

—don't be all run down—



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SLEEP BETTER  
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FEEL BETTER

At all good  
Druggists

**Lord Cecil's Dilemma**  
—OR—  
**The Picnic**  
—in—  
**Woodall Forest**

CHAPTER XI.

He turned the horse into a magnificent avenue of pines, and a minute later a couple of servants were in charge of the dogcart, and the two men jumped to the ground, vigorously stamping their feet to increase the blood circulation, for the day was bitterly cold.

"We couldn't wait lunch for you," said Stanhope, as they passed into the hall, "but you will find your apartments ready for you, and you can order just what you like, and enjoy it yourself. I haven't told Lady Stanhope that you were coming, but I must let her know before dinner. My mother, you know," he added, by way of explanation. "Come along, I will show you your rooms. My valet will then look after you. We shall not talk business to-day."

Herbert Gardner followed Lord Cecil up a magnificent flight of marble stairs, through several arched corridors as broad as an ordinary street, whose walls were covered with pictures from floor to ceiling.

At length they were met by a deeper, middle-aged man, a perfect gentleman's gentleman, courteous, affable when desired, and always self-possessed.

"Hartley," said Lord Cecil, "this is Mr. Gardner. Look after him well. His luggage won't be here for an hour or two. I'll see you at dinner, if not before," he added, turning to Gardner. "My man is a gem in his way. Just tell him what you want, and it's done! If he gets in your way by being zealous in his attentions, kick him out."

Not a muscle of the valet's face relaxed, although he heard all that his master had said.

The barister smiled, and Lord Cecil turned and left him, while Hartley awaited commands in respectful silence.

Gardner was assisted out of his ulster, his wraps were put away, and he found himself in a handsome sitting-room, warming his hands before a ruddy sea-coal fire.

"Hartley," he said, "I have tasted neither food nor drink since seven o'clock this morning."

"Yes, sir."  
Hartley bowed himself away, and in ten minutes a footman had supplied all that Gardner had mentioned. He made a comfortable meal, and when the footman and the empty platters were gone, he told Hartley that he intended having a nap.

He slept until four o'clock, and the instant he rose from his couch the valet appeared and announced that his luggage had come. Not only had it arrived, but an entire suit had been well aired, and Gardner went to his dressing-room to take his bath and dress.

A little before six Lord Cecil came in to see how he was getting along. "Quite ready, I see," he laughed. "Yes; but don't let me monopolize your man."

"I prefer to attend to myself; I must get used to it, you know! I want you to come downstairs and be introduced to Lady Stanhope before we go into dinner. It's deuced awkward meeting strange people at the dinner table. There's nobody here to-day but Lady Craythorne and her daughter."

"Craythorne? I think I met a member of the family at Emden Hall a few days since," exclaimed Gardner. "Yes? That was Ada, the eldest daughter—a tall handsome girl. Make a fine woman, won't she? I didn't know that you had seen Hastings so recently; but you always were after the Damon and Pythias order. How did you find him?"

"Not at all well," replied Gardner, guardedly.

"No? I'm sorry for that. He and I fell out over a lady. We were both in love with her, but I have withdrawn my claim. I was surprised to hear from Lady Craythorne only this very day that he has engaged himself to Ada."

Gardner started, and with difficulty suppressed the exclamation that rose to his lips. He could not believe it; no, there must be some mistake.

He followed Lord Cecil downstairs, and when he entered the drawing-room a tall old lady, with white hair, came forward to acknowledge the introduction made by her son. She resembled Lord Cecil in no respect; her manners were quiet and full of grace and dignity; her eyes keen and intelligent; her very atmosphere was pervaded with refinement.

It was at once apparent that she was favorably impressed by her son's friend, for until recently he had been in the habit of bringing men to the Towers with whom she could not possibly associate.

(To be continued.)

**LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;**  
—or the—  
**Hero of 'Surata'**

CHAPTER I.

An old gray church, half hidden with trees. Round the stone porch, in letters worn with age, ran the quaint legend, "To pray best is to love best." In the cool shade one bright May morning a young girl stood with her face turned to the legend.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

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A bright smile lighted up her face, and then they entered.

Half an hour passed, and once more the man and the girl stood in the porch, with clasped hands—husband and wife now; once more she looked at the old legend. Her face was as pale as the lilies she carried. He kissed the low brow and the white lips.

"You will meet me at the station," he said gently. "We have not many minutes to spare."

"I will be there in a few minutes," she promised, and disappeared under the drooping lime-branches.

In the vestry of the little church a clergyman stood looking at the marriage register, and the names upon which his eyes rested upon these—"Hugo Fayne," "Isabel Hyde."

For many years Hugo Fayne, Earl of Caledon, had withdrawn from the fashionable world. He had been abroad, and when he returned to England, had shut himself up in his palatial residence, Chandos. At first people had discussed his absence from society, had wondered at it, and then had gradually forgotten it. But now Fayne House in Belgravia was reopened, refurbished, and redecorated in the most superb fashion. And there was a rumor that Lady Iris Fayne, the only daughter and sole heiress of the Earl of Caledon, was at the next Drawing Room to be presented to the queen. In society the rumor caused a sensation for three reasons—first, there had been a dearth of beauties lately; secondly, much had been said of the loveliness and pride of the heiress of Chandos; thirdly, unlike those of most noble families, the estates were not entailed. Failing sons, the daughters of the House of Caledon could succeed to them, the only condition being that when a daughter married her husband should take the name of "Fayne." It was well known that when her father died Lady Iris would be mistress of magnificent Chandos, of Fenton Woods, and of Fayne House—a glorious inheritance.

Lady Iris had been educated abroad, and was in her seventeenth year when she returned to England. The earl knew then that a change must come. He must give up his wanderings and his pleasant bachelor habits for the sake of his beautiful daughter.

Madame La Motte, who had superintended the completion of her education, had written to the earl, saying that the Lady Iris "Fayne" was now of an age to be removed from

**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 trout are not for them. The music 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 Manuels 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.

aug 5 s. tu. th. f.

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