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## Lord Cecil's Dilemma

### The Picnic Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XLII.  
The next moment she regretted having misjudged him, for a pained look came into his eyes.

"I have offended you!" he said.  
"No, no! Do not let me lose your sympathy. I have written to Sir Charles. I have asked him to help me in my troubles. Great heaven! I said more! I said that which may hasten my father's ruin! I wrote in confidence to the man I love, hoping that he would come to me, never dreaming that other eyes would read what I had written."

"Your letter is safe," the barrister hastened to say. "You may rest assured that, Lady Gladys. I only saw the envelope; I only desired to explain to you what must have appeared to be a cruel silence. I knew intuitively that it contained something of importance, and I did not wish you to be pained with the thought that my friend was treating with neglect the one woman in the world that he honors and loves."

"I shall never forget your kindly sympathy, Mr Gardner," Gladys replied. "You have taken a great load from my heart. I could not doubt Sir Charles, and yet his silence filled me with misery, because my letter demanded an early reply—a reply of some kind, and I feared that he was shocked by what I had written—was shocked to learn that he had ever cared for one whose father had helped to wreck his life. I do not hesitate to tell you this now, Mr Gardner. I do not hesitate, for I feel that it will be best to confide all to you. You shall hear the whole history from Lord Cecil, and then I leave it for you to advise my unhappy parents what is best to be done."

The young barrister had made one statement that he could not verify, and it gave him cause for grave anxiety.



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xiety. He had declared that Lady Gladys' letter was safe, but he was not sure of this. He had attributed the theft to Ada Craythorne, but he had no proof that she had stolen it. If she had done so, would she dare to make use of it for furtherance of her own desires?

So far he could not understand the announcement of her betrothal to Hastings; he could not understand the story that Hastings was free to marry again. If that were true, he would come to the woman he truly loved, unless he had pledged himself to Miss Craythorne in a fit of madness. Herbert Gardner was burning to sift this to its foundation, and resolved to make a flying visit to Emden the next day.

He told Gladys this much. He said that he could not rest until he knew that his friend was recovering. Lord Cecil and Lady Marcia came in a few minutes later, and the earl's sister was charmed with the barrister. She had expected to meet with a much older man. She remembered reading several of his speeches in the Times, and thought how wonderful it was that one so young should be so gifted.

"I have just left the doctors," observed Stanhope; "and the earl's recovery is certain, though he will never be the same man again. They almost wish that his insensibility had lasted longer, as he is beginning to worry."

After dinner Lord Cecil held a short consultation with Lady Marcia and Lady Gladys; then he asked Gardner to accompany him to the earl's business room.

His face was white, and there was a wild, half-furtive look in his eyes.

"Do you know, Gardner," he said, when they were seated, "I feel like a man under sentence of death, and picture you as my executioner. Still, I believe that the actual penalty will be nothing compared with the suspense."

(to be continued.)

## LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;

### Hero of 'Surata,'

CHAPTER II.  
She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.  
"I will not ask you. But tell me this one thing. She was a Talbot, was she not, papa—one of the Talbots of Groome?"

"Yes; she was the only child and heiress of Sir Bernard Talbot of Groome," he replied.

"Shall I ever see any of her relatives?" she asked.  
"She had very few, Iris, and all correspondence between us died long since."

"Let us renew it, papa," she said, pleadingly but the earl turned to her and answered—

"No, Iris. It would lead to nothing but pain."  
And for long afterwards Lady Iris Feyne thought sadly at her father's words.

"What are you studying so attentively, Iris?" asked Lord Caledon.

On going into the library, he found his daughter with her head bent over a book. So deeply engrossed was she that she did not even hear his footsteps or the first words he addressed to her.

"Iris," he repeated, "what are you reading?"

Then she looked up at him with a bright smile.

"The Englishman's Bible, papa; or, in other words, Burke's Peerage," she replied.

"What are you seeking there?" he asked.

"Your name, and all about you, papa. How well it reads! Listen—Caledon, Earl of, Hugo Francis Hyllton Feyne, fourteenth Earl. Born May 24th, 18—, succeeded his father 1858. Educated at Eton and Oxford. Married Guinevere, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Bernard Talbot of Groome. No sons; heiress, his daughter the Lady Iris Feyne. Motto, 'Held with honor;' crest, lion andilly. I may be prejudiced," she continued; "none the less however that certainly seems to me the very prettiest paragraph in the Peerage. But, papa, how is it that the date of my birth is not there?"

The earl looked at her with a startled glance.

"Is it not there, Iris?"—and, bending down, he looked over her shoulder.

"No. You see all that is inserted is my name; but the date of my birth is not given. Still, there is one advantage—I may grow old now with impunity; no one will turn to the 'Peerage' for my age. How is it, papa, do you think?"

"I should say, my dear, that it is an oversight that has arisen from the fact that you were not born in England."

"I should like to see my birthplace. Why did we not go there when we were on the Continent?"

"Because my past is a painful one, Iris. I loved your mother as few men love their wives. Why should I reopen the old wounds? Your birthplace is the lovely, quaint little town of Berghem on the Rhine, a picturesque old-fashioned place, built on one of the rocks that look down upon the river. The town looks asleep in the sunshine, and by moonlight it is indescribably beautiful. We were there three months; and I have the keenest affection for the spot for your mother's sake."

Lord Caledon rose hastily from his chair, and with bent head and troubled countenance walked up and down the room. Presently he stopped before his daughter, and, bending over her, kissed the fair young face.

"Iris, my darling, bear this in mind. I am not unkind. I am perhaps over-sensitive; but if we are to live together happily, you must spare me this constant reference to the past. I loved your mother, and I cannot bear it."

The next moment the "Peerage" lay upon the floor, and the girl's arms were clasped round her father.

"Forgive me, papa! How cruel I am to you. And yet I meant to be so kind. I will remember how it must pain you. I knew so little of her; and in my heart there is always a longing to hear of her, a longing I cannot define or understand. I feel as though she had something to say to me, and it prompts me always to ask questions about her. It seems strange that no one talks to me about my mother. Mrs. Bellow, kind as she is, always tries to change the subject. But I promise you most faithfully, papa, that I will remember how it pains you, and not speak of her again."

The earl laid his hand upon the fair young hand.

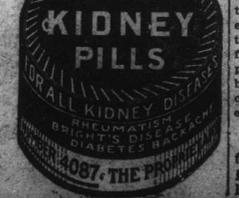
(to be continued.)

The troubles of the world are great, the government is lame, Here sin and misery abound and someone is to blame; If men in power and men with wealth and men of high degree, Would change their ways and be like Bill, a happy world 't would be.

## Crutches and Runs.

PARIS.—A miracle for which Lourdes, in some quarters, is given credit, is reported from Macon. A pilgrim train bound for Lourdes was waiting in the station at Dijon and several pilgrims had crossed the tracks to the refreshment room when the whistle called them back. Among them was a paralyzed man who could only move with difficulty even with the aid of two crutches. As he was between the rails on his way back an express train was seen to be entering the station. A cry of horror went up from those who saw his dangerous position, but the man who had hobbled half way across with his crutches, now put them under his arm, escaping what seemed certain death.

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LOOK at your tooth brush. If the bristles are even across the top, place them against your teeth and look in the mirror. See how they bridge over the spaces between the teeth and how they just clean the smooth outside surfaces.

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## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

BILL'S IDEAS.  
Bill thought the world would be all right if all the men were Bills. It all would till their patch of ground the way he daily tills:

If Jim and Joe and George would only change their ways The troubles of the world would end and peace would rule our days.

Bill used to talk by night and day about his neighbour's greed for gain there ought to be a law. There ought to be a law to stop the man across the street From charging money for his hay, and money for his wheat.

The troubles of the world are great, the government is lame, Here sin and misery abound and someone is to blame; If men in power and men with wealth and men of high degree, Would change their ways and be like Bill, a happy world 't would be.

Bill's garden wasn't much to see; in fact, the ground was bare. And running wild with ugly weeds he never knew was there; And when Bill had a thing to sell, though greed's a dreadful vice, Bill wanted all that he could get and asked a fancy price.

Bill could have helped the world a bit by cleaning up his yard. He could have won with little toil his neighbour's high regard; But Bill was satisfied with Bill, and so he spent his days Insisting that his neighbours should be forced to change their ways.

## Personal.

Mrs. Frank O'Brien, who has been visiting friends in Bay Bulls, returns to her home at North River by today's train.

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## The Palestine Mandate.

On no subject would opinion seem to be more hopelessly in conflict than that of the Palestine Mandate. In 1917 a pledge was given by Mr. Balfour that the Jews should have the opportunity of establishing a national home, Arab rights being fully safeguarded; in the name of self-determination the Arabs strenuously opposed the policy embodied in the Balfour declaration; the agitation won considerable support in England and acquired momentum when a concession was given to Mr. Pinhas Rutenberg, a Russian Jew, for electric and industrial developments in the valley of the Jordan. In the House of Lords towards the end of June, Lord Islington moved that the Mandate in its present form was unacceptable. The Earl of Balfour made a fine speech in defence of his declaration, but the result was a vote against the Government of 60 to 29.

On July 4 Sir William Joynson-Hicks in the House of Commons attacked both the declaration and the concession; others, he said, including Australian officers and Indian engineers, had been turned down, and yet this "astounding concession" to Mr. Rutenberg had been agreed to. Mr. Churchill denied that "a stream" of applications had come from Arabs and British, and Sir John Norton-Griffiths said that this "very concession" had been hawked about London and refused by firm after firm.

Mr. Churchill described the vote in the House of Lords as unfortunate, and insisted that the vote of the Commons be considered one of confidence. The division gave the Government a majority of 357. Lords and Commons are therefore as sharply divided on the whole problem as Zionists and Arab. Meantime the Council of the League of Nations has formally confirmed the British Mandate. —United Empire.

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