



INFLUENZA

Catarrhal Fever
Pink Eye, Shipping
Fever, Epizootic

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind. U. S. A.

HER HUMBLE
LOVER

"Dreadful! No, he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and looked like a prince, though he was dressed in a sort of peasants' costume—rough jacket, and those braided stockings, you know, with a big, broad sombrero, and wet through—it was an awful day! But, notwithstanding the masquerade, one could see the gentleman and nobleman beneath. Then his manner! I think I do know manner when I see it, and there never was a finer mannered man than Lord Delamere. They say that the worse a man is morally the nicer he is in manners; and, upon my word it's true in his case. He took my modest request as naturally as if I had only asked him to lend me an umbrella, and just as if the favor was on my side."

"And did you see much of him?" asks Lady Rookwell, when she can get in a word.

"No, replies the beauty, with a little pout. 'I am ashamed to say that he proved rather indifferent to my charms, and disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared. But there was a rumor that he had an adventure in hand.'"

"We don't want to hear anything about that, thanks, Laura."

The beauty laughs.

"I don't know anything, so I can't check you, dear, though I would like to. There was a story about a duel."

"Which we have heard," says Lady Rookwell. "And now, don't you think you'd better go upstairs and change your things? Some sort of meal will be ready directly. I won't be answerable for a proper dinner or a proper anything else to-day; my poor old head is nearly turned with all this fuss."

"And I'm too excited to care what I eat, dear!" responds Laura. "Give me plenty of tea and I shall be satisfied. Oh, I do hope it will go off all right; I should simply die if it should not!" But the laugh which accompanies the assertion doesn't savor much of death.

"And so, my dear," she says, almost before she gets into the room again after "changing her things," "and so you are very, very happy. You see, aunt has been telling me everything, and really I can congratulate you warmly. Such a good natured man as Mr. Warren must be a charming lover! And aunt tells me that he is everything that is handsome and clever. I do so long to meet him. Aunt says I ought to throw myself on my knees before him with gratitude. Shall I? Do you mind?"

"Not in the least," replies Signa, laughing softly. "I am sorry and so is he, that he cannot be here to welcome you. I hope you will be satisfied."

"For Heaven's sake, don't put it in that way!" exclaims Laura Derwent, with pretty horror. "Just as if he were a tradesman executing an order! Satisfied! I am simply overwhelmed with all he has done; and, indeed, I didn't mean him to take so much trouble. And as to Lord Delamere, I trust I shall never meet him again in this world, if all the money has been spent that aunt declares has been."

Signa smiles.

"There has been a great deal of money spent," she says; "but Hector—Mr. Warren—"

"I know. What an awfully nice name! Well, what does he say?"

"That the amount does not matter, as Lord Delamere is so rich, and that he would only be annoyed if the thing were done shabbily."

"Shabbily! Yes, but I only meant to have the place cleaned."

Signa cannot refrain from a laugh of amusement.

"It has been all but rebuilt," she says, concisely.

Laura Derwent groans.

"I am almost inclined to run away. I do hope he won't keep his word and turn up to-night. And yet—yet it would make the thing so complete, wouldn't it? quite a dramatic climax, eh, dear? What lovely hair you have! Oh, dear! I wish mine were like that, instead of being washed out yellow."

"It is golden," says Signa, smiling, and just lifting her eyes from her dress, round the sleeves and neck of which she is stitching on some old lace.

"How kind of you to say that; all my dearest—women—friends declare it yellow, and so it is really. Do you know, I think I shall like you awfully if you will let me!"

"I give you permission on the spot," says Signa.

"Thanks, dear!" responds the beauty, and she leans forward and kisses her.

"And now, you see how calculating I am! I want you to come upstairs and choose the dress I am to wear to-night. Aunt says—and I can see it myself—that you have the most exquisite taste."

Signa stares, then laughs. She chose the dress which the great beauty is to wear on this eventful night!

"Are you laughing at me?" she says, smiling.

"Laugh—oh, I see! No, not a bit! Do you know, I haven't the least taste in the world, not really. I always rely on my friends, only I do it in this way: If they say, 'Wear such and such a thing, I just put on the opposite, and it always succeeds; but I shan't do it in your case, dear.'"

"I think you'd better," says Signa, as they go upstairs.

Jeanette has laid out, not two, but half a dozen beautiful dresses from the huge imperial, and Signa stands ruminating before them, thinking of the vast sum they must represent. The hand of worth is plainly to be detected in each, and they are all exquisite.

"Mademoiselle likes—" says the maid, but her mistress interrupts her quickly.

"Hold your tongue, Jeanette. I wish for Miss Greenville's unbiased opinion."

"Really—well!" and Signa glances at the beautiful face, with its perfect mouth, and the crown of golden hair.

"I should wear this," and she puts her hand caressingly on a dark, grape-colored costume, with lace of the same shade, and a touch of silver trimmings. A quaint dress in the description, but made up by an artist, and a marvel in its way. Laura glides to her and kisses her.

"You are perfectly lovely!" she exclaims. "That is the dress I was longing for you to choose! Aunt is quite right; you are an artist at heart! Now, ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have chosen one of those stupid blue things, just because I am fair. And the stonics—what shall I wear with it?"

"Diamonds," says Signa, unhesitatingly, picturing the glittering gems on the purple bloom and on the golden hair.

"Mademoiselle's taste is perfect," remarks the maid, sententiously.

"Of course it is," echoes Lady Derwent, enraptured. "And now, you must let me choose your dress."

"It won't take you a moment," says Signa, laughing, "for I have only one."

Laura Derwent colors, but she says, quickly.

"Then I am sure that will be delightful, and nicer than all mine put together."

There is a very nice dinner, notwithstanding Lady Rookwell's warning, and soon after the meal—during which Laura talks as unflinchingly as if she had not travelled several hundred miles—they go up to dress.

The carriage had been ordered for nine o'clock, and at that hour Signa goes down into the drawing-room in her simple Egyptian gauze, to find Lady Rookwell waiting impatiently.

But she smiles as Signa enters, and putting a hand on her arm, turns her to the light. Then she nods approvingly.

"At any rate, dear, you won't be the plainest girl in the room. And how long are we to wait for that madcap creature? Here are you quite ready, though you have only shared my maid, and she has had Jeanette, and went up an hour before either of us."

"Here I am!" exclaims Laura Derwent, and as she glides into the room Signa admits that her taste was correct. The beauty deserves her title to-night if ever she did, and Signa, ever ready to admire another woman's charms, utters a faint exclamation of pleasure.

"Do you like it? Really?" exclaims Laura. "It is nice, isn't it? Aunt, she chose it, so you can admire it safely. I think it is nice myself. Do you know I've half a mind to"

"I am simply terrified!" responds the willful beauty.

The carriage draws up at the entrance steps, and a couple of footmen in the Delamere livery come, with stately gait, to open the door, and Signa, alighting first, sees that since she was last here a broad piece of scarlet cloth and an awning have been placed from the bottom step to the hall-door, and that costly shrubs and flowers line the path, and she understands now why Hector Warren was so late.

In silence Laura Derwent follows her into the hall; her amazement is too great even for words. The hall seems to be lined with footmen and maids, the former in the plain but imposing Delamere livery, the latter in black dresses and white caps. The hall itself seemed subdued in light, after the blaze and glare of the lamps, and looks very grand and awe-inspiring, such, as Signa thinks, it may have looked when the king crossed its marble floor on his way to dine with the Delamere of Charles the Second's reign.

Two of the maids came forward to conduct them to the rooms, and still Laura Derwent, the cause of all this pageant, is silent. It is not until they have traversed the long corridor, and are safe in their rooms, that she exclaims in hushed accents:

"Aunt, I am really frightened! On my honor, I did not mean anything of this kind. Why, the whole place seems to have been redecorated for"

"Not the least in the world," says Lady Rookwell, quietly. "Hector Warren worships the ground she treads on!"

"So he ought!" retorts Laura Derwent, "and so should I if I were a man!" and she eyes Signa with so frank and candid an admiration that Signa finds herself blushing and laughing.

"I may thank my stars that you were not in town last season, my dear," says the beauty, curiously, "or my reign would have been short. If you come to London next year, I shall remain on the Continent."

"Poor Continent!" says Lady Rookwell, curiously.

Then the carriage is announced, and with an attendant throng of maids to arrange their dresses, so that they may not be crushed, the three ladies enter the old and stately chariot.

"My heart beats so loudly that you could hear it," says Laura Derwent.

"If you were to remain silent for a moment, perhaps," retorts Lady Rookwell.

Signa's heart is beating, too, and it gives a leap when a few minutes after Laura Derwent, who had been looking through the window, utters a low scream.

"What is that?" she demands.

Signa looks out of the window and starts.

That is the Grange, not dark and silent and deserted, but streaming with lights from every window, and with lights that extend down through

cut you out with your admirable Mr. Warren. But I suppose it would be of no use."

"Not the least in the world," says Lady Rookwell, quietly. "Hector Warren worships the ground she treads on!"

"So he ought!" retorts Laura Derwent, "and so should I if I were a man!" and she eyes Signa with so frank and candid an admiration that Signa finds herself blushing and laughing.

"I may thank my stars that you were not in town last season, my dear," says the beauty, curiously, "or my reign would have been short. If you come to London next year, I shall remain on the Continent."

"Poor Continent!" says Lady Rookwell, curiously.

Then the carriage is announced, and with an attendant throng of maids to arrange their dresses, so that they may not be crushed, the three ladies enter the old and stately chariot.

"My heart beats so loudly that you could hear it," says Laura Derwent.

"If you were to remain silent for a moment, perhaps," retorts Lady Rookwell.

Signa's heart is beating, too, and it gives a leap when a few minutes after Laura Derwent, who had been looking through the window, utters a low scream.

"What is that?" she demands.

Signa looks out of the window and starts.

That is the Grange, not dark and silent and deserted, but streaming with lights from every window, and with lights that extend down through

Has been Canada's favorite yeast for more than forty years.

Enough for 5c. to produce 50 large loaves of fine, wholesome nourishing home made bread. Do not experiment, there is nothing just as good.

EWING & CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

the long avenue drive lined on both sides, with vari-colored lamps.

"Is this it? This! Really and truly?" demands the beauty. "Why, it is Aladdin's Palace! Heavens, what a magnificent place! Aunt, stop them and let me get out and fly away somewhere where I can hide my head! Why, this must have cost—"

"Wait until you get inside," says Lady Rookwell, grimly. "You'll be better able to appreciate the costliness of your freak!"

Laura Derwent utters a faint moan of alarm, and leans back, but she leans forward again the next minute, and stares speechless at the vast outline of the place, made doubly vast by the brilliant light that streams through the many windows, and the huge lamps that stretch along the whole length of the broad terrace.

"I didn't mean all this!" she says, in a tone of genuine awe and alarm. "And Mr. Warren did this! I'm half inclined to be afraid of your lover, my dear; he must be a magician!"

"Wait until you get inside!" says Lady Rookwell, again, glancing over her discomfited.

"I am simply terrified!" responds the willful beauty.

The carriage draws up at the entrance steps, and a couple of footmen in the Delamere livery come, with stately gait, to open the door, and Signa, alighting first, sees that since she was last here a broad piece of scarlet cloth and an awning have been placed from the bottom step to the hall-door, and that costly shrubs and flowers line the path, and she understands now why Hector Warren was so late.

In silence Laura Derwent follows her into the hall; her amazement is too great even for words. The hall seems to be lined with footmen and maids, the former in the plain but imposing Delamere livery, the latter in black dresses and white caps. The hall itself seemed subdued in light, after the blaze and glare of the lamps, and looks very grand and awe-inspiring, such, as Signa thinks, it may have looked when the king crossed its marble floor on his way to dine with the Delamere of Charles the Second's reign.

Two of the maids came forward to conduct them to the rooms, and still Laura Derwent, the cause of all this pageant, is silent. It is not until they have traversed the long corridor, and are safe in their rooms, that she exclaims in hushed accents:

"Aunt, I am really frightened! On my honor, I did not mean anything of this kind. Why, the whole place seems to have been redecorated for"

"Not the least in the world," says Lady Rookwell, quietly. "Hector Warren worships the ground she treads on!"

"So he ought!" retorts Laura Derwent, "and so should I if I were a man!" and she eyes Signa with so frank and candid an admiration that Signa finds herself blushing and laughing.

"I may thank my stars that you were not in town last season, my dear," says the beauty, curiously, "or my reign would have been short. If you come to London next year, I shall remain on the Continent."

"Poor Continent!" says Lady Rookwell, curiously.

Then the carriage is announced, and with an attendant throng of maids to arrange their dresses, so that they may not be crushed, the three ladies enter the old and stately chariot.

"My heart beats so loudly that you could hear it," says Laura Derwent.

"If you were to remain silent for a moment, perhaps," retorts Lady Rookwell.

Signa's heart is beating, too, and it gives a leap when a few minutes after Laura Derwent, who had been looking through the window, utters a low scream.

"What is that?" she demands.

Signa looks out of the window and starts.

That is the Grange, not dark and silent and deserted, but streaming with lights from every window, and with lights that extend down through

cut you out with your admirable Mr. Warren. But I suppose it would be of no use."

"Not the least in the world," says Lady Rookwell, quietly. "Hector Warren worships the ground she treads on!"

"So he ought!" retorts Laura Derwent, "and so should I if I were a man!" and she eyes Signa with so frank and candid an admiration that Signa finds herself blushing and laughing.

"I may thank my stars that you were not in town last season, my dear," says the beauty, curiously, "or my reign would have been short. If you come to London next year, I shall remain on the Continent."

"Poor Continent!" says Lady Rookwell, curiously.

Then the carriage is announced, and with an attendant throng of maids to arrange their dresses, so that they may not be crushed, the three ladies enter the old and stately chariot.

"My heart beats so loudly that you could hear it," says Laura Derwent.

"If you were to remain silent for a moment, perhaps," retorts Lady Rookwell.

Signa's heart is beating, too, and it gives a leap when a few minutes after Laura Derwent, who had been looking through the window, utters a low scream.

"What is that?" she demands.

Signa looks out of the window and starts.

That is the Grange, not dark and silent and deserted, but streaming with lights from every window, and with lights that extend down through

cut you out with your admirable Mr. Warren. But I suppose it would be of no use."

"Not the least in the world," says Lady Rookwell, quietly. "Hector Warren worships the ground she treads on!"

"So he ought!" retorts Laura Derwent, "and so should I if I were a man!" and she eyes Signa with so frank and candid an admiration that Signa finds herself blushing and laughing.

"I may thank my stars that you were not in town last season, my dear," says the beauty, curiously, "or my reign would have been short. If you come to London next year, I shall remain on the Continent."

"Poor Continent!" says Lady Rookwell, curiously.

ever, Laura Derwent, Signa thinks, but the beauty recalls her with a self-possessed ease, and hands her over to Lady Rookwell as easily as she has handed over the smaller fry.

As the duchess passes to her seat, the band, with a popular conductor at its head, strikes into a sort of overture. The magnificent room—which Signa had looked down upon only a few weeks ago with Hector Warren at her elbow—is one blaze of light and color. There is half the county present, and as represented by its notabilities, and the murmur of conversation of the nearly two hundred people almost overbears the soft strains of the music.

Moving among the mass with perfect ease, Laura Derwent passes to and fro, with a word or a smile for each of her guests, and with an eye to all. Lady Rookwell, seated near the duchess, is surrounded by a small group of the elite, who are curious to know the real truth of this strange gathering. And Signa, who stands near her, smiles as she listens to the disjointed and almost irritable explanations which the old lady vouchsafes.

"Will Lord Delamere really come?" is the question which Signa hears in a hundred different tones, cut all of intense curiosity.

The band still plays the overture, though the time has arrived for the first waltz, and the rector, who stands beside Signa, and who has done nothing since he arrived but murmur, amidst much coughing and chin-rubbing, his amazement at the splendor, asks: "What are they waiting for and where is Mr. Warren?"

"I don't know," says Signa, answering both questions, but at that moment a footman approaches them, and with that deep respect which a well-trained servant can throw into his voice, says:

"Mr. Warren is in the library, miss, and would be obliged if—"

Without waiting for the finish, Signa follows him to the library, the door of which the footman opens with obsequious humility, and Hector Warren comes forward.

"My darling!" he says, taking her into his arms and kissing her, then holding her at arms' length that he

may feast his eyes on her loveliness. "How beautiful you look!"

With a pleased smile she nestles close to him, then she raises her head. "Hector, I am glad you have come. There seems some hitch. They are all waiting to begin the first dance, and the band is still playing the overture."

"Never mind," he says, exultingly: "let them wait a few minutes. How beautiful you look, my darling! And Miss Laura Derwent—is she here?"

Signa nods.

"Yes, and do you know, Hector, I like her very much. She is awfully overcome at all you have done."

"Really?" and he smiles. "I thought nothing would daunt that young lady."

But she is daunted at this," says Signa, laughing. "And Hector?"

Signa is laughing. "And Hector?" she repeats, freeing herself from his embrace—"you must go now; they seem to be waiting for something."

"Let them wait," he says, with a strange ring in his voice. "Signa—he pauses, and a shadow crosses his brow—"Signa, my darling, I am sure of your love."

She looks up at him, and to the imminent danger of his dress suit-front, she nestles to his heart.

"Why do you ask me that now?"

"Why? Because I am going to put it to the test," he answers, gravely.

"No test can be too strong," she says, says; "you know I love you!"

And she raises her head to meet the kiss which he bends to give her. Then she starts, and touches with the points of her fingers a band of blue ribbon which crosses his breast. "What is this, Hector?"

"This," he says, with a smile, and looking down at the ribbon. "This is never mind, Signa, I belong to an order which permits me to wear this token of its power and might."

She laughs, having no idea that it is the Order of the Knight of the Garter.

(To be continued.)

Odd and Interesting Facts.

Profits of six principal meat companies of Argentina in 1915 reported at \$9,000,000, United States currency; their capital is approximately \$21,000,000.

A micrometer screw operates a movable shank at the end of a raw rule for adjusting calipers to small fractions of an inch quickly and accurately.

Minerals that carry radium are fairly easy to determine. One of them, pitchblende, as generally found, is a black mineral about as heavy as ordinary iron, but much softer. The principal radium mineral, carnotite, has a bright canary-yellow color, and is generally powdery.

"Do you know what time your sister's coming man left last night?" "I think it was about 1 o'clock, because when he was going I heard him say: 'Just one! Only one!'"—Pearson's Weekly.

SATISFIED MOTHERS

No other medicine gives as great satisfaction to mothers as does Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets are equally good for the newborn babe or the growing child. They are absolutely free from injurious drugs and cannot possibly do harm—always good. Concerning them, Mrs. Jos. Morneau, St. Pamphile, Que., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and am well satisfied with them and would use no other medicine for my little ones." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Marriage Omens.

Married when the year is new, He'll be loving, kind and true.

When February birds do mate, You may wed, nor dread your fate.

If you wed when March winds blow, Joy and sorrow both you'll show.

Marry in April when you can, Joy for maid and for man.

Mary in the month of May, And you'll surely rue the day.

Marry when June roses blow, Over land and sea you'll go.

They who in July do wed Must always labor for their bread.

Whoever wed in August be Many a change is sure to see.

Marry in September's shine, Your living will be rich and fine.

If in October you do marry, Love will come, but riches tarry.

If you wed in bleak November Only joy will come, remember.

When December's snows fall fast, Marry, and true love will last.

So much for the proper months, but if the bride-elect seeks to know what color she should choose, these lines may help her:

Married in grey, you will go far away; Married in black, you will wish your self back;

Married in brown, you will live out of town; Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;

Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl; Married in green, ashamed to be seen; Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;

Married in blue, he will always be true; Married in pink your spirits will shak; Married in white, you have chosen aright.

Gypsum Has an Affinity.

An early and for many years the principal use of gypsum in this country was its application by farmers to the land, with a view to make non-porous clay soils more pervious to water, to make sandy soils less pervious, and to sweeten sour and acid soils. A characteristic of ground gypsum is that it has an affinity for water, and will draw moisture from the atmosphere. This quality is a great factor in keeping moisture in the soil, and is of value to the farmer in storing the growth of grain and grass, as it holds moisture where the roots of the small plants most need it. The application of ground gypsum or land plaster to the foliage of many plants in a dry, hot season, it is declared, will draw the necessary moisture from the atmosphere and often save a crop from being damaged by drought. It is commonly applied to peanut vines to insure a crop.

The production of gypsum, according to the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, has increased from 534,462 short tons in 1900 to 2,447,671 short tons in 1915—U. S. Exchange.

RHUBARB.

Rhubarb is coming into market now. Although some of it is forced rhubarb, as its dainty pink color shows, it is a pleasing addition to our list of fresh foods. Indeed, some persons think the forced rhubarb is a choice than that grown naturally. Rhubarb has a laxative effect, which makes it valuable, particularly when we have been eating the heavy foods cold weather