"My Boy was Starving to Death"

"As He Was Getting No Nourishment He Was Gradually Wasting Away."

"Here's a story which will interest every mother. Before my boy was born, I was in such delicate health that the doctor didn't think I would survive the ordeal. For weeks after he was born my life was despaired of, so I couldn't feed him and the poor little fellow was left to the care of friends. He wasn't naturally strong. No care was 'taken' in choosing his food and his poor little stomach became so weakened that he couldn't of doors, gave him good food—and became so weakened that he couldn't keep anything on it. As he was getting no nourishment from his three bottles of Carnoll Before he had taken half a bottle his whole prinally, in desperation, we sent for a child specialist and he said that my heavier, his face took on a colour and boy was starving to death. He gave he would run round for hours at a him some medicine and advised a time. The change in my boy is the time. The change in my boy is the certain diet. The child did improve but somehow couldn't seem to get strong. This went on for four or five years and the boy still continued weak and puny looking. He could not play like other children without having to lie down and rest. My clieter who lives on a farm near the didicate how." sister who lives on a farm near the delicate boy." sea, said that she could fix him up if I would send him to her. While I hated being separated from him, I was ready to make any sacrifice to get him strong. He was away from me for three months and it was with feelings of great excitement that I sea, said that she could fix him up if I would send him to her. While I

CHAPTER XXI.

gan to be a regular thing for Captain

Osburn to ride over to Chandos. Some-

him. He liked him more than any man

he had ever met, and in his heart quite

approved of his daughter's acquaint-

of his manhood, and he enjoyed to the

full the bewitching charm of her pres-

was possible that she, an earl's daugh-

poor girl-it would make no difference

to him: he would marry her just the

to be so proud, overlook the difference

of position between them? Yes, if she

Iris Fayne.

are very ingenious."

he always saw Lady Iris.

LADY IRIS' sed their lips. It was a day to be membered while life lasted. MISTAKE;

Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER XX.

"I think you are very polite," she of a new life. Nothing would ever be

an air of proprietorship that sat well

me, calls me her friend, and has promposure as soon as you can, and give | ised me a friendship that shall last satisfied!

"I will go if you wish it: but I declare to you solemnly that my brain is in a whirl. I do not know what I am | madness to think that she would ever saying or doing, or what has happened | condescend to be his wife? to me. Lady Iris." he continued gravely, "I think I had better return to

She laid her hand with a light touch | deed be for myself." on his arm, saving-

"You had better take me back to the

Hall and sit down with us to lunch "I will do just what you wish," he

replied. "I am as wax in your hands." "If the wax be well molded, what does it matter in whose hands it is held?" And then she hastened away, lest he should say more.

He followed her to the dining-room, but he had spoken the truth when he said that he did not know what he was doing. Fortunately for him, he did not sit near her, or he would have been still more agitated. As it was, he answered so entirely at random that the earl more than once bent his head over his plate to hide his amusement

Then came the visit to the Priory. two of her lady visitors, and Captain Osburn rode by her side. This was perhaps the happiest part of their love-dream, when each was attracted to the other by an irresistable power.

Over Face and Neck. Face Disfigured. Cuticura Heals.

"My trouble began with a rash which later turned to pimples. The pimples were quite large and of a reddish color, and were scattered all over my face, neck and forehead. The itching and burning were so severe that I could not help scratching. My face was disfigured for about a year.

John Bardon laughed. "I find it hard to say," he replied. 'Do not look so black at me. I have seen most of the men in the neighborhood go the same way and in the same fashion. All I can do is to wish you

"What do you suppose I go ther

for?" asked Allan, his face flushing.

The captain was not in the least ashamed of his love; he gloried in it, and he was not afraid of others knowing it. He was only too proud to be ecognized as Lady 'Iris' admirer and adorer, but he would allow no one to rally him about her. Her name must be treated with respect. When any one spoke kindly and wished him success in his wooing, he was pleased, John Bardon was his friend. Allan never dreamed that he had betraved him; and a few kindly words from him were not unacceptable.

"You must have some charm about you," John Bardon told him.

"I know Lady Iris well. Before married, my sister and I visited Chandos very often, and Lady Iris never considered us good enough to associate with."

"That must have been your fancy."

have some charm about you. She It was a golden day, a day of enjoy- knows your whole history, and yet she has never treated any one as she ment to all; but to Lady Iris and Captain Osburn it was like the beginning

replied, with a bright smile—"and I the same to them again, for they had ried Allan—"that, nature makes them. But you are quite sure. John. The earl invited him to remain to dinner, but the captain declined, on

How should there be? You like her

behind him with the lovely girl who and Heaven," answered Allan to which was well-disposed to accept his wor- no man must penetrate. You know that I would rather be dead than be known to her under a false guise of What shall I do? She is grateful to any kind."

Would she ever love him, or was it, false colors—you may be quite sure of

"I shall speak to her about it some day," said Allan. "She did just men--"there has been no disguise on my part; and, if he loves me, it will ingiven her the history of our first meeting; and she added—Heaven bless her for it!—that she sympathiz-A few more days passed, and it be-

"Did she sympathize with you?" inrule, sympathize with men who have sprung, like you and myself, from the The earl had taken a great fancy to

"She is the noblest woman living!" cried Allan. "In my opinion there is no one like her. Heaven bless her, I

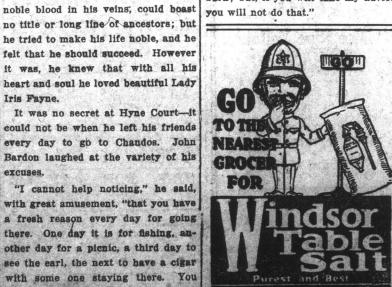
Allan Osburn had given himself up wyou are sure that she showed no to his love-dream. It was too late for pride or contempt when she spoke to prudence, too late for caution. He you of what I had said?" asked John loved Lady Iris with all the strength Bardon.

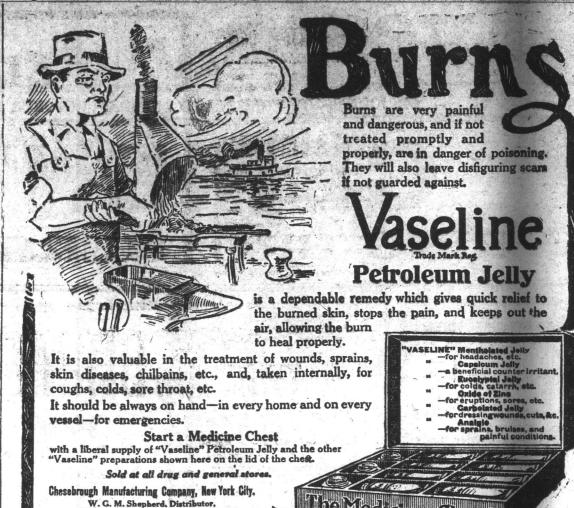
"None," replied Allan. "On the contrary, she showed the greatest ence. He asked himself whether it sympathy for me."

ter, and a wealthy heiress, would ever "you are a happy and a fortunate man. marry him? If the positions were re- I will say no more; you can infer the versed-if he were an earl and she a rest.

"I shall speak to her about it soon." John Bardon laid his hand heavily

upon his arm. "You know the world, and you unloved him and were a true woman, he derstand life far better than I do, Osthought. It was true that he had no burn; but, if you will take my advice, you will not do that."





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Making the Magazine.

Perhaps "Making Mistakes" would a better title for this month's edi-

liam Morris had made the Kelmcott Press famous around the world for fine printing, he and his associates planned to produce an edition of the Bible which would be a supreme achievement of the printers' craftthe Perfect Book. Every detail-paper, type, binding—was given especial

When the text had been set up and he regular proof-readers of the Press ad done their work, the proofs were hung up in the workshop and a prize of one shilling was offered for every ervone from the apprentice to Moris himself went through the proof and many a good many shillings were on. These errors were corrected and again the proofs were displayed with a prize of one pound for the discovery of a mistake. The process was repeated a third time with, a prize of five pounds. Two or three teams read the entire Bible back ard letter hy reaking up all associations with the ense, comparing each letter and space and punctuation mark with original copy, is supposed to insure

Finally, when neither professional nor amateur proof-readers could find any errors, in spite of the inducement of a five pound note, they went to press and found-when it was too late-a mistake on the title page! Of course a monthly publication cannot devote such luxurious and leisurely care to proof-reading as the Kelmscott Press did on this Bible. But in spite of the inevitable hurry printer, is carefully read in the ediwhich comes back with the proofreaders' corrections, is read by at east two-generally by three-of the editors. This seems like a sufficiently small meshed sieve to catch the mistakes. It ought to work-but it

doesn't-not 100 per cent. For instance, everybody in the editorial office, the men who set the type and the proof-readers know that the former French Minister for the Devastated Districts-Loucheur-spells his name with two "u"s. But when the magazine comes from the press, we find his name twice on one page without the first "u."

How are such tricks of eye and attention to be explained? Two people in the office at once "caught" the mistake as they opened the finished magazine. They were not looking for errors. It jumped right out of the page at them. Yet all of those who had read the proof-looking for mistakes -missed it.

We consulted an eminent psychologist on the matter and his explanation, while extremely flattering, was entirely useless. "The trouble comes." he said, "from the fact that your articles are too interesting. The proofreader's attention wanders from the little inkmarks to the sense."

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Minister of Marine & Fisheries. Dept. of Marine and Fisheries, St. John's, Newfoundland, September 12th, 1922.



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