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HER HUMBLE
LOVER

"I must have dropped it," he murmured, and thrust the offending hand behind him out of sight.

With a quick gesture Signa took out her own handkerchief, and, stooping down, drew it through the long grass drenched with dew; then put her hand upon his arm timidly, and drew his hand toward her.

"No, no!" he said, huskily, quivering at her touch, but she smiled up at him with a little air of determination, and tenderly wiped away the red stain; then wound the handkerchief round his hand.

Pale and tremulous he stood beside her, so near that his coat sleeve touched her dress.

"Thank you!" he murmured, almost inaudibly. "You have spoiled your pretty handkerchief." Then he stopped abruptly, and looked away from her.

And may I not do ever, that when you have done so much for me?" she said, reproachfully. "Do you think I do not know how much you have done, and how much more you would have done? You would have risked your life—your life!" Her voice broke, but she struggled with it. "You would have leapt from that hideous tower to save me, and I may not do so small a thing as this!" She sighed, then she laughed softly. "Let me go now."

He turned and looked at her, and her eyes fell before the passionate fire in his.

"No," he said, "stay—stay one moment." Signa—she paused, and as he leant over the side of the seat his hand went out toward her with an imploring, caressing gesture. "Signa, will you listen to me? I have something to say to you." She did not speak, but she looked up at him, a swift, fearful, passionate glance. "I feel that it should not be said now—just after I have been of some slight service to you, just now that you may think I am entitled to your gratitude."

But, ah! Signa, the words have been on my lips these weeks past. I have said them to myself a thousand times. Can you not guess what they are? "I love her—I love her!" Signa, I love you!"

Like heavenly music the words ring in her ears. Mechanically her lips open, and inaudibly she echoes them, as if they were something infinitely precious—too precious to be real.

"I love you!" he murmured, bending over her, his hand still outthrust, his face pale with the passion of love and anxiety. "From the first day I saw you—there by the sea—my heart went out to you. When I saw your sweet face that day for the first time, I knew that it was the face of the one woman in the world for me, and from that hour to this my love has grown, has so grown that now it has mastered me—oh, my darling—let me call you so, if only for this once—if you knew how truly, how devotedly I love you, you would love me even for pity's sake. I am not worthy to offer my love to you. I am not worthy to receive anything at your hands but a simple 'No,' and yet I must speak. Signa, I who speak to you thus of love, am—oh, Heaven, if I could but call back the past—one so stained and besmudged by the world that my love is not worthy the acceptance of any woman. Least of all yours, the queen and heart of womanhood, and yet—and yet, see now, Signa, my darling, if—if you can bring yourself to think of me as one whose whole life from this time forth shall be spent in devotion to you, in worship of your purity and loveliness, then—ah, then—"

He stopped, and his face grew leadily pale.

"Speak to me," he said, at last, as she remained silent. "I—I can bear it, though the world may be the bitterest in all the world for me. I will take my wasted life from your path. I will—ah, Signa, speak to me, though it be only to tell me that I have loved in vain."

Trembling, but with a keen, ecstatic joy, she raised her eyes and looked at him.

For a moment he leans over her, as if too dazed to understand the look, then he bends over her, and lays his hand heavily upon her shoulder.

"Signa!"

With a faint cry she leans toward him, and her head drops upon his arm.

Speechless, he draws her to him with a passionate gesture, and strains her to his breast.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he murmurs, hoarsely. "Is it true? Is it yes? Do you, can you love me?"

For answer her face nestles still more closely against his bosom, and her hand creeps slowly up to his face.

With a passionate gesture he takes it round his neck, and so, with her soft, silky hair against his face, she lies lost to the world—to the past, the present, to life itself—in the one moment of ecstatic bliss which we poor mortals enjoy on earth.

Above them the placid moon sails on flooding them with its soft light as if with a benediction. A bird, startled from its rest, flies heavenward with a faint chirp; the sound of the murmuring tide floats toward them; all nature seems to sympathize and throb in harmony with this one moment of human passion.

Then at last Signa raises her head and looks up at him with eyes heavy with happiness, and her hand slides from his embrace as a crimson flush of maidenly shame suffuses her face.

"Am I dreaming?" she murmurs.

He kisses her half-parted lips.

"No, darling, you are awake, and this is real. Let me kiss you again, and you shall see."

"No, no!" she pants, drawing her face from him. "I know now that it is real. But why—ah, why do you love me? You said that you loved me, did you not?" with a sharp spasm of incredulity.

"I love you—I love you!" he whispers in her ear. "Why? My darling there is nothing to wonder at in it. Any man might well love you for your beauty; but that—though I prize it dearly, and am half foolish with pride of it—is as nothing with me! Why? Why, Signa, even that poor fool who has just gone—even he loved you."

She shudders.

"Not! Don't speak of him."

"An—ay not?" he murmurs.

She looks beyond him with softly gleaming eyes, tremulous with an ecstasy of doubt and belief, of wonder and delight.

dream, she says, softly. "That you seen, and so many beautiful and gracious women, should think of loving me!" and she laughs faintly.

A slight shade crosses his face, as if her words had touched a jarring chord.

"Signa," he says, slowly, and with an intense earnestness. "In all my life, varied and eventful as it has been, I have never known what love was until I met you. Do not doubt that whatever may happen—"

Her eyes turn toward him with a sudden startled expression.

"Happen!" she whispers.

His lips twitch, and his hand closes on her.

"Let me know what may in the future, never forget that, as there is a heaven above us, I loved you with all my heart and soul. I swear to that, Signa."

"Jove laughs at lover's perjuries," she murmurs, with a smile up into his dark eyes. "No need to swear. I know it. I cannot tell you why or how I know it, but I feel it. Yes, let come what may I shall always remember that you loved me this night, this one glorious, perfect night in my life. Ah, if it would but last!" and her glance goes up to the moon with mild wistfulness.

"The night passes, but the day comes!" he says, and his voice is lighter, as if he had cast the shadow of some dark thought from his mind.

"The day comes, the long day which you and I, Signa, have to be happy in; that day when we shall be together, one in mind and body and soul!"

Almost solemnly his voice rings in

her ears, and she lays her head upon his breast, and presses her lips to the senseless coat.

Then she laughs—a low, rippling laugh of excessive happiness—like the falling of water from a cup over-filled.

"What will Aunt Podswell say?"

He laughs in harmony; then he shrugs his shoulders.

"Aunt Podswell," he says, "will get upon the wartrail; she will unearth the hatchet and thirst for my scalp; there will be wrath in the Podswell wigwam when it is known that the beautiful belle of Northwell has given herself to the obnoxious doctor Warren. The storm of the next day will be as nothing to the howling tempest which awaits us."

"That storm! How I love to think of it," murmurs Signa, almost inaudibly. "How happy I was, and now brave and good and kind—no! how bad and wicked you were!"

"As how?" he says, smoothing the silky hair with a proud, caressing hand, as a miser might nurse and fondle his gold.

"Oh, you not remember? You would not drink out of the same cup."

He laughs, but there is a thrill of passion in the laugh.

"No, I dared not; it seemed sacrilege, profanation, and when at last you made me, I thought that my lips touch yours had been, and all my strength was needed to keep me from clasping you in my arms, and—"

"But about Archie have said?" she whispers, her face all aglow. "But about my aunt, I don't understand—"

"No?" he says, with a grave smile. "Do you think she will welcome me with open arms as has—what is it—neep-neep-aw-aw?—oor, unknown, an adventurer! I am a half-suspected opera singer! I am a pretty fellow to carry off the prize!"

Signa is silent for a moment, then she looks up at him.

"What does it matter?" she says, simply. "What does it matter; though all the world stood with upraised hands and shouted 'No!' I should not care. I think—yes, I think I should be all the more glad to come, and her head droops. "But—but are you so very poor?"

"At this moment I am richer than the man who owns the biggest mine in Peru! Did I not hold in my arms the most precious thing in all the world?"

"Ah! so poor and worthless a trifle!" she falters. "But tell me."

"Poor?" he says, and he looks down at her with a faint smile. "It is an elastic term. Answer me, Signa, could you be content to live the life of a poor man's wife? To depend upon his right arm and brain for daily bread?"

"If it were your right arm and brain," she answers, proudly, "and if I could not live then, I could starve and still be happy if I knew that you were not starving too!"

"There shall be no starving," he says. "There will be enough for our modest wants, Signa."

She sighs and a vague shade crosses her brow.

"What's amiss?" he asks, with half-smiling tenderness.

"No—thing. Yes, I am disappointed. I was hoping—hoping that you were very poor."

"Quite the mendicant?"

"Yes, quite the mendicant! Because then I should seem quite rich, and it would be so sweet to feel that I had something to give you besides myself."

"I did not know I was making love to an heiress," he says, still with the half-smile.

She laughs.

"An heiress, Hector! I have a miserable hundred a year, or thereabouts, it is miserable now that you are not quite poor, but if you had been—"

"A hundred a year or so," he says, thoughtfully. "Signa, don't be disappointed before there is any occasion. A hundred a year is very welcome to an adventurer—"

"Really?" with vivid delight.

"Really and truly," he says. "You are quite an heiress. A hundred a year! I was thinking of a little cottage—"

"Oh, yes!"

"But now we may life our heads to a villa and—perhaps a pony-chaise."

She nestles closer to him.

"I am so glad! Don't think meanly of me, but I am so glad. I wish—ah! how I wish it were thousands!"

"Never mind," he says, cheerfully and magnanimously. "A hundred is something. I am a lucky man. My treasure of pure gold is gilt outside also! Then his light tone of raillery changes suddenly to one of deep tenderness, and he murmurs, "My child! My child!"

"Why do you say that?" she asks, looking up at him.

"Why? Because you are like a sweet, innocent child, who wears her heart upon her sleeve; but not for a daw to peek at, but to gather into his own dark bosom—so!—and cherish for evermore!"

There is silence for a moment, then he starts, and lays his hand upon her shoulder.

"My darling, you are wet with dew. Great Heaven! how thoughtless of me. We must go."

MOTHERS

REMEMBER! The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! ZAM-BUK is purely herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always.

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"Must we? Ah!"

"Yes; even now you may catch cold. Let me brush the dew from your dress."

And he goes down on his knees to do so, and as he looks up at her, she stoops and kisses him.

"Shall I tell you—shall I make a shameful confession?" she whispers, her face and neck a burning red.

He nods, holding her hand, his eyes drinking in the light down pouring from hers.

"Shall I? I feel as if I must! Well, then, when you knelt and wiped the wet from my dress the other day at St. Clare, I felt tempted—ah! fiercely tempted—to stoop and kiss you as I kiss you now. Ah, my love! my love!"

"Gracious Heaven!" "Bless my soul!" "Signa!" "What is the matter?" "Mr. Warren!"

These and similar ejaculations, uttered in a sort of chorus by Mr. and Mrs. Podswell, greet the pair as they enter the Rectory drawing-room; Hector Warren rather pale, and still bearing about him the evidences of his climb up the tower; Signa dew-drenched and pale to the lips, but with a soft-gleaming light in her violet eyes.

Mary, standing at the back, staring with all her eyes, guesses at the truth in a moment; but the worthy pair of guardians are thicker-skulled, and still utter ejaculations open-mouthed.

"Signa, what does it mean?" at last gasps Aunt Podswell, rising and clutching her shawl round her with an irritable excitement and wrath.

Signa takes off her hat and sinks softly into a chair, with her eyes bent on the ground, not ashamedly, but with a heavy, dreamy consciousness.

"Well!" demands Mrs. Podswell, snappishly, "can't you speak? Are you aware of the time? Where is Lady Blythe? Why have you left the Park? And what—what—" does he mean by being in your company," she would like to add, but the dark eyes, fixed so calmly on her, are too much for her.

"Let me explain!" says Hector Warren, coming to the table, and putting his hat down with the easy, graceful self-possession which poor Sir Frederick so madly lacks. "Miss Grenville has left the Park—"

"I suppose she can speak for herself?" breaks in Aunt Podswell, glaring at him. "I don't understand. Joseph, why don't you speak?" turning upon the rector, who stands rubbing his chin, and with his eyes like saucers.

"I—ahem!—I was about to do so, my dear!" he says, meekly. "Signa, what does this mean? You—you have upset your aunt exceedingly. Why have you come here so unexpectedly, and at this—ahem!"—with a glance at the clock and a solemn shake of the head—"at this—er, really unseasonable hour?"

Signa raises her head, as if with an effort to recall herself from blissful dreamland to the unpleasant reality of the situation.

"Miss Grenville is tired," says Hector Warren. "Let me explain. Happening to be in the park, I met with Miss Grenville; and hearing from her that, for reasons which she will no doubt explain to you, she wished to return home, I offered to escort her, and here she is. Don't be alarmed, my dear Mrs. Podswell; nothing serious has happened."

"Nothing serious? But it is serious. Do you mean to tell me that you have persuaded this foolish girl to leave Lady Blythe at a moment's notice, and without—without informing her ladyship?" demands Aunt Podswell, fairly meeting the dark eyes in her wraithful indignation.

Hector Warren inclines his head almost impudently. He does not care, so far as he is concerned, how fierce and long the storm may rage; but he sees the drooping head beside him, and wishes to get the tempest over for her sake.

"Yes, that is it, exactly. I plead guilty, Mrs. Podswell, I am sorry you should be upset. It is enough to upset you, I admit, but Signa—"

"Signa!" echoes Mrs. Podswell shrilly, and she throws up her head.

"By what right do you speak of my niece by her Christian name, Mr.—er—Warren?"

"By the right she has bestowed upon me in promising to be my wife," he says quietly.

"Your wife?" gasps Mrs. Podswell, while the rector flushes and shuffles as if the floor had suddenly become red-hot.

"My wife," repeats Hector Warren, mildly. "I am sorry to spring this news upon you in this way, and I hope to lay my proposal before you in proper form to-morrow, Mr. Podswell," and he looks at the rector, who gasps like a fish and shakes his head as if it were of no use to appeal to him.

"Until then—"

"Excuse me one moment. I cannot permit this absurd—I say absurd—nonsense to go further!" says Aunt Podswell shrilly. "I would have you remember, Mr. Warren, that this young lady is not unprotected. My husband and I are her guardians, and answerable for her welfare."

Hector Warren inclines his head.

"And a part of our duty—the greatest part—is that we should not allow her to fall into the hands of—"

"An adventurer," puts in Hector Warren, calmly.

"You have said the odious word, not I, sir, but it has been spoken, and let it stand."

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

ST. VITUS DANCE AFFECTS MANY CHILDREN

The Trouble Can be Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Pink Pills.

St. Vitus Dance is much more common than is generally imagined. The trouble is often mistaken for mere nervousness, or awkwardness. Usually attacks young children, most often between the ages of six and fourteen—though older persons may be affected with it. The most common symptom is twitching of the muscles of the face and limbs. As the disease progresses this twitching takes the form of spasms in which the jerking motion may be confined to the head, or all the limbs may be affected. The patient is frequently unable to hold anything in the hands or walk steadily, and in severe cases the speech may be affected. The disease is due to impoverished nerves, owing to the blood being out of condition and can be cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves, and in this way restore the sufferer to good health. Any symptom of nerve trouble in young children should be promptly treated as it is almost sure to lead to St. Vitus Dance. The following is proof of the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to cure this trouble. Miss Hattie Cummings, R. R. No. 3, Peterboro, Ont., says: "I was attacked with what the doctor said was St. Vitus Dance. Both my hands trembled so as to be practically useless. Then the trouble went to my left side, and from that to my right leg, and left me in such a condition that I was not able to go out of the house. I took the doctor's medicine without getting any benefit. Then I tried another remedy with the same poor results. At this stage I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so, with the result that they fully restored me to health, and I have not had the slightest symptom of nervous trouble since. I can recommend these pills to anyone who is suffering from nervous trouble, and hope they will profit by my experience."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any drug dealer or by mail. Send a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PREVENT PNEUMONIA.

Increase Physical Resistance by Husbanding the Strength.

Pneumonia is largely a disease of middle life. Its greatest incidence is during the active stage of adult life. About 80 per cent. of the cases of pneumonia show the presence of types of germs which are oftentimes very virulent, but which depend upon contact for their distribution.

"Carriers" are effective and dangerous in this distribution. Such "carriers" in the room of recovered patients may retain the virulent pneumococci for nearly a month and may during that time be dangerous to those who come in contact with them.

The prevention of pneumonia is possible. The first thing to do is to keep up the physical resistance—to take care of the health and to avoid abusing it. Both innocently and wilfully we may weaken our resistance to pneumonia. Habitually neglecting to have a needed amount of sleep and persistence in working early and late, and in having enough food to eat, is an innocent way of weakening one's physical resistance.

Other ways of destroying the resistance consist in deliberately doing what is known to undermine the vitality, such as needlessly exposing oneself to sudden changes of temperature and cold, excessive fatigue, intemperance and excesses. One who habitually uses alcohol has very feeble resistance and is rarely able to escape an attack of pneumonia, if exposed to the infection.

The germs which cause the disease are everywhere. The careless cougher in the crowded street or elsewhere disseminates the virulent germs of pneumonia. Recovered patients (carriers) bring in ships, railway trains and places in business. They are in contact (nearly all classes of people—the weak (with no resistance) and strong (good resistance).

The moisture from the mouths of carriers falls everywhere, but luckily the germ dies unless it finds a suitable place to thrive.

Germs will live and infect a person who is weak or debilitated from any cause.

Pneumonia should be treated as an infectious disease which is acquired in contact with carriers. "Coughs" should be forbidden. Persons coughing and sneezing should protect those near them from being touched by their breath.

Mouth with a handkerchief, or the hand, if the handkerchief is out of reach. Cups, glasses, silverware and

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Please Mention This Paper.

dishes in restaurants should be required to be thoroughly washed each time they are used. Carriers, unfortunately, cannot disinfect the mouth before eating, but everything used by them can be prevented from giving the infection to others by the free and generous use of boiling water and soap.

Do not have pneumonia. Keep well rested up, well fed and refrain from dissipation of every kind. The little things neglected every day weaken the resistance to this disease. Stop when you are tired. Go to bed after a wearing day of hard work and give up the contemplated evening at the theatre, opera or the visit to friends. Rest at such a time is imperative. Not to stop and rest (in middle life) when tired, fretted or fatigued imposes a strain on the nervous system and circulatory system, which deprives these systems of the power to combat the ravages of a disease which holds a person bedfast.

Eat three or even four meals when you are working at top speed day after day. Ten hours of sleep every night and an abundance of food every day gives strength to the heart and nerves, and you will have undreamed of strength and resistance to every disease, and especially pneumonia.

TRADE BRIEFS.

Coal exports from Sydney, Nova Scotia, to the United States in 1916 amounted to \$367,311, which was a decrease in value from the exports of the previous year.

Soap manufacturers in Spain are endeavoring to bring about the prohibition of the exportation of green sulphur oil. The Spanish soap industry depends largely on this oil, and there was a small yield in 1916.

The United States Government sold 1,900 fur seal skins at St. Louis recently for \$93,573. A profit of \$16,000 was realized.

Japan's cement industry has flourished in the past few years, the output in 1915 amounting to 2,942,000 barrels. It is asserted that American cement is being eliminated from the market.

Nineteen sixteen was a prosperous year in Newfoundland except for the lumber industry, which showed a decrease. The seal catch was valued at \$627,000, as against \$34,000 in 1915.

A modern biscuit bakery has been built at Hong Kong, China. The machinery was bought in the United States.

English just bags, which are used in Guatemala for marketing coffee, have doubled in price since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe and are now worth 40 cents each.

Maritime sanitation laws have been passed by the Chilean Government. In the future all ships entering Chilean ports will be inspected.

Explosive manufacturers in the United States used 538,710 bales of bleached cotton fibre in 1916, which was an increase of 294,707 bales over the amount used in 1915.