

thousand questions and directing everything as usual.

I am sorry I am so late," he says, taking Lady Rookwell's hand; then he goes over to Signa, and taking both her hands, kisses them, the old lady's eyes softening as she looks on. "I had to get home and dress," he expains, still holding Signa's hands as he

"You need not have done so. You could have dined in your shooting jac

He laughs.

"It was all over whitewash and paint," he says. "You would have taken me for the foreman. Poor man! -it is well it is the last day. I left him on the point of insanity and ex-haustion! Ah, what's this?" "Lady Rookwell-"' says Signa, in

a low voice "Put that spray in her hair, sir,"

says her ladyship. He takes the spray, and covertly caressing the sleek head, so that the color flies to Signa's face, he arranges

"Beautiful!" he says, but ungrate-fully looking into the lovely violet instead of at the diamonds and

"Of course she is!" grins the old lady. "And I mean her to look beauti-ful to-morrow night. I don't want you lady. to feel ashamed of her amongst all the 'great folk.'" "I'll try not to be," he says. Then

he takes the old lady's hand and press-es it. "Thank you; it is very good of you—it is just like you," he says,

"There' there—that's enough!" she says, abruptly. "And now come into diance. I expect the fish is spoiled. And how is it all getting on?" she asks, when they are all seated and warrant her in disturbing him." "Capitally, I think" he says. "I never

saw men work as our men have

'Something must be done for them.'

He nods. "I have taken the liberty of telling them that there will be a spread for them an the lawn the day after to-morrow. Was it a liberty?" "Great! For a man you are really very thoughtful, Hector Warren." "Praise from Lady Rookwell is

"Praise from Lady Rookwell is praise indeed!" he says, with a laugh, pressing Signa's hand that steals toward him under the table, ap-provingly. "Yes, I think everything is finished, even to the lamps upon the drive."

"Oh, I never thought of that!" ex-

claims her ladyship. "I have had a telegram from Lon-don saying that the band will reach here by midday. They are already hard at work in the kitchen, and I left a small army of men and women in white caps, presided over by a tre-mendous sweil of a French cook, who came in a fly with a pair of horses from the station, and who looked sumptuous enough to be a duke. He was very kind and condescending to me, and was good enough to give me the menu for the supper. There it

"It is very good," says her ladyship. "Dear, dear! I hope it will be all right.

He nods reassuringly. "Don't be uneasy. The French cook condescended to look round the house, and pronounced it, with a bow 'mag-nificent,' so that I think we may be satisfied, and I hope that Miss Laura Derwent will be as pleased. By the way, when docs she arrive?" he asks,

He is in evening dress, and looks as fresh and ready as if he had not been hard at work all day answering a while she has her lover and idol?

"The post bag has arrived, my dy," says the butler, with the tone lady," lady," says the butler, with the tone of an archdeacon giving out his text. "Bring it in," says Lady Rookwell at once. "There must be a letter from Laura—there is," she adds, as she tumbles the contents of the bag on to the table and pounces with jeweled fingters on an envelope fingers on an envelope. "Hem, ah! what!" and she utters a

shrill shrick. "What's the matter?" asks Hector

Warren, with a smile, while Signa eyes her with mingled amusement and alarm. "Has she thrown us up at the last moment, or sprained her ankle and can't come-

"No, no, it's nothing of that kind.

"No, no, it's nothing of that kind. She'd come if she sprained both ankles," replies Lady Rookwell. "It's not that; it's-what do you thinkt?" "We don't know what to think," rays Signa, almost piteously. "Don't keep us in suspense, dear Lady Rook-weal!" well!

"My dear," says her ladyship, almost sclemnly, "he's coming!" "Who's coming?" asks Hector War-

"Who's coming: as he have a set of the set o

Lord Delamere!"

Signa leans back, and her eyes cop, but whether with displeasure dreop, or indifference Hector Warren canno

or indicate the says, looking at her, and "Oh," he says, looking at her, and not at Lady Rookwell, "indeed!" "Yes," said Lady Rookwell, her eyes

fixed on her letter. "She says that she has received a note of acceptance



THE ATHENS REPORTER, APRIL 4, 1917

THE COLONEL SAYS:

"Zam-Buk is a valuable addition to every soldier's kif." This re-mark was made by Lieut.-Col. A. C. B. Hamilton-Gray, R.C.R., Welling-ton Barracks, Halifax, N.S. He

"I can speak from personal ex-perience, as I have used Zam-Buk myself for cuts, burns and rheu-matism, and believe there is nothing to equal it." Zam-Buk, the great herbal balm,

Zam-Buk, the great herbal kalm, is a boon to the men in the trenches —it ends pain and heals so quickly, and instant application of Zam-Buk prevents all possibility of festering or blood-poisoning. Don't forget to put some Zam-Buk in your next parcel to the front. All druggists, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25.



"And Miss Derwent-when does she

Lady Rookwell picks up her letter. "She will be here at noon to-mor-rcw; I am sending the carriage for

It is only a note she has written, her. 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." He shakes his head, laughingly.

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

"I must, indeed," he says. "I am compelled to go to Woolstaple to morrow. row." "To Woolstaple? Why! What for?" demands Lady Rookwell, amazedly. "Must I really tell you?" he says, laughingly; "well, then, I must buy a pair of dancing shoes."

'Nonsense!" and Signa laughs.

"It's sound sense, on the contrary," he says. "I can't dance in these, and

you know I have to dance.' "You can send for half a dozen pairs, and try 'em on," says Rookwell, with an amused air. Lady

"So I could," he admits, "but that is not all. I want my hair cut." "You-you-" she begins, but he "You—you—__" interrupts her.

"No, Lady Rockwell, 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 es-

cort Signa to the Grange." "And what time will that be?" de-mands her ladyship, irritably. "Oh, about 10 o'clock," he replies. "Signa will not care to go before

"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 "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 curi-

ous look on his face "Good-night, Lady Rookwell; I shall

IMPURE BLOOD

come a little before ten for Signa." "But you can't," she says "I am go-ing 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 "I forgot that," he assents, with a look of disappointment. "Never mind. I shall be at the Grange at ten. Good-night. This hah been a very happy evening; you think me ungrateful sometimes for all your kindness; to 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

looks into the sharp, kindly eyes with grave earnestness. "Why to-night?" she asks. He shrugs his shoulders. "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 rev-erantly tunches the old lady's for-

"There—there!" she exclaims, petu-lantly; but her lips. "There—there!" she exclaims, petu-lantly; 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 universe.

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 even to his representation.

eyes to his, reproachfully. "Why should I be? Everything that you do, and say, and think is right." There's nothing can touch her, no, not anywhere; I'm longing my fortunes with Biddy to share; When her dark eyes are flashing, I then here a care. 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 every-body's lips for the last three weeks arrives, gliding into the drawing-room of the villa, clad in a Parisan traveling costume that fits her to a fault, and followed by a maid, who is al-most 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 dead-ivory whiteness which be-longs to a certain type of blonde, with dark eyes, and naturally golden hair, which is rendered apparently, all the lighter by contract with the auburn

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

"Yes, here I am, dear," she says, ving both her delicately-gloved

"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. quite strong enough to bear all your scolding, Jeannette," to the maid who stands waiting, "they will show you my room-I suppose I have my old room, dear?-get my inperial wack-ed. Jeannette, please, and lay out two ed, Jeannette, please, and lay out two dresses on the bed." The maid goes, and Miss Laura Derwent gives Lady Rockwell another dainty kiss and laughs, a low, self-possessed and self-amused laugh. "How well you look, dear! But surely"—and she glides to-

ward Signa, who has been watching her with curlous interest—"surely this is Miss Grenville, of whom you have written so much? Why don't you in-troduce me?" "You haven't given me time," re-

torts 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 fear-ed to meet you, you were described as such a paragon."

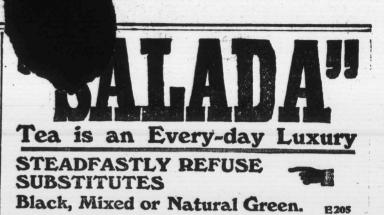
"I am not very terrible," says Signa, smilling. "No, not a bit of a paragon," laughs

Laura Derwent. "But I can well un-derstand aunt's enthusiasm." And she gives a frank, candid nod of admiration. Signa laughs, and the

of admiration, signa magns, and the beauty laughs in harmony. "And you have heard nothing but bad of me, of course," she says, tak-ing off her hat and traveling cloak,

and dropping them on to the sofa. "I'll and talk a little first." To Lady Rook-well: "I do hope you haven't been set-

Just what's in a Frincess, I never can see, Why Biddy's a Queen, what's a Prin-cess to me; And now it is settled, this fine Irish pearl. Has 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.



man, a perfect stranger, to lend

his house. The moment I had done it I felt fit to sink into the earth. But

the man—my dear, I can't describe him, or the effect he had upon me." "Was he so dreadful?" asks Signa, immensely amused.

BIDDY AND ME.

(Written for the Times by Charles J. Bulfin), I know a sweet lass, and Irish is she, O the fairest of women, is Biddy to

have a care, For a storm there is brewing, O bet-ter beware; She'll stand for no triflers, I plainly can

Yet, 1 love the fair vixen, it's Biddy

She's a fine little girl, with a tongue of her own. When she lets loose that weapon, my argumente blown; Should the music get started, I hurry to qu'it.

quit, For she sticks like a tartar when doing her bit;

her bit; Just puncturess my logic with shafts of her wit, I declare, she's a terror, and always

Sure an hit; can hope to learn half of her tricks, For a drive from her shoulders, means home with the bricks.

hit

SPOHN

ERCO

(To be continued.)

THE ISSUE.

<text><text><text><text>

her tricts.
For a drive from her shoulders, means home with the bricks.
Yet, sweet is her nature. and tender of hear.
O, a dear little girlie, just right from the start;
She's thoughtful of others, and thinks some of me.
And hetter than that, why I hardly sheet:
When sweetheart and I walk out on the street.
The fine Irish beauty, bewitchingly sweet:
And name as they're passing, look dag.
Not one in the bunch can take Biddy from me.
I think very soon, I, a preacher shall
And ask what he'd do with sweet blosson and me:
I think very soon, I, a preacher shall successful in maintaining it actant the world. Fur times have changed and me:
I suprose he will say: look here Mr.

PUTS A ... STOP TO ALL DISTEMPER CURES THE SICK And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. All good druggists and turf goods houses. SPOHN MEDICAL CJ.

Chemists and Bacteriologists. Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Just tie to that Duchess as soon as you any man who has sense enough under Won'l at Such a s hat, t hesitate long when he's looking that; fine Irish rose, right now you

must bluck, Or another will steal her, then where is your luck?

The preacher was sure he could war-rant the job. And tied us as tight as a door to its knob; When that is accomplished, there's noth-

conception that a madman's might is right is now to be laid at rest forever. This is the point on which our re-public takes just on which our re-trans is the point on which our re-multion takes just on the case of the second of death and not one occur and the right to we disobe their rule. Nations which are contesting their claim of militarism to be law unto itself, and fifter many months of hesitation we differ many feedded that we cannot admit to its stan claim in theory nor consent to its nutshel; is the issue on which we have finally taken a decided stand our guarrel is not with the German people but with the Prussian government which they have twice tried to throw off and may probably succeed in overthrowing at the end of the war. And tied us as tight to a determine to knob; knob; When that is accomplished, there's noth-ing to fear. Just lend to the Duchess, and sailing is clear: They teil me that Biddy's a swell-little could

conk knows more about that, than is found in a book. And since is believe in conserving my health. Why theing to B!ddy's like marrying wealth.

heard of a fellow, 'twas just t'other

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

as much as mahogany. Furniture of "solid toak" is now a rarity, for the wood has become so expensive that it is used in the form of a veneer over

"To-morrow morning, I suppose," replies her ladyship. "I expect to hear from her by this post. Sne will come down by the mail, her energy and 'go' are tremendous!"

"I am awfully afraid of her," says Signa, with a smile, "and shall shrink into a corner the moment she appears, and remain there until the close of the proceedings." "Yes," said Lady Rookwell, sarcas

tically, "you are the sort of person who is generally permitted to remain

in corners, aren't .ou?" "Remember, before you retire into meclusion, that you have promised me the first dance and every alternate he says

"I have done no such thing." she declares, but a happy light shines in

The High Cost of Indigestible Food falls heavily upon the household where there is no intelligent direction of the food supply. Expensive high proteid foods, such as beef and pork, impose a heavy burden upon the liver and kidneys. They are not as nitritious as cereals and fruits. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work at a cost of only four or five cents. Cut out meat and eggs, eat Shredded Wheat Biscuit with green vegetables and fruits, and see how much better you feel. For breakfast with hot milk or cream. Made in Canada.

mands her ladyship, turning to Hector Warren.

at the handsome face beside her as if

adding that nothing is of any conse-

quence so that her lover be there.

'And w

He helps himself to the entree a footman has brought him before re-

"I" don't see how Delamere could have refused," he says. "It would bave been churlish, and might have scemed as if he repented giving Miss Derwent permission to do-what she has done."

"Of course," says Signa, who would

"Of course," says Signa, who would equally have said "of course" if he had said exactly the opposite. "Well!" says Lady Rookwell, em-rhatically. "That is the climax! It is a good thing that it wasn't known before, or I should have been mobbed, fostively mobbed for corded it is resitively mobbed, for cards! It is really considerate of him to keep it

quiet till the last moment!"

A shade of annoyance or irritation passes over Hector Warren's face. "Why should all this fuss be made about Delamere?" he asks, quietly. "One would imagine that he was a was a sort of monstrosity, instead of being ordinary man who has chosen to live on the continent instead of vegetating in England."

"You forget what he has done on the continent," says Lady Rookwell, "If the stories that are told grimly. of him are true--

"Ah, I forgot the stories," he says, and there is a tone of contempt in his voice. "Ah, yes, I see. Poor $D\varepsilon la$. volce. "Ah, yes, I see. Poor Deta-mere! Do you think the virtuous mob —I beg your pardon—the distinguished and aristocratic guests of to-morrow,

will shun him like a plague-stricken wretch, Lady Rookwell?" "Do I?" and she chuckles. "Why, they will surround him, and make much of him, as flies surround honey. What will it matter to them? He is thirty or forty Lord Delamere, with thousand a year, and three or four strengthen.

estates, and one of the oldest titles In Fngland! Such a man may do anything-anything, with impunity!" "I see," he says, calmly, "Sig will you select the least sweet those biscuits for me?" Signa pi out a biscuit with her white fingers, delicately, and puts it on his plate.

IN THE SPRING

The Passing of Winter Leaves People Weak and Depressed.

As winter passes away it leaves many people feeling weak, depressed and easily tired. The body lacks that vital force and energy which pure blood alone can give. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale

People are an all-year-round blood builder and nerve tonic, but they are especially useful in the spring. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red blood. Returning strength commences with their use and the vigor and cheerfulness of good health quickly the vigor follows.

There is just one cure for lack of There is just one cure for fack of blood and that is more blood. Food is the material from which blood is made, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills double the value of the food we eat. They give strength, tone up the stomach and weak digestion, clear the complexion of pimples, eruptions and boils, and drive out rheumatic poisons.

If you are pale and sallow, if you feel continually tired out, breathless after slight exertion, if you have headaches or backaches, if you are irritable and nervous, if your joints ache, if your appetite fails and food does not nourish nor sleep, refrech

does not nourish nor sleep refresh you, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make you well and strong. To build up the blood is the special purpose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that is why they are the best spring medicine. If you feel the need of a tonic at If you feel the need of a tonic at this season give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and you will rejoice in new health, new strength and new energy. Do not let the trying weather

of summer find you weak and ailing. Build yourself up now with Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills—the pills that

Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale people and do not be persuaded punity!" to take anything else. If your dealer does not keep these Pills they will st sweet of Signa picks a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

ting 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 smilts—"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 Rokwell.

quietly. "Oh, you think I shall make her "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 Eng-land again! But there —after I have been here a few weeks, and get back

that's as true a picture as even 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 ab-surd thing you ever saw." "Laura Derwent," retorts Lady

Rookweil, "I've 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 geeture of resignation. "I warded 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 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 im-pulsiveness. I don't suppose such a thing was ever done before as to ask

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 A bit of cheese or cake goes well, with it,

A bit of cheese or cake goes well There are pretty values in p0.2 bue with it. Many an abused stomach would jump with joy if given an apple instead of the ubiquitous pie. And baskets of iridescent giars will add to the beauty of the table Black glass with silver deposit is un-usual and attractive. the ubiquitous pie.

A girl must have a lot of check to boast that her face is her fortune.

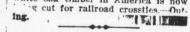
woods. So used it loses none o its beauty, and even the thin veneer resists wear for an incredibly long time. This wood was a useful one to the early agriculturists, as well as to those of the present day. It is durable when exposed to the elements was also durable in contact with the soil. It was and is still used in fenc-ing, and much of the second growth white oak timber in America is now

Value of White Oak.

The white oak has served for more

useful purposes than perhaps any oth-

er tree, and its wood to day is worth



Novelty Glassware.

Colored glassware is a fad.

There are pretty vases in ping blue

This last may be had in lily or fruit bowls as well as other pieces.

