

HER HUMBLE LOVER

He is in evening dress, and looks as fresh and ready as if he had not been hard at work all day answering a thousand questions and directing everything as usual.

her eyes. What is Laura Derwent, or any other professional beauty, to her while she has her lover and idol?



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from him, and that he has promised to be here at ten o'clock to-morrow night! What do you think of that, my dear!

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THE COLONEL SAYS:

"Zam-Buk is a valuable addition to every soldier's kit." This remark was made by Lieut.-Col. A. C. B. Hamilton-Gray, R.C.E., Wellington Barracks, Halifax, N.S. He says further:

"I can speak from personal experience, as I have used Zam-Buk myself for cuts, burns and rheumatism, and believe there is nothing to equal it."

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"And Miss Derwent—when does she come?"

Lady Rookwell picks up her letter. "She will be here at noon to-morrow; I am sending the carriage for her. It is only a note she has written, but it is full of you."

"Of me!" he says, smiling. "Yes, I told her how hard you were working, and she is not ungrateful. She says that she will thank you personally to-morrow, and bids me ask you to lunch here."

"I am sorry," he says, "but I must postpone the pleasure of meeting her until the evening."

"I must, indeed," he says. "I am compelled to go to Woolstaple to-morrow."

"To Woolstaple? Why! What for?" demands Lady Rookwell, amazedly.

"You can send for half a dozen pairs, and try 'em on," says Lady Rookwell, with an amused air.

"So I could," he admits, "but that is not all. I want my hair cut."

"You—you—" she begins, but he interrupts her.

"No, Laura Rookwell, I can't send my head into Woolstaple, even to please Miss Laura Derwent. I must draw the line somewhere. Don't be alarmed. I shall return in time to escort Signa to the Grange."

"And what time will that be?" demands her ladyship, irritably.

"Oh, about 10 o'clock," he replies. "Signa will not care to go before that."

"That will be quite early enough," says Signa. "But won't you be very tired after your journey?"

He looks round at her with a smile. "Not too tired to take you to the ball," he answers. "No, I don't care to stay and drink wine by myself, Lady Rookwell; I'll come with you, if I may, into the drawing-room."

It is a very pleasant evening they spend. Hector and Signa sing and play, and Lady Rookwell listens and approves, and then she kindly goes to sleep, and leaves them as much alone as if she had gone to bed. Yes, it is a very happy evening, and Lady Rookwell wakes with a start, and looking up at the clock, says:

"Now, Hector Warren, it's time you went."

Signa has arranged to stay the night, and go to the Grange from the villa. He rises with a sigh, and a curious look on his face.

"Good-night, Lady Rookwell; I shall

come a little before ten for Signa."

"But you can't," she says. "I am going to take her with me; I didn't think of that. Of course, I must be there with Laura, to receive the people."

"I forgot that," he assents, with a look of disappointment. "Never mind. I shall be at the Grange at ten. Good-night. This has been a very happy evening; you think me ungrateful sometimes for all your kindness; to-night I should like to say a word to convince you that I am not insensible to it," and, as he holds her hand, he looks into the sharp, kindly eyes with grave earnestness.

"Why to-night?" she asks. "Because—well, say, I feel good. But thank you a thousand times for all your kindness to Signa and to me," and he bows his head, and Signa reverently touches the old lady's forehead with her lips.

"There—there!" she exclaims, petulantly; but her eyes soften, and she turns and leaves the two alone.

He holds Signa to his heart for a moment in silence; then he whispers: "Good-night, my darling! Good-night. I shall see you to-morrow at 10. You are not displeased that I cannot come earlier?"

"Displeased!" and she lifts her eyes to his, reproachfully. "Why should I be? Everything that you do, and say, and think is right."

He does not speak for a moment, but his lips quiver as he turns to her again.

"May Heaven make me less unworthy such great love!" he murmurs; then he goes.

CHAPTER XXII. At noon of the eventful day, the lady whose name has been on everybody's lips for the last three weeks arrives, gliding into the drawing-room of the villa, clad in a Parisian travelling costume that fits her to a fault, and followed by a maid, who is almost as fashionably and expensively dressed as her mistress.

Signa, looking up as the great personage appears, sees a tall, graceful woman, with a perfectly oval face, of that delicate whiteness which belongs to a certain type of blonde, with dark eyes, and naturally golden hair, which is rendered apparently, all the lighter by contrast with the auburn eyebrows.

A beautiful woman, without a doubt and endowed with a subtle charm, which Signa recognizes instantly.

"Yes, here I am, dear," she says, giving both her delicately-gloved hands to Lady Rookwell, and just touching her with a kiss. "Here I am, you see, and safe and sound."

"I am strong enough to bear all your scolding, Jeanette," to the maid who stands waiting, "they will show you my room—I suppose. I have my old room, dear?—get my imperial unpacked, Jeanette, please, and lay out two dresses on the bed." The maid goes, and Miss Laura Derwent gives Lady Rookwell another dainty kiss and laughs, a low, self-possessed and self-amused laugh. "How well you look, dear! But surely"—and she glides toward Signa, who has been watching her with curious interest—"surely this is Miss Grenville, of whom you have written so much? Why don't you introduce me?"

"You haven't given me time," retorts Lady Rookwell.

The beauty laughs again, and taking Signa's hand, bestows a dainty kiss upon her also.

"Never mind, I can introduce myself. My dear, I am so glad, so really glad to see you! I seem to have known you, oh, for years. Aunt has written volumes about you—volumes!"

"Laura, don't be ridiculous!" "It's true, I assure you, I quite feared to meet you, you were described as such a paragon."

"I am not very terrible," says Signa, smiling.

"No, not a bit of a paragon," laughs Laura Derwent. "But I can well understand aunt's enthusiasm."

And she gives a frank, candid nod of admiration. Signa laughs, and the beauty laughs in harmony.

"And you have heard nothing but bad of me, of course," she says, taking off her hat and traveling cloak, and dropping them on to the sofa. "I'll go upstairs directly—I want to rest and talk a little first." To Lady Rookwell: "I do hope you haven't been setting Miss Grenville—by the way, would you be offended if I commenced to call you Signa at once? I should be sure to do so before the day was out."

"By no means," says Signa. "I think"—and she smiles—"most people call me Signa."

"I don't wonder at it. You're just the sort of woman that other women pet, and men go mad over."

"Now, Laura!" says Lady Rookwell, quietly.

"Oh, you think I shall make her vain, do you?" And the low laugh sounds again. "No, I shan't. My dear Signa, don't you believe all aunt tells you about me. I'm not so frivolous and bad as I'm painted—by her, at least. Oh, how delightful it is to be in England again! But there—after I have been here a few weeks, and get back to Paris, I shall be sure to exclaim, 'How delightful it is to be in France again!' My dear, you see, I am quite candid, I am just like a weathercock—here, there, and everywhere, with every passing wind of fancy. There, aunt, that's as true a picture as ever you could paint. How comfortable this room looks! And, oh, I am really so tired, and so glad to be here! Aunt, have you seen the new bonnet? I give you my word that it is the most absurd thing you ever saw."

"Laura Derwent," retorts Lady Rookwell, "I had something else to think about these last few weeks than the fashionable bonnet."

"Ah, me, you are going to begin!" says the beauty, holding out her white hands with a little gesture of resignation. "I wanted it off as long as I could, but I see I am to have it. Well, go ahead!" as the Americans say, and overwhelm me."

Lady Rookwell grins. "I wouldn't waste my breath," she says, grimly.

Laura Derwent laughs. "Well, you have wasted enough ink and paper over your reproaches. Do you know"—and she turns with a graceful sweep to Signa—"I am almost frightened myself at what I have done. But that is just like me—I am always getting into scrapes by my impulsiveness. I don't suppose such a thing was ever done before as to ask

TEA IS AN EVERY-DAY LUXURY

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THE ISSUE. (Hochester Post Express) There are men with whom friendship without compromise is impossible.

BIDDY AND ME. (Written for the Times by Charles J. Bullin.) I know a sweet lass, and Irish is she.

O the fairest of women, is Biddy to me; There's nothing can touch her, no, not have a care.

I'm looking my fortunes with Biddy to share; When her dark eyes are flashing, I then have a care.

For a storm there is brewing, O betwixt her and me; She'll stand for no triflers, I plainly can see.

Yet, I love the fair vixen, it's Biddy to me; She's a fine little girl, with a tongue of her own.

When she lets loose that weapon, my arguments blown; Should the music get started, I hurry to quit.

For she sticks like a tartar when doing just punctures my logic with shafts of her wit.

I declare she's a terror, and always can hit; Sure, I never can hope to learn half of her tricks.

For a drive from her shoulders, means home with the bricks.

Yet, sweet is her nature, and tender of heart; O, a dear little girl, just right from her thoughts.

She's thoughtful of others, and thinks some of me; And she sticks to that, why I hardly shall see.

When sweetheart and I walk out on the fine Irish beauty, bewitchingly sweet; And as they're passing, look daggers I see.

Not one in the bunch can take Biddy from me; I think very soon, I, a preacher shall be.

And ask what he'd do with sweet Biddy, I suppose he will say: look here Mr. Man.

Just tie to that Duchess as soon as you can; Any man who has sense enough under his hat.

Won't hesitate long when he's looking at that; Such a fine Irish rose, right now you must pluck.

Or another will steal her, then where is your luck? The preacher was sure he could warrant the job.

And ask us as tight as a door to its knob; When that is accomplished, there's nothing to fear.

Just tend to the Duchess, and sailing is clear; They tell me that Biddy's a swell little cock.

Knows more about that, than is found in a book; And since I believe in conserving my health.

Why tying to Biddy's like marrying a fellow; I heard of a fellow, 'twas just 'tother day.

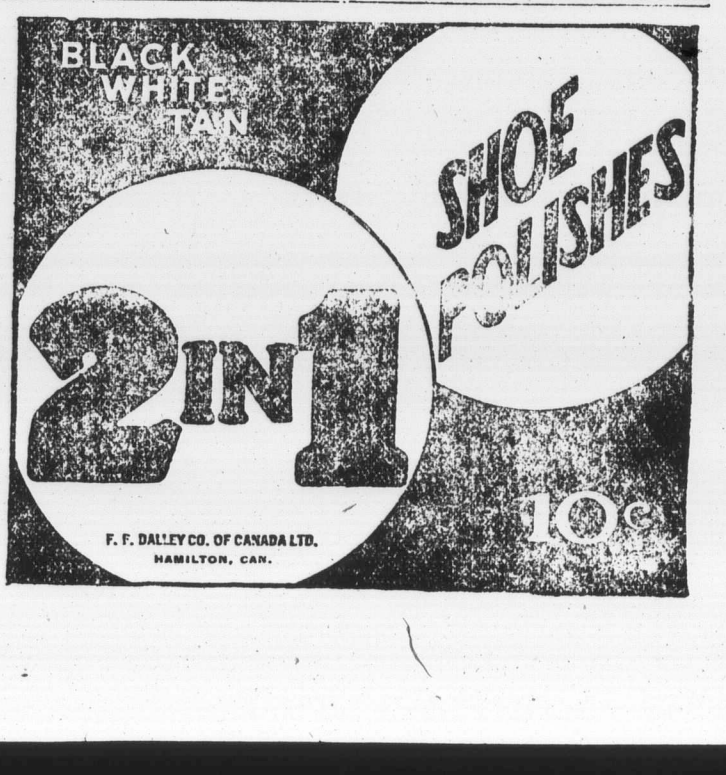
He married a Princess, some distance away; Just what's in a Princess, I never can see.

Why Biddy's a Queen, what's a Princess to me; And now it's settled, this fine Irish Pearl promised to be just my own little girl.

Though the world's full of women, all fair as can be; She's alone in her glory, Queen Biddy for me.

Apples. Eat them. Eat them raw. Eat them cooked. Eat them any way.

They're a delightful food. And they are also medicine. There is no better dessert than an apple.



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