

"Would Wake Up Screaming"

"The Least Sudden Noise or Loud Talking Would Startle Him."

"Up to the age of eight, my boy was a strong, healthy lad, full of life and energy. While playing leap frog one day with some boys of his own age, and while in a stooped position, a big boy jumped on his back and in falling my boy caught his foot in an iron grating and dislocated his hip. The pain was so great that he fainted and the other boys were so frightened they ran away. For hours he suffered terrible pain and when found and brought home was very weak, with his thigh and leg swollen twice its size. The doctor set the bone but the pain and exposure were too much for the poor boy and he became unconscious. A high fever set in and for weeks he lay between life and death raving for hours at a stretch. One day he opened his eyes and murmured 'Mother,' but this was the only word he could utter he was so weak, but I knew the worst was over. He got stronger but for months was in a nervous condition. The least sudden noise or loud talking would startle him and he would begin trembling. He was quite lame and the swelling

still remained. The doctor gave him a tonic and told me to rub the leg with olive oil. This reduced the swelling and took away the lameness, but the nervousness remained. The poor child would wake in the night screaming at the top of his voice. The doctor gave him several different tonics but they were no use. I found a circular about Carnol and it seemed so different from other tonics I had heard of, that I thought I would get a bottle. Three bottles were all that was needed to make my boy like his own self again. It is hard to convince my friends that the change in him now is entirely due to Carnol. Of course I still have to watch him and give him Carnol occasionally but I know that he will soon be as strong again as ever he was."

Mrs. F., Montreal.

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, "I have tried it, that it does me any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money."

LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;

Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Here in the village lived Esther Rowson, who had always been a faithful friend and servant of our family. I knew that Isabel could remain in the little cottage for a few days without being seen by any one, and that I could trust Esther."

"I wrote to her, telling her that a young lady was coming over from France to stay with her for a few days, and that I did not wish any one to see her or know that she was there, and that I should explain all when I came, but that I did not wish it to be known that I was coming. So I was excited; and Isabel started only two days before me. I followed her, and but few knew of my visit. The house here was closed, and there were only three or four servants in it. I accounted to them for my unexpected arrival by saying that most important business had brought me over, but that I should remain only forty-eight hours. I went to see the vicar, an old friend who was very dear to me. I told him the circumstances, and said that, as my wife had been dead only four months, I could not make my marriage public, and that I must keep it a secret for a time. He saw the force of what I said, and agreed with me.

"The next morning we were married in the little old church with the stone porch. You remember the legend 'To pray best is to love best?' I had it placed round your mother's picture here. Ah, my dear dead wife," cried the earl, "would to Heaven that I had died with you! I can hardly proceed. I loved her so well that to-day my grief is as great as it was at first. The vicar promised to keep my secret until I thought it prudent to disclose my marriage. The good old man died a few weeks afterward, so that the secret has been well kept. The only person present at our marriage was Esther Rowson, and she kept our secret faithfully until, in her old age, she became childish, and could keep it no longer. None of the servants suspected what had taken place, and no one had seen Isabel during her stay at the cottage. It was quite sufficient for me to say that I desired my flying visit should not be mentioned."



Permanent Hair Health Promoted by Cuticura

Frequent shampooing with Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment, restores the pores, sweetens and moistens the scalp, and prevents the growth of itching and scaling and of establishing a hair-growing condition.

See the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment in this issue.

"When therefore I took my beloved and beautiful young wife from England, none of the outer world knew that I had been home, much less that I was married. I took Esther Rowson with us as maid to my dear wife; I knew that if she were traveling with us she could not gossip. Independent of that, however, Isabel was much attached to her, and the faithful soul almost worshipped her mistress.

"Ah, me, Iris, if I talked to you forever, I could not tell you what that one year of happiness was like! It was but for one year, yet the happiness was great enough to last all my life. Isabel was the brightest, sweetest companion that any man ever had. How I loved her! And Heaven punished my idolatry by taking her from me. We had begun to think and talk about getting ready for our return, when Isabel's health suddenly became delicate. I took her to a pretty little village on the Rhine—Schonbein—and there my darling lies buried.

"You, Iris, were born one year and two days after our marriage; and three days after you were born your young mother died. I cannot tell you about it, for I was beside myself. I remember only two things—my own mad despair and the devotion of Esther Rowson. I remember filling the cold white hands with flowers. You can imagine, Iris, what my grief was if I had dared, I would have killed myself. But I had to live on with my heart dead within me—and it has been as a stone in my breast—dead and cold. I hope no one will ever suffer as I have suffered.

"She died, Iris, and the best and the brightest part of my life lies buried with her. I went away, and left Esther with you at Schonbein. Heaven only knows whether I wandered. I do not remember. Madmen are, as a rule, locked up in asylums. I was not; but, if ever a man was mad, I was. For three years I traveled about, hardly knowing where I was, or what I did; but I came to my senses at last. One chill October day I awoke to the recollection that Isabel's child was alive at Schonbein. I journeyed thither, and found you with the faithful Esther; but you were so strong and so big, my darling, that you were like a child of five rather than of three. There was no intention in my mind to continue to keep my marriage secret until we all reached Chandos. There I found that, having never heard of my second marriage, everybody believed you to be Lady Guinevere's child. Every one reproached me for having kept your existence a secret.

"We did not know that you had a daughter," people said to me; and my answer to every one was—

"It was a painful subject; for my wife died when my daughter was born."

"For, oh, Iris, believe me, my dear, I could not bear that any one should know my life's romance! My dear wife was even more sacred to me in death than in life. Had I spoken of her, the world would not have understood how I loved her. People would have only laughed because I had married a poor governess, and have sneered at you. Beside which—and I think this was my strongest motive—I loved her too much to admit all the surprise and the wonder; the utterance of her name even by careless lips would have given me keen pain.

"I thought the matter was over. No one had heard of my second marriage; why should I make my sweet love story public? So I did what many others have done—looked up my secret in my own heart and kept it there. I do not say that I did well; but I do say that it seemed best at the

time; every one appeared to take it so entirely for granted that you were Guinevere's daughter that I doubt whether, if I had told the story of my second marriage, any one would have believed it.

"Guinevere's friends all came to see you, and I did not enlighten them. It was not from cowardice, but because I loved Isabel so well that I could not speak of her. As you grew older and I saw how strongly pride of birth was developed in you, I thought I had done wisely in hiding the truth from you; but I am not disposed to think so now."

CHAPTER XXXIV

Lady Iris sat in perfect silence. It seemed to her that her life had come to an end. This blow to her pride was so terrible, so awful that she could not realize it. What she had said was true; she had never felt her heart drawn to the dark, beautiful face of Lady Guinevere; the dark eyes had never looked at her with a mother's love. Her feeling was different with respect to the sweet, sad face of the portrait she held in her hands. There was a world of love in those deep violet eyes; and a longing to kiss the sad face came over Lady Iris. She raised her head and looked at her father.

"Forgive me," she said gently; "but I think you did wrong. It would have been better had my mother taken her proper place."

"She was enshrined in my heart, and that was all she cared for," replied the earl. "Her death so changed everything! If she had lived, I should have taken her home in triumph; and all that would have been said would have been that Lord Caledon had married abroad. No one would have cared to trouble about dates; and, if I had been asked whom I had married, my answer would have been 'Miss Fayne.' I was proud enough of her, of her beauty and race, no duchess in England had such a daughter."

There was silence between them for some few minutes, and the earl saw that his daughter's head was bent low.

"You think it would have been better then had I given your mother her proper place, Iris?" he asked.

"Certainly I do."

"But, my dear," objected the earl, quietly, "that would have been against your creed. Are you quite consistent? Isabel, though so fair and sweet, was not well-born, as you understand the term. To me she was the truest gentleman who ever lived, and the best; but to you she would have been inadmissible."

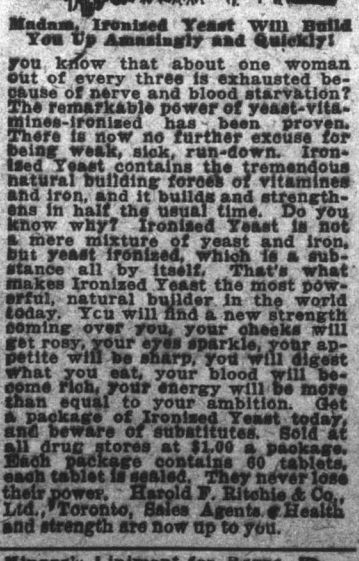
"No," she replied slowly, "the inference is not fair. It seems a hard thing to say; but had I been in your place I should not have married her, nor if my heart had broken in leaving her. Having married her, however, I should not have concealed the fact for an hour!"

(To be continued.)

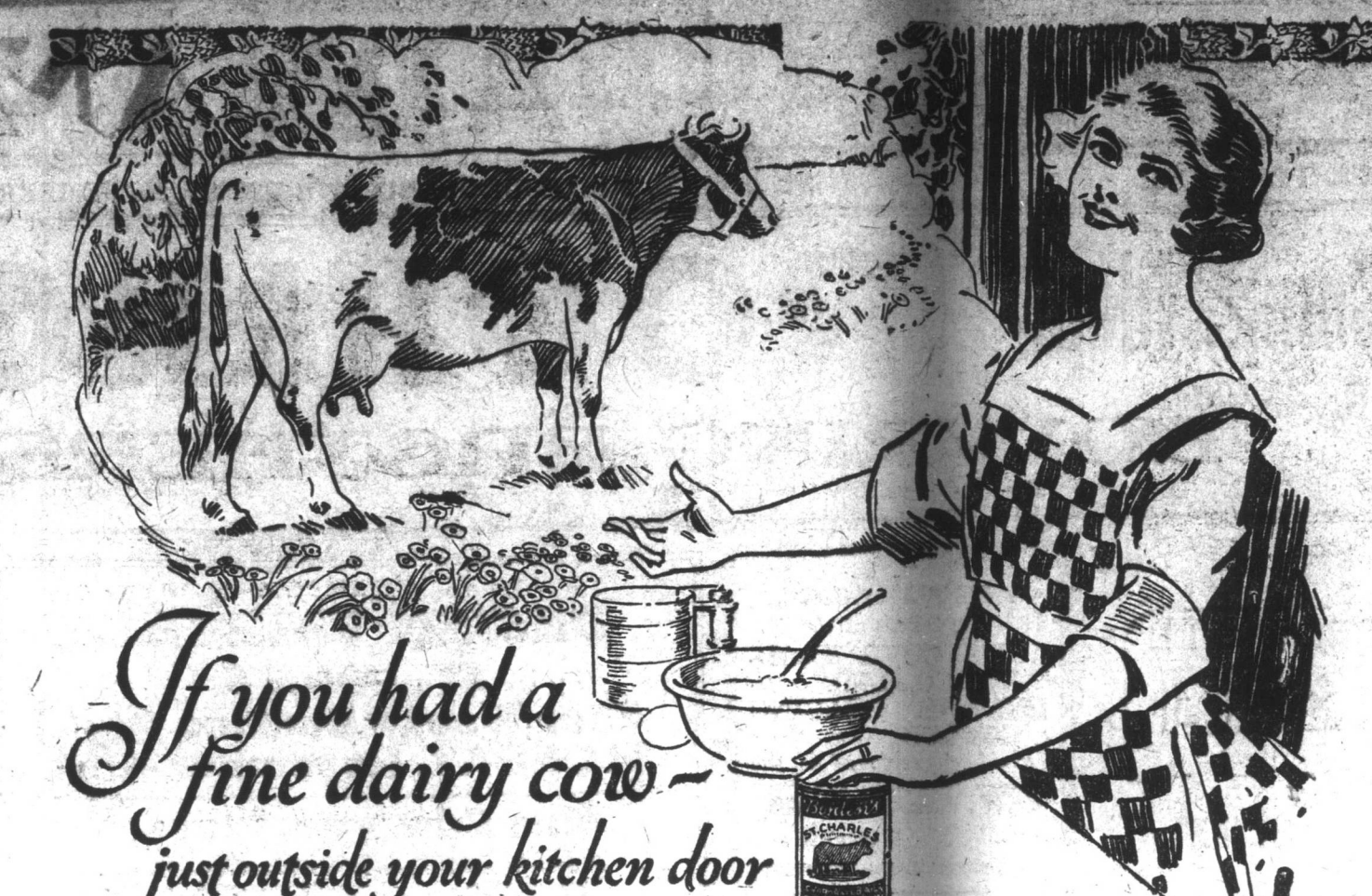
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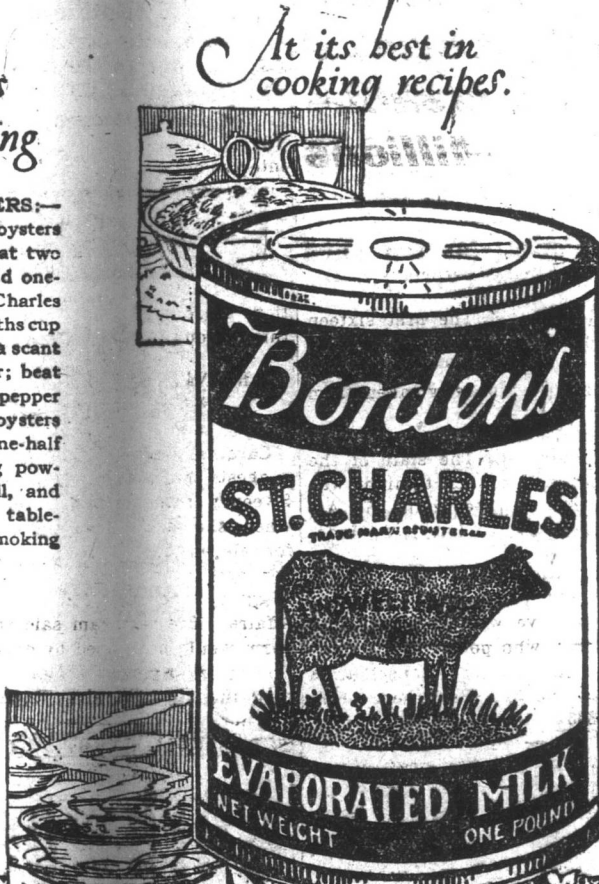
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Pure Cream Milk With The Cream Left In



Recipes worth saving

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Drain twenty-five oysters and chop fine. Beat two eggs; when light add one-fourth cup St. Charles Milk and three-fourths cup water; then stir in a scant pint of sifted flour; beat smooth. Salt and pepper to taste. Stir in oysters lightly, adding one-half teaspoonful baking powder. Combine well, and fry by dropping tablespoonfuls into smoking lard.

Canadian Inferno.

There is a veritable "hell on earth" up in the Canadian wilds, reports a Government agent who has just returned from Fort Norman, on the Mackenzie River. He went there to investigate the new oil discoveries and found in many places enormous quantities of burning coal and shale. The air is full of sulphur and burning coal. At night along the river great cliffs of sizzling molten clay may be seen. This sounds very Dantesque, but its probability cannot be denied. It is well known that the fantastic and highly-colored "bad lands" formations of the State of South Dakota owe their origin and conditions to just such a happening. In fact, some of the beds of coal in that region are still burning. Similar phenomena are known in other parts of the world.

Some may marvel that coal and iron are found so far north, even within the Arctic Circle, since coal, especially, is known to be derived from plant life which flourished in a tropical or mild climate. The coal beds of the Mackenzie River region, however, are several million years old. At the time they were formed the climatic conditions of the earth were very different from now. It is not only conceivable, but certain, that tropical conditions in the relatively recent geologic past have existed at both the North and South Polar regions.

As to how the fire started one can only surmise. It may have been from lightning, or most likely from spontaneous combustion such as takes place in the coal storage bins quite frequently. This little local "hell on earth" probably has been burning for countless thousands of years and it will continue until burned out or until the air can no longer reach the burning material to supply the necessary oxygen for combustion.

Popular Concert Numbers.

Mr. J. J. Collins, Supt. of the Marconi Wireless Company, heard last evening, W. G. Y., Schenectady station broadcast "H.M.S. Pinafore," the popular musical comedy. Mr. Collins said it was heard distinctly. He also heard Newark, N.J. The band of the 16th Infantry was performing there and the music came in quite clearly.

When?

At what hour should a man rise? "Early," said Benjamin Franklin. "Late," said St. Augustine. "Any time," said Rousseau.

Looking backwards through history we find a great variety of evidence on this question. Beethoven, in his latter years, breakfasted at three in the afternoon. Napoleon lost Waterloo because he slept until noon. Sir Isaac Newton was often still snoring at midday. Ruskin probably never saw a sunrise. Darwin arrived daily at his study about eleven and Abraham Lincoln once moved to open court at twelve instead of ten.

Ibsen, appearing in his nightshirt, scandalized his neighbors by standing at an open window taking breathing exercises while the others of his household were eating luncheon.

Olivier Goldsmith rarely left his house until nightfall. Dr. Johnson was called every morning at nine and then took three hours to wake up. Shakespeare conducted his affairs from his bed, and Mark Twain wrote his last two books there. Montaigne said the daytime was "lone," and Dean Swift complained that the penalty of being a dean was that he had to live too close to the cathedral and be awakened too early by its chiming.

The point of the whole matter is that for the man who lives by his "cerebellum" the day commences

Keep Your Health!

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Fads and Fashions.

A coat of black velvet is worn with a full black taffeta skirt and a black picture hat trimmed with ecrú ribbon.

A charming novelty of the mode is a suit of black moire caracul with a bloused jacket and trimming of brown wool.

"My Hands Trembled and I Could Not Sleep"

Mr. Thomas Honey, Brantford, Ont., writes:—

"When I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I was so nervous that when I picked up a cup of tea my hand would tremble like a leaf. I could not sleep well, could not remember things, and there were neuralgic pains through my body. After taking seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am in perfect health."

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