

HER HUMBLE LOVER

Here, fortunately for Signa and Mrs. Podswell, the door opened, and the gentlemen came in, straggling and hesitating, as usual, with the regulation smile upon their faces.

For the life of her, Signa could not help looking up with an expectant glance. But her eyes fell, and something in her heart dropped also. The tall, stalwart figure was not amongst them. Hector Warren had not come.

A long, pompous-looking gentleman, with a yellow mustache, which helped Signa identify him as Sir Frederic, came first, his hands thrust into his pockets, a consequential air about his whole person. Archie's description had been so graphic that Signa could almost fancy this gawky individual talking about "my lands" and "my people." Sir Frederic yawns behind his hand and looks around the room; then, suddenly the yawn dies away, and he stares at the unexpected apparition of a beautiful girl with a sheepish blush.

CHAPTER VII.

"Hem," snaps Lady Rookwell, with a dry chuckle, "number one brought down at the first shot. Come here, Sir Frederic, here is somebody you'd like to know;" and Sir Frederic, blushing still more furiously, moves his long and important person across the room.

"My dear," says Lady Rookwell, her sharp eyes fixed with a sarcastic, unmerciful smile upon the back of Sir Frederic's inflated countenance, "this is Sir Frederic Blyte, commonly known in these parts as Sir Frederic the Great."

"He! he!" grins the doctor. "I say—come, you know," expositulates Sir Frederic. "Really you know, eh—"

"Sir Frederic the Great," repeats Lady Rookwell, showing her admirably made set of teeth. "Because he is the greatest—I should also say the longest—man in the county. Arent you, Sir Frederic?"

"Pon my word," stammers the great man, half-veiled, half-pleased, as Lady Rookwell had intended him to be. "And this, Sir Frederic, is Miss Grenville—what's your other name, my dear—I didn't catch it."

"Signa," says Signa, very much amused. "How do you spell it?" demands her ladyship.

"Signa spells it. Oh, there's a 'g' in it, is there? Then what on earth do you call it, Seanah for?"

"It is an Italian name," says Signa. Lady Rookwell grunts.

"Oh, I see. I don't understand Italian, and I don't want to; but I dare say Sir Frederic does, eh?" and she grins mischievously at her victim.

"Eh—not very well. I've been in Italy."

"So has every other fellow," snaps her terrible ladyship. "You haven't introduced us yet, Lady Rookwell," says Sir Frederic, reddening angrily.

"And I'm not going to be hurried," retorts her ladyship, delighted at having "roused" him. "If you can't wait my time you had better go away."

Sir Frederic bows with his hand up on his heart, and Lady Rookwell, accepting his submission, resumes.

"The daughter of an old friend of mine—I knew him and fell in love with him when you were squalling in your cradle, Sir Frederic. Now you know each other."

"I trust that Miss Grenville will permit me to continue the acquaintance so pleasantly begun," says Sir Frederic, politely, but with a recovery of his pompous air.

"Bah!" snaps her ladyship; "fine speeches are thrown away on this young lady, Sir Frederic. She has heard 'em all, haven't you, my dear?"

"The daughter of an old friend of mine—I knew him and fell in love with him when you were squalling in your cradle, Sir Frederic. Now you know each other."

"I trust that Miss Grenville will permit me to continue the acquaintance so pleasantly begun," says Sir Frederic, politely, but with a recovery of his pompous air.

"Bah!" snaps her ladyship; "fine speeches are thrown away on this young lady, Sir Frederic. She has heard 'em all, haven't you, my dear?"

"The daughter of an old friend of mine—I knew him and fell in love with him when you were squalling in your cradle, Sir Frederic. Now you know each other."

"I trust that Miss Grenville will permit me to continue the acquaintance so pleasantly begun," says Sir Frederic, politely, but with a recovery of his pompous air.

Signa replies in the negative. "Really! All the pretty part lies that way. I—ah—have a place over there. I dare say you have heard of it—Blyte Park, you know."

"I don't think I have," says Signa. "Indeed!" he exclaims, with an air of surprise and disappointment. "I hope Mrs. Podswell will bring you to see it. My mother lives there—keeps house, you know. I should like to show you round my land. Although I say it, I think you'll find rather a jolly place; I rather go in for keeping it up, you know, look after my people and—ah—that sort of thing."

It is as much as Signa can do to refrain from smiling; Archie's imitation was really excellent. "I shall be very glad," she murmurs, vaguely.

"Yes," he resumes, stroking his moustache with immense satisfaction. "My idea is that when a man has a—ah—place, he ought to do his duty by it. My mother will be awfully pleased to see you. I'll ask Mrs. Podswell to bring you over."

"I am afraid my aunt will scarcely be well enough," says Signa.

"Tea?" says Capt. Jenks, in a voice loud enough to drown all the rest. "No, thank you, Mrs. Podswell. Never drink tea, especially after dinner and the rectory claret. Begging your pardon, I don't reckon it a drink fit for a man—good enough for women—they like it and it suits 'em. Oh, yes! When I was in command of the Arethusa—"

"Oh, dear!" exclaims Lady Rookwell, quite audibly. "Now he's going to shout out that anecdote about his tiresome ship. I wish he was on board of her now!"

"So do I, my lady!" retorts the captain, in the same tone, and not at all offended; he and Lady Rookwell are old friends. "You might be in a worse place than on deck of a man-of-war."

"I dare say," says her ladyship, sardonically, "though it doesn't seem possible!"

Before the captain can find a retort, and while the rest are laughing, the door opens, and Mary, scarcely audible in the merriment, says, "Mr. Warren."

Signa catches the name, and looks up with a sudden thrill.

A silence falls upon the company. The rector changes color and forces a feeble smile, and Aunt Podswell nearly drops the tea-cup she is holding. With his calm smile, Hector Warren comes across the room toward her.

Signa catches the name, and looks up with a sudden thrill.

A silence falls upon the company. The rector changes color and forces a feeble smile, and Aunt Podswell nearly drops the tea-cup she is holding. With his calm smile, Hector Warren comes across the room toward her.

Signa catches the name, and looks up with a sudden thrill.

A silence falls upon the company. The rector changes color and forces a feeble smile, and Aunt Podswell nearly drops the tea-cup she is holding. With his calm smile, Hector Warren comes across the room toward her.

Signa catches the name, and looks up with a sudden thrill.

A silence falls upon the company. The rector changes color and forces a feeble smile, and Aunt Podswell nearly drops the tea-cup she is holding. With his calm smile, Hector Warren comes across the room toward her.

Signa catches the name, and looks up with a sudden thrill.

A silence falls upon the company. The rector changes color and forces a feeble smile, and Aunt Podswell nearly drops the tea-cup she is holding. With his calm smile, Hector Warren comes across the room toward her.

Signa catches the name, and looks up with a sudden thrill.

A silence falls upon the company. The rector changes color and forces a feeble smile, and Aunt Podswell nearly drops the tea-cup she is holding. With his calm smile, Hector Warren comes across the room toward her.

Signa catches the name, and looks up with a sudden thrill.

A silence falls upon the company. The rector changes color and forces a feeble smile, and Aunt Podswell nearly drops the tea-cup she is holding. With his calm smile, Hector Warren comes across the room toward her.

Signa catches the name, and looks up with a sudden thrill.

A silence falls upon the company. The rector changes color and forces a feeble smile, and Aunt Podswell nearly drops the tea-cup she is holding. With his calm smile, Hector Warren comes across the room toward her.

MADE IN CANADA
Guaranteed for All Climates
DOMINION RAINCOATS
 UNEQUALLED FOR QUALITY, STYLE AND VALUE
 All sizes for Men, Women and Children



dreadful things to say to you respecting the solemnity of a gentleman's promise," and she laughs softly. "Poor Archie! And was he really deprived of his almonds and raisins? I am very sorry, if I had thought they depended so entirely upon me, I would—"

"Have neglected most important business and been here?" says Signa, with a smile.

He is not at all embarrassed, though Lady Rookwell shows all her teeth in an appalling grin.

"Yes," he says, "a promise is a promise, and sacred. I shall plead guilty, and throw myself on Archie's mercy."

"It will be the best course," says Signa.

He stands for a moment, wondering whether the long-legged gentleman will rise and give him a chance of taking his chair, but Sir Frederic is too overcome by the distinguished presence and easy manners of the stranger to move, and sits with an uneasy sense of inferiority.

"Hem," says Lady Rookwell. "Introductions are out of fashion, but you may present your friend, my dear."

"Mr. Warren—Lady Rookwell—Lady Rookwell, Mr. Warren," says Signa. Lady Rookwell's sharp eyes fix themselves upon him like needles.

"Warren, Warren," she says, "are you of the Norfolk Warrens?"

"I think not," he says.

"Hem! I used to know some Warrens in Bedfordshire. Perhaps you are of that family?"

"I am afraid I cannot claim kinship with any of the proper Warrens," he says, with a smile that puzzles Lady Rookwell.

"Ah, well," she says, "it doesn't matter. And are you staying here?"

"For a time," he says.

This satisfactorily vague reply staggers her ladyship, and she turns her shoulder to him.

Signa detects a faint smile of amusement in his eyes, and she wonders whether Lady Rookwell will return to the attack; but her ladyship knows when she is beaten, and talks to Sir Frederic.

Then somebody mentions the word music, and Mrs. Podswell comes across the room to Signa.

"Have you any music with you, Signa?" she asks, awkwardly.

Signa shakes her head.

"No," she says, "I have not."

"Perhaps Miss Grenville can play without music?" hazards Sir Frederic, with a blush.

Lady Rookwell looks inquiringly at her.

"Of course she can," she says, and Signa rises without any hesitation and goes to the piano.

"She has heard every word, unless she is quite deaf," says the captain, with a laugh.

"Ah!" retorts her ladyship, "a little flattery will be a pleasant change for her; you don't give her too much, Amelia, do you?" and she grins again.

"Beautiful, beautiful," murmurs Mrs. Plumble, meekly, as the Swiss air comes to an end. "Oh, don't let her leave the piano, please! Mr. Podswell, please ask her to play again—or to sing?"

The rector picks his way across the room with a bland smile.

"You play very well, my dear, and with—ahem—admirable expression. Expression in music is—"

"Sing us something," comes in Lady Rookwell's voice.

Signa smiles at the abruptness of the request, and she glances, half-intentionally, at the handsome, thoughtful face above her.

"Do not sing a note unless you please," he says, in the low voice in which he had spoken previously.

She colors, but shakes her head.

"What does it matter?" she says. "They do not mean to be rude. Will you see if there is anything in the cabinet that I remember?"

He goes down on his knee, much to the amazement of Sir Frederic, who could not have done such a thing for fear of being laughed at, and turns over the portfolio.

"Come into the Garden—no, 'The Maid of Athens.' I wonder when this portfolio was opened last?" he says.

"I'm afraid there is nothing here—"

"Never mind," she says. "I can remember something. Let me see."

She thinks for a moment, then she sings an old-fashioned ballad so sweetly that, before she knows it, Mrs. Plumble feels her eyes fill. As for Lady Rookwell, she looks a little ferocious, as usual when her feelings are touched.

There was a murmur of admiration when Signa finishes the song, but not a word from the tall figure beside her. She looks up at him.

"Don't you like it?" she says, with a smile.

He seems to awake from a dream, and with almost a start looks down at her.

"It isn't a question of liking," he answers, his eyes fixed on hers. "Your

Art Pottery
 You will be pleased with the choice assortment of
New Art Pottery
 which we are showing this week. The assortment contains Flower Bows, Bud Vases, Vases of various shapes, Jars, etc. in Yellow, Jet, Verd, and other colors. This is very attractive. Priced from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

ROBERT JUNOR
 64 KING ST. E. SOUTH SIDE
 Hamilton, Ont.
 THE HOUSE FOR GIFTS.

song will haunt me the night through."

"I hope not," she says, smiling. "And now you must sing for them," she adds.

"And not for you?" he says.

"Oh, for me, too," she assents, with a faint blush.

"How do you know I have any voice?" he says.

She smiles mysteriously, but shakes her head.

"What shall I sing?" he asks.

"The air from 'Carmen,'" she answers at once.

He thinks for a moment with knit-brow, then his face clears.

"Why do you choose that?" he says.

"Because I know that you can sing it," she retorts. "I have heard you. Will you deny it?"

"No," he says. "I plead guilty. I had no idea I was disturbing anyone. I did not know you were near. You mean that night I was trespassing in the Grange gardens?"

"Yes," she says. "Will you sing it now? Shall I play it for you?"

"Oh, I dare not trouble you," he says.

And, to the amazement of the company, he sits down to the piano as calmly and quietly as if every man could play, and with a masterly touch strikes the opening chords, and in a voice which Signa remembers instantly, sings the famous air.

GILLETTS EYE
 EATS GILLETTS DIRT
 MADE IN CANADA



"It's rather bad form on the rector's part, you know."

"Very good form, I should say," retorts her ladyship. "If we all of us got somebody at our homes to amuse people as this man is doing it would be to our credit."

"But you said just now—" says the bewildered baronet.

"I said I didn't know what the rector meant, and I don't. I suppose he doesn't know. He'll have an apopleptic fit, and Amelia will faint, when they find out."

"I think," says the baronet, glancing at his watch, "that—oh, I must be going. Can I order your ladyship's carriage?"

(To be continued.)

HUMAN TELEPHONE.

New Apparatus May Aid Tuberculosis Diagnosis.

Dr. Glover, a French physician, has developed an apparatus for internal diagnosis by which sound waves given out by human organs may be propagated either through the air in the ordinary manner of sound waves or through the bones and tissues of bodies, according to Jacques Boyer in the Scientific American. By means of the apparatus, it is said, the practitioner will be afforded the possibility of an early diagnosis of tuberculosis and a close study of respiratory organs is also practicable.

Describing Dr. Glover's apparatus, the Scientific American says:

"He places a galvanometer in circuit with a microphone, an induction coil primary and a voltaic battery. A voltmeter is attached to measure the electromotive force at the moment of experiment. For a given position of the microphone this apparatus develops a certain intensity, which is indicated by the index of the galvanometer. When the organic sound vibrations, from heart, lungs, etc., its membrane is subject to periodic deformations, which are revealed to the eye of the observer by the galvanometer hand, the quotient of the resistance of the electric circuit of the coil is kept constant."

"In order to test and check the visual record thus obtained of the patient's internal mechanisms, Dr. Glover has devised a system of two receivers inserted in the secondary circuit of the induction coil. This is appropriately used in examining respiration and heart action. It is to be noted also that the galvanometer test is of value when associated with ordinary feeling of the pulse, for it reveals delicacies of the vascular vibrations which would not be sensible to the organs of touch."

"Finally it is a simple enough step to attach a recording needle to the galvanometer, somewhat after the plan adopted for the testing of candidates for the French aviation service, thus obtaining a permanent graphical record, which may be studied at leisure under far more favorable conditions than those of the operating room or the clinic."

Why We Have Two Eyes.

Because we have two eyes, the things we see seem solid and not flat, with the result that we can judge their distance from us with fair correctness. Look through a window at a house across the street with one eye closed and then with the other eye closed. The bars of the window frame will cut across the opposite house in different places. The two fields seen with the eyes separately, although in the main alike differ. When you look at the house with both eyes open the two fields seen by the two eyes are combined and the house across the street assumes depth and relief. Although we see a house with each eye, we see only one house with both eyes. This makes the stereoscope possible—an instrument so designed that the two eyes are made to converge on a single point, and yet to see two different pictures. If these two pictures represent a chair as it would appear to the right and left eyes respectively they are perceived as one solid object.—Popular Science Monthly.

Weak, Nervous Children Quickly Gain Strength Under Following Plan

Nervousness, just like weakness, is a family predisposition. We inherit tendencies to disease just as we inherit physical resemblances. The strain of study, social duties, work at home—these all tend to make nervous troubles among children. No wonder that St. Vitus Dance, Epilepsy and constant headaches have become alarmingly common. Pale, nervous, listless young people are met everywhere.

It is nothing short of criminal for parents to neglect signs of weakness in their children. By ignoring the slightest symptom of nervous or mental strain, you may condemn your child to life-long invalidism. If any member of your family complains of headaches, fear of going into dark places, give them that wonderful tonic, "Ferrozone." Strength of body and mind, hand, nerves, ability to study with comfort, all the attributes of health quickly follow the use of Ferrozone. It establishes strength, color, endurance, vim—does this by filling the whole system with nourishment and tissue-forming materials.

It's because we know the enormous good that Ferrozone will do, because we are sure very child and even grown folks will be permanently benefited that we urge you to give it a trial. All dealers sell Ferrozone in 60c boxes, six for \$2.50, or direct by mail from The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

CURIOUS MEALS.

Elephants Are Gormandizers, and Giraffes Have Queen Tastes.

Elephants, at least captive elephants, have queer tastes, says Pearson's Weekly, in an entertaining article about the peculiarities of four-legged gourmets. One memorable day in 1908 Suffa Cull, the mighty and popular Indian elephant at the zoo, ate his bed. A thirty-six pound truss of straw had been put down on the floor for his comfort, and when the keeper went round in the morning not even the bands of the truss remained.

Suffa Cull followed it up during the day by eating three trusses of hay, weighing 150 pounds. Finally some one brought a number of Christmas puddings into the elephant house. Suffa Cull swallowed his pudding without even opening the cardboard box that contained it.

A zoo keeper once kept a tally of the number of hot cross buns an elephant took down. For six hours on one fine Good Friday it swallowed buns at the rate of 400 an hour!

The average giraffe loves nothing better in the world than a good square meal of flowers. It has not the slightest idea, however, of the difference between artificial and real flowers.

Some years ago when "garden hats" were all the rage the giraffe at the zoo made a day of it. In that glorious twelve hours he accounted for no fewer than seventeen hats, the majority of which were chewed beyond recognition before they could be rescued.

One of the funniest mistakes a giraffe ever made—funny for lookers-on, that is to say—was when a peacock strolled into the paddock. The peacock's tail caught the giraffe's eye, and evidently the animal mistook it for a gigantic and luxurious species of flower. At any rate, before any one could interfere, down came the giraffe's long neck, and, seizing the peacock by the tail, he hoisted it in mid-air. It was not long before bird and tail said good-bye to each other, and the peacock fluttered away, screaming with indignation. Although a trifle astonished at the proceedings of the newly discovered flower, the giraffe chewed the tail with great gusto.

THE DOOR TO HEALTH

Is Through the Rich, Red-Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

The blood is responsible for the health of the body. If it is good, disease cannot exist. If it is bad, the door is shut against good health, disease is bound to appear in one form or another. One person may be seized with rheumatism or sciatica, another with neuralgia, indigestion, heart palpitation, headaches or backaches, unstrung nerves, or any of the many other forms of ailment that come when the blood is weak and watery. There is just one certain, speedy cure—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich blood, and this good blood strengthens the whole system and brings good health and happiness. Thousands owe their present good health to some life, itself, to the pills. Miss Devine Lalibert, St. Jerome, Que., says: "Last year I gradually to grow weak and run down. I did not sleep well, had a poor appetite, and grew pale and generally languid. I consulted a doctor who told me I was anemic, and gave me a tonic. This I took faithfully for some time, but it did not help me, and I appeared to be growing worse, and finally I was hardly able to go about the house and almost wholly incapacitated for work. While in this condition a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got several boxes. It was not long after I began their use when I could see an improvement, which just manifested itself in an improved appetite and better rest at night. From this on the improvement was rapid and I was long in regaining perfect health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a real blessing for all weak girls."

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

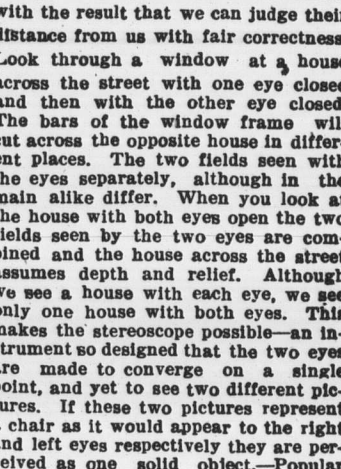
Bungalows.

A bungalow is primarily never more than one storey high. In addition to this, it must be surrounded by verandas, and it must be built of either thatch or tile. The type was introduced into India from Bengal, and it was called a "bangla," or Bengal house, because that was the kind of modest homes the Bengalese erected. It is well suited to the climate of India that it is generally used by even the better class of British residents. It is so well suited to the climate of India that it is generally used by even the better class of British residents. It is also used by the government for the accommodation of travellers along the public roads. Dak bungalows are erected at intervals of about fifteen miles, and here any traveler can get accommodation at 50 cents a day. At the end of twenty-four hours if his room is demanded by some later comer he is compelled to give it up and move on.—Exchange.

Chloride-of-lime will remove mildew, but care must be taken not to have solution so strong that it will burn the goods. A heaping tablespoonful of the lime added to pail of water is sufficient.

Many a man loses what little reputation he has gambling for a bigger one.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
 CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
 BRILLIANT CURE FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM



2 IN 1
Combination Cooker and Heater

The most efficient and economical stove made.

- Will burn coal, wood, coke, corn cobs or anything burnable.
- Fitted with Duplex Grate, Hot Blast Tube and Screw Damper.
- Will hold fire over night, cook, boil and bake equal to the largest range.
- Has a fine oven of heavy steel sheets closely riveted together. Body of polished steel.
- If your dealer has not a sample for your inspection, send \$1 direct to us and we will prepay freight to your nearest railroad.

\$21.00
 DELIVERED AT YOUR HOME TOWN

HAMILTON STOVE & HEATER CO., LIMITED
 Hamilton, Ont. Canada's Oldest Stove Makers.

Bilious Headache

The liver gets sluggish, the bowels constipated and then comes the bilious spell with headache and stomach troubles.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieve this condition most promptly and thoroughly by reason of their combined action on liver, kidneys and bowels.

One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, all dealers.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills