

The Changed Children

By Helen Corwin Pierce



WIDE luxurious room silken draperies at the windows, silken lounges and low-cushioned chairs, inlaid tables, and all about the thousand-and-one costly articles of art vertu with which the rich delight to surround themselves.

It was a lady's boudoir. Beyond it were dressing and bedrooms, and still beyond those an exquisitely-fitted and adorned nursery, for Caroline Vantyne, the beautiful heiress, who had been wedded two years previously to young Vantyne, the artist, was a mother now three months, and such was her idolatry of her lovely babe, such her passionate anxiety lest it should not be well cared for, that she insisted upon having its apartments where her fond and jealous eye could exercise almost constant supervision of its welfare.

Caroline Vantyne, with all her wealth and beauty, married to the

shadows that darkened about the sunken eyes.

As she sat in her luxurious room idly twisting the silken cord of her soft, white wrapper, her beautiful eyes turned ever and anon, with touching wistfulness and yearning, in the direction of the nursery. At last, smiling a little, she touched a tiny silver bell, and ere its tinkle had died, her baby's nurse had answered its summons.

"Bring me my darling, Lena," the young mother said, and Lena turned back to the nursery.

The next instant there was an exclamation, subdued but terrified, and the young mother, white and palpitating, sprang from her seat and followed the nurse.

Lena had fallen upon the nursery floor in a swoon of fright, and through the rosy draperies of the infant's crib shone a child's face starry in its beauty, but not an infant's face, not Caroline Vantyne's baby, but a strange child.

"Oh, dear Heaven! what is this?" adjured Mrs. Vantyne, dragging the



"A figure appeared standing muffled to the chin in a long black cloak, and holding by the hand a little girl."

man of her love in most romantic fashion, for the artist had been a poor man, a beggar you might say—and mother of a sweet babe was not a happy woman, for she had learned too late that the handsome and distinguished-looking man she had gifted with the fondest worship that ever stirred a woman's heart, was both a liar and a villain. Liar, because he had pretended to return her as passionate devotion as she gave; villain, because he had forsaken the woman he did love, and who loved him, for her money.

Upon her very marriage morning, this wronged young creature had stolen her way to the presence of the bride and told her the pitiful story just after the marriage ceremony was done, instead of before.

"Ah, if it had but been before," wailed Caroline to her stricken heart, and turned faint as death from the wild threats of the half-crazed girl, whose story it was impossible to doubt, the more that Gerald Vantyne, when confronted with it, showed in his shamed face such guilty witness to its truth.

Those two years of Caroline Vantyne's wedded life had been feverish with alternating doubts and sweetness. You could read her record in the white but sweet face, the drooped curves of the lovely mouth, the violet

stranger from her baby's place and staring at the empty crib with dilating eyes. Then like some furious creature she beat about the room, searching for the infant and screaming at the top of her voice till the apartment was filled with the amazed domestics summoned from every quarter by those appalling cries, more like the voice of some wounded animal than that of a human being.

The strange child through all this tumult behaved in the most extraordinary manner, never uttering a cry, but staring from one to another with great, wondering bright eyes, and pushing back with first one dimpled hand and then the other a perfect tangle of soft black curls which would fall over the snowy brow. It was long before anything coherent was summoned from this wild disorder and tumult.

Gerald Vantyne was finally sent for, and the matter put into the hands of the police. But nothing came of it. The children had been changed in the most artful and mysterious manner. The nurse declared she never quitted the room till summoned by Mrs. Vantyne, and to reach the nursery, who ever had done this cruelty, must have passed through long halls usually under constant surveillance, and in broad day, when the presence of a

THE PIANO YOU WANT

You know the points of excellence which you will insist upon. We know them too and are prepared to guarantee our instruments. You will find the superior tone, the capacity for volume, and the elastic responsiveness of the

HEINTZMAN & Co.

to be delightful and enduring. It is these qualities which have made this instrument the favorite with all the great musicians who have visited Canada.

Our terms are better than others.

J. J. H. McLean & Co., Limited.

Dept. W.

528 Main St.

Winnipeg

Eddy's Silent Parlor Matches

"Silent as the Sphinx."

All Good Grocers Sell Eddy's Matches

TEES & PERSSE LIMITED, Agents

CALGARY

WINNIPEG

EDMONTON

Tuttle's Elixir

The Horse Remedy of the Age

No stable is now well equipped without this incomparable liniment on the shelf. It has cured more blemishes and made more horses clean limbed than any other remedy in the world. It never fails to locate lameness.

\$100 Reward

Our offer is always open. Some cases have passed the curable stage. But whenever a cure is possible we will pay \$100 for any failure of Tuttle's Elixir to cure Spavin, Curb, Splint, Sprain, Colic or Lameness.

It is the main dependence of Veterinaries, Express, Livery and Transfer Stables as a



Leg and Body Wash

Beware of all blisters; they give only temporary relief, if any.



Tuttle's Hoof Ointment, Worm Powders, Condition Powders, White Star Liniment and Family Elixir are other excellent specifics. "Veterinary Experience," an infallible guide for horsemen, is free. Every disease and symptom made plain. Write for copy. Postage 2c.

Tuttle's Elixir Company,

127 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

Montreal: H. A. Tuttle, Mgr., 32 St. Gabriel St.
So. Farmington, N.S.: C. H. R. Crocker, Mgr.
Chicago: C. F. Tuttle, Mgr., 311 East 63d St.
Los Angeles: W. A. Shaw, Mgr., 1921 New England Av.