

HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

At this rather commonplace finale, | but it seems that you have not. Signa, who looks the calmest of the three, can scarcely suppress a smile, but she manages to conceal it.

"Sir Frederic Biyte!" exclaims Mrs. Podswell, appealing to a hideous old portrait of the rector, and throwing out her hand as if she would call to the world to hear her and join in her amazement and righteous indigna ion

-"a baronet—and such an old baronetcy, too!—and the Park! Why, there
isn't such an estate in the country,
excepting the Delamero. It is an
offer that any one—any one might be proud to accept. There isn't a wo-man for hundreds of miles around who wouldn't give her eyes to be Lady Blyte of the Park! And here

"My dear Amelia," again expostulates the rector, coloring and coughing uneasily.

"Joseph, I will speak, and openly

and without fear. There are times when the truth, the plain, unvarnished truth, should be spoken, and if there ever was a time it is now, when this foolish, wicked—yes, wicked— girl allows her vanity to stand be-tween her good! I, at least, will not sarink from reminding her of the difference between her and the gentle man who has offered to marry her No doubt, under the blandishments of Jady Rookwell's fulsome compli-ments, she has come to think herself a sort of princess," and Aunt Podswell glares at the tall, gracious figure and caim, pale, lovely face that do indeed look rather princely. "Oh, yes, quite a princess, or at least some one of the greatest importance. She forgets that she is a mere nobody; that she is almost penniless, and that her mother

She stops, for Signa raises her eyes suddenly, and they flash like fire across the table, and seem to burn up the pale, furious ones of the other.
"My dear Amelia," says the rector,

hurrledly, and quite pale with ner-vousness, "I-ahem-really think there is no occasion to drag up old by-gones; the—ahem—the past—"
"Pray," says Signa, her low, clear

voice cold and distinct as a bell, and tremulous with emotion, "do not stop I am waiting to hear what you have to say against-my mother," and color comes and goes as she ses her hand to her heart. her color comes and

esses her hand to her heart.

Even Aunt Podswen is awed and ightened for a moment.

"I—don't want to say anything tainst your mother," she says, sulfrightened for a moment. "I-don't want to say anything against your mother," she says, sullenly. "I only mean to speak the truth; I thought you had forgotten,

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niracle-worker," writes Mrs. Char-otte Can man, mother of a weal-Fnown family residing at Mount Pleasant, "Last month I was so crippled up with sciatica and muscular rheumatism as to be almost unable to do a bit of housework. My joints were so stiff and the muscles so frightfully sore that I even cried at times with the pain. For years we have used Nerviline in our family and I just got busy with this wonderful, good old liniment. Lots of rubbing with Nerviline soon relieved my mls-

ery and I was in a real short time out my work as usual." No matter where the ache is, no matter how distressing the pain, you an rob it away with Nerviline. For bago, sciatica, backache, colds, chest trouble and all sorts of winter ills. a bottle handy and you'll saved lots of trouble and have smaller doctor bills. 25c, at dealers everyany rate, I suppose I may say that the daughter of—an actress"—she would have dearly liked to say, "tight-rope dancer"—"is not too good for Sir Sir Frederic Blyte——"

"Stop," says Signa, and her voice is very low, but so distinct that every note and inflection strike upon the ears of the rector and his wife like the flick of a whip. "You have spoken of—my mother. She d'ed" spoken of—my mother. She ded—the voice falters for a moment, but is steady the next—"she died when I was too young to know her. She was an actress. Yes, it is quite true, and I am proud of it!" Mrs. Podswell throws up her hands and eyes, but does not, dares not speak. "Proud does not, dares not speak. "Proud of it. I have heard my father speak of her—ah, I have heard others besides him speak of her with words such as any woman, be she actress or duchess, might be proud to hear over her grave. Unless the world has lied, and you alone are true, my mother was one of the

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best and noblest of women, and my



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Please Mention This Paper.

love and pride in her never filled my heart more fully than they do now when you speak lightly of her!' Mrs. Pedswell stammers for a moment, then she takes refuge in the resources of the weak; she begins to

whimper:
"What have I done to be spoken to

'Ah, yes, it is cruel," murmur

An, yes, it is cruel," murmurs Signa, cyeing her with pale scorn.
"There is nothing but ingratitude," mumbles Mrs. Podswell, "If you had any heart at all, you would never stand there and say such dreadful things to me—never!"

A fairt smile covers Signa's nales

A faint smile covers Signa's pale face. The only dreadful thing she has said has been a few words in de trace of the mother whose memory she loves and reveres, and whom Aunt Podswell has attacked. She sighs a little wearily.

"Is there any more to be said?" she says, stooping and picking up her shawl. "Why do you want me to marry Sir Frederic?" And she looks from one to the other with vague in "What does it matter terrogation. As you say, I am a mere nobobdy, and not fit to be mistress of the Park—" "That's just it, my dear," says Mr.
Pedswell, breaking in with a nervous,
conciliatory smile; "we, neither your
aunt nor I think that, and Sir Frederic himself evidently does not; and you must admit"—with a sickly smile —"that he is the best judge of your fitness. If he thinks that you are the one young lady in the world who ought to be the future mistress of the Park, it is not for you to contradict

"But." says Sgna.and her face glows with the first blush that has risen to it since the discussion, "I—I do not care for Sir Frederic, in the way that he wishes me to care for him." Aunt Podswell sniffs, and the rector waves his hand, with a bland, superior

smile.

"My dear, I am afraid you are er Get Dr. Hamilton's Pi romantic," he says, as if he had said per box at all dealers.

that he feared she was given to picking and stealing, or some other sin.

"Romance, my dear child, is all very well in—ahemi—novels, but in real life the less you have to do with romance the better. Look at your aunt and me." Signa raises her eyes and looks from one look the child. looks from one to the other. We we enot romantic when we married, and you see how happy we are. And, perhaps unwittingly, he heaves

a sigh For a moment Signa regards them in silence, then—she could not help it if her life depended on it—she breaks into a laugh. She laughs till the color comes into her face and the light into her eyes, while the two stare at her with solemn, amazed indignation.

"I—I beg your pardon; I am very sorry!" she says. "I think I am rath-er tired and hysterical."

er tired and hysterical."
"I think you are out of your mind,"
says Aunt Podswell, solemnly.
"Perhaps I am," says Signa, wearily. "Don't say any more to me tonight," she pleads. "I really am tired,
and—I don't wish to offend you or make you unhappy, but what you wish is quite impossible."
"If you mean your marriage with

Sir Frederic, that is not at all impos sible, my dear." says the rector, in his fretful style. "Notbing is impossi-

ble, though weak and erring man—"
"That's nonsense!" says Mrs. Podswell, cutting the sermon short. "Signa well, cutting the sermon short. "Signa is not weak; I never saw a girl with so much—obstinacy in her nature. Self-willed she may be and is, but not weak; oh, certainly not!"

And Aunt Podswell sniffs scornfully. The rector rubs his chin.
"I think," ne says, insinuatingly, "that perhaps we have been a little too hasty with our dear Signa, my dear. We are so anxious for her good.

We are so anxious for her good so extremely anxious, that her future, which stretches out so far and—ahem -blooming before her, should not be marred by a—shall I say maidenly modesty?—that we have put the case a leetle too plainly. After all, Sir Frederic is a sensible young man, and sensible young men don't take the first 'no;' he may ask her again."

"I hope not," says Signa.
"I don't think it's likely; I should say she has had her chance and lost it." puts in Mrs. Podswell, viciously. puts in Mrs. Podswell. viciously. The rector shakes his head

thoroughly 'Sir Frederic is-ahen: in earnest. I am sure of that, and think he will ask her again. If he should, will you promise us, my dear Signa, that you will consider his proposal? That is not much to ask, my dear.

"I should think not." sports Podswell. "But it isn't likely that he will do anything of the sort. Sir Frederic isn't a mere adventurer, an opera singer, to go begging for a wife."

Signa flushes hotly, though she would give worlds to keep the color from her face, for she knows that her aunt alluded to Hector Warren
"But if he should, I am saying, my
dear Amelia," says the rector, timid-

"I want our dear Signa to promise that she will reconsider this hast, decision.' "It wasn't hasty," says Signa but

seeing the rector open his mouth for a fresh argument, she says, with des-peration born of infinite weariness, "Oh, yes, if he should ask me again, I will consider it."

And it is an unwise admission, and she feels it, but not then—ah, she is so tired and does so long for the soli-tude and quiet of her own little room, where she can be alone to think—not of Sir Frederic and his offer to make her the mistress of the Park, but of Hector Warren and the sweet mysteri-ous words he whispered in her ear as they parted.

"Thank you, my dear," says the rector, suavely. "That is all we want. Rest assured that your aunt and I only desire your good, and that all our exertions are for your future welfare. Good-night, my dear Siena, and—ahem!—happy dreams!" and he gives her his hand with the air of one bestowing an unspoken benediction.
Signa bends over her aunt's pale,
thin face, wrinkled with the irritation

thwarted desires, and touches it

with her lips.
"I believe, indeed I do, that mean it all in kindness, but, ah! if you would only accept what I say and be content What does it matter? There are hundreds, thousands of girls who are more fitted to be Lady Blyte than I am."

"But Sir Frederic doesn't think so, you see," says the rector, uttering the wisest and truest words he has spok-

"I am very sorry that he does not." says Signa, ruefully, and she makes her escape. Tired as she is, she pays her usual

visit to Archie's little room at the end signa was with him, but now he of the corridor. of the corridor.

ing for her.
"What a time you have been!" said, blinking at the candle, "And what have you been talking about downstairs? I could hear you, almost every word."

"You've been on the stairs!" says Signa, shaking her head, rebukingly.
"Some night you will catch a sovere cold, and then I shall have to nurse

spiration; yet pale to the lips, scarcely aware that he was at home, and vcu, wicked boy!" "I shan't catch cold!" he retorts, calmiv. "I say, Signa, is it true that Sir Frederic wants to marry you?"

Signa laughs, while the color comes almost inclined to stroll on anywhere been so persuaded by his mother that it was impossible Signa should refuse

"I am afraid it is, Archie, but I

Advice to Dyspaptics Well Worth Following "1-I walked in," he answered, passing her into the drawing-room to hide

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den't think you ought to listen to what goes on downstairs.

"If you were sent to bed at seven o'clock, and couldn't sleep, you'd be glad to get out and sit on the stairs, he says, severely. "But about Sir Frederic—it's like his cheek!"

"My dear Archie! That is a word that should not be said by little boys; it isn't in the dictionary, you

"I don't care!" he says, emphatically. "It's true. It is like his cneek! Why, you would have to go and live with him at the Park, and that's miles away, right across the river. Besides, I don't like Sir Frederic. You won't marry him, Signa, will you!"

"I think not," says Signa, absently, and almost to herself.

"Don't," he says energetically, and with an air of profound wisdom. "You'll be sorry if you do. Of course you'll have the park, but you won't like Sir Frederic. He flies into tem-pers; I've seen him. I say, Signa!" "Well, be quick and say it. Do you know that it is—oh, an unearthly hour! and that you ought to be fast

asleep?"
"I wish," he says, slowly, raising himself on his elbow, and Linking at her gravely-"I wish it had been

Warren. Signa moves a hand round the candle that he may not see the hot flush which stains her face.

"Why, Archie?" she murmurs.
"Because 1 like him, and I don't think he ever flies into tempers. "But," says Signa, trying to speak lightly, "he might take me a long way

from here—miles away, Archie!"
"I don't know," he says, reflectingly; "he might, but then perhaps he'd le: me come, too, don't you see?"
"I see," says Signa, smiling—smil-

Ing with a soft light in her violet eyes.
"At any rate, I like him and I think
—I'm sure—that he likes you, Signa!" Once more she has to shade the light

from the candle.
"I believe you are asleep and dreaming, Archie, or you wouldn't talk such nonsense. There!" and she kisses him, and tucks the bed-clothes round him in the manner esteemed so much by children—"good night, and"—with laugh-"as papa says, happy

CHAPTER XV. Sir Frederic got his crush hat, and, without even bidding Lady Rookwell good-night or waiting for his carriage, leapt the terrace and strode across the velvety awn toward the Park. He had tried, and tried hard,

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to keep cool and self-possessed while

the wing, and allowed his passion full scope. He was, in fact, almost

full scope. He was, in fact, almost, mad; mad with unsatisfied love, mad

with his own weakness, and mad with jealousy; for, with that instinct which

every lover possesses, he feit that, but

for Hector Warren, Signa might have

He reached the Park batned in per-

ut of human ken.

He had been so full of hope, he had

Lady Blyte had sent all the servants o Led except the butler, and as Sir

'Is it you, dear?" she said. "Where

Frederic entered the came into the

his face from the butler's keen eyes. Lady Blyte came up to him, and

her proud eyes softening with loving

He looked down at her with a look of wild misery.

"It is all over, mother," he said,

hoarsely.

Lady Blyte started, and her eyes

flashed with haughty pride.
"Do you mean that you—you have

Her pride would not permit her to finish the question.

"Yes, she has actually ventured to

me!" he said, with a bitter

spoken, and that she was actually-

placed her hand upon his arm. "Well, Frederic," she said, g

is the carriage?"

anxiety.

him, that the reaction was terrible.

Listened to his suit and yielded.

"It is of no use going over all that!" he exclaimed, with an impatient gesture. "Be she what she may, I—I love

"It is impossible!" exclaimed her ladysnip, drawing herself to her full height. "A girl who is a mere no-

her, and I have asked her to be my wife, and she has rejected me!" "She must be mad!" murmured the old laay, using the same words that Aunt Podswell had done; "simply mad! Why, there is not a girl in the county who would refuse the owner of the Park!"
"Yes, there is one and it is the one

"res, there is one and it is the one in the law the misfortune to love," he said, sinking into a chair, and hiding his face with his trembling hands.

Lady Blyte stood erect in her satin and old lace, her eyes taxed with indig-

"I can scarce, believe it," she mur-mured. "What does she expect—what can she hope for more than this?"

And she made a grand comprehensive motion with her hand.

he laughed bitter,y; he has had taught him more of Signa's nature than ever his mother would learn, although she lived with her for years.

"She does not care a pin's point for the whole of it," he said, despairfully; "It is all as nothing to her. If—if she does not love me, she will not marry me though I am hir Frederic Blyte. It I were the King of England, it would make no difference.'

"Then," said Lady Blyte, with a flash of her eyes, "let her go her own way, and forget her." And she held out her hands implor-

ingly. were a beggar on the road; as she

He laughed, and the laugh was not pleasant for a mother to hear.
"Forget her!" he said, raising his pale, passich-discorted face. "You might as well tell a man dying of might as well tell a man dying of thirst to forget water! I shall never forget her while I have the power of memory left.'

And he rose heavily, and stood star-ing moodly at his thin dress-boots, all wet with the dewy grass. Lady Blyte sank into a chair, and tapled the arm with her thin, white

ingers. "If that be so," she said, sadiy, yet

resolutery, "you must not give up..."
He laughed again.
"No, you must not give up! Many a

girl has been fool enough to say 'No and lived to repent herself of her folly and jump at the chance of saying 'Yes.' You must give her that chance."

lie emiled and shook his head.
"You do not understand her, mother, 'No,' with Signa Gronville, means always 'No.' She does not want another chance, and would not take it if it were offered to her. No, I have lost her; and if I cannot forget her, I must learn to live without her. But to-night I feel that I would rather die." And his head drooped; then he looked up with a flush, 'I am ashamed that you should see what a weak fool I have become, mother," he said, with self-scorn in his voice and in his eyes; "but I think no man ever loved as I love Signa Grenville. I love her with my whole being-she has absorbed all my life! There! let us say no more about it-I am worn out, and will go about it—I am worn out, and will go to bed. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

Remember This.

To extinguish gasoline lames, use sand, dust or flour-not sugar-for that is readily combustible. Water only spreads the flames. A shovelful of earth from the garden or sifed ashes from the cellar will check the flames.

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Trade Briefs.

Locusts have destroyed the wheat crop of the prolince of Sante Fe, Entre Rios and Corrientes in Argentina. It is estimated that the amount available for export will not exceed 1,000,000

Exports from Hong Kong to the U. S in the first nine months of 1916 were valued at \$6,864,290, an increase of \$2,534.559 over the previous year. Rubber overshoes are needed in

Spain.

An Italian merchant is in the market for 1,000 hypodermic syringes. Nearly 30,000 tons of cunao are handled in the Hong Kong market an-

nually. This trade should attract the attention of American dyers. Heavy iron wheels, suitable for jinrikishas, are needed in China. These wheels are similar to those used on

motorcycles. Freight rates in China have increas ed from 300 to 500 per cent. since the beginning of the European war. Chinese are adapting themselves to these conditions and are raising great quantities of foodstufts for domestic consumption.

Keep strips of rough sand paper for unscrewing can tops; fold strip around top and give it a twist.

SURE OF HIMSELF.

Engineer Risked Life to Prove His Ability.

Eighty years ago the granite obelisk that stood sentinel before the paiace of Rameses 177., at Luxor, for more than 30 centuries, was taken to Paris. Its erection in the Place de la Concorde was marked by a fine example of civic courage. It had been brought from Feynt by the Englager brought from Egypt by the Engineer Lebas in a river boat, specially con-structed at Toulon ,to navigate the

Nile and the Seine. This boat was towed through the sea by a warship. When the cables used in raising the obeliek were strained almost to breaking Lebas placed himself under the enormous stone as it began to move. If a single cable had broken all would have been over with the engineer. Explaining his hardihood Lebas said it was to show the crowd of colookers that he was sure of his calculations. A single error and he would have been crushed and he preferred a tragic end to dis-honor. "This," said Le Cri de Paris, "was in 1836, before our day of interviews and Lebas occupied only a few lines in The Constitutional, no more, no less, than the periodical adventures of the sea serpent."—Exchange.

STORMY WEATHER HARD ON BABY

The stormy, blustery weather wirksh we have during February and March is extremely hard on children. Conditions make it necessary for the mother to keep them in the house. They are often confined to overheated, they are other comment to overheader beddy ventilated rooms and catch colds which rack the whole system. To guard against this a box of Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in the house and an occasional dose given the baby to keep his stomach and powels working regularly. This will bowels working regularly. This will not fail to break up colds and keep the health of the baby in good condithe health of the bady in good condi-tion till the brighter days come along. The Tablets are sold by med.c.ne dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WORK OF THE BEAVERS.

Wonderful Skill and Activity of These Clever Dam Builders.

There are probably few examples of animal industry and constructive abil-ity more widely known than those of the beaver—every one carries from his school days a general notion that beavers build dams and other things—and, though there may be a considermargin between popular belief and the limits of fact, enough remains to attach a high degree of interest to

peaver With their very powerful teeth they can cut through a branch three inches thick is as many minutes. The pieces out off are held by the teeth and fore paws and carried or dragged to the spot where they are to be used and fitted into place. The fitting is by no means carelessly carried out, and the beaver seems to have some fairly definite idea of the size and length of the piece he needs.

The beaver makes his home primarily by burrowing in the bank of a stream, and the purpose of the dam is to maintain the water at a fixed height. so that the entrance to the burrow is always covered as a protection from enemies.

Though, however, the beaver has in telligence enough for the building of his dam, he has not sufficient to know when to stop building, and so he increases the structure and raises the level of his pool until burrowing up ward no longer serves to keep his house above water, and so he raises the height of his walls and roof by building with branches and mud the well known dome shaped "lodges."

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