

## HER HUMBLE LOVER

"Late, of course; it always is when you particularly want it to be punctual," says the beauty, catching him and arranging his coat and collar for the hundredth time.

"Perhaps I'd better go and tell them to put the horses to the carriage, hadn't I?" he says, eagerly. "You know, I'm going to ride on the box with the coachman, so I shall see them before you do, Miss Derwent. Oh, I am so glad—so glad my Signa is coming back! And, I say, mamma says that I am to call her—Signa, you know—my lady,—but I shan't, you know—would you?"

"Certainly not," assents Laura, promptly. "That's the way you inculcate obedience to parents, is it?" says Lady Rookwell, coming out after them on the pretense of looking at the sky, but in reality to peer toward the station, and at the tall hall clock. "Where's that boy gone now? He will break his neck running up and down those stairs, Laura!"

"I'm going to see that the flag-ropes is all right!" shouts Archie. "I've left one of the girls to pull up the flag on the tower directly Hector and Signa come inside the house!"

And he disappears from view.

"Who is that riding up the drive?" asks her ladyship, as a horseman gallops toward the house.

"It is Sir Frederic," says Laura. "What a good fellow he is! How well he has discharged the trust Lord Delamere committed to him! The earl will not find a thing wrong, and the steward himself says that Sir Frederic has worked harder than any paid steward would have done."

"Yes," assents Lady Rookwell, "we shall have to call him Sir Frederic the Good, instead of the Great. He certainly is wonderfully changed! It was a sharp lesson, but it has effected a marvelous cure. From a selfish, self-opinionated country squire, the man has grown into a humble-minded, unselfish gentleman."

"Good-morning!" calls Laura, stepping on to the terrace.

Sir Frederic looks up, with a quiet smile, and lifts his hat; then dismounts, comes slowly up the steps. As he does so, the change that has taken place in him can be detected in his face and manner. The old stiffness and self-consciousness have gone, reserved gravity and self-respect that have nothing of vanity or conceit in them. He is as quiet as of old, not given to many words; and there is a certain vague sadness in his eyes and in the lines about his mouth, as if the events of the last twelve months had left their mark upon him.

"Well, Sir Frederic, the time approaches," says Lady Rookwell, giving him her hand; and it is noticeable that she does not address him in the tone of half-sarcasm, half-satire, which used to come into her voice in the old time; there is more of respect in her manner, but not less of liking.

"Yes," he says, quietly, taking out his watch, "they will be here very soon now. I think everything is ready; I have just ridden through the street, and seen the arch; the ringers are in their places. Perhaps it would be as well to send the carriage to the station, better early than late. I am glad it is such a magnificent day. The old place looks well."

And his eyes wander over the noble front.

"Yes, thanks in a great measure to you," says Lady Rookwell. "I am sure Delamere will be very grateful to you for all you have done. If he had been here himself the estate could not have been better managed, or so well; you do understand how to run an estate, Sir Frederic—I'll say that for you."

"Thanks," he says, and he does not blush as he would have done a few months ago. "I have done my best, as I promised; I am sorry the task was not a harder one."

"Well, you have done all that was to be done, even to the last moment. But come in now and wait for them. I don't ask you to sit still, for none of us can do that—we must keep moving about—but come and be restless."

He hesitates a moment, then he looks at her steadily.

"Thanks; but I am going away now."

"Going away! Where?" demands her ladyship, sharply.

"To London," he says. "My train starts a few minutes before their arrival."

"Oh, Sir Frederic!" murmurs Laura, who fully understands his motives,

and the feeling that prompts him to shrink from meeting Signa and Hector, and Signa especially.

"Oh Sir Frederic, nonsense!" exclaims Lady Rookwell, mocking her irritably. "What do you mean by going away? You want to avoid them?"

"No," he says, quietly, in a low voice. "You don't? Then why do you run away at the moment of their arrival, as if they had the plague?"

"Shall I tell you?" he says, sadly, but firmly. "Because I do not wish to be the death's-head at the feast. They are coming back happy, and to fresh and greater happiness, please Heaven! Do you think it would be well of me to remind them by my presence of all she—they have undergone?"

"Now—!"

"Down in the village, here in the house, are joyous faces and hearty voices to welcome them, and tempt them to forget the past. Why should I stay to recall it to them? No!"—and he stifles a sigh—"I will take my unwelcome presence out of their sight."

"I see," says Lady Rookwell, sharply. "You alone of all the crowd are not glad to have them back, eh?"

"You wrong me," he says, simply. "Genuinely, heartily, I welcome them. There is no one, not even you, who this day will wish them happiness with greater earnestness and truth than I shall!"

"I believe it. That is to say that you are a generous-hearted fellow, who through much suffering have cast away hatred and envy, and have learnt to rejoice in their joy?"

"I can say that, yes," he says, gravely.

"Sir Frederic, I have never flattered any man in my life—"

"Nor any woman," says Laura, partly in an undertone.

"And when I say that you are a good fellow, I mean it."

He inclines his head.

"That! value your friendship and esteem, you know," he says, simply.

"But I say also that you make a great mistake if you think other people, Delamere especially, cannot be unselfish and forgiving as yourself."

He turns pale.

"Do I not think so?" he says, with sudden warmth. "Do I not know that he is one of the noblest men the world holds?"

"Oh, then it is Signa!" says the old lady, mercilessly.

He looks her steadily in the face.

"How do you think that I can persuade myself that my presence can be anything but intolerable to her?" he says, in a low voice.

"Oh, are you in love with her still, sir?"

"Oh, aunt—!" murmurs Laura, crimsoning.

"Leave me alone, my dear!" exclaims the terrible old lady, turning on her sharply. "Let him answer my question."

"Yes, I will answer it," he says, and his face is very pale. "I am still in love with her, Lady Rookwell. No man who has ever loved her—these are Delamere's own words—can ever forget her. But—and his voice is earnest with truth and dignity—"my love is that of a brother for a sister, and he who deems it otherwise wrongs me even more than I deserve."

"Oh, aunt, I will go in!" murmurs Laura, the tears dimming her eyes.

"You are cruel!"

"I am cruel only to be kind!" retorts the old lady, grimly. "Yes, Sir Frederic, I am answered, and I am satisfied. And now I will satisfy you that your place is here amongst the rest of us, and that it is no part of your duty to run away either from Hector or his wife. Listen to me, sir. This morning I had a letter from Signa, and there is this line in it: 'Tell Sir Frederic that we shall hope and expect to see him at the Grange when we arrive, and that his presence will be considered indispensable to Hector's complete happiness and mine! Now, sir!' she concludes triumphantly."

Sir Frederic turns his head aside, and is silent for a moment; then, without raising his head, he says huskily: "It is like her—like her! Yes, I will remain. Her word is law to me, and she knows it! If you will go in, I will follow you," and he waves his hand.

"Aunt!" exclaims Laura, indignantly. "You have tortured him! It is a shame!" and her face crimsones with

indignation, while tears of sympathy for him glitter in her eyes.

Lady Rookwell grins.

"Holly toity!" she says, fixing her piercing gaze on the beautiful face, "Sir Frederic has found a pretty champion! He! he!" and she laughs. "Did I wound his tender heart? Well, then, you shall stop and comfort him," and utterly regardless of the beauty's indignation she goes off.

Sir Frederic takes his horse to the stables; the carriage, now all ready, stands in the yard waiting to start, and Archie runs down the steps and climbs eagerly on to the box.

"Off with you!" says Sir Frederic, with a smile. "Lucky young dog, you will see them first!"

As he turns to enter the house, the rector and his wife appear. The rector, sleek and smiling, shakes hands with Sir Frederic.

"Ah—happy day this, Sir Frederic! What a touching sight it is to see a contented peasantry gathered together to—ahem!—welcome their lord and master from—ahem!—his sojourn in distant countries. I trust to see my dear niece, the countess, in possession of perfect health. It has been a trying time for my dear friend, the earl."

"Ah, we have been so anxious," murmurs Mrs. Podswell. "The dear countess"—she always speaks of Signa as the countess, and generally manages to bring the title in twice as many times as there is occasion for in the course of her allusions to her— "the dear countess wrote us a beautiful letter. What she must have suffered! We don't quite understand yet what really occurred," she adds, with sharp curiosity, but Sir Frederic does not rise to the bait.

"I dare say she'll tell you," he says. "Your friends, Lady Rookwell and Miss Derwent are inside," and Aunt Amelia, with a sniff, passed on, balked and disappointed.

And now the time is getting short indeed. The crowds at the railway station and the arch grow thicker, and scouts posted along the line to give notice of the approaching train—the railway signal is mistrusted by the simple village folk—pass the word along that the special train has left the last station.

A hum and murmur of expectant excitement runs through the throng, and the station-master, with a great white rose in the button-hole of his best coat, donned for the occasion, comes out and shouts:

"It's a comin'!"

In the saloon carriage of the approaching train, Delamere and his wife look out upon the familiar scenery. With her hand fast clasped in his, Hector points out the white towers of the Grange as they glide into sight.

"Near home, my darling," he says, quietly.

She rises and leans over him.

"Dear old Northwell! How glad, oh how glad I am to see you again! Look at the sea, Hector. Look! There is St. Clare, and Whitfield's boathouse. And there is the little bay where first—where first we met, you and I. Oh, the past is all a dream, and this is reality. Oh, how glad I am to be back amongst it all, Hector!"

"Well?" he says, watching her and delighting in her delight.

"I was going to say that we would never leave this spot. And, after all, why should we?"

"But what is to become of the other places—the castle in Scotland and the house in town?" he says with a smile.

"Let them all go," she says, fervently. "Here, in this beautiful place, I knew more of happiness than in all the world beside. Ah! if you were a woman—"

"Well, if I were a woman?" he asks, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"You would love the place you were the happiest in."

"Then I shall love, and I do love this," he says. "But sit down, darling; the air is cold for all the sunlight. Let me put these furs round you. So," and he draws the soft sables round her white throat. For times have changed, and he has resumed his old duty of looking after her. Not that she seems to require much looking after, for, although the face is somewhat pale, there is health in it, and in the bright eyes that shine like violets with the dew upon them.

"I hope Archie will come to the station to meet us," she says, nestling close to him in her costly furs. "I wonder whether he has grown? I shall be quite jealous of Laura; all his letters are full of her. Are you tired, dear?" and her eyes grow anxious in a moment.

He laughs, and puts his arm round her.

"Tired! I wonder how long it will be before you lose the idea that I am an invalid," he says. "Why, you require a great deal more nursing than I do! You nearly killed yourself in nursing me, and you still keep it up, though the sharpest pangs I feel now are the pangs of hunger. My dear, you will find me riding to hounds before the week is out if this weather lasts. By the way, that reminds me; I must see after the hunt; we must do our duty, you know."

"Our duty, yes!" assents Signa, eagerly. "Hector, dear!"

"Well?"

## MAGIC READ THE LABEL BAKING NO ALUM POWDER

"I want you to settle at Northwell, and be quite—quite—what shall I say?—quite lord of the manor, you know. I want you to keep the hounds; is that the right way of putting it?"

"That is near enough. Well?" and he draws her nearer to him and gives her a lover's kiss; "and go in for feeding cattle like the Duke of Deerford, who thinks of nothing else?"

"No, not like the Duke of Deerford," she says, with a smile. "Dear old duke, I shall always like him, because—"

"Because you fooled him to the top of his bent and talked short-horns, you that don't know one bull from another!" he says, laughingly.

"All the same, I like him, and I hope you will go in for short-horns and farming, and all that, and that we shall settle down at Northwell all our days."

"With a spell of London and Scotland for a change," he says, with a smile. Then he starts. "Here we are! and—good Heaven!—they have decorated the station!"

"No! But—not—for us?" falters Signa.

"The train stops, and the station-master and all the porters hasten to the carriage, and stand as if they were a deputation sent to receive royalty."

"I hope your lordship and ladyship are well," says the station-master, removing his cap.

"Quite well, thank you, Saunders," says Hector, who never forgets a man's name. "Is the carriage here?"

Before he can answer, a voice in childish treble shrieks his name.

"Hector—Signa!" and Archie is folded in her embrace.

"Archie—Archie!" she pants. "Oh, my dear, how glad I am to see you!"

"Yes, and so am I," he returns. "But, oh, Signa, dear, how thin you have grown! But you are still very beautiful, Signa! And aren't you very, very tired? What a lovely carriage, and Hector—I beg your pardon—I ought to call you 'my lord'!"

"Hector will more than satisfy me, my dear Archie," says my Lord of Delamere, taking the boy up in his arms and kissing him. "And how are papa and mamma?"

"Oh, you'll see 'em at the Grange," says Archie. "Come along. They are all waiting. What a time you have been! We expected you an hour ago."

My Lord Delamere, taking his wife upon his arm, and holding Archie's hand, descends the step, and the crowd collected at the bottom bursts out into a hearty cheer.

It is so unexpected that her veil to hide the sudden crimson that covers her face, but some one in the middle of the crowd shouts, "three cheers for her ladyship!" and as the cheers rise, she, with true instinct raises her veil and bows her head in acknowledgment, while her arm trembles within Hector's.

The crowd follows them respectfully but eagerly to the carriage, and when the horses, rather startled by the noise, plunges forward, the crowd runs after it.

Archie jumps on Signa's lap, and nestles amongst the costly sables, with his arms round her neck.

"What a long, long time you have been away!" he says, excitedly. "I thought you were never coming back—and I have missed you so! And is Hector really better?" turning to look at him and snatch at his hand.

"Wanted to come out to you, wherever it was, but there was no one to take me! I shouldn't have been afraid to go alone, and I told 'em so. And it's such a beautiful—but I wasn't to tell you! You'll see it directly—there!" and he flings himself at the window and claps his hands, as the triumphal arch appears in view.

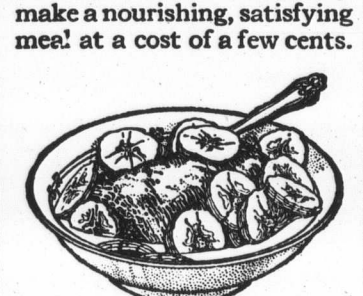
"Hector!" exclaims Signa, with child-like delight, and a little breathless pant; "Hector! Oh, how good and thoughtful of them! It is beautiful, Archie, dear!"

"Isn't it?" he assents, joyously. "and they've been at work such a time on it, and Sir Frederic helped: he

Is Breakfast Ready? The answer is easy in the home where Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the regular every day breakfast cereal.

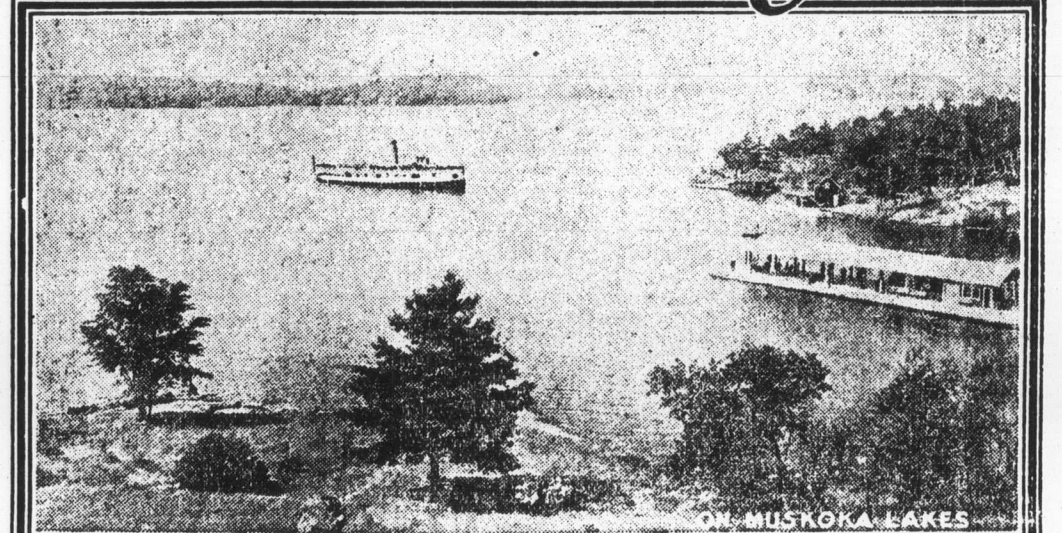
Being ready-cooked and ready-to-eat, Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the joy of the housekeeper in Summer.

Served with sliced bananas, berries, or other fruit, they make a nourishing, satisfying meal at a cost of a few cents.



Made in Canada.

## Hunting Ground of Hurons Now Favored Holiday Haunt



The regions pictured here are in the Highlands of Ontario, and were the hunting grounds of the Hurons before the ships of Spain turned to the westward from Palos. The Hurons selected in these Highlands of Ontario some of the loveliest districts in Canada. The scenic beauties, the health giving atmosphere and the excellent fishing are now attracting a steadily growing army of visitors. One day's journey from most of the large centres places the traveller in Muskoka, Lake of Bays or Algonquin Park, and the Grand Trunk lines thread the territory in such a manner that every point is made easy of access. From the train you may visit the outlying stores and then launch out into the deep woods by canoe. Whole families now spend their vacations camping in Algonquin Park. Fleets of steamers give service over the Muskoka Lakes and the Lake of Bays. While these districts have lost none of their primitive loveliness every form of recreation has been provided, including golf links for the devotees of the royal and ancient game. There are modern hotels for the lover of social life and quiet spots for those who wish to be near the heart of nature, while in Algonquin Park log cabin camps have been constructed back from the beaten paths of travel, which combine primitive surroundings with the comforts found in hotels in large cities.



## Redpath SUGAR



If better sugar is ever produced than the present REDPATH Extra Granulated, you may be sure it will be made in the same Refinery that has led for over half a century—and sold under the same name—REDPATH.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

15

2 and 5 lb. Cartons—  
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.