

Avoid caustic and acid preparations that discolor and damage aluminum. Keep your utensils bright as new by using

Old Dutch



HER HUMBLE LOVER

"By all means," he says, calmly, almost respectfully. "Let it stand for tonight. Mrs. Podswell, let me beg of you to accept this fact, I love your niece most dearly." The bent head is raised for a moment, and the violet eyes give him a look of passionate gratitude that nearly sends Aunt Podswell mad. "As to my worthiness—I mean in a worldly sense—I can never be anything but unworthy in any other way. I hope to assure you at a more convenient time. But let me beg of you to accept it as a fact, that Signa will be my wife. She is not one to change."

"Not!" softly, dreamily, from Signa. "And I am as firm as a rock. Shall I go now?"

"One moment, Mr. —Warren!" says the rector, finding his voice at last. "I have to make a remark, but—perhaps Signa had better retire." She does not move, but Hector Warren touches her on the arm and opens the door.

"Good-night, my own, my darling!" he murmurs, as obediently she passes out.

"Now, sir," he says, and his voice is colder and sterner, causing the rector to start uneasily.

"I—er—was about to remark, Mr. Warren, that though we are—I—er—am sure—honored by your proposal, that we have other views for our niece. Perhaps Signa had better retire." She does not move, but Hector Warren touches her on the arm and opens the door.

"Yes, I am quite aware."

"Well—er—I do not wish to be invidious, but really—I wish to spare your feelings, Mr. Warren—you must see, a gentleman of your acute perception must see—"

"That it's impossible," cuts in Mrs. Podswell, viciously. "Mr. Warren may be all very well—we know nothing against him—but Sir Frederic Blythe—"

"—she stops, the dark eyes regarding her intently, or rather with careless suppressed impatience.

"I am quite aware that Sir Frederic has proposed for Signa's hand," he says, calmly, "and that Signa has refused him. I am convinced that nothing and nobody on earth would persuade her to revoke that refusal. I trust that nothing would persuade her to recall the assent she gave to my proposal."

"It shall never be!" exclaims poor Aunt Podswell, desperately.

Hector Warren smiles, almost gravely.

"I trust to Heaven that it may be!" he says. "Come, Mrs. Podswell, Signa is her own mistress, and if she prefers a poor man to Sir Frederic Blythe, who shall say her nay? I love her quite as well as Sir Frederic can do, and I will do my best to make her happy. As to Lady Blythe, I will write her to-night, and see that straight, and if—as they say in the play—you will consent, why then we shall be happy ever afterward; but—and the smile grows harder—if you will not consent, why—we shall be happy ever afterward all the same! But, believe me, I am very anxious for your consent and good wishes."

"I—wash my hands of it!" exclaims Aunt Podswell, sinking on her sofa.

"Er—er—perhaps—"

"—had better talk this over to-morrow!" says the rector, in despair. "After all, my

dear, Signa is her own mistress!"

"She is an ungrateful, disobedient, self-willed girl!" exclaims Aunt Podswell.

"She is the sweetest, most generous and obedient child on earth!" says Hector Warren. "Good night, Mrs. Podswell; good night, sir!" and he makes his way into the hall, and has his hand upon the latch, when someone glides through the darkness toward him.

"Has the storm passed?"

"Nearly," he murmurs. "Good night, my darling, good night! Give me one last kiss!"

And she, as she lifts from him, turns her head over her shoulder and gives him what he asks.

When he gets home—which he does in a sort of rapturous dream—he comes down from the Olympian heights of lover's happiness, and collecting his thoughts, writes the following note to Lady Blythe:

"Dear Lady Blythe,—I lose no time in informing you that Miss Grenville has returned home to the Rectory, in my charge. She begs, and I join in her earnest request, that you will accept the simple fact of her departure from the Park and the impossibility of her return without question or reproach. Miss Grenville desires me to thank you most sincerely, and heartily, and affectionately for all your kindness to her. May I add that she has made my unworthy self most grateful and happy by the promise of her hand? I am, dear Lady Blythe, yours very faithfully,

"Hector Warren."

CHAPTER XIX.

"My dear creature, what is the use? You might just as well spare your breath and keep yourself cool! You might just as well try to move a rock as move Signa from her plighted troth!"

It is Lady Rookwell who speaks, with her keen little eyes twinkling with suppressed amusement, and the half-malicious, half-satirical grin wrinkling her painted and powdered face. It is a week since Signa returned to the Rectory in the company of Hector Warren, and the storm which he prognosticated has almost spent its force; but though the rector, and all Northwell from Lady Rookwell to Captain Jenks have accepted Signa's betrothal to the unknown gentleman who came to look over Lord Delamere's library, Aunt Podswell is still dissatisfied and complaining. That Signa should reject Sir Frederic Blythe for Hector Warren is to her something monstrous and unnatural, and to whomsoever she meets she pours out her lamentations. She has been doing so now for fully a quarter of an hour, and Lady Rookwell, ensconced in one of the Rectory easy-chairs, has listened with quiet but intense amusement.

"But—but it is dreadful and unnatural!" wails Aunt Podswell, wiping her eyes, and snuffling. "Look at the difference, Lady Rookwell! She might have been Lady Blythe! She must be mad!"

"No doubt. Most girls are when they are in love. I call love a sort of madness, and the great pity is that it

is not incurable; but one soon gets over it. Marriage soon restores the patient to sanity. My dear, take my advice; as I said, you cannot move Signa. She is one of the sort who take the disease which we have consented to call love, very strongly. If it brought out spots like the measles, Signa would not be fit to be seen. In love! I never saw a girl so thoroughly and completely and madly in love. Why, she worships the ground he treads on. And he looks at her as if she were the first woman created, and he really could not get over his amazement and delight at so great a marvel," and the old worldling chuckles sardonically. "I met them wandering down the lane; I believe that they were holding hands—I do, indeed; but, anyway, they looked supremely happy. She is a beautiful creature; lovelier now than when she first came, and she was pretty enough, then. Heaven knows, to send a man out of his wits."

"I don't say that they were not attached to one another," wails Aunt Podswell; "but what are they going to live on?"

"Bread and cheese, and kisses," retorts her ladyship, sardonically. "It is an excellent diet for a newly married couple, and does not produce indigestion. My good soul, give it up as a bad job. They will be married as surely as—as—turtle doves pair in the spring. That you should be surprised amuses me. Why, I saw it the first night they were together."

But Aunt Podswell snuffs and groans.

"If I had guessed at such a—misfortune, I would have refused to receive his visits!"

"Then they would have met in the lanes, or—anywhere, and she'd have run away with him," says Lady Rookwell, consolingly. "Marriages, my dear, are made in heaven—or the other place; I think this would have been manufactured in the former; and, after all, I rather like your Hector Warren. He is handsome enough, goodness knows—"

"Handsome is as handsome does!" puts in Aunt Podswell, solemnly.

"Exactly, my dear; and Hector Warren 'does' very handsomely. He looks like a prince, and talks like a poet—or a wit—which he chooses for the moment, and he can climb trees, and sail a boat, and sing like an angel; what on earth do you want? Money? Then all the romance would be gone, and he'd be just like any other man. A title? Bah! I've got a title, and how much am I the happier for it? It gives me the prestige of saying rude things, and stalking out of rooms before some other

he'll get over it; it don't kill nowadays, whatever it might have done in our time. I remember crying my eyes out because they wouldn't let me have Jack Belvoir; but I'm glad now they didn't. He was almost as handsome as our Hector Warren, but he hadn't a penny; and by this time I should have been Mrs. Belvoir with ten children and four hundred a year. Ah, well, it's a strange world—isn't it, Mr. Warren?"

And she turns sharply as the door opens, and Hector Warren and Signa enter.

"It is the best of all possible worlds, my dear Lady Rookwell," he says, lightly, as he takes her hand.

"Yes of course—the dearest, sweetest, happiest of worlds, isn't it, Miss Turtle Dove?" retorts her ladyship, holding out her other beringed hand to Signa. "Give me a kiss. Is it warm outside, or have you always got that color on your olive cheeks, my dear? Take off your hat and let me look at you."

Laughingly Signa obeys, and Hector Warren takes her hat from her, and carries it reverently to a side table. Her ladyship grins.

"In twelve months' time, my dear, you will be permitted to carry your own hat; or if you give it to him he

there were no such persons as Hector Warren and Signa Grenville to make simpletons of themselves. Do you want to know my news?"

He bows, and spreads a piece of bread and butter with jam, and takes it at a mouthful; there is something positively boyish in his intense happiness.

"It all depends," he says, pleasantly. "It is bad or good news? After all, it can't be bad while—"

and his eyes wander to Signa as she moves about the room, putting things straight with that touch of the hand which women alone possess.

"Oh, of course not; while you have your lady love within reach, nothing matters. Thrones may totter and dynasties fall, and nothing signifies while you wander idly about hand in hand with your fellow simpleton."

"Signa, here is Lady Rookwell calling you opprobrious names."

"I don't care," comes the laughing response.

"Don't care was hung," says Lady Rookwell, grinning. "But come, I know you are dying of curiosity."

"Just dying," he assents, sinking back into the easy chair, and following Signa with his eyes. "What is it, Lady Rookwell? Have you come to tell us that an act of Parliament has been passed forbidding any marriages for the future?"

"Parliament will never attain to such a sensible act," she retorts. "No! I've had a letter from Laura Derwent."

He leans forward with mock alarm. "Not another! Spare us, Lady Rookwell! As you are strong and merciful, what has that remarkable young lady done now—turned the Sultan of Turkey out of Constantinople, and seized the throne?—set the river on fire, and interviewed the emperor—taken possession of the Tuilleries, or what? It sounds rude, but the mere mention of that young lady's name makes me tremble."

"Then you can tremble in real earnest," retorts Lady Rookwell, eyeing him with malicious enjoyment from behind her gold eyeglasses, "for she has written about you yourself!"

He leans back and takes up one of Signa's gloves, and examines it as if he has never seen such a curious article before.

"Can it be possible that so insignificant an individual as Hector Warren can come within the sphere of Miss Laura Derwent's thoughts?"

Lady Rookwell grins. "No one is too insignificant to Laura Derwent, if she can make use of them. You don't know her."

He shakes his head with mock awe. "What is it? Do you keep me in suspense! What gruesome command was she set upon me? The task—is it one of blood?"

"Hector!" murmurs Signa, coming behind him, and putting her hands upon his shoulders with half-timid, half-bold tenderness.

"My dear child, I am quite serious. I am trembling in my boots. Keep me not in suspense, Lady Rookwell. The dread mandate, what is it? Thy slave is all attention."

The old lady looks at him with a keen scrutiny and nods her head.

"You may laugh," she says, "but what do you say to this? Laura Derwent is coming here in three weeks. He is silent for a moment's space, then he inclines his head slowly. "In three weeks! Barely time to get the triumphal arches ready, and the red blozo, and brass band! Shall you have the whole of your pretty villa redecorated, Lady Rookwell?"

She grins until all her teeth are displayed.

"He! he! My villa! She is not coming here! She is coming to—the Grange."

"In—deed," he says, slowly; "then

NEW CANADIAN WAR LOAN

The Safest and Best Investment Possible to Obtain

These securities are always saleable and we are ready to purchase at any time.

Without charge we give best attention to all applications placed through us.

Full particulars and Subscription Forms furnished on application.

Write, Telegraph or Telephone us at our expense.

W. A. MACKENZIE & CO.

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

DRS. SOPER & WHITE



SPECIALISTS
Piles, Eczema, Athema, Catarrh, Pimples, Dyspepsia, Eruptions, Rheumatism, Skin, Kidney, Blood, Nerve and Bladder Diseases.
Call or send history for free advice. Medicine furnished in tablet form. Hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
Consultation Free
DRS. SOPER & WHITE
25 Toronto St., Toronto, Ont.
Please Mention This Paper.

women; but what's all that? Signa doesn't want to say rude things, and she'd as well live out of a room last as first. Bah! It's a very nice match, and I shall say so whether I go; and if they haven't enough to live on, why then—then—well, he can give music lessons, and she can turn a mangle."

"Oh, dear!" wails Aunt Podswell. "That is just what it will come to!"

The terrible old lady grins.

"And she'd be happy even then if he'd come and stand beside her and give a turn or two to the handle occasionally. But there, they'll do very well; and for Heaven's sake, don't keep worrying them, and yourself. And that's my advice, and of course you won't take it—nobody ever does. And now I'll have a cup of tea, my dear, for I want to wait for the male turtle-dove. I suppose they will be flying home directly."

Aunt Podswell sings out a "Yes" and rings for the tea.

"I think I've got a little surprise for him," says Lady Rookwell, chuckling and nodding over her tea-cup.

"What is it?" asks Aunt Podswell, curiously, but Lady Rookwell shakes her head and grins.

"Wait till they come in, my dear—then I shan't have to tell it twice. By the way, do you know that Sir Frederic the Great has gone abroad, and that the Park is shut up? His mother has gone after him, some say—others that she has merely gone to London. Poor Sir Frederic! If ever a man was head over heels in love, he was and is! Never mind!—"

ANTIQUES

Have you any old articles of merit which you are desirous of disposing of—such as Antique Furniture, Old Plate, Brassware, Prints, Engravings, Old Arms, Armour, Curios, etc.? If so, you will find it of interest to you to consult us.

ROBERT JUNOR

62 KING ST. E., HAMILTON, ONT.

THE HOUSE FOR GIFTS.

Importers and Dealers in China, Glass, Fancy Goods and Antiques.

will pitch it on the sofa, and then forget all about it, and sit upon it."

"Will he?" says Signa, blushing and laughing. "Well, I can always retaliate, and sit upon him. Will you have some more tea? I am sorry I am so late."

"My dear, don't fib—you are nothing of the sort. You know as well as I do that you would have liked to stay out wandering in the lanes hand in hand! You were, weren't you?"

"Yes," says Hector Warren, promptly, as Signa tries to keep down the tell-tale color. "It is of no use, Lady Rookwell, you can't make us ashamed—certainly not at any rate. Why shouldn't we go hand in hand? It is a glorious old custom; they do it now in Germany. Yes, we were hand in hand; the lane is steep, you know—"

gravely—"and Signa might fall."

"Of course," retorts her ladyship. "You see, my dear, to Aunt Podswell, who sits bolt upright and looks scandalized, 'they are both quite in earnest. But come, sir, I've some news for you.'"

"Have you?" he says, his whole attention devoted to handing Signa a cup and a slice of bread and butter as there any news? They do not wait. "Is had stopped still. I thought the world."

"To stare at your idiotic happiness, I suppose," retorts her ladyship. "Well, it hasn't; it is still going on, as if

she has taken Delamere at his word."

"Yes, of course. Didn't I tell you she would? And that isn't all. She means to take him at his fullest and most literal word. She means to have the Grange done up."

"Not for the world!" says Hector Warren. "What would Signa say if I refused to obey a lady's commands? Miss Laura Derwent is too important a personage to be disobeyed. She is the queen of fashion, and we, her slaves, must bow the head and carry out her behests. Lady Rookwell, in two words, 'I obey.'"

"But," wails Mrs. Podswell, "the expense! All this will cost thousands! Really, dear Lady Rookwell, this—this whim of your niece's is most extraordinary."

"Isn't it?" says Lady Rookwell, with sardonic calm; "but you see Mr. Warren is prepared to humor it, and as to the expense—"

Hector Warren laughs.

"That question is simple enough," he says. "My friend Delamere has given Miss Laura Derwent carte blanche, and she is quite within her right in availing herself of it. As to the expense, that is of no moment—"

"No moment!" sniffs Aunt Podswell, "when it may be thousands!"

"He shrugs his shoulders and smiles. "That is Delamere's lookout, not ours," he answers. "He is repented, and I have no doubt rightly, to be wealthy."

"He must be worth at least forty or fifty thousand a year," breaks in Lady Rookwell, sharply.

Hector Warren nods.

(To be continued.)

Jack's Appeal.

Eight-year-old Jack was a handsome youngster. Naturally all the ladies who saw him wanted to kiss him, but Jack was not old enough to appreciate his privileges. One afternoon several friends of his mother called, and they all kissed him. Later on he went to the pictures, and instead of his pet cowboy scenes the films were all of a sentimental description. Young Jack returned home pretty well tired of the whole tribe of women. To cap the climax, his mother said to him that evening when he was sent to bed: "Give mother a kiss, dear."

Jack looked appealingly toward his father and said:

"Dad, for goodness sake, kiss this woman!"—New York Times.

BLOUSE COLLARS.

Mostly flat. Often reversed. Usually of large size. Sometimes enclosed and labeled. Not always of the blouse material.

It's when a man has no end in view that the rest of the world can see his finish.

HAIR GOODS

—FOR—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Mailed at lowest possible prices, consistent with high-grade work. Our Natural Wavy 3-Strand Switches at \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$9.00 in all shades are leaders with us. Just send on your sample, or write for anything in our line.

GENTLEMEN'S TROUPERS at \$2.00 and \$3.00, that defy detection when worn.

MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS

EMPORIUM

62 KING ST. W., HAMILTON, ONT.

(Formerly M. I. Mintz.)



has sweetened half a century with the same crystal purity that makes it the favorite to-day. Buy it in original packages and be sure of the genuine.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

11

Made in one grade only—the highest!

2 and 5 lb. Cartons—

10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.