

"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 keep anything on it. As he was getting no nourishment from his food, he was gradually wasting away. Finally, in desperation, we sent for a child specialist and he said that my boy was starving to death. He gave him some medicine and advised a 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 pining looking. He could not play like other children without having to lie down and rest. My sister who lives on a farm near the sea, said that she could fix him up if I would send him to her. As I had 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

awaited his return as my sister had written me that I would be surprised when I saw my boy. When my sister got off the train, I could not believe that it was my own boy that she was leading by the hand. I never saw such a change in any child. He was fat and rosy and full of life with a happy smile. "What on earth have you done to him," I said. "Why," she replied, "I simply made him live out of doors, gave him good food—and here's the real secret. I gave him three bottles of Carnol. Before he had taken half a bottle his whole appearance had changed. He got heavier, his face took on a colour and he would run round for hours at a time." The change in my boy is the most wonderful event in my life. I am a regular fan for Carnol and never lose a chance to buy it. As I write I am looking out of the window and when I see that rosy, active, healthy child running round, I cannot believe that he was once a puny, delicate boy."

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money. 6-622

LADY IRIS' MISTAKE; Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER XX.
"I think you are very polite," she replied, with a bright smile—"and I like earnest people; I understand them best, for I am earnest myself. Our twenty minutes or half hour has elapsed, Captain Osburn, the bell for luncheon will ring directly. I must go."

"I cannot let you go"—he spoke with an air of proprietorship that sat well on him—"I cannot part with you."

"You must; there would be a small revolution if I were not present at luncheon time."

"I feel dazed and bewildered by your kindness to me," he said.

"Then you must regain your composure as soon as you can, and give your mind to the study of pigeon-pie and still hock! We must go now."

"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 saying or doing, or what has happened to me, Lady Iris," he continued gravely, "I think I had better return to Hyne Court."

She laid her hand with a light touch on his arm, saying—
"You had better take me back to the Hall and sit down with us to luncheon."

"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. Lady Iris went in the carriage with 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 irresistible power, and yet the word "love" had not pas-

sed their lips. It was a day to be remembered while life lasted.

It seemed quite natural, when they reached the Priory, and the horses were tethered, that the two should keep together. The duty of escorting her over the ruins was left—as it seemed, by general consent—to the captain; and he was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity.

It was a golden day, a day of enjoyment to all; but to Lady Iris and Captain Osburn it was like the beginning of a new life. Nothing would ever be the same to them again, for they had both reached the shore of the pathless sea of love.

The earl invited him to remain to dinner, but the captain declined, on the plea that he had no evening dress with him; he longed to remain, but he would not put himself at a disadvantage with others. He went back to Hyne Court; but he left his heart behind him with the lovely girl who was well-disposed to accept his worship.

"How will it end?" Allan wondered. "What shall I do? She is grateful to me, calls me her friend, and has promised me a friendship that shall last all through my life—and yet I am not satisfied!"

Would she ever love him, or was it, he asked himself, simply midsummer madness to think that she would ever condescend to be his wife?

"She knows all," he said to himself—"there has been no disguise on my part; and, if he loves me, it will indeed be for myself."

CHAPTER XXI.
A few more days passed, and it began to be a regular thing for Captain Osburn to ride over to Chandos. Sometimes it was on one pretext that he called, sometimes on another; but whatever might be the reason given, he always saw Lady Iris.

The earl had taken a great fancy to him. He liked him more than any man he had ever met, and in his heart quite approved of his daughter's acquaintance with him.

Allan Osburn had given himself up to his love-dream. It was too late for prudence, too late for caution. He loved Lady Iris with all the strength of his manhood, and he enjoyed to the full the bewitching charm of her presence.

It was possible that she, an earl's daughter, and a wealthy heiress, would ever marry him? If the positions were reversed—if he were an earl and she a poor girl—it would make no difference to him; he would marry her just the same. But would she, who was said to be so proud, overlook the difference of position between them? Yes, if she loved him and were a true woman, he thought. It was true that he had no noble blood in his veins; could boast no titles or long line of ancestors; but he tried to make his life noble, and he felt that he should succeed. However it was, he knew that with all his heart and soul he loved beautiful Lady Iris Fayne.

It was no secret at Hyne Court—it could not be when he left his friends every day to go to Chandos. John Bardon laughed at the variety of his excuses.

"I cannot help noticing," he said, with great amusement, "that you have a fresh reason every day for going there. One day it is for fishing, another day for a picnic, a third day to see the earl, the next to have a cigar with some one staying there. You are very ingenious."

"What do you suppose I go there for?" asked Allan, his face flushing. 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 success."

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 recognized 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 betrayed 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 I 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," replied Allan. "I have seen no such trait in her treatment of you; she always seems kind and considerate."

John Bardon laughed bitterly, so bitterly that, if Allan had not been so entirely engrossed in his own thoughts, he must have noticed it.

"Kind and considerate!" he repeated. "So I am to her. But you must have some charm about you. She knows your whole history, and yet she has never treated any one as she treats you."

"Perhaps she is of my opinion," replied Allan—"that nature makes gentlemen, and circumstances train them. But you are quite sure, John, that you told her all about me? There is no mistake, is there?"

"No—none," was the hasty reply. "How should there be? You like her very much?" continued John Bardon, looking at the dark, handsome face.

"That is a secret between myself and Heaven," answered Allan to which no man must penetrate. You know that I would rather be dead than be known to her under a false guise of any kind."

"I know that," said John Bardon, sullenly.

"You told her of my birth and my history?" continued the captain.

"Yes; I told her all," was the reply. "You at least are not sailing under false colors—you may be quite sure of that."

"I shall speak to her about it some day," said Allan. "She did just mention it to me. She told me you had given her the history of our first meeting; and she added—Heaven bless her for it!—that she sympathized with me."

"Did she sympathize with you?" inquired John Bardon, with a look of wonder. "Then you are a fortunate man," he added. "She does not, as a rule, sympathize with men who have sprung, like you and myself, from the people."

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

"You are sure that she showed no pride or contempt when she spoke to you of what I had said?" asked John Bardon.

"None," replied Allan. "On the contrary, she showed the greatest sympathy for me."

"Then," said the other solemnly, "you are a happy and a fortunate man. I will say no more; you can infer the rest."

"I shall speak to her about it soon," said Allan.

John Bardon laid his hand heavily upon his arm.

"You know the world, and you understand life far better than I do, Osburn; but, if you will take my advice, you will not do that."

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W. F. COAKER,
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St. John's, Newfoundland,
September 12th, 1922.
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