but it got rotten, and some one leant on it and toppled over and broke his arm, and so the gardener took it right away—not the arm, but the rail. There are some steps here. Give me your hand. Don't be afraid, and no drops like a deather on to the first rough step and holds up his tiny paw.

Under pretence of accepting his assistance, Signa keeps a pretty tight grasp of the small fingers, and they descend to the little sheltered bay, and Archie points up with a laugh.

"See, the Grange has disappeared, Signa. Nobody would ever guess it was there, would they? They say the earl—this one's father—had this cut out of the rock so that he could come and get into his boat without being seen from the house, and row over to the town. I don't know what for; but papa said that he was a wicked, old man. Now you sit down; I dare say you're tired. Girls always get tired, don't they? And I'll just build a castle with a moat round it. Would you lend me your sunshade for a spade? I won't hurt it; sand comes off quite easy."

RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION

The Most Common Cause of This Trouble is Poor Blood.

All conditions of depressed vitality tend to disturb the process of digestion. There is not a disturbed condition of life that cannot affect digestion. But few causes of the trouble are so common as thin, weak blood. It affects directly and at once the process of nutrition. Not only is the action of the gastric and intestinal glands diminished but the muscular action of the stomach is weakened. Nothing will more promptly restore digestive efficiency than good, red blood. Without it the normal activity of the stomach is impossible.

Thin, pale people who complain of indigestion must improve the condition of their blood to find relief. The most active blood builder in such cases is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make the rich, red blood which quickly restores the digestive organs to their proper activity, and the dyspeptic who has hated the sight and smell of food now looks forward to meal time with pleasure. As proving the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing indigestion Miss Edith M. Smith, R. R. No. 4, Perth, Ont., says: "I can honestly say I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My stomach was terribly weak and I suffered from indigestion and sick headache, and was always very nervous. I was troubled this way for three years, and in that time took a great deal of doctors' medicine, which, however, did not help me. I could not eat anything without experiencing the most agonizing pain. My sick headaches were most violent and I could not rest night or day. I was asked one day by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and consented to do so. After taking them some time I found they were helping me, and I continued to take them steadily for several months, until I found that I was completely cured. While taking the pills I gained both in strength and weight, and I feel it impossible to praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly."

You can procure these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

than a bit of fancy. It is a symbol of exquisite power. It portrays the refinement of world forces. Where the laws of earth are modified into universal principle—there music begins, where, knowledge grows dim where learning has lost its way—there music begins.

When space and distance are defied, when science has passed its confining boundaries, on the borderland of art—there music begins.

"The music of the spheres," as endless as eternity, as unfathomable as space, as mysterious as life.

The songs of the earth are the same songs that "the morning stars sang together" in perfect harmony and rhythm "when the world was young."

For earth is heaven and heaven is earth. The stars are ours and not circling globes of mystery, and we a star and not an earthly word to those who dwell beyond the sky.

For God is here and everywhere and His interpreter is the music of the soul.—Robert Foreman in Pictorial Review for October.

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

As evidenced by advertisement on another page of this issue, the Toronto Fat Stock Show are giving special attention to the farmer and breeder, and are offering many handsome prizes for classes where stock must be bred, fed and owned by exhibitor. This is work along the right lines, and should bring out a good entry.

Geordie and the German Bullet.

Two Tyneside pitmen in the Northumberland Fusiliers were doing fatigue work behind the lines when a stray bullet chanced to hit one, going right through his hand and lodging itself in the thigh of the other. In hospital their wounds were attended to, and as is the case when a bullet is extracted from a soldier the doctor invariably returns it to his patient as a keepsake. Unfortunately, in this instance this practice nearly ended in a free fight. Joe said: "I hit him first; the bullet passed through his hand first, so I shud hev the bullet!" His "pal" Geordie replied with a rueful look at his wounded thigh: "Aye, ye wor hit first right enuf; but I stopped her. If ye wanted the bullet, why did ye not keep it, man, when ye had it?"—Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Whole Creation One Endless Triumph of Rhythm.

There is music in the thunder, the weird mystery of the storm. There is music in the falling rain as thirsty flowers look up to drink. There is music in the sunshine, the sweet and perfect harmony of earth and sky.

There is music in all the mysteries of the universe—the whole creation of a vast, eternal, boundless, endless triumph of rhythm. The unvoiced song-of-swinging worlds is merely the expression of universal rhythm.

"The music of the spheres" is more

CURE YOUR BAD COUGH

BY BREATHING CATARRHOZONE

You may dislike taking medicine, but coughs are best cured without medicine. The modern treatment is "Catarrhozone"—it isn't a drug—it's a healing vapor full of pine essences and healing balsams. It spreads over the surfaces that are weak and sore from coughing. Every spot that is congested is healed, irritation is soothed away, phlegm and secretions are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and Catarrh are cured. Nothing so quick, so sure, so pleasant as Catarrhozone. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhozone. All dealers sell Catarrhozone. Large size, which lasts two months, price \$1.00; small size, 50c.; sample size, 25c.

DRS. SOPER & WHITE

SPECIALISTS
Piles, Eczema, Asthma, Catarrh, Pimples, Nerve, Blood, Nerve and Bladder Diseases.

Consultation Free
DRS. SOPER & WHITE
25 Toronto St., Toronto, Ont.

Please Mention This Paper.

Going the Limit.

Jones was one of those men who rumble at everything and everybody. He was once attacked by inflammatory rheumatism and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him, in spite of his fault-finding disposition. His suffering caused her to burst into tears sometimes as she sat by his bedside.

One day a friend came in and asked him how he was getting on.

"Badly, badly!" he exclaimed; "and it's all my wife's fault!"

"Is it possible?" asked the friend, in surprise.

"Yes. The doctor told me that humidity was bad for me, and there that woman sits and cries, just to make it moist in the room."

Fatigue from Poisoned Blood

Single action of the liver, kidneys and bowels leave impurities in the blood which render it poisonous. Poisoned blood is the cause of tired, languid feelings, as well as of headache, backache and bodily pains and aches.

By awakening the action of these filtering and excretory organs, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills thoroughly cleanse the system, purify the blood and cure such ailments as indigestion, biliousness, kidney derangements and constipation. 25 cts.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE

NO. 23 THE PRINCE