

Build up a Healthy Appetite

Very often loss of appetite is caused by the system being run-down, a condition which is aggravated by indigestion.

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as a tonic, at these times is unequalled. From the start, food is enjoyed and assimilated, the system gradually gains strength until robust health is secured.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR CARNOL

"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER VI. AS A FEEL OF THE REALM.

"There is no romance without a petticoat, my lord," he said. "And you won't leave England after all," he said in the tone of a man thinking. "Then I've had all my journey for nothing."

"Yes, I shall," replied the other. "I shall just run over to France. My yacht is here, you know. That's her out in the bay. Pretty, isn't she?"

The lawyer nodded politely, though a yacht was to him a kind of ship and nothing more.

"Yes, I shall run over to France, the Channel Islands and the Azores, and put off going to Canada until a more convenient opportunity. You think me changeable, of course? Well, I can't help it. Now fire away with the business."

The lawyer drew some papers from his bag and arranged them in the slow way which most clients find so aggravating.

"These will want your signature, Lord Coverdale," he said.

The young man took up a pen and scrawled his name, "Coverdale," at the spot pointed out.

"And here is the account of the estate."

Lord Coverdale laughed, not bitterly by any means, but with a touch of good-natured mockery and annoyance.

"Don't call it by that ridiculous word, Barrington," he said. "Estate! One would think it was a property with a rent roll as long as my arm instead of being a few thousands."

He leaned back as he spoke and emitted a cloud of smoke a little impatiently.

"It's a small fortune for a peer of the realm, my lord. But the best has been done with it."

"My dear Barrington," interrupted the young man, quickly and generously.

"I'm a very bad sailor, my lord," he said, "but I thank you all the same."

"I mean to live just as a plain man—I mean an untitled man—with a thousand a year would do, and the peerage may go to the—"

"If the Knighthood property had been all right—" he said musingly and regretfully.

Lord Coverdale broke in with a short laugh.

"If the moon was made of green cheese, dairy produce would go down in the market," he said.

"It's a pity, a great pity," said Mr. Barrington.

Lord Coverdale nodded and paced up and down.

"To tell you the truth, Barrington," he said, "my feelings as regards the Knighthood business are rather mixed."

"As how, my lord?" inquired the lawyer.

"Well, you see—look here! Of course I know all about the feud between the Coverdales and the Knights, and I have no doubt they had very good reason to hate each other."

"So I've always heard."

"Yes, so have I. Very good, though what they are it would be difficult to tell. I've an impression that my uncle, the late earl, ran away with the girl that Mr. Godfrey Knighthood was going to marry. Is that so?"

"I've heard something of it," said Mr. Barrington, "but whether there was any truth in it—"

"Well, at any rate, Mr. Knighthood must have got over it very soon, for he married the Italian wife rather early, didn't he?"

The lawyer nodded.

"Yes, well, now, of course if he hadn't married I should have come into Knighthood Revels and the Boverly property; that is, in all likelihood, for it isn't entailed; and, of course, in my own mind I feel as if, by marrying, this uncle of mine—"

"Consult," corrected Mr. Barrington.

"All right. Anyhow, if he'd had no children, I should have been his legal heir."

"Quite so," said Mr. Barrington.

At this point the signor, behind the panel division of the room, in his eagerness not to lose a word, slipped on the sofa, and brought his head with a bang against the woodwork.

"What was that?" said Mr. Barrington.

"Rats, cats, somebody in the next room, I suppose," said Lord Coverdale carelessly.

(To be continued.)

ly. "I know that. I know you have done the very best that it was possible to do. I know that many men would have checked up the whole troublesome business and me into the bargain, and I wish you knew exactly well how grateful I am to you for all the trouble you have taken, and all the kindness you have shown to me!" and he stretched out his hand across the table.

"Why, man," he went on, "do you think I have forgotten your kindness in the old times when I was an almost penniless young devil? Do you think I've forgotten the five-pound notes, and the twenties, you used to lend me? No, Mr. Barrington, I haven't forgotten, and I'm not likely to forget, I hope."

The old man was evidently affected by the frank gratitude of the young peer, and he as evidently tried to hide his emotion under a husky legal cough.

"You make too much of it, my lord," he said.

"No, I don't—but go on, Barrington. These sections are it's—use my looking at them; I shouldn't make head or tail of 'em if I pored over them for a week. Let us take them as read; and now how much have I got to live on?"

"A very little over nine hundred a year," said Mr. Barrington. "It is not quite a thousand."

The young fellow laughed.

"Nine hundred a year, nearly a thousand," he said. "Well, of course, it would have been a princely income to me when I was Mr. Heron Pryce Coverdale; but as the Earl of Coverdale it is simply—well, absurd! Look here, Barrington. I've thought the whole matter out," and as he spoke he got up, and, kneeling on the chair with one knee, leaned against the table and emphasized his remarks with a pointed finger. "A poor peer is an anomaly, an unnatural thing, a—in short, a nuisance to himself and to everybody else! Look at my poor uncle who left me this money. Look at the life he led. He was an honest man, and didn't owe anybody a penny; but he had to struggle through life in a threadbare coat and shocking bad hat, just because he was a peer, and to keep up his peerage a little bit swallowed up all his income and left him scarcely enough to buy half a dozen new shirts, when he wanted them. Oh, I know! Now, I'm not going to make the same mistake; I'm not going to figure about as an earl of the realm, and sit in the House, and shuffle about the clubs, when I haven't enough money to pay the subscriptions or tip the hall porter. No, I won't do it! Therefore, I mean to live by myself to myself! I intend living on board my yacht nearly all the year round—you've no idea how cheap you can do it on board ship. Come with me for a trip, Mr. Barrington!"

Mr. Barrington gave an unmistakable shudder.

"I'm a very bad sailor, my lord," he said, "but I thank you all the same."

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Mr. Barrington coughed.

"I think it's a wise resolution," he said, with a sigh. "Certainly, a peer with so small an income is placed in a very awkward position, but—he coughed again, and looked at the graceful figure and handsome face, slightly flushed with excitement, before him thoughtfully—"but there are ways, I mean, it is possible, that is—well, my lord, you may marry."

"Thank you!" said Lord Coverdale, with a laugh. "Much obliged. But not for me, thank you very much. No! The Coverdale peerage dies with me if it is considered necessary that I should take an heiress for a wife! What! marry a girl for her money? No! I've seen that done, and I've always noticed that both the woman and man are wretched. Now, I don't mean to be wretched by any means. If I can't marry the girl I fall in love with, then I won't marry at all."

As he spoke his face flushed again, and there came a pensive look into his eyes.

He was standing once again in the field, with the goddess on the black horse sweeping down from the clouds to rescue him.

Mr. Barrington nodded, but not with entire approval.

"Very proper sentiments, my lord," he said; "but—ahem!—rather unusual."

A Gallant Soldier's Burial.

On October 14, during the La Bassée-Amendouville operations the British 2nd Division sustained a grievous loss in its commander, Major-General Sir Hubert Hamilton, who, while standing, conversing with the quiet nonchalance which was characteristic of him, was struck by a shrapnel bullet on the temple and killed instantaneously. The scene of his burial calls to mind the burial of General Fraser at Saratoga, in October, 1777. General Hamilton was interred after dark in the little churchyard of Laconure. Just at the moment when the chaplain was saying the last prayers, the guns began to roar again; and the group of silent officers, weary from the fighting line, who stood with bowed heads round the grave, could hardly hear his words for the whis and crack of the shells. The German attack was directed from a distance of only a few hundred yards. The moment was well chosen, for the volleys fired by the troops of the Allies in honour of the dead, gloriously fallen for the common cause, were at the same time volleys of vengeance. Cracking reports of rifles continued round the ruined church, but the voice of the priest, reciting the last words of the Requiem, lost nothing of its calm and clearness. It was a proper ending for a soldier. Major-General Sir Hubert Hamilton was one of the most skillful younger generals, a grand commander, beloved by his men, and destined, had he lived, for the highest rank.

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Fashion Plates.

A SMART FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



Pattern 3724 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 6 yards of 27 inch material. As here shown, figured crepe and plain voile are combined for which it will require 1 1/2 yard of plain and 4 1/2 yards of figured material. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, corduroy, satin, linen, taffeta, tricotette, duvetyne and serge are good for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.



Pattern 3726 is illustrated here. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Voile, satsum, challis, cretonne, gingham, batiste, dotted Swiss, organdy, silk and crepe are all good for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

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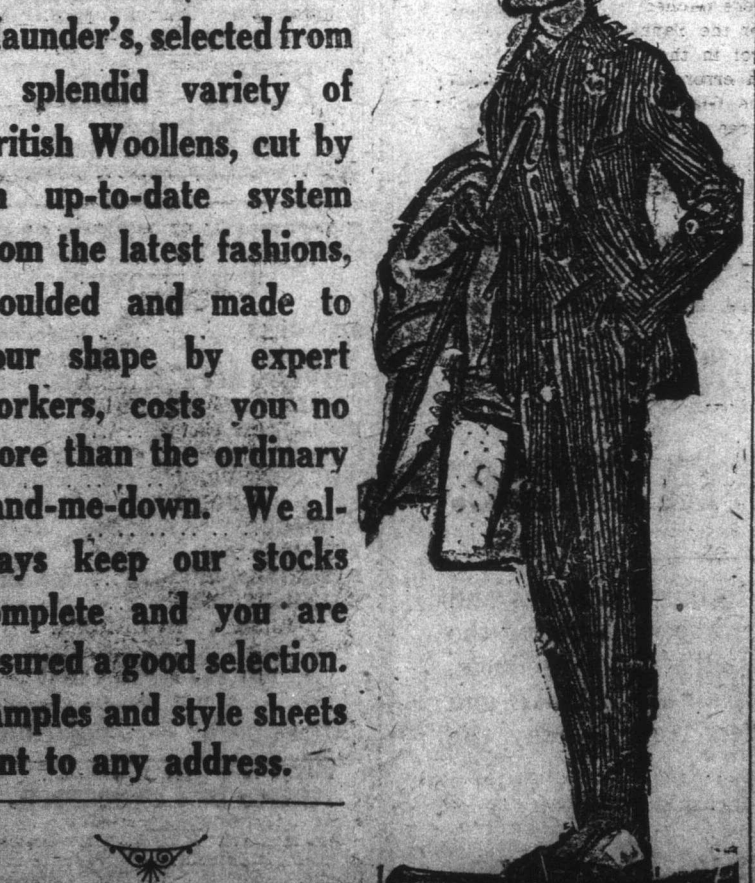
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Chicago, Ill.—"I was in bed with a female trouble and had four doctors but none of them did me any good. They all said I would have to have an operation. A druggist's wife told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took 22 bottles, never missing a dose and at the end of that time I was perfectly well. I have never had occasion to take it again as I have been so well. I have a six room flat and do all my work. My two sisters are taking the Compound upon my recommendation and you may publish my letter. It is the gospel truth and I will write to any one who wants a personal letter."—Mrs. E. H. BARDOCK, 624 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago.

A Vermont woman adds her testimony to the long line of those fortunate women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations was necessary: Burlington, Vt.—"I suffered with female trouble, and had a number of doctors who said that I would never be any better until I had an operation. I was so bad I could hardly walk across the floor when I was ailing. My sister-in-law induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it certainly has helped me wonderfully. I keep house and do my work and have a small child. I have recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound to a number of my friends and you may publish my testimonial."—Mrs. H. E. SIMMONS, Apple Tree Point Farm, Burlington, Vt.

In hospitals are many women who are there for surgical operations, and there is nothing a woman dreads more than the thought of an operation, and the long weary months of recovery and restoration to strength if it is successful. It is very true that female troubles may through neglect reach a stage where an operation is the only recourse, but most of the common ailments of women are not the surgical ones; they are not caused by serious displacements, tumors or growths, although the symptoms may appear the same. When disturbing ailments first appear take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve the present distress and prevent more serious ones. In fact, many letters have been received from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations have been advised by attending physicians.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.