

TAKE IT FOR
CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHŒA
APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT

PERRY DAVIS
Painkiller
The Home Remedy

Lord Cecil's Dilemma

—OR—
The Picnic

Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XLII.

As she stood before him in the dim light of the December afternoon, the firelight flickering in the strands of her gold-brown hair, he thought that she was the beautiful ideal of an angel, as conceived by poets and painters. That she had lately endured some great shock was apparent by the lines of sorrow about her mouth, by dark shadows under the pensive eyes—shadows that told of weariness and pain.

She looked at him a little curiously, he thought, and then they drifted into conversation upon the ordinary topics that people usually talk about, while Lord Cecil went to speak to the earl.

"We had news this morning that your papa was better," observed Herbert Gardner.

"Yes, much better," Gladys replied. "The sudden turn was almost a surprise for the doctors. I ought to be glad, but I am not."

"I understand," was the gentle reply. "Lord Stanhope has told me of some deep affliction, and with returning health your father but awakened to a recurring knowledge of it. But let us hope that the trouble may be but brief!"

She spoke hopefully, and his bright manner gave her confidence. While he looked at her he wondered if he dared offer consolation of another kind!

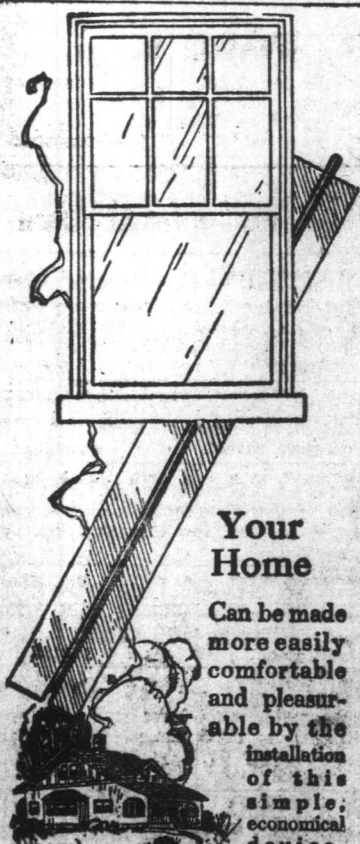
"I have often wished to see you, Lady Gladys," he remarked.

She looked at him in surprise.

"I did not know that you had ever heard of me until now!"

She looked at him questioningly.

"I have heard of you from Sir Charles Hastings—he is my oldest and dearest friend. At college we were nicknamed the Siamese twins!"



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LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;

—or the—
Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER II.

"I am not compelled to do so. You must understand, Iris, that there are two great powers in the land: aristocracy is one, and money is another. All the blue blood in the country would be useless without money; the power must work harmoniously, not disagree."

She raised her head with a proud graceful gesture peculiar to her.

"I would far rather," she said "have the consciousness of good birth than any amount of money."

"Quite right, my dear; so would I. Nevertheless, as I tell you the two powers must in this prosaic generation go hand in hand."

"Must I visit these people?" asked Lady Iris.

"They are sure to call. You may

just return the visit; that is all they can expect from you, Iris."

"It is all they will get, papa," she said, smiling. "And now will you take me to see my mother's portrait?"

A shadow came over the earl's face. "If you desire it, my dear," he answered slowly.

"I do desire it. I have often felt sorry that, unlike the other girls at school, I had no portrait of my dear mother in my locket. My school-companions often wondered why I had not one. Have a photograph of her portrait taken, and I will wear it in a locket—I love her so well."

"If I had known that you desired a photograph, Iris, I would have sent you one."

"I wonder," said the girl, half sadly, "that your own heart did not suggest it, papa. It is part of every girl's nature to love her mother. One of my greatest anticipations in coming home was that I should see the pictured face of my mother."

They went through the magnificent entrance-hall and up the grand oaken staircase to the picture-gallery. The gallery contained a superb collection of pictures. There was the portrait of the Tudor king who had built Chandos, and near him the flower-like face of his queen. Round the walls hung the Caledons of each generation—grim warriors, bland statesmen, and gallant courtiers, with their wives, "ladies fair of face and full of grace."

"Take me to my mother's picture first, papa," said Lady Iris. It used to hang between the windows. Where is it now?"

"I removed it so that it might hang in a better light," answered the earl slowly.

They went down the long gallery, he quite silent, with a shadow on his face, she with a tender light in her beautiful eyes.

"No one could be happier than I am, papa—no father could be kinder or more indulgent than you," she said gently; "but do you know that I miss my mother? When the girls at school spoke of their mothers, my heart ached. There can be no love on earth so beautiful as that between mother and child!"

He was still silent, and the shadow on his face deepened. Lady Iris looked at him, with a tender little laugh.

"I am half ashamed to tell you, papa, but I often dream of mamma when I am in great trouble—I dream that she is holding me in her arms, that she kisses my face and comforts me."

They stopped before the portrait of a noble, stately looking lady with a dark beautiful face and dark eyes.

"Mamma!" cried the girl, impulsively. "Oh if she could but speak to me—only one word! How beautiful she is! After all, it is but a picture, and strange to say, my heart does not warm to it as it does to the dream-mother. Papa it is the loveliest face in the gallery."

He spoke then.

"She was both beautiful and good," Iris.

She bent forward and read the name.

"Guinevere, Countess of Caledon. How well the name suited her! Did she love me very much, papa? Was she sorry to die and leave me? Do tell me about her."

His voice was hard and cold as he answered—

"There are some things of which no man can bear to speak, Iris; and this one. I—I cannot talk to you of your mother."

(to be continued.)

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Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

MY BEST.

If I were loyal to my best I should not whimper at the test. From dawn to dusk I should be fair, And bravely stand my bit of care; I should be friendly, just and kind, And big of heart and broad of mind, And find in every circumstance I'd made the best of Time and Chance.

The best of me, nor do I boast, Would keep me faithful to my post, 'Twould guard my tongue from bitter things.

The speech of malice and its stings, 'Twould spur me on in times of stress And bring me safely to success; The best of me would never let me stoop to things that I'd regret.

If to my best I would be true, Men would rejoice in all I do; With merit would my toiling glow, And none its worth could overthrow. Then scornfully no man could say: "Your hand has injured me to-day!" And no pale sufferer tell that I had seen him want and passed him by.

But oh, so often I desert And speak the pretty things which hurt, And shirk the task, and spoil the day By madly rushing on my way; When selfish interests come first Then I am living at my worst. Lord, 'till the night brings me to rest, Let me be loyal to my best.

Fashions and Fads.

Narrow shirred girdles with large metal clasps are used on crepe de chine dresses.

The slashed overskirt is accompanied by an under section of different fabric or color.

Velvet is favored for both coats and suits. Paris has accepted it with marked popularity.

Japanese parasols in brilliant colors are more popular than any other sun umbrellas.

Blanket material of soft texture and brilliant colorings is used for striking beach capes.

Gold and silver brocade on a black background is effective for a formal evening gown.

A charming and beautiful hat is of flame velvet trimmed in lacy feathers of the same hue.

Loops of georgette or of moire ribbon are an interesting trimming feature of some fall gowns.

Brocades in most brilliant colors, and velvets in plain and printed effects are worn for evening.

Unbleached jacket dresses with finely pleated or straight skirt are gaining popularity in New York.

A sports dress of mixed orchid tweed is bound in pearl gray jersey and has a circular cape to match.

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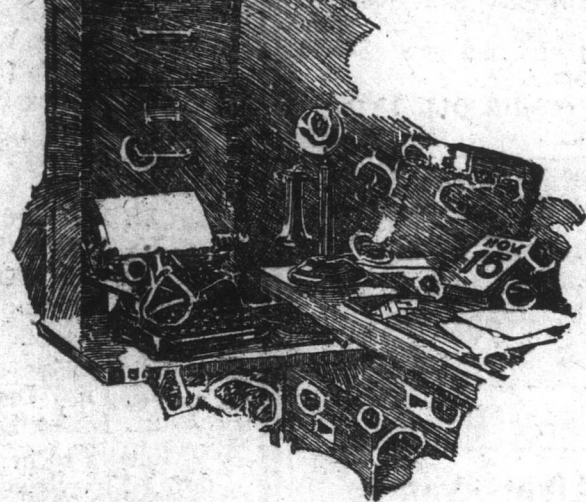
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aug 7, 1922

Why Does A Cup of Tea Taste Better?

Some of the "kill joys" will tell you it is imagination. But you mustn't mind them for that is what they lack.

The joys of troutling are not for them. The muscle of the salmon reel they will never know. The beauty of the berry patch, the red of the partridge berry, the blue of the whort berry and the satisfaction of the well filled basket are not for them.

Even the beauty of our Newfoundland scenery, the glory of the Topsail sunset will leave them cold. But let us forget them and let us make for the old Southside Hill, now carpeted with the green and red of the partridge berry, or out to Topsail, or up to Manuela River, or let us make for the old "Cow Path" leading to beautiful Holyrood (and along the said "Cow Path" the whorts never grew thicker than they do this year) and let us "boil the kettle," and I bet you it will be a good "cup of tea," unless your grocer has done you dirty altogether. For the secret of it is, you steep the tea as soon as the kettle boils, and any old tea will taste pretty good, I'll bet you.

But it is just as well to take the best tea with you, it doesn't cost much more. The last time we were out we had a splendid tea and it only cost us 65c. lb. It had a sort of artistic name—"Mount View". We bought it at Henry Blair's. They had another good tea there at 50c. per pound, but the clerk said "the best is the best", and we believe him.

Freshly boiled water is the secret of the cup of tea you drink out camping, fishing, berry picking or picnicking, but it is just as well to have the best tea.

You can get it for 65c. per lb. at Blair's "Mount View", that is the slogan.

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