

HER HUMBLE LOVER

"Alas, yes," says the father, sadly. "And now I have to tell you of poor Lucia. Two mornings after the duel...

She does not speak, but her hand presses his, and he is satisfied. Then the doctor comes forward and looks at his patient rather grimly.

"She was not violent," they wrote, but what is called melancholy-mad. "Melancholia" is the right word, is it not? All her mind was set upon the trouble she had gone through, and all her thoughts were of the man who had rescued her.

"Like an honest English gentleman, my lady," murmured the priest, sadly. "Yes, that is better, Father Sebastian," says the old lady, "and all the time we in England were vilifying him! This is a cruel world."

"The months passed; the poor child would come backward and forward from the great cities to Casaltina, her home. Her father died, and left her his wealth, and we all hoped that she would recover her reason and forget the past."

And Lady Rookwell, the hardened woman of the world, bows her head in reverent silence. The servant enters with a warm basin of warm milk, the simple fare which forms the Tuscan's supper, and sets it on the table, and the father is about to invite them to partake of it.

"There is a dead silence; then Lady Rookwell bends over Lord Delamere's hand with tears in her eyes. 'Will you ever forgive us, my dear?'" she murmurs.

He himself goes to answer it, and the two women, sitting close together in their sadness, hear his voice mingled with a gruff and coarser tone. Presently he re-enters the room, and then, looking up at him anxiously, they notice that his face is very grave and solemn.

"Yes—yes!" he says eagerly; "there is nothing to forgive. It is a miserable story, is it not? Forgive! It is I who ought to plead for forgiveness! Had I acted as I should have done, and told my darling all the father has now told you, this would not have happened. But I shrunk from it, and put it from me day by day, until it became impossible to tell her. Mine is the blame!"

"What is it, Father Sebastian?" asks Lady Rookwell. "Has anything happened?" He stands at the table, looking down at them. "Yes," he says; "I have bad news! And yet—and yet terrible though it be, it is almost good news. A peasant has just come to bring me tidings of Lucia."

"No! no!" she says a horse voice from the shadow. Hector turns his eyes with a sad smile, and slowly, painfully, holds out his hand to him.

"The dead!" echoes Lady Rookwell, with a start. "Yes," he says. "This man has come to tell us that my poor Lucia has been found at the bottom of the ravine—dead! In her flight she took the Florence road, and in attempting to cross the stream was caught by the torrent, and whirled by its irresistible power into the valley. Poor Lucia is dead! She lies now at the inn. I will go to her. Leave me to tell the sad news to my lord."

"That thought will prove sufficient punishment for me. You can forgive me, if in time you can bring yourself to think that I am worthy to be your friend, prove your forgiveness by giving me some chance of atonement. Let me be of some service to you, and I will thank you with gratitude of a remorseful man who sees some chance of retrieving himself. Delamere, is there nothing, nothing I can do?" he breaks in with dull despair.

"What can we do?" she asks, helplessly. "Something—anything," responds Laura, desperately, and she snatches up her hat and cloak. "Anything would be better than sitting here, helpless and useless, while that good old man goes about his duty alone."

"There is silence for a moment, then the sick man says, solemnly: 'Yes, be a friend to her,' and his eyes turn lovingly to Signa. 'If anything should happen, be that friend which all who are in need require. See now, I give her welfare to your hands. I leave her worldly affairs in your charge. More—I take you at your word, you see—will you go and look up my steward, and see that things are going on right? I leave everything in your hands—my friend!'"

"I know it," breathes Hector, feebly. "Sir Frederic has a heart of gold; he was sorely tried and tempted, and was misled. Through the whole miserable business he has acted like an honorable man, impelled by a mistaken sense of duty to himself—and my darling here. It is not hard to forgive such a one, Signa."

a hardship to walk through Regent street, hurries out of the house, and Lady Rookwell follows her.

Stumbling, and holding each other's hands, they make their way to the inn, and into the silent chamber where the innocent cause of all this sorrow lies wrapped in the last slumber, with a peaceful smile on her face.

The good father expresses no surprise at their presence, but calmly, solemnly points to the motionless form.

"Poor Lucia!" he says. "She has passed beyond the vale of tears. Poor child! she has found peace at last. We will leave her now. Mine shall be the task of telling my lord. Come, now," and he leads them back to the cottage again.

As they enter the little hall, the doctor comes down the stairs. His face is as grim as usual, but there is an unwonted light in his eyes.

"Hush!" he says, gruffly; "he is asleep." Lady Rookwell murmurs something about the poor girl found drowned, but it does not interest the doctor absorbed by his case.

"Humph!" he says. "What I expected, but mind! no one is to go near my patient—not for all the drowned girls!" "Oh, doctor!" gasps Lady Rookwell; "do you mean that we may hope?"

"Hope!" he says, shading the candle with his hand. "That is a big word, even in your English tongue. I do not say that; but I do say that I have just a chance with him—just a chance, but nothing more," and with a shrug of the shoulders he goes upstairs again.

It is just a chance, but the little, surly, gruff-voiced surgeon clings to it, and makes much of it. All along he has fought the fight bravely—that terrible fight which the man of science fights against the King of Terror. Even when there seemed no trace of hope, he fought for fighting's sake, and now that he sees a faint glimmer of light in the horizon, he stands squarely up, ready to contest every inch with his foe.

He has no thought of fame, this little doctor with the unshaven face and shabby dress; it never occurs to him that his patient is a powerful English nobleman, and that if he recovers, the man who saves him will receive a great reward, and have a chance of becoming famous; my Lord Delamere is just an intensely interesting case of stabling, with great nervous depression in addition, and for mere love of the struggle, he has resolved to snatch him from Death's clutches, if it be possible for mortal man to do so.

It is a hard fight. For some days Hector lies motionless, and to all appearance lifeless; then a weak delirium sets in, and Signa, always near him, hears him murmuring her name or Archie's. Once he fancies that he is sailing the boat to St. Clare; and mutters: "I will save her, my darling; she shall not die, and not knowing that I love her."

Then again he is at Lady Rookwell's; but still dreaming of her—always with white face and dark-rimmed eyes. The surgeon and she scarcely exchange a word; she knows what he requires of her without needing to speak—a glance, a look is sufficient for her. Never was man so watched and nursed since suffering humanity began to suffer.

So the days pass, until one morning there comes a change. Very feebly he turns his eyes to her and smiles; his brain is quite clear; there is a look of life in the dark orbs; life expressed by an intense expression of love and gratitude.

"Hector!" she breathes, kneeling beside him, her face to his, her bosom heaving. "Ah, Hector!" "My darling, my darling!" he murmurs. "How you—have suffered! But—it is over, Signa! I feel that I shall live! Tell him so!" and his eyes turn to the sturdy figure of the doctor with a grateful smile.

"That's no news!" says the little man, gruffly, but with a pleased, flickering smile about his lips. "I know that days ago, I knew you'd live when you meant to! That is the best of having an Englishman for a patient. When he means to die he means it, and when he means to live he means it, too! Ah, yes, we have turned the corner, my lord. But—" and he shrugs his shoulders significantly.

"It has been a near thing," says Hector, with a gentle sigh. "Yes, I meant living! You see—and his eyes dwell wistfully on the pale but still lovely face beside him—"I have something to live for."

Then he falls asleep—into sound, restful sleep now. That night it is flashed by the electric wire to Northwell that his lord has returned to the land of the living, and that death has been thrust at arm's length.

Little Son Was A Pitiful Sight

With Ringworm Which Turned to Eczema. Just One Mass. Cuticura Completely Healed.

"My little son, three years old, took ringworm on his left arm, and he scratched it so that it turned to eczema. It then spread to his back, chest, arms, legs and head. It was just one mass of corruption and it made my heart ache to see him scratch; he would just tear himself. He was a pitiful sight."

"I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment. By the time I had used the second box of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap he was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. R. R. Peachey, R. R. 1, Waldemar, Ont., December 30, 1916. Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet and Cuticura Ointment as needed prevent pimples, blackheads or other eruptions. For Free Sample Each by Mail Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

Not only to Northwell, but to London and Paris does the telegraph flash the news, for the story of Lord Delamere's illness and its cause have been a fruitful topic of conversation in both cities, and the world has shown more than its usual curiosity to know the result; and many are of the opinion of the Duke of Deerford, who received the news of Lord Delamere's recovery with a grunt of satisfaction, and the remark that he objects, on principle, to Englishmen being done to death by foreigners of any kind. Neither he nor the world at large will ever know the true story of Casaltina.

"And now, Laura," says Lady Rookwell, two days afterward, "what had we better do? Lord Delamere is growing well rapidly, and we are rather—"

"Rather de trop—rather in the way," says Laura. "No, I don't mean that at all," retorts her ladyship, whose sharpness has returned with Hector's recovery. "I'm sure Signa is only too glad to have us, dear child, but I think we had better go."

"Certainly," says Laura; "let us go at once. I'll come home with you—" "Thank you, my dear."

"Without waiting for an invitation. And you and I will get the Grange aired for them. Signa told me last night that she would take him back to England the moment the doctor pronounced it safe for him to travel. She hates Italy."

"She has not much cause to love it," snaps her ladyship. "As for me, I don't want to hear the name of the place again as long as I live, excepting you connect it with that dear, good Father Sebastian. Oh, I wish we could take him to England—and keep him there!"

It is a bright morning in early winter—one of those mornings which England, perhaps, alone, can boast of. The air is so clear, that, standing on Northwell Cliffs, one can see for miles across land and sea, the latter glittering under the clear, keen sunlight like an opal set round in emeralds of the green fields. It is a morning when the blood, especially if it be young, runs freely through the veins and lifts the mind above sordid cares and petty troubles. It is winter, it is true, but winter with a smiling mask on, his voice attuned to spring roundelay, his frosty beard shining with something like a summer sunshine.

Floated into the clear, blue sky rises the smoke from the tall, fluted chimneys of Northwell Grange, as it has not floated for many a long year. There are fires all over the great place; there is stir, and bustle, and pleasant excitement, from cellar to attic; servants in the handsome Delamere livery are hurrying to and fro; grooms in the stables are putting the last polish to their horses; trim maids are hurrying about the bedrooms; signs of preparation are to be met with in every part of the house, for to-day my Lord and Lady Delamere are to arrive home.

Down below in the village there is already a crowd of expectant sight-seers grouped round the pretty triumphal arch of holly leaves and ivy, with its hackneyed but heart-stirring word—"Welcome." In the belfry the ringers stand with the ropes in their hands—and a huge jug of home-brewed—ready at the moment of "their honors" arrival to ring out a merry peal.

It is no ordinary, stereotyped "coming home" this; and there is real and genuine pleasure in the popular hearts, for is not the Lord of Northwell returning from death as well as from foreign lands? They have all read in the local newspaper of that awful struggle between life and death, and

all Northwell is full of sympathy for its lord and the sweet young wife, whom they saw married in their own church.

Up at the Grange, flitting from room to room, is Laura Derwent, incessantly calling to Archie, who cuts after her, full of frantic excitement and impatience.

"Do you think the train will be late, Miss Derwent?" he demands. (To be continued.)

THE ODOR OF SPICES. Often Used by Writers to Stimulate Their Imagination.

On some portions of the globe spices are worth more than gold or silver. "In the arctic region spices are essential to health and happiness," writes an explorer. "A dash of pepper, a pinch of ground cinnamon, a little nutmeg or a pinch of ginger root revives the jaded appetite wonderfully in the north. I have seen shipwrecked sailors fight over an ounce of spices with more fierceness than they ever did for money."

The psychological effect of spices is of more importance than the physiological. Many writers have confessed their inability to write without the odor of spices in their rooms. One great musician composed his masterpiece under the influence of cinnamon and cloves steaming in a kettle of preserves in a neighbor's kitchen. Thereafter he composed only when steamed cloves and cinnamon were on hand.

The food of one man, however, very often happens to be more or less violent poison for another. In the annals of insane asylums there are many cases on record where the odor of cloves, cinnamon, pepper, allspice or ginger has driven patients into violent paroxysms.

Yet all the world loves spices. In the fear that the source of supply would eventually become exhausted chemists have sought to make spices synthetically. They have succeeded in a number of instances to such an extent that cheap adulterations are sometimes used.—Exchange.

Helplets.

If wicks for oil stoves are starched and ironed they can be fitted into the burners with less difficulty.

Kerosene is good for holding small pans on the stove while stirring. Put salt under the baking dish and the contents will not burn.

A small bag of camphor inside the pillow will protect the pillow from moths. Put salt under the baking dish and the contents will not burn.

Water bottles or vases with narrow tops can be easily cleaned if a handful of rice is dropped in, after adding a little ammonia to the wash water, and shaking vigorously.

Use chalk and soap on mildew stains and hang in the sun. Lemon juice and salt with the aid of the sun will remove rust stains. Kerosene will remove fly specks from windows, picture frames and woodwork.

A little water boiled in the saucepan before putting in milk will prevent burning. Ammonia brightens widow glass and mirrors.

Wash off cloth and linoleum with tepid water and wipe with cloth dipped in equal parts cold milk and water. Fingerprints on varnished furniture can be removed by rubbing with a cloth dampened with sweet oil, while kerosene is better for oil-stained surfaces.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Every time you go upstairs you can test your state of health—the condition of your blood.

Do you arrive at the top of the stairs breathless and distressed? Does your heart palpitate violently? Do you have a pain in your side? Perhaps you even have to stop half way up, with limbs trembling and head dizzy, too exhausted to go further without resting. These are unfavourable signs of anaemia. As soon as your blood becomes impoverished or impure the stair-case becomes an instrument of torture. When this is so you are unfit for work; your blood is watery and your nerves exhausted, you are losing the joy of an active life and paving the way for a further break-down and decline. In this condition only one thing can save you. You must put new, rich, red blood into your veins without further delay, and so build up your health anew. To get this new, rich blood, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and they will give you new vitality, sound health, and the power to resist and throw off disease. For more than a generation this favorite medicine has been in use throughout the world and has made many thousands of weak, despondent men and women bright, active and strong.

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

UNIONIZING THE MAID.

He printed on her lips a kiss— Her "type" and "form" were fine— And then he just "kissed" this— (To be continued.) —Make-Up.

He printed on her lips a kiss— She thought he could do better For lo, the criticizing miss Perceived a wrong-foot letter. —Heading Man.

He printed on her lips a kiss, But it is not surprising That this wee bit of spooning bliss Should need so much revising? —Copy Holder.

When printing on her lips a kiss, Why did he not invite her To have a "mat" made of the job By some good steno-typist? —Printer's Devil.

He printed on her lips a kiss, But, if he put no slug, I challenge her to find the guy Who thus defaced her mug! —Galley Boy.

He printed on her lips a kiss, As well as he was able And then to have and hold the miss He used the union-label. —J. Robb, Hamilton. —Typographical Journal.

Artificial flowers for millinery are being made to inclose tiny incandescent lamps, which can be supplied with current from storage batteries hidden inside the wearers' hats.

No man likes to get hurt. Many a fellow feels like kicking himself if he wasn't afraid of stubbing his toe.

The Few Men Who See All

(Millaire Belloc, in Land and Water). There is a certain small number of men in Europe whose whole function it is to calculate with their staffs the rate of loss.

To these men, whether upon the enemy's side or upon our own, the great battle lies as really moving towards its completion, as do the manoeuvring troops upon the successive plans of a history book move to a decision before the eyes of a student who reads. Weeks ago the Austrians were pressing the outskirts of Bullecourt; many days ago they were still pressing upon either side of the ruins. To-day those ruins are in their hands. Some weeks ago the French stood just on the edge of Craonne. Many days ago they setled the ruin of the once charming village on its height. Many more days may pass and they may yet be there. And the days pass, and the line still stands, hardly moving.

To one who should erroneously judge by physical movement very little has happened in these places. In most other places upon the line apparently nothing. But to the men who are in possession of all the obtainable figures and the real meaning of the fight, Craonne and Bullecourt and twenty other names of twenty other unhappy ruins means a certain calculable rate of approach not to a point in space, but to a point in time where exhaustion will determine a decision.

It is a paradox but a truth that of these men who are watching in their rough rooms behind either line, not physical movement on maps, but figures plotted out day upon day on the colored curves, it is those behind the German line that can best appreciate the inexorable character of the affair and the way in which it advances as though by a natural force rather than the will of man. For upon either side exact knowledge is confined to one's own losses, while those of the opponents are at first at a guess, then an estimate, and only after some time reduced by an examination of prisoners, the capture of documents, etc., to a reasonable margin of error; yet there are two dominating facts which either party possesses in common, and which must be appearing to-day in the German bureaux under an even stronger light than in those of the French and the British.

These dominating facts are, first: That the Allied power or recruitment at this moment remains greater by far than the German; and secondly, that the rate of loss upon the Allied side is, and must increasingly be, less than the rate upon the enemy's. It is therefore in the last analysis the enemy's rate of casualties which will determine the battle, and because the enemy knows that rate more accurately than we do, because he does not obtain it by calculation and estimate, but can plot it down every evening accurately—it is on this account that he must know the nature of the end even better than we do. He has before him as a solid line the curve which is the master curve of information, the German losses. Our people have it as a dotted line. He sees and measures to a thousandth the decreasing belt between the rising line and the horizontal limit of the reserves; we measure it only to a rough estimate.

Therefore it is that he has already asked for peace. Therefore it is that he exaggerates for his public, and perhaps for his own comfort, the power—the menace—grave though the menace is—of the submarine to the communications of the Allies; and therefore it is said that he emphasizes as best he may, by vague phrases and general statements, the losses he is himself inflicting.

I could have wished to have been in Metz in a certain room when the Staff came in after the repulse the army had suffered in front of Nancy in the month of September, 1914—the first defeat for a hundred years. And I could have wished to have been at their headquarters in the late afternoon of September 9th when the final desperate prayers came in from L. a Fere Champenoise and from the Ourcq and the order was reluctantly sent that the armies should fall back from before the French and the English upon the Marne. But I could wish still more that one might have a vision at this moment of a little room in Mezieres. I think it would lift our hearts.

Force of Light.

Light has an actual mechanical pressure and can be measured in the laboratory. It has been found that the sun's light in itself presses against the earth with a force something like 70,000 tons. As the surface of a sphere varies as the square of the radius, and as the volume or mass varies as the cube of the radius, and as the mechanical pressure of light on the whole surface varies as that surface, and as the force of gravity varies as the mass, if a sphere is made smaller and smaller it is easily seen that the pressure of light does not decrease so fast as the force of gravity, so bodies beyond a certain minuteness could not reach the sun, but would be repelled by the mechanical force of its light.

Saving.

Some women formed a resolution to do something about the high cost of living. "Something," they insisted, with lofty courage, "that will count!" Accordingly they banded together and so perfected themselves in the art of making up their minds that whereas it had hitherto taken a salesgirl an average of two hours to sell a yard of ribbon she could now turn the trick in twenty minutes flat.

The economic saving, of course, was in the aggregate enormous, making itself felt all down the line. Poor tea that can be sold at a low price is most extravagant in use. A little good tea, like Salada, makes many more cups; hence it's real economy.

Redpath SUGAR has never been offered as "just as good" as some more famous brand; for Sixty Years it has itself been that more famous brand—and deservedly. "Let Redpath Sweeten it." 13 Made in one grade only—the highest!