All Pure Tea Free from Dust

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Black-Mixed-Natural Green.

HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

Por all her bravery Signa looks af vacant eyes that Signa had noticed. ter him with a sinking of the heart. It hours at a stretch since they were made one in Northwell Church. And yet she is sorrowfully glad that he has gone when she remembers the thousand and one little acts of kindness by which Saunders has proved ness by which Saunders has proved

To leave him with a maimed limb at a wayside inn in a strange country, the isuguage of which he is next door to ignorant, would have been ungrateful indeed; and with this thought to console her she goes back to the guest-room and takes up a book; but it soon slips from her grasp and lies anheeded. She has so much to think of; the past is so full of sweet ro-mance that the book of fiction palls beside the reality. She recalls Northoeside the reality. She recalls North-well and the Grange, of which she is now mistress, and Florence notwith-standing, almost wishes herself back again. Then she remembers Hector's strange dislike to this place, and de-cides that it arises from an anxiety cides that it arises from an anxiety to get back to England.

"When he comes back with poor Saunders," she thinks, "I will persuade him to turn the horses and get member to the Grange. After all a Bomemian life is not the one he should lead."

So she thinks, dwelling, lover-like, on one theme—the lover. The hours pass. Every now and then the landford comes in to ask her with a pro-found bow if she needs anything, re-dring on her answering in the negative, with the expressive shrug of the

The hours pass, but they pass slow-it is the first time she has been eft alone, and she begins to under-

test alone, and she begins to understand what it means.

Life, as seen from her window, presents a marked air of monotony. The girls have left the fountain, but the giris have left the fountain, but the children are playing round it in their place; the women, in their picturesque dress, cross the street with their knitting-needles in their hands to chatter and gossip with their opposite neighbors: a shepherd's boy comes neighbors; a shepherd's boy comes down from the hills, tooting on a pipe boy comes and followed by a shaggy dog.

and followed by a snaggy dog.

Presently, as she teams back in her chair watching the progress of these characters in the little drama enacted through her window, the figure of a young girl comes slowly down the hill. It has something familiar about has something familiar about it to Signa, and she gets up and approaches the window curiously. The figure comes nearer and then Signa sees that it is the girl whom she saw sees that it is the girl whom she saw in the church. As she reaches the spot opposite the hotel, she turns her face and looks across at it, and Signa is instantly struck by the strange expression on it. In the dark eyes shines an expression of inexpressible means. an expression of inexpressible mournfulness, that is all the more touching for a vague vacancy which seems to sit upon the beautiful orbs. like a

The girl stands for a moment, then she goes slowly, aimlessly up the slope in front of the hotel, and entering a narrow lane, drops dejectedly at the foot of a discsed fountain, and a tip hose head dropping altered to her

at the foot of a discsed fountain, and with her head drooping almost to her knees, seems to be waiting.

An intense, almost painful curlosity takes possession of Signa, and she is about to ring the bell and ask the landlord who the girl is, and the cause of her sorrow-stricken manner, when she hears the sound of horses hoots, and the sudden joy dispers all thought of the silent figure seated within her view. within her view.

With a flush and a little exclamation of relief, she goes to the door; but as she does so the sound grows more distinct, and it is suddenly horne in upon her that it is coming from the compact of directions. eppesite direction to that teken by Saunders and Hector. With a keen pang of disappointment she goes back to the window, and as she does so a ight traveling-carriage, drawn by herses, sweeps up to hotel. Hidden by the curtain na watches and waits curiously. There is no footman, and presently a hand is thrust from the window and opens the door; then S'r Frederic Blyte might. For a momen' Signa can searcely

hereve her senses, and looks hastly round the room to be sure that she is

Har it is no vision; pale and thin, wranged in a huge loose cloak, as if the cold had tried him. Sir Frederic stands for a moment talking to coac, man; then as the man drives the horses to the stables. Sir Frederic slowl; approaches the inn door, and Signa, losing sight of him, stands unceriain what course to pursue, when he comes in sight again, and instead of entering the inn, walks quickly up the lane to the girl sitting at the foun-

Signa sees that he speaks to her, sees the girl raise her head with a slow stare of recognition; and then watches them as they talk, Sir Fre-deric standing with one foot on e crumbling stone, the girl looking up at him with the half-wild, halfvacant eyes that Signa had noticed. In her intense interest and curiosity she almost forgets her astonishment and dismay at Sir Frederic's arrival. Had he approached and spoken to the girl from sheer pity? she wonders. That seemed the reasonable explanation, and yet she could not disabuse herself of an impression that there was someting of recognition in the

was someting of recognition in the girl's look, that the two were, if not familiar, certainly not strangers. It was a problem that puzzled and harassed her strangely. She stood and watched.

Presently Sir Frederic said some thing, and pointed to the wood. The thing, and pointed to the wood. The girl got up slowly, and with the same air of dejection, and went in the direction he indicated, and after looking after her for a minute, he wrapped the cloak round him and returned to the inn

There is the usual little stir and bustle, and Signa, with a strange thrill, hears his familiar voice in the thrill, hears his familiar voice in the passage. A wild hope springs to life in her bosom that he will only stop for some refreshment, and continue his journey in ignorance of her proximity; but suddenly the door opens, and the landlord coming in closes and the landlord, coming in, closes the door after him carefully, and with series of apologetical shrugs a series of apologetical surugs and bows, places a scrap of paper, evident-ly torn from the back of a letter, on the table in front of her.

She takes it up reluctantly. Scrawled in pencil is written upon it:
"I have travelled hundreds of miles on the bare hope of seeing you. Do not refuse me. I have words to say to you that I must say, and that it is imperative you should hear. F. B." For a full minute Signa stands

ing at the words. What shall she The first instant she resolves to send a curt refusal; then, as she remembers that she is alone, and the hot, wild temper of the man, she hest tates. After all, will it not be better to see him, to listen to what he has to say, and to persuade him to go at once, and quietly, before Hector should return? Above all things, she dreads their meeting. Should she refuse, Sir Frederic, in a stubborn, obstinate mood, might insist upon remaining, and then— An awful vision of the two men face to face, with their hands at each other's throats. After all, will it not be better their hands at each other's throats, rises before her, and, with a shudder she says quickly:
"Tell him—tell the gentleman that

will see him at once."
The landlord bows, expressing re-

"Go, please; it—it is an old friend." The landlord goes at this. An in-

terval which seems like an hour—an age—though it is but a moment passes, and Sir Frederic enters. CHAPTER XXX.

Sir Frederic does not offer to ap-Sir Frederic does not offer to approach her, does not extend his hand, but inclines his head, and stands with one hand resting on the table, the other holding back his loose cloak. Pale and trembling, but outwardly calm. Signa stands at the other side. calm Signa stands at the other side of the table. She, for her part, offers no greeting, nor asks him to be seated. Before her rises that awful quarter of an hour on the tower, to get rid of him quickly, quietly, is her one fervent desire.

"You-you wished to see me. Sir Frederic?" she says, trying to make rederic?" she says, trying to make or voice sound hard and calm.

He raises his eyes and looks at her, strange look of suppressed passion, of deep, despairing sadness, and-of

Yes." he says, and he, too, is trying to control his voice. "Yes, at the risk of refusal, at the risk of bethe risk of refusal, at the risk of be-ing misunderstood, at the risk of of pattence is wearing out, I warn you."

10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

meeting with your scorn and re-proach, I have come to you."
"I feel no scorn for you," she says, touched by his changed face and hollow voice; "I have no reproaches to utter, Sir Frederic. You will not expect me to say that—that I am glad to see you."

"No," he responds, sadly. "I do

No. he responds, sadly. "I do not expect that; I know as surely as that I am standing here that my presence is distasteful, my voice and face are hateful to you. Think, then, what it costs me to be here and realize how grave the cause which brings me."

"I-I do not understand," she fal-"I-my husband-Lord Dela-

ters. '1—my
mere is absent."
"I know it," he says, simply.
"I know it," he says, simply.
do not fear to meet him. I expe find him here. I can wait until he returns, though it is to you to whom

returns, though it is to you to whom I have to speak."

"Speak, then," she says, quickly, with a spasm of féar. "You—you must not wait until he comes back. He may return at any moment—you—for Heaven's sake say what you have to say and go before he comes back and finds you here."
A gleam of scornful irritation lights his eyes for a moment.

"Do you fear for him or for me?" he

says, coldly.

Even in that moment of dread and apprehension, she returns him his glance of scorn. ask?" you

"Can demands, demands, swiftly, as she recalls that moment when Hector Warren had dragged this man to the edge of the battlement by sheer force, and stood ready to hurl them both that the darkness below.

He sees of what she had the sheet that the sheet of the sheet that the sheet of the sheet that the s He sees of what she is thinking,

and his face grows more pallid.
"You fear for me! You wrong me. I am not the coward that you sup-I am not the coward that you sup-pose. I am no longer mad, Lady Delamere; and yet I love you still. Stay!' for Signa has made a swift movement to the bell; "do not ring;

have not sought you to make any I have not sought you to make any protestations of a passion which will last me, as your heart will tell you, until death. But that you forced me to defend myself, I would not have spoken as I have done."

spoken as I have done."

"Why are you here?" demands Signa, coldly, and yet with a fierce agitation. "If you have no fear, I have. Do you think I wish him to meet you? If—if there is any truth in what you have said, if I am anything but a mere straw in the wind to you, you will obey my wish and leave the place at once, at once!"

"I will go at once." he says, "but I have first a duty to fulfill."
"A duty!" incredulously, wonderingly.

Yes," he says, calmly, his heavy "Yes," he says, calmly, his neavy eyes resting on her face as if he were speaking words that he had rehearsed a hundred times. "Yes, a duty that will cost me much, that will cost you more. Lady Delamere, when last we met, I was half mad, but I was sane chough to warn you against and sane enough to warn you against, and sane enough to warn you against, and to strive to save you from, the man who has become your husband"

He pauses, but Signa motions him to go on, with a little smile af incredulous wonderment.

dulous wonderment.

"You warned me!"

"I warned you against a villain.

Hear me out—you have promised to hear me—I ask no more." For Signa has raised her hand to the bell; she lets it drop, and sinks into a chair. has raised her hand to the bell; she lets it drop, and sinks into a chair with a gesture of infinite contempa and wearlness. "I implored you to fly from him while there was time. I had no reasons for my doubts of his honesty except those of instinct——"And mad jealousy," she says, icily. "And mad jealousy. But instinct is stronger sometimes than reason. You disregarded my warning—you turned from the love of an honest

You disregarded my warning—you turned from the love of an honest man to the arms of a villain. Stay, if this is as false and unreliable as you deem it, it will con-If this is as false and unreliable as you deem it, it will cost you nothing to listen—I only ask you to listen. Treat me, if you like, as a manlac—one who, in his madness, is pouring out an insane fabrication. Take it as such, if you choose, but hear me—It such, if you choose, but hear me—it is all I ask. Justice justice is the due en of a madman!

And he smiles bitterly. And he smiles differly.

She makes a cool jesture of assent, which he takes as permission for him to proceed, and wiping the cold drops of sweat from his brow, he goes on:

"I left you that night graphed"

a dog, and decamped the English lord was amere, your husband!"

Signa turns upon his bay, her eyes flashing

of swent from his brow, he goes on:
"I left you that night crushed,
maddened bp shame and defeat; I
had behaved in my madness like a
brute beast! I had made the woman I
loved afraid of me!" He groans, and
presses his hand fiercely men the loved afraid of me!" He groans, and presses his hand fiercely upen the table. "I left her almost in the arms of my rival, knowling well that he would console her, that he would gain the Jay, and all that I had lost, Yes, I was mad, but there was method in my madness. That night I stood beneath the stars and while I cursed the hour of my birth. I vowed that I would not rest until I had pierced the mystery which enshrouded the man who had stolen you from me—who had who had stolen you from me—who had transformed me from an honorable lenglish gentleman into a wild beast! Signa, are you listening?"
"My name and title are Lady Delagrange will be seen the proposed to the p



"Like an outcast, with my load of shame, with the touch of that man's hand burning me, I left the Park that hand durning me, I left the Park that night, vowed to a solemn purpose. I had sworn to know no rest of mind or bedy until I had learnt for myself who and what was the men you lov-ed, and what was the mystery which enshrouded him."

He pauses, and unclasping the cloak throws it back, as if he were choking.

"I went to London; I made inquiries. No detective could have been more vigilant, more of the bloodles. more vigilant, more of the blood-hound than I was, therefore I em-ployed no one. I learnt something in London; I went to Paris. I learnt more there, sufficient to identify Hec-Warren with the Earl of Delamere. I—we were all fools not to have discovered it at once. Yes, he have discovered it at once. Ies, he was the Earl of Delamere, and bore a name stained with a mass of wild dissipations and vice. From Paris I went to Italy-I came here. 1 remen certain evening at Lady Rockwell's when the name of this place was menas that in which a dark and hameful deed was perpetrated by my

With a sudden pallor, with a tightning of the lips, Signa turns her face

remembers every word of that awful story, and the name of the "Casalina!" she breathes, involun-

"Yes; I came to Casalina."
"Casalina." breathes Signa, a spasm
of dread sweeping over her like a
cold, chill blast of the north wind.
He sees the impression his words
have made, and his eyes gleam.

"I had forgotten the name of the "I had lorgotten the name of the place for a time, as you have done, but one day it came to me, and the story of crime and cruelty connected with it. I came here—here to this very inn, and here I found that my instinct had been true: ay, even in the face of had been true; ay, even in the face of flad been true, a), even in the lace of jealousy and a rival's natural mistrust, it had been true; and Hector Warren, otherwise Lord Delamere, was proved to be a villain, and scoundrel!"

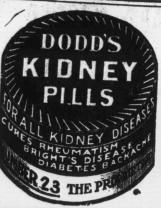
"Silence!" The word rings out like a trumpet note; clear and metallic, with fierce indignation and contempt. with fierce indignation and contempt.
"Wait! wait!" he says, waving his
hand. "I ask you to listen, to take
nothing on trust. Remember, if you
like, that it is a madman who speaks to you and accuses him, but it is a mad-man who brings proofs!" and he hold up his hand and lets it fall as if it ere the ax falling upon a condemn criminal.

Signa sinks back, panting, breath less. Lady Rockwell, it was still green in the memories of the simple, honest people of the village. A young English lord had come and stayed here, and went the affections of a people. and won the affections of a peasant girl. She was engaged, betrothed—a solemn rite—to one of the farmers here. The Englishman had enticed her away, the honest lover had followed them, and with the spirit of a long line of ancestors as honorable as Lord Delamere's had challenged him. Delamere's had challenged him. With coll-blooded self-possession—that is col-blooded name they give it-the English lord had shot the peasant-farmer like a dog, and decamped with the girl. The English lord was the Earl of Del-

Signa turns upon him like a stag at bay, her eyes flashing like two violet stars above her white cheeks. "It is a cruel, cowardly-lie!" she

"Before Heaven, I wish that it were!" he says. "Think what you will, tor? If ever there was a nurderer, actually and morally, Hector Warren, Lord Delamere is one. And this is your husband!"

He stops and looks down at her, white and haggard, but not more white than she is. The clock ticks slowly, contentedly,



if awaking in a hideous dream, Signa sits upright and laughs.
"You have done well, very well," she says, with an unnatural gayety. "I have enjoyed it very much—yes, really enjoyed it! I was feeling lonely until you came. If you were not Sir Frederic Blyte, with—how many acres to your name?—I should recommend you to take to the stare: I think you would your name?—I should recommend you to take to the stage; I think you would be a success, I do indeed. But"—with the same quick, harsh laugh—"you are not origina!—you forget that we have had this story before, and I have almost grown tired of it. And so you thought"—with a flash of scorn—"that it was worth while to travel all this way to tell me that Lord Delamere, my husband, was a —murderer. this way to tell me that Lord Dela-mere, my husband, was a —murderer —a cruel, heartless betrayer of a sim-ple, helpless girl, and a murderer?" "I thought it worth while," he says, white anud tortured, his hands clinch-ed on the table—"I thought it worth while, in defense of my own honor, in defense of yours."

if awaking

low many? Then,

while, in detense of my own honor, in defense of yours."
"Thanks!" with bitter irony. "And pray what effect did you suppose this extremely dramatic story would have upon me? What did you expect that I should do in the event of my that I should do in the event of my believing it

(To be continued.)

AROMA OF TEA.

Due to Essential Oils in Infinitesimal Quantities.

It is probable that many persons who are given to "the cup that cheen, but does not inebriate," have often asked themesives, "Ta what does the tea leaf owe its peculiar and aromatic

There seems to be no mystery in re There seems to be no mystery in re-gared to the matter, although as yet the exact nature of the secret has not been determined. It may be stated however, in the light of the investigations made by the men of science who have given the matter study, that $t \in a$ owes its aromatic properties to certain substances of the sort known as "essential oils" and "thers," present in the leaf in such minute quantities that the herb must be treated chemically in 100-pound lots to obtain, in pure form, even a very little pure form, even a very little of the

pure form, even a very little of the precious ingredients.

Tea depends for its flavor upon the substances mentioned, and the price tea brings is determined practically by no other consideration. by no other consideration. Tea in China or Japan fetches a price ranging from 15 cents to \$50 a pound, according to its quality. It is said that the finest teas are not imported into America, for the reason that in crossing the ocean they lose their flavor. Why this should be so is not, it seems, precisely known; and many experiments have geen made by the Government chemists to ascertain the reason and devise remedles in the matter. n and devise remedies in the matter. If the loss of flavor incidental to ocean transportation is due to salt air, it is thought it should be possible of discover some means whereby the commercially prepared elaf may be protected from such injury.
Since it is of the greatest import-

ance that the aromatic subsances retained in the commercially prepared leaf, the process employed in curing the product must be such as not to dethe product must be said as From the stroy or dissipate them. From the gathering of the leaf to the packing and the shipment thereof to market it is this consideration that chiefly commands attention.

Very young tea leaves make the best tea, since at their stage of develop-ment they contain the largest percent-age of aromatic substances.

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION

Constitution in children can be promptly cured by Baby's Own Tab-lets. They have a gentle but effective axative which thoroughly regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus drive out all childhood ailments. Concerning them, Mrs. J. B. Tauffenbach; Richer, Man., writes: have used Baby's Own Tablets and have found them on excellent medicine for constipation." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BLACK EAGLE FLEES.

Royal Bird Alarms Peasants by Deserting Germany.

A simple fact looked upon as a phenomenon, has startled Germany.
It is this: The Prussian black eagle, from the first founding of the Prussian black eagle. sian kingdom the symbol of power, has forsaken its haunts, on the crags of the

Suabian Alps, where towers the castle of the Hohenzollerns! For ten centuries these great black eagles have made their homes on the gigantic cliffs of the lower Alps which shelter this cradle of Hohenzollern

This is the first year they have disappeared. The cause of their going is a mystery, but to the peasands of the Black forest and to many others it sig-Black forest and to many others it sig-nifies the passing of the Hohenzol-lerns the hereditary Prussian kings. When the grim old elector of Bra-denburg was crowned King of Prussia to 1704 he founded the military Order in 1701, he founded the military Order of the Black Eagle, and incorporated the king of birds into the imperial seal. Beneath it were the words 'Suum Cuique''—"To each his own' With the passing of the block eagle of German royalty, says the pheasants will come the surrender of the meaning that the would wander for days in the bush, and return covered with grime and blood and talk about "The Roamer." will come the surrender of the sceptie

According to reports that have According to reports that have reached Switzerland, there is many a German who believes that Kaiser Wilhelm, having violated the terse legend of the insignity of the insignia of the imperial sealto each his own"-is bringing down upon his head the wreck of the Hohenzollern dynasty.—Zurich, Switzerland, despatch in Minneapolis Journal

f-minutes pass; When You Eat Bread n a hideous dream, Sigyou are entitled to everything in the whole wheat grain. Dr. Wiley says: "Wheat is a complete food containing all the elements necessary for human nutrition." But be sure you get the whole wheat in a digestible form. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking-the best process ever devised for preparing the whole wheat grain for the human stomach. Two or three of these crisp little loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and berries, make a delicious nourishing meal. Made in Canada.

Girl at Stake Went to Death

Daniei S. MacLeod, a prospector from Gold Lake, Southern Manitoba, while in Winnipeg told this story of an Indian Ophelia whose life was bar-

an Indian Ophelia whose life was bartered in a poker game against a pile of nuggets, a cance, a shotgun, blankets and pony, by the man she loved, but who didn't love her.

Her body was found in the Amik Pawtic rapids, two weeks after the learned what her Indian "Prince Charming" had done from the lips of the man who had won her m the poker game and who loved her with a cave man's devotion.

The men were Ojibway Indians of

cave man's devction.

The men were Ojibway Indians of the same band as the Ophelia of the north, says the Toledo Blade. They were encamped at Lake Wenongie near the 53rd parallel above which there is no law of God or man."

Peter Pemap Akose is a trapper in the winter and a fisherman and gold camp employee in summer. He is a strong man and is feared by the male members of the band, of which he is a member. He is the man whom Kokekikomikook, "The Roamer," loved and died for.

Early this summer the Lake Wenongie band of Ojibways were joined by a Keewatin Indian named Charlie Pepamee, also a trapper and fisherman. He was disliked because he gambled.

"The Roamer's" love for Britanian of the same care and the

"The Roamer's" love for Peter be-

gambled.

"The Roamer's" love for Peter Lecame apparent to her people when, after the newcomer had made love to her, she went to him for protection. He spurned her advances and didn't interfere with the attentions of Cherlis towards "The Roamer."

After a fishing trip up Lake Wenongie, Peter and Charlie joined a band of prospectors of which MacLaren was a member, in a cabin 20 miles from the Ojibway encampment. The prospectors had built a cabin, around which they were mining. In this cabin they played poker.

The second day of their stay with the gold seekers Charles enticed Pete to play. Nuggets were the stayes.

When the last nugget had gone to Charlie, Pet jumped from his scat and hissed:

"Dog." Pointing to the card he added: "I'll stake my pony, gun, canoe, blankets and this," producing a string of nuggets from a pocket, "against anything you will wager."

"I'll take you," Charlie answered. "Everything I've won against your goods."

goods.

The prospectors stopped playing and watched. Pete lost. Angrily he called his opponent "dog" and turned

Charley called him back.

Pemap Akose turned and asked what he wanted.

"I'll wager," Peepamee began "everything I've got against your girl Kokekikomibook. If you lose you keep away from her and don't interfere with me when I take her away."

"Done, Pete agreed. "Deal the cards."

Charlie dealt him three cards. Pete was jubilant. Charlie looked at his cards and said "Show!" Pete showed his hand. The gambler

rete snowed his hand. The gambler laid down his hand and revealed three aces and a pair of kings.

Without a word Pemap Akose left the table. The other Indian leit soon after.

MacLeod thought no more of the MacLeod thought no more of the poker game until a week after he heard while in the Ojibway encampment that "The Roamer" had disappeared. He inquired for Peepamee, the gambler, and learned that he like the other indians, was ignorant of her

the other indians, was ignorant of her whereabouts.

All that was known of the girl was that she had told her mother she would be back within "three sleeps." For more than two weeks the best trailers of the encampment hunted the missing girl. Every attempt failed. "Three sleeps" lengthened into a "moon," and she had not returned. The prospectors returned to their cabin and continued their search for ore.

will come the surrender of the sceptie of Prussian power.

These eagles have been protected from molestation by imperial decree for centuries. Edies innumerable safe-guarded their home and made them the most familiar things in the rugged and majestic vistas outspread before the towers of the Hohenzollerns.

According to reports that have reached Switzerland, they in the day of the body in the waters of Artik Pawtic.

evening.

"The fellow who marries a woman just for the fun of the thing." says the Cynical Bachelor, "is just the man who might get a little pleasure out of melns to war."



Made in one grade only the highest!