

# MAGIC BAKING POWDER



## LADY IRIS' MISTAKE; Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER XXXII.

And now he had told her that she must not make any inquiries about Isabel Hyde—which proved to her that in some mysterious fashion there was a link between herself and Isabel Hyde.

What could it be? She thought long and anxiously; but she could not come to any satisfactory conclusion. There had been no secrets in the Fyne family—none that a person like old Esther would be likely to know.

Lady Iris was not curious in the ordinary sense of the word; but this was something she felt, that touched the honor of her family. She would not disobey her father; she would make no inquiries; but, if by any accident she should hear the name of Isabel Hyde or anything of her story, she would pay particular attention to every detail.

The earl sat musing in his study alone. He had had a terrible shock, and was still greatly agitated.

"Great Heaven," he cried, "to think that she should look up laughing into my face, and ask me who was Isabel Hyde?"

Before him on the table he had the portrait of a lady with sweet, sad face and fair hair; the eyes seemed to look reproachfully at him. He bent over the portrait.

"I do not know," he said, "whether I have done right or wrong. It is his knowledge the truth, she would never have sent Captain Osburn away. It may be that I have done wrong altogether; but it is for her sake, Isabel—believe me, for her sake alone."

And then he began to think deeply. He had been unwilling to bring his daughter to Fenton Woods, that lonely northern home of his, where the one love of his life had begun. He had

## "I Was Run Down"

"Body was completely covered with Boils"

"If you have ever had boils, you know how painful and annoying even one or two can be. But imagine having your whole body almost entirely covered with them! I am a watchmaker by trade, making a specialty of repairing the highest grade movements. This is probably the most trying of any mechanical work, particularly for a nervous individual like me. Working under great strain both day and night for three months brought me almost to a complete collapse. I was so irritable and nervous that the slightest thing would send me up in the air. If I managed to get a few hours of sleep at night I was lucky. I had no appetite for food. I certainly was miserable. During this time boils began to appear on different parts of my body and the pain from them made life a misery. My suffering was so great at times that I felt there was nothing left for me to do but to end it all. I consulted doctors but they all told me that if I didn't give up my work and live out of doors, I would go into a decline. As I had no money I couldn't do this. In fact paying doctors' bills and buying medicines

used up all the money I made. Finally in desperation, I decided that I would either kill or cure myself, so I began to study my case. I realized that I was completely run down as my case could possibly be with a bad case of nerves. What I needed was building up. After reading descriptions of different preparations, the one which appeared to be the best for me was Carnol. It has simply performed miracles for me. Four bottles have done more than months of travel abroad. I feel like a two-year old. I sleep eight hours every night and eat these good meals a day. My skin is like a baby's, free from blemishes of any kind and I have almost forgotten that I have ever had such things as nerves. I want everybody who is ailing to know about Carnol, because I have such faith in it I believe it will cure any human ill."

Ms. J. E. Mc C. I am 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.

"There are many reasons why, Iris; but the chief of them all is this. I have kept a secret from you which affects you personally, and, as the years roll on, I begin to doubt whether I have acted wisely in so keeping it. I believe that, had you known what I am going to tell you, you would not have sent away Allan Osburn."

"Nothing could have prevented that, papa," she said gently.

He sat down in the large leather chair in which every day he read his newspapers, and she drew up a little footstool and sat at his feet. He seemed to avoid his daughter's face as he told his story.

"Every life has its secret, Iris," he began, "every man his romance. My secret and romance are one."

She clasped his hands in her own, and, bending over them, kissed them. "I never dreamed that you had a secret, papa; you were always so cheerful and so practical."

"My dearest Iris, I do not think any man living has had a sweeter secret. I have kept it from the whole world for your sake; and I have kept it from you because I knew what a blow its disclosure would be to you. After keeping it all these years, I have come to the conclusion that I ought to tell it to you. I believe that Heaven has so directed your life that the knowledge must come to you; I believe also that if I do not tell it to you now, you will find it out for yourself."

She looked up at him with a sudden light in her face.

"Then I have something to do with it, papa—with old Esther and Isabel Hyde?"

"Heaven help you, my poor child! Yes, you have something to do with them."

"For a moment she wondered why he should call her 'poor.'"

"I am reluctant to begin my story," he said, "as you see, Iris, has it ever struck you that, with respect to your love affairs and marriage I have been very indulgent to you, that I have not cared at all about rank or money, only that you should love the man you married?"

"You have been very good to me," she declared.

"My conduct requires explanation," he said, sighing deeply—"and I may as well begin my story. Iris, you remember the dark beautiful girl in the portrait that hangs in the gallery at Chandos, underneath which is written 'Guinevere, Countess of Caledon'?"

"Yes, of course. It is that of my own mother, papa," she replied.

"No, Iris; that is what I want to tell you, child. Guinevere, Countess of Caledon, was not your mother; she died before you were born. I married Guinevere Talbot, the heiress of the Talbots of Broome; but I never loved her, and I do not think she loved me. Our marriage was a marriage de convenance; love had nothing to do with it. Look at this face, and, while I tell you my story, fix your eyes upon it, its beauty and tenderness will plead for me."

She looked up at him with eyes full of fear.

"The Countess of Caledon was my mother! Who then am I?"

"That is your mother," replied the earl, as he placed in her hands the portrait of the beautiful girl with the sad face and fair hair—"that is your mother, my darling—that is Isabel Hyde."

Tears welled up into the girl's eyes; she kissed the sweet pictured face.

"Oh, papa," she cried reproachfully, "why have you let me love the other one all these years? Why did you not tell me before? Oh, mother whom I did not know! Mother mine!" she murmured; and her tears fell like rain upon the portrait. "I should have loved her all this time if I had known!" she wept. "Papa, I am not factious; but it has always seemed to me that I had nothing to do with the dark, beautiful face at Chandos. Those dark eyes never looked at me with a mother's love; there is love for me shining in these. So my mother was Isabel Hyde? Who was she? Oh, papa, be quick and tell me all!"

(To be continued.)

Fall brides favor the side drapery and the Persian or Paisley shawl cloth jackets are worn with draped frocks of velvet, duvetyne and broadtail.

Soft brown cloth dresses show the trimmings of tan, and those of navy or black are embroidered in many colors.

A velvet model of black hangs long at the sides and shows a bodice embroidered all over in warm, rich colors.

## The Captain and the Crew



are equally liable to the effects of exposure, and provision should be made, on every vessel, for the proper care of such cases. There are "Vaseline" preparations designed to relieve all the common ailments of the seaman. These preparations deserve a prominent place in the medicine chest, or better—a separate chest for "Vaseline" preparations alone.

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## Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Street Book of new Telegram Cuts. These will be found very useful in order to refer to them when the



**A PLEASANT APRON STYLE.**  
4098. This could be of unbleached muslin with bands of red and black gingham, of black saten with self-bands, and cross-stitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small Medium and Large. A Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A GOOD SERVICE DRESS FOR SLENDER OR STOUT FIGURES.**

4162. Comfortable fullness and slendering lines mark this desirable model. The back extends over the fronts to form yoke sections to which the fronts are gathered. This is a good style for percale, gingham, rhabdine, and flannelette. The sleeve may be in wrist length or short, as illustrated.



**A PRETTY FROCK FOR MOTHERS' GIRL.**

4149. Figured voile and organdy could be combined for this model, or crepe and challis. It is good also for gingham and percale. In crepe de chine or net with self trills or embroidery, it will make a pretty "party" dress.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size requires 3 yards of 40 inch material. For collar and band cuffs of contrasting material 1/2 yard 32 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**A SIMPLE "JUNIOR" STYLE.**

This shows the new "one piece blouse effect." Pattern 3785 was used for this pretty model. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 38 inch material.

Gabardine, crepe weaves, prunella, hop sacking, twill, broad cloth, satin, and taffeta also serge and duvetyne will be good for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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CONSTANTINOPLE  
LONDON.  
With the Lausanne Peace Conference postponed to November 1st, it is possible to maintain a state of communication in the city of Constantinople. The situation is such that the city is in a state of alarm and the situation is rapidly becoming serious. An English merchant in a street near the Galata Bridge is

TURKS QUIETEN  
CONSTANTINOPLE  
There was an approaching to-day of the tension during the week, the hands of the Kemalists in Constantinople. An English merchant in a street near the Galata Bridge is

BLACK CENTRES ON LA  
TY.  
LONDON.  
As the election campaign is it is interesting to see the Labor Party has been elected its opponents will be

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AND WATER ST.