

All Pure Tea Sealed Packets Only Free from Dust Never Sold in Bulk

"SALADA"

Black-Mixed-Natural Green.

HER HUMBLE LOVER

For all her bravery Signa looks after him with a sinking of the heart...

To leave him with a maimed limb at a wayside inn in a strange country...

So she thinks, dwelling, love-like, on one theme—the lover. The hours pass...

The first instant she resolves to send a curt refusal; then, as she remembers that she is alone...

The girl stands for a moment, then she goes slowly, unhesitatingly up the slope...

With a flush and a little exclamation of relief, she goes to the door; but as she does so the sound grows more distinct...

For a moment Signa can scarcely believe her senses, and looks hastily round the room to be sure that she is not dreaming.

Signa sees that he speaks to her, sees the girl raise her head with a slow stare of recognition...

vacant eyes that Signa had noticed. In her intense interest and curiosity she almost forgets her astonishment...

There is the usual little stir and bustle, and Signa, with a strange thrill, hears his familiar voice in the passage...

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...

CHAPTER XXX. Sir Frederic does not offer to approach her, does not extend his hand, but inclines his head...

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meeting with your scorn and reproach, I have come to you. "I feel no scorn for you," she says...

"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..."

"I do not understand," she falters. "I—husband—Lord Delamere is absent."

"I know it," he says, simply. "I do not fear to meet him. I expect to find him here. I can wait until he returns, though it is to you to whom I have to speak..."

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

"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?"

"Yes," he says, calmly, his heavy eyes resting on her face as if he were speaking words that he had rehearsed a hundred times...

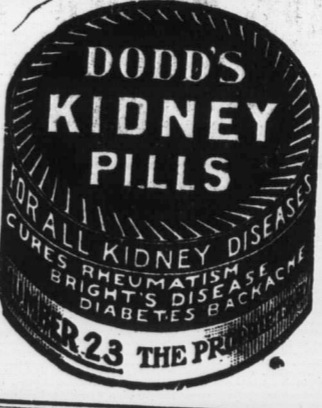
"I warned you against a villain. Hear me out—you have promised to hear me—I ask no more. For Signa has raised her hand to the bell; she lets it drop, and sinks into a chair with a gesture of infinite contempt and weariness..."

"And mad jealousy," she says, feebly. "You disregarded my warning—you turned from the love of an honest man to the arms of a villain. Stay, if you do it, it will cost you nothing to listen—I only ask you to listen. Treat me, if you like, as a maniac—one who, in his madness, is pouring out an insane fabrication..."

"I left you that night crushed, maddened by shame and defeat; I pressed his hand fiercely upon the table. My hand her almost in the arms of my rival, knowing well that he would console her and while I stood by, I was mad, but there was method in my madness..."

"You wished to see me, Sir Frederic," she says, trying to make her voice sound hard and calm. He raises his eyes and looks at her, a strange look of suppressed passion, of deep, despairing sadness, and of pity...

He is silent. "Yes, at the risk of refusal, at the risk of being misunderstood, at the risk of meeting with your scorn and reproach, I have come to you..."



"Like an outcast, with my load of shame, with the touch of that man's hand burning me, I left the Park that night, vowed to a solemn purpose..."

"I went to London; I made inquiries. No detective could have been more vigilant, more of the blood-ployed than I was, therefore I employed no one. I learnt something in London; I went to Paris. I learnt more there, sufficient to identify Hector Warren with the Earl of Delamere..."

"With a sudden pallor, with a tightening of the lips, Signa turns her face to him. She now remembers every word of that awful story, and the name of the place. "Casalina!" she breathes, involuntarily...

"Casalina!" she breathes, involuntarily. "Yes; I came to Casalina." "Casalina!" breathes Signa, a spasm of dread sweeping over her like a cold, chill blast of the north wind...

"Silence!" The word rings out like a trumpet note; clear and metallic, with fierce indignation and contempt. "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 madman who brings proofs!"

"I found little difficulty in discovering the truth of the story told by 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 won the affections of a peasant girl. She was engaged, betrothed, a solemn rite—one of the farmers here, the Englishman had enticed her away, and with the spirit of a long line of ancestors as honorable as Lord Delamere's had challenged him..."

"Before Heaven, I wish that it were!" he says. "Think what you will, I love you so truly and devotedly that I could wish that it were as you say, a cruel and cowardly lie. But it is Heaven's own truth. This man you fled from me, is the man who stole a bride from her bridegroom, and who afterward shot that bridegroom. Shot! What do I say? Murdered! Murdered! For how could a Tuscan peasant stand before a noted duelist, and be the victor? If ever there was a murderer, actually and morally, Hector Warren, Lord Delamere is one. And this is your husband!"

"This is the first year they have disappeared. The cause of their going is a mystery, but to the peasants of the Black Forest and to many others it signifies the passing of the Hohenzollerns, the hereditary Prussian kings. When the grim old elector of Brandenburg was crowned King of Prussia 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 'Summi Cuiusque in Prope'—To each his own! With the passing of the block eagle of German royalty, says the peasants will come the surrender of the sceptre of Prussian power..."

on the subject—minutes pass; who shall be the many? Then, as if awakening from a hideous dream, Signa sits upright and laughs.

"You have done well, very well," she says, with an unnatural gaiety. "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 stage; I think you would be a success, I do indeed. But—with the same quick, harsh laugh—"you are not original, my dear friend; 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—a cruel, heartless betrayer of a simple, helpless girl, and a murderer?"

"I thought it worth while," he says, white and tortured, his hands clinched on the table—"I thought it worth while, in defense 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 believing it?"

Tea depends for its flavor upon the substances mentioned, and the price tea brings is determined practically 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...

Since it is of the greatest importance that the aromatic substances be retained in the commercially prepared leaf, the process employed in curing the product must be such as not to destroy 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 development they contain the largest percentage of aromatic substances.

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION. Constipation in children can be promptly cured by Baby's Own Tablets. They have a gentle but effective laxative which thoroughly regulates the bowels and sweetens the stomach...

BLACK EAGLE FLEES. A simple fact looked upon as a phenomenon, has started Germany agog. It is this: The Prussian black eagle, from the first founding of the Prussian kingdom the symbol of power, has forsaken its haunts on the crags of the Stabian Alps, where towers the castle of the Hohenzollerns!

For centuries these great black eagles have made their homes on the gigantic cliffs of the lower Alps which shelter this cradle of Hohenzollern royalty. This is the first year they have disappeared. The cause of their going is a mystery, but to the peasants of the Black Forest and to many others it signifies the passing of the Hohenzollerns, the hereditary Prussian kings...

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

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Girl at Stake Went to Death

Daniel S. MacLeod, a prospector from Gold Lake, Southern Manitoba, while in Winnipeg told this story of an Indian Ophelia whose life was battered in a poker game against a pile of nuggets, a canoe, a shotgun, blankets and pony, by the man she loved, but who didn't love her. Her body was found in the Amik Pawtie rapids, two weeks after she learned what her Indian "Prince Charming" had done from the lips of the man who had won her in the poker game and who loved her with a cave man's devotion. 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 Penap Akose is a trapper in the winter and a fisherman and gold camp employe 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 Kokekkikomook, "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 Peter became 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 Charlie towards "The Roamer." After a fishing trip up Lake Wenongie, Peter and Charlie joined a band of prospectors of which MacLeod 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 Charlie enticed Pete to play. Nuggets were the stakes. When the last nugget had gone to Charlie, Pete jumped from his seat and hissed: "Dog!" "Pointing to the card he added: "I'll take 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." The prospectors stopped playing and watched. Pete lost. Angriely he called his opponent "dog" and turned to go. Charlie called him back. Penap Akose turned and asked what he wanted. "I'll wager," Pepamee began "everything I've got against your girl Kokekkikomook. 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 laid down his hand and revealed three aces and a pair of kings. The other Indian left soon after. 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 Pepamee, the gambler, and learned that he, like 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. From one of the Indians they learned that Charlie Pepamee was denounced; that he would wander for days in the bush and return covered with grime and blood and talk about "The Roamer."

MacLeod and his friends on their way back to Gold Lake passed through the Ojibway encampment. On the day of their visit Charlie Pepamee returned from one of his periodic trips into the bush. In his arms he carried a bundle. The bundle was the body of Kokekkikomook, "The Roamer." He had found her body in the waters of Arzik Pawtie. —Lieut. Col. George R. Philp has been appointed A. D. M. F. at Petawawa Camp and left for there last 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 going to war."

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