HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

"I had been staying there for some time," he says, slowly and thoughtfully. "When an Englishman remains in one place on the continent-Italy especially-for any length of time, all sorts of rumors are current amongst the inhabitants as to the reasons for his visit."

"Yes," she says again, listening

attentively.
"There may or may not have been some such rumors at Casalina, and you may have heard them?"

He puts it as a question, but Laura Derwent, with her accomplishment of veiling her face, so to speak, does not show the slightest sign of comprehen-

"I say," he goes on, calmly and quietly, "there have been some idle—quite idle—rumors at Casa'ina, and you may have heard them?"

"It is just possible," she cays, looking down, unable to bear the searching gaze of his dark eyes.

"Exactly," he says. "I see by your manner that you did hear them. Then I have a request to make to you. If you think—I do not, but you may—that you are, shall I say indebted to

"I am awfully indebted to you!" she murmurs.

Then you can discharge that indebtedness by granting this request,' he says, gravely.

me says, gravely.

"What is it?" she asks. "Whatever it may be, I will comply with it."

"It is this," he answers, "that you will say no word of what you have heard to Signa?"

"To Signa!" he repeats, quietly.
She is silent for a moment, then

she looks up at nim.
"Do you suppose it possible that I

should mention any-"Scandal," he puts in for her. Yes, scandal, to her, your future

"No," he responds, with a grave smile. "It is not possible. I am fully answered. I thank you. Shall we dance now?"

CHAPTER XXIV. "Quiet, my dear!" exclaims Lady Rookwell, with a grin. "What do you call quiet? I should consider this quiet enough even to satisfy you," and she

nakes her head emphatically.

It is just three weeks after the ball at Northwell Grange-that ball about which the country is still talking, con-cerning which the society papers are still publishing paragraphs-and Lady Rookwell, Signa and Laura Derwent are seated in her ladyship's drawing-

Scattered about on tables and chairs is a miscellaneous collection of female attire, consisting of dresses for morning and evening wear, travelling costumes, ulsters, a tremendous sealskin sack, muffs of sable, bonnets and hats, quantities large enough, apparently to set up a fashionable milliner's Seated in the midst of this paraphernalia is Lady Rookwell, "fingering" a costly white satin costume, the lace and trimmings of which plainly de-pote the purpose for which it is in-tended to serve; Laura flits to and fro, turning over the mass with criti-cal approval, and Signa stands leaning against the back of a chair, contemplating the disorder with rather troubled smile, which, trouble as it is, does not detract from the happiness which glows on her beautiful face and shines in her dark, violet eyes.

'Quiet!" repeats Lady Rookwell. "I call it a remarkably quiet wedding

"Considering all the circumstances," goes on her ladyship argumentatively. You must remember who and what the gentleman is whom you have hon-ored with your hand. He is——" "Spare us! Let us off with say one-

third of Lord Delamere's titles, exclaims Laura Derwent, with mock

"The Earl of Delamere, my dear, and though no doubt you would like to creep off to church arm in arm with him, and dressed in a brown linsey, it can't be. The world—society—demands something like decency from people of his standing, and really I think he has behaved wonderfully well in hu-

he cared for it-could do anything

Signa smiles. "And yet you could not persuade him to go to the Grange, or to leave his lodgings at Mrs. Thompson's," she says, with pleasant malice. Laura Derwent pouts.

There he was obstinate, if you like "There he was obstinate, if you like. Of course, he is eccentric. The idea of putting up with such an abode, and that, too, when his own place was ready for him! And to insist that I should remain as hostess at the Grange!" and she laughs. "Oh, yes, he is eccentric! But what a happy girl you will be! And as to a quiet wedding, why, I think it is very good of him not to insist upon a regular state not to insist upon a regular state ir; he is so proud of you that he him no affair; might have made up his mind to a wedding at the Savoy, with half the house of peers in attendance." Signa puts up her hands with a little

gesture of mock alarm.
"And you call six bridesmaids andand all this, quiet " she says, nodding at the superb wedding garment which Lady Rookwell seems loath to put aside. "It seems to me a dreadful fuss and—and expense. You all forget that—that though Hector is an earl I am a mere nobody.

"So was the bigger-girl when King Cophetua married her," retorts Laura cheerfully; "but you may depend upon it that there was a tremendous wedding on that festive occasion. Now, my dear child, you have nothing to complain of; you have got the best man of the day—pon my word, I don't know a better parti!—and everything your own way Be content!" and she puts her arm around Signa and kisses her, holding her arms' length with af-

fectionate admiration. "The simple fact is that Signa is romantic," says Lady Rookwell, with a sarcastic smile, "and would like this affair to end consistently It has been so deliciously romantic up to the present, that to conclude it properly she and Delamere ought to run away and get married on the sly."

"Lady Rookwell!" murmurs Signa with smiling reproach

Then she goes out on the velvety lawn, to wander about the garden where, a.one and undisturbed, she may dwell on her vast happiness. My lord of Polemers, her gone un to Lord of Delamere has gone up to London to make preparations for his wedding, for even so eccentric a peer as fictor cannot be married like a common individual; and there are deeds to sign and execute, arrange ments to be made with the steward and agents of the vast estate, who will be in charge during the absence of his be in charge during the absence of mis lordship on his wedding tour for, after some discussion, it has been decided that the happy pair shal! make a lit-tle continental tour in their honey-moon, returning to the Grange at the end of the month, to take, as Lady Rookwell says, their proper position in

"Bring him back a different man my dear," she says. "He has had quite enough wandering and gallivanting. Let him come and settle down, and breed prize short-horns, in noble emulation of his grace the duke."

Yes, Signa is very happy—happier than it falls to the lot of many mortals to be, and yet there is little, if tals to be, and yet there is inter, in any, gratification derived from the high estate to which she is about to be raised. It is love, love and nothing but love of which she thinks; and, when the fact now and again flashes across her mind, that in a few day she will be the Countess of Delamere and a power in the land, she strives to put it from her and forget it. But the world has a knack of declining to forget such things, and it insists upon keeping the fact green in Signa's memory. Not a day passes but parcels of presents arrive at the Rectory for presents arrive at the Rectory for this well-worn clothes and stained hat, and as he held be a stained hat and as he held be a stained hat ts arrive at the Rectory for the future mistress of North-Signa, the future mistress of North-well Grange; the drawing-room table and her own little dressing table are covered with jewel-cases and the thou-sand and one useful and useless articles which our dear friends deem it necessary to offer up at the hymeneal

Sometimes, as Signa opens the morocco-covered and satin-lined cases, and occo-covered and sath-fined tasks, and looks dreamily at their inclosed treasures, she cannot help tninking that if it were plain Hector Warren, instead of my Lord of the treasures, when were going to moring your whims to the extent he has done."

"He is an angel!" declares Laura Derwent, taking up the sealskin and eyeing it with intense and speechless approval. "Simply an angel! I never met a man like him. He doesn't seem to possess even a temper. A child—if the little case containing a diamond to the extent he they are going to independence Archic calls the earl Hect of independence Archic calls the earl. With frank independence Archic calls the earl Hect of independence Archic calls the

bracelet and a brooch with a bull carved in cameo? From one person there comes no present, but something that Signa values more highly, per haps, than any of her trinkets. It is only a short note of good wishes, ex pressed with gentie mournfulness, and it is signed "Lilian Blyte." Signa, when she read that note, knew that the proud mother was aware of that scene in the tower, and understood it all; and there were term to the scene and there were tears in Signa's eyes as he put that small crested piece of

paper in some hidden receptacle.
Of Sir Frederic she had heard noth ing since that terrible, yet delightful night, excepting that he was abroad, no one knew exactly where. Notwithstanding the scene at the time, and these few awful moments of mental agony, Signa canot find it in her heart to feel hatred toward him; no true woman, perhaps, can bring her-self to hate the man who has loved her, however great the trouble he may have caused her through that love; and when Signa thinks of him—which alas! for poor Sir Frederic is but sel-dom—it is more with a pitying sorrow than anger. Between her and Hector his name is never mentioned, and she does not even know that the old tow-er has been razed to the ground by Lady Blyte's orders.

"Of course, you can't be married from the Rectory, my dear," Lady Rookwell had said when Lord Delamere had at last persuaded Signa to name the day—"that's impossible. In the first place, the Rectory wouldn't hold the guests; and in the next, the fuss and bustle would send your aunt into hysterics. The best thing you can do, my dear, is to come here; we shan't go into hysterics, and we shall enjoy the fuss and bustle; and as for Laura, it will simply be a god-send to her. She has been so mixed up with the affair, that she couldn't feel more interested if she were going to marry Delamere herself-which she would

very much like to do!"
"Which she would," assented Laura

unblushingly.
"—And will only be too delighted to be a prominent personage on the nup

And Signa, with many protests, had accepted gratefully and sweetly. seemed to her as if the world were full of friends, and that she were the most favored of all favored mortals just a

So the Beauty had the pleasure of as sisting in the selection of the wedding and other dresses—indeed, of superintending for Signa showed what Laura called a shameful indifference in the matter-and made all arrangements It was not to be a grand wedding, but, on the other hand, there were a great many people coming. It seemed to Signa as if half the county had been invited, and she once hinted, with blush, that there would not be room in

the cld church.
"Then," said Hector, with a man'. sublime ignorance, "you and I will keep outside and be married amongst the tombstones, Signa!"

Laura Derwent was to be the chief bridesmaid—"mourner," as Lord Dela-mere put it—two of the ducal daughters were to be the second and third, and the rest were drawn from a conlingent of poor and needy kinsfolk of Lord Delamere. Kinsfolk whom he had rarely seen, but who had been constant recipients of his bounty and generosity, and who regarded him with an awe that half amused Signa, whom they persisted in looking upon as one of the most unfortunate and beautiful creatures on the earth. The brides-maids, with the exception of Ladra Derwent, were put up in the ducal palace, while Signa flitted to and fro be-

tween the Rectory and the villa.

A great change had come over her aunt and uncle. She was now every thing in their eyes. Nothing was too god for her; the rector almost fell on good for her; the rector almost fell on never failed to rise when she entered the room, and hurried to the door to open it for her when she quitted an apartment, as if she were already the Countess of Delamere.

Is it at all wonderful that Signa moved about during this time as if she were the phantom of a dream? It all seemed so unreal to her that at times she was inclined to believe that no such person as Hector Warren, no such existed, place as Northwell Grange existed, and then he would come, still wearing his well-worn clothes and travei-stained hat, and as he held her in his

stained hat, and as he held her in his arms the reality would come back to her, and she would understand that all this fuss, and show, and glory were as nothing compared with his love.

As to Archie, words cannot describe the exceeding joy of that young gentleman at the present state of things. That Hector Warren should be Lord Delamere does not at all surprise him, after the first natural shock; it is just as it should be, in Archie's estimation. Signa is fit to marry a prince, and Hector Warren is only fulfilling his duty in becoming an earl. With frank independence Archie calls the earl Hector, though the rector and his wife have tried hard to impress upon him and or something like it. But I



out. It has the leather.

He don't mind, do you, m still? ord?" And Master Archie dashes all pelt upon Lord Delamere's knee. "Not a bit. 1 like it," is the reply. full pelt "Let me be always Hector with my friends, and I am content; all the rest of the world can call me what

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To Archie's infinite delight, Lord Delamere has taken him to London is it because his lordship may have some one near him to talk continually about Signa?—and Archie is near him now, esconced in a grand London hotel, and enjoying himself to his heart's content.

onderful man, my dear!" says "A wonderful man, my dear!" says Lady Rookwell, when she heard it; "there can't be much evil in a man when of his own free will he elects to have a young child with him as a companion." And Signa smiles with And Signa smiles with

rapturous assent.
All this Signa thinks of as she All this Signa thinks of as sine saunters in the beautiful gardens of the Villa and her heart is full of that peace which perfect happiness alone can bring. It is difficult to realize that in a few short hours she will be Hector Warren's wife, that is, the Countess of Delamere, and mistress of Northwell Grange; still the fact comes before her. The bans have been asked three times, and soon the comes before her. The bans have been asked three times, and soon the irrevocable words will be spoken, and she will be no longer Signa Grenville, but my lady of Delamere!

CHAPTER XXV.

With a loud resonant peal the bells of Northwell ring out to the world the warning of another marriage morn. In and about the Villa there is much bustle and confusion; carriages arrive in twos and threes, setriages arrive in twos and threes, setting down the favored guests who are invited to the wedding breakfast. Another string of vehicles paces round the church, which is all alive and alight with a crowd of village sight-seers, dressed in their best, to see the grand wedding; a double row of little true in roughly frocks and bearing girls in muslin frocks, and bearing baskets of flowers, line the path to the church porch, eager for the mothe church porch, eager for the church porch, eager for the moment when they are to fling the said flowers at the feet of the bride. The coachmen, as they drive up, smile significantly, and put their immense satin rosettes into place; footmen range themselves round the church-vard ralls and view the proceedings. rails and view the proceedings with haughty but bland interest. In-side the church itself the choir in clean surplices await the rector, who. clean surplices await the rector, who, all in a state of excitement and nervousness, coughs and rubs his chin, and wipes the perspiration from his face in turns.

Meanwhile, up at the Villa, Laura Derwent is in her element. Dressed, as are all the bridesmaids, in a costume of the faintest pink-a pink so faint as to be almost imperceptible— with a hat which has cost Madame Louise a world of anxiety, she moves about amongst the crowd of guests, with her brilliant smile and clear,

bell-like voice in constant requisition. says to her grace, who has deemed it necessary to come in her most resplendent feathers, and who looks as if, barring the bonnet, she were going the court "Happy the bride that the

Laura laughs delightedly. "Upstairs, of course," she replies
'You didn't expect to see her on view

"You didn't expect to see her on view before the ceremony, did you?"
"I didn't know," said the d'.ke, humbly, "or I forget. I hope she's well. Most charming young lady: sensible, too-" he adds, as if that were quite a novel quality in young ladies. "Quite well, and looking more charming than ever, as you'll admit when you see her," shus Laura, passing on to the next arrival.

In her ancient lace and heavy satin, which for this occasion only is purple

which for this occasion only is purple instead or black, Lady Rookwell seats herself in her easy chair, and presides with an intense enjoyment of the

"I hope you'll all find room," says, with a gesture of despair that would be insolent from any one but herself. "Laura has asked just twice herself. "Laura has asked his twice more than this twice mite of a place will hold, and if there is any crowding you must blame her"; and her grace graciously replies that there will be plenty of room, she is sure, and that of course every one is anx-

and that of course every one is anxious to see the wedding about which everybody is talking.

And Signa? Up-stairs in Lady Rookwell's own room she sits-or rather stands, surrounded by Lady Rookwell's and Laura Derwent's maids, arranging the costly wedding-dress and listening, half absently, to the hum listening, half absently, to the hum and buzz of the crowd beneath.

(To be continued.)

BRITAIN'S EFFORT HISTORY'S MARVEL

One of the most eloquent tributes paid by a neutral writer to the part Great Britain is playing in the war is contained in a recent issue of the Boston News Bureau, which is reproduced in the Wall Street Journal. The writer says that all the wonders of the world ancient or modern, fade when compared with what Britain is doing to day. A commercial nation of not 50,000,000 people suddenly summoned to arms where no arms existed has produced a bigger army than history ever before recorded, and a war machine in Europe that for wealth of shell, explosive and war power is the amazement of the Germans. Britain has done in thirty months what Germany took thirty years to do, and she has done it more thoroughly and on a vaster scale. Without an English aero-plane engine capable of circling her own islands, she has vanquished the boasted Zeppelin and is the mistress of her own skies. With submarines by the hundred threatening her coast defences and her lood supply, she has swept all oceans, bottling the German fleet, with the exception of an odd raider like the Moewe and the vessel that is now preying upon merchant-men in the South Atlantic. She has made, the writer says, "the English Channel her multiple-track ocean railway to France, with no less by pelin or submarine: fought in Africa, at the Canal, the Dardanelles; grap-pled with the Turk and the Bulgar; changed generals and admirals in command; changed Cabinets; fed the armies of France; maintained the armies and the Governments of Bel-gium anl Serbia, and altogether advanced three thousand millions of dolars, or three times the national debt of the United States, to her

This is admittedly some considerable achievement for the "ice-cold haterdashers of the Thames." While the United States has been trying to find out how to make inilitary rifles in quantities and has unfilled orders for them amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars, England has been making rifles by the million for her-self and her allies, cannon by the thousand, boots and coats by the million for herself and her allies, and what seems to the News Bureau writer most wonderful of all, she has done all this, is doing it, and is prepared to go on coing it while her manufacturing, her trade relations and her overseas commerce remain unimpaired. She trade of the world, so that her enemies are struggling on half rations with food, rub-ber and metal supplies cut off from the cutside world except as new terri-tory is taken. This combination of war and trade achievement by Great Britain was never before dreamed of. Two years ago nobody imagined that the war cost to Great Britain would be more than five or six billions; to-day it is twice that amount, and Great

Britain is preparing to double it again. Each achievement seems to be the supreme marvel until the next one is supreme marver unit the heat one is considered, but the greatest wealth of Britain after all was in her national spirit. The British lion was regarded as a mere money-bag of trade and a whelp of the seas before the war began. The Prussians could calculate upon the wealth of Britain in rold. upon the wealth of Britain in gold, take toll of her guns and her men. Outside of her wealth and her navy she was considered of no account. There was no way by which they could calculate upon the soul of the nation. Sneaking of that soul which has been Speaking of that soul which has been waked by the war, the News Bureau says: "It is fighting mad to day and getting madder every minute. The says: "It is lighting mad to day and getting madder every minute. The stigma and insults to credit and honor from Washington only increase the resolve of her people and their faith in the invincibility of the righteous cause. For this they are willing to pledge everything in sacrifice for justice of the resolution of the right to the cause. For this they are willing to pledge everything in sacrifice for justice upon the altar of their battle fires. To what martyred souls runs back this heritage of noble spirit only the historians of the future may attempt of asswer. It is this spirit which is the deadline the spirit which is the wealth. The still spirit which is the wealth.

forlans of the litture may attempt of conswer. It is this s, rist which it the deadliest enemy that Germany has to recken with to-day.

But with the spirit and with the wealth that has staggered the world something yet remains, if an explanation of Britain's tremendous output of war munitions is to be given. Twenty-five years ago the machinery of England stamped out the coinage of many nations and made the cannons for many others. She was the ordnance maker of the world. Then Germany loomed as her rival, and by means of Government bounties, cheeper labor and English free trade she finally put many an English industry Medicine Co., Brockville, Oct.

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out of business, and only in the manu facture of her great naval guns did England retain her old supremacy. But the foundations, in metal workers and the old factories in this business had not wholly disappeared when the war storm burst, and it was upon these almost forgotten foundations these almost forgotten foundations that British spirit and British wealth reared anew her old metal industries plants. This is not, as the writer says, a fight between armies; it is a struggle between nations, and in Eagland every man, woman and child is devoted to only one object, the winding of the war.

ning of the war.

The writer calls attention to the fact that this is not merely a struggle between the finance, the metal and the soldiers of two rival groups. It is also a strugle for economic exis-tence in order that the fighting forces tence in order that the fighting forces may be increased. Germany was the first of the belligerents to realize that war power might be increased by cutting out luxuries; but England has grasped the fact and she is prepared to go as far as Germany or even farther in denying herself anythick whose consumption might delay the end of the war. The British people are organizing in clothing, food, drink, the discarding of unnecessary conforts, increase in the energies and hours of labor and the mutual burdens of all forms of taxation. And hours of labor and the mutual burdens of all forms of taxation. Ana the nation will be better for it after the war. As Lloyd George said, the nation has been in training. Whatever the war debt of the Empire is when the fight is over, it will be easily dealt with by people who have learned the lessons that the English recole are learning and who will not people are learning and who will not forget the lessons; yet the writer quoted says that while the world is quoted says that while the world is coming into a new civilization, the people in the United States appear to have little comprehension of the issues and the economic results that must inevitably flow therefrom .- Mail and Empire.

Corn Silage Compact.

Eight tone of corn silage can be tored in the same space required by one ton of hay or, approximately, but cubic feet. One ton of alfaifa hay concubic feet. One ton of alfaifa hay contains about 1,800 pounds dry matter or 1,000 pounds digestible nutriental eight tens of well matured corn slage contain about 4,200 pounds dry matter or 2,800 pounds digestible nutrients Therefore the same space will store nearly three times as much digestible nutrients in the form of corn gestible nutrients in the form of corn silage as in the form of alfelfa.

Tired Being Pleasant.

Virginia a debutante, came in from a month's visit to friends. Dropping into a chair she sighed in satisfaction and involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, I am so glad to be at home."

Her sister looked up inquiringly.

Her sister looked up inquiringly. "Didn't you have a good time, Gin?"
"A good time. Yes," she responded, "a glorious time, but I am so tired having to be pleasant."—Judge.

Chapeau Motifs.

For spring. Are mostly flat. Many are of jet.
Others consist of mock jewels. Beaded motifs are plentiful and

white wool motifs embroidered in chenille are not scarce.
Wing-shaped motifs predominate and glints of gold enliver, the major-

NERVOUS DISEASES IN THE SPRING

CURED BY TONING THE BLOOD AND STRENGTHENING THE NERVES.

It is the opinion of the best medical authorities, after long observation, that nervous diseases are more comthat nervous diseases are more com-rion and more serious in the spring than at any other time of the year. Vital changes in the system, after long winter months, may cause much more trouble than the familiar spring weakness and weariness from which more trouble than the familiar spring weakness and weariness from which most people suffer as the result of indoor life, in poorly ventilated and often overheated buildings. Official records prove that in April and May neuralgia. St. Vitus' dance, epilepsy and other forms of nerve troubles are at their worst, and that then, more than any other time, a blood-making, nerve-restoring tonic is needed.

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