# NI I FALLER AND FROM THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

# 

If his dearest friend had told Lord | at her death. Now it seemed as if the Reginald all he had said, he would have

doubted his word or thought him daft. He had talked at random, his thoughts being weighted with ais two secrets. The day following, Lord Reginald was exceedingly ill, and did not leave his room. Each morning there came to his bedside a most beautiful bouquet from Miss McRay. Often she had walked out alone and gathered the ferns for them. Lord Reginald was unconscious of the cause of all this devotion. He had felt so miserable and ill, he took it from

so miserable and all, he cook to how sympathy-nothing more. He was violently ill. Physicians had been summoned from London, and Lady Alicia was stricken with grief. All that she had feared this long time seemed now about to come to pass. Her every hope now seemed gone. If he died, she wanted to die too, for what would life be after all that would follow his death?

death? For many days Lord Reginald lay very ill. He had been unconscious and had raved, so he was told. He won-dered if he had told his screets, but Lady Alicia, who had been with him most of the time, gave no sign that he had; which greatly relieved his mind. Each day the bouquet of fresh flowers come to him from Miss McRay. Lady Alicia smiled as she thought how nicely matters were arranging themselves. Lord Reginald was now convalescing.

The castle guests had gone out for the day, and Lord Reginald sat in his easy The castle chair. Lady Alicia sat near with her work. They had been speaking of his liness, when Lady Home remarked: "You cannot know how thankful I am chair. work. to think I am to have you restored to health once more, and that dear girl Lady Emily, has been perfectly devoted. Could not have been more so if she had already been your wife. I am delighted to think I shall be so blessed in my old ag.

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Lord Wedderburn, amazed at the turn affairs had taken. "What do I mean? That's a nice ques

tion, you sty boy, yout As if you really didn't know what I mean." His face was still blank. Lady Alicia

w it and felt a great fear, but she continued: "When every one of her friends were

congratulating her. for I heard them." "Congratulating Lady Eimily on what'

On your possible engagement of macria ge. Mother, are you out of your mind?

I never thought of such a thing." Lady Home laid down her sewing, and looked her son fully in the face for a m.ment.

in ment. "I begin to think you are daft, Regin-aid, when you talk like this. Then it did not mean anything when you singled Miss McRay out as your companion in all your walks and drives, when you ced with no one else, and when you talked all that nonsense to her. did not mean anything to you, it cer-tainly has to Sir Peter Pirley, who has gone on the continent on account of it. I heard all the girls congratulating her, and she took it as if true. I never for a moment doubted it."

"Then for once you are wrong, mother. I never thought of marriage with Miss McRay. The very word marriage is hateful to me, mother."

Then there is some cause for this and what it is God only knows. I shud-der to think what the friends of Miss McRay will think and say. I am sure think you have tarnished your honor and your name in having the repu-tation of a jilt." She looked at his face and her heart

at her death. Now it seemed as if the old life were coming back again and he was happy and contented. The library burned encerfully in the grate at Salisbury House. The curtains were drawn and the Hon. Mrs. Smith sat there alone enjoying its warmth. The candles has not as yet, been lighted. The firelight flickered and shadows mingled with the firelight. It was a pretty scene—Mrs. Smith was snugly esconsed in a great crimson easy chair enjoying the warmth. The Earl found her there. The picture was a pleasant one to him. "Come in and share my comfort," she

'Come in and share my comfort," she "It is cheerful and most homelike," he

said sitting near her. "From a Darwinian standpoint, I an

sure my aucestors were a race of cats, since I am so fond of basking in the fire-light."

Her laugh sounded so cheerful to him "It is an exceedingly home-like picture. I almost envy those who have a home, though it be but a poor one. The word home fills me with happiness. It is es-pecially dear to me since I have none." "I am sure it is a great misfortune to be so situated. I could not live with-out my home. When we have roamed about for a time then we can duly ap preciate all its comforts. Our home is but an humble one, yet I wish my chil-dren to always feel that we have one, and it is a haven of rest and happiness for us. I can not but think, my Lord your daughter must miss her home com-forts. My heart aches for the dear child when I think of it."

How sweet the words sounded to him So sweetly, solicitious. He could have grasped her hand in his great appreciation of her friendship. "Tell me something about her. My friend, Lady Elsworth has already spok

en of her frequently to me. Is she as delicate as they say?" "She is an exceedingly frail girl. It

has caused me much serious apprehenily were a short lived race of people. My daughter has always seemed frail, yet I had so earnestly loped she might over-come that. In fact, I object now to her being in school, but she seems so happy there. I could not urge her to leave. Besides, what can I do? If I take her out I must shut her up in an hotsl, or

in some prison-like home, that she hotes How my heart aches for the dear child. I am sometimes at my wit's end. What

do, 1 do not know." His voice was broken, but his old face ighted up with tenderness at the men tion of his child's name. How he loved her? He did seem helpless. What could he do but re-marry He had asked him-self over and over this question. And

the one answer was all he ever got. He had almost decided. Here was the one woman who would take his daughter to

her heart and make her happy. He had about made up his mind, when the postman handed him a letter. He excused himself and read it. It was from Madam Brown, and told him that his daughter was not sick, but not quite well, either. She seemed to be growing failer each day. It came to him as if to verify his words. What could he do? He felt so miserably weak now, Here was the one thing mon-y could not buy-Human aid and true friendship.

He leaned his head on his hands, buried in grief.

He sat there until a gentle hand ouched his shoulder, and a gentle voice fell on his ear.

"What can I do to show my sympa thy?" "Help me save the life of my fdol, floip

me in the hour that afflictions may come! His voice was as the voice of a drown.

times. pitiful to hea The voice of nature would urge help. The instinct of an animal would have sug-gested help. The heart of a noble woman would have gone out in help, but there was no one to tell him there was no voice calling sympathy to his aid. It was simply the voice of the world calling to a worldly woman in tones that were hard and cultivated. "How can I help you?" "By assisting me as a good wife should her husband in his hour of greatest need. Take my child to your heart, and help me by your love and kindness to save her Oh. God! how weak and miserable

## THE ATHENS REPORTER, JULY 17, 1912

## **Itching and Burning** on Face and Throat

Sores Disfigured So He Dreaded to Appear In Public. No Rest Night or Day. Cuticura Ointment Cured.

DBY. CURRCIPTE Offictment Currcus. "Six months ago my face and throat all broke out and turned into a running sore. I did not bother about it at first, but im one week's time the disease had spread so rapidly over my face and throat and the burning itching sores became so painful that I began to seek relief in different medicines, but none seemed to give me suy relief. The sores disfigured my face to such an extent in the readed to appear in public. "I suffered terribly and could get no rest night or day. At last a fright advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I had about given up haps, but thought I would have one more try, and so I used a little Cuticura Otherment, and it helped me from the start. I continued using it and in six weeks' time was completely cured, and can say I would advise anyone suffering from skin disease to use Cuticura Olnument, as it is the best healing taim in the word." (Signed) Roccue Good, Soven Persons, Alta, Feb. 13, 1911.

FOUND RELIEF ONLY FROM **CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT** 

"My little girl when only a few weeks old broke out on the top of her head and it be Game a solid scab. Then her checks became flaw and sore and after trying different benedies found relief only from using Cuti-curs Scop and Ohntenent. It lasted six months or more, but after a therough treat-ment with the Outlours Scop and Qintunent never had any return." (Signed) Mrs. W. S. Owen, Yadkin College, N. C., May 26, 1011. For more than a comparison Cuticure Scop

Owen, Yadkh Collega, N. C., May 28, 1911. For more than a generation Cuticurs Scap and Clutiment have afforded the mast suc-cessful treatment for skin and such for toubles of infants, children and adults. A single cake of Cuticurs Scap and bax of Cuticurs Ont-ment are often sufficient. Although sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book on the skin, will be sent free, on application to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 54 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

more laugh at that poor old man's ag-ony, than I could at the throes of death. It is merciless! You say you want his wealth. It would be a thousand times It is merciless! more merciful to take his life at the

mme time." "How awfully good we are," said the elder.

"So good that my heart goes out in pity for that poor old man," she replied. "We don't intend to murder him," said

the mother, angrily. "Perhaps 'twere better if you did," retorted the younger daughter, who had always spoken candidiy what she lways spoken hought.

The mother was so engroused with her houghts that she did not reply. "Just think, we shall have a most beautiful home!"

"Good-bye! to poor, little, old, shabby Curzon street and poverty. Three cheers Counters Dunraven and her daughters!" exclaimed the eldest daugh-

"Cheer for yourselves, please," said the coungest

"I will tell you what it is, girls this is an unexpected piece of good fortune. We shall have a town house that befits our wealth and position. We will have for our summer home, Fairview Cottage, Sandgate, Kent. I think even now that it is straige that we have lived so long in poverty. Well, thank the Lord! Our in poverty. Well, thank the Lord! Our bondage is almost over." The Hon. Mrs. Montague Smith was certainly happy in Montague Smith was certainly happy in her prospects, and when the Earl was called to town for a few days there was no one liveher than Mrs. Montague Smith, whose rame had almost become offensive to her in the hour of her pros-perity. "How on earth did I ever toler-ate the name?" she asked herself over and the tought never and over again, and the thought neve occurred to her that this was nearly the identical question that the friends of the late Hon. Montague Smith asked in regard to herself.

'How on earth can Montague Smith tolerate that green grocer's vulgar daughtor?" had been asked hundreds of

less again. She had to go out in the world and take her chances, alone, but ahe had a brave heart, had Dorothy. The world had few terrors for her, for looked through eyes of asventeen, hope glamored them over with rosy hues. When Dorothy excused herself to go to her class, and left father and daughter alone she said:

alone ,she said: "Tell me, father, how you like my Dorothy? Is she not beautiful? She is as good as she is beautiful. At nights she gets up and raises me in her arms when I cough, and she will not sleep un-til I do. I have abused my Dorothy's ove, I am sure.

The earl was filled with admiration for his daughter's friend. "Whose daughter did you say she

"Whose daughter did you say she was?" "Oh! father, don't you know that Dorothy don't know who she is? Just think of it? She was raised by some person named Dame Wynter, who only told her that she was no kin to her, and that she was of noble birth. It is a most bitter thought to my Dorothy, and I was so afraid you would ask awk-ward questions, but you did not, you ward questions, but you did not, you are such a darling!" His daughter had her arms about his

neck. How much he loved her! He could never resist her pleading. Had she asked the most impossible things he would have set about at once, their ac-

would have set about at once, their ac-complishment. "Who send Dorothy to school and pays for her?" he asked. She whispered in his early softly lest some whisper should be heard: "I did, this term. You gave me more money than I needed, and it more than enough to pay for Dorothy. She don's

enough to pay for Dorothy. She don't know that I did it." know that I did it." "I am afraid you have had too little means for yourself. Why did you not tell me, and let me hely your Dorothy?" "I was afraid she might know. She is o proud, she would not accept it if she

When the earl left he gave his daugh When the earl left he gave his daugh-ter a handsome sum for herself and Dorothy. He loved to gratify every wish, this idolized daughter of his! The earl had gone to tel! his daughter that he was about to murry again, but her pale face froze on his lips. He could not bear the idea of happiness while she looked so ill, and she had told him to make himsely happy, and she would be,

make himsely happy, and she would be also. He could not summon courage to

tell her, so went back without doing so. She was so sweet and good, he knew she would raise little or no objection. He would wait awhile until he had set tled matters, then there would be time enough to tell her. When he entered the railway carriage, he found himself alone with Lady Ellsworth. He was pleased, for he intended to tell her of

his approaching marriage. This was just the opportunity he wished. After in-quiries concerning his daughter, he said: I fear she is not at all well. I am sure should have insisted upon her leaving chool, but she has formed a friendship

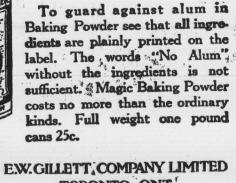
school, but she has formed a friendship that makes her very happy; besides, Madame Brown is very careful with her. I have no one to help me, or any set-tled home to take her to, but I have decided to remarry," he said. Lady Ellsworth did not ask a ques-tion She knew all at once

She knew all at once. tion.

"Why do you not congratulate me?" he asked. "I do most heartily," she said, but

there was no warmth in her words or tone, and the Earl noticed it, and was pained. "I felt so helpless, and my daughter's health is failing, I decided to find a dear, kind hearted wife to help me. What should I do to-morrow if I were

11 ?? "If you have found a good, kind-



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TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

#### ETIENNE CARTIER GOT HER IDEAL.

#### Heiress' Rules for Youth She Would Accept.

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OWDER

New York-Miss Lilla B. Gilbert, heiress to the \$15,000,000 estate left by her father, H. Brandhall Gilbert, has found her ideal man and her engagement to Howard Prince Renshaw, son of a millionai: a manufacturer of Troy, was an-

nounced to-day. Miss Gilbert, who is one of the most beautiful and popular young women of New York society, has been woored by many men, but none of them was ac-cepted because he did not meet the socifications of a perfect husband, as laid down by Miss Gilbert herself. "How much better it would be," Miss Gilbert is reported to have a state

Gilbert is reported to have said entuert is reported to have said "if every girl would carefully formulate her ideal and then paste it up prominently where the right man could come along and see it. What a lot of trouble and disappointment could be saved." Here is the type Miss Gilbert insisted

He must be six feet tall, a brunette and fond of athletics, a good rider and fond of animals; clean shaven, with a firm jaw and ears close to his head; a Republican and a money maker. He must have thick curly hair-not

red-over his left ear, a straight nose, arge and intelligent eyes, but not soulful ones

He must have decided ideas on the raising of poultry and pigs He must like lemon with his tea and eat ice cream with a fork, like Robert

eat ice cream with a fork, like Kobert Chambers' stories; dance the turkley trot and wear his clothes like John Drew does; swear like a gentleman and be gentlemanly even in his cups He must not wear pink neckties or jewelry, or ever have been really in love. Other men who have sought the hand of Mise Gilbert and heen refused are of Miss Gilbert and been refused are Angler Duke, Jack Darragh, Alden Blodgett and Richard Lounsbury. None

of these measured up in her opinion. Mr. Renshaw is 25 years of age and attended the Rensselaer Polytechnic in-stitute at Troy. He left the institution in 1909 before graduation and has since apent most of his time in New York. He is a grandson of the late Commodore Cicero Price, U.S. N., and a nephew of

Mrs. Lily Hammersley, who afterward be came the Ducheas of Marlborough.

#### **KEIR HARDIE'S LETTER**

(Rochester Herald) Keir Hardie, one of the British Social. ist leaders, has written an open letter to King George, which appears in the Pioneer, a Socialist publication printed in London. The letter deals with the **Tired Systems Re-toned** visit of the King to the Dowlais works, in Merthyr Borough, Wales, where there have been labor troubles, and it conclud-"The working classes can place but one interpretation upon a visit to Guest Keen and Nettlefolds at this stage and that will be that you, too, are against them and on the side of their oppressors. Go to Dowlais, by all means, see their people and their homes, but shun their works as you would a plague spot. There I leave the matter. It is for you to decide whether, with these facts before your notice, it is consistent with the dig-nity of your high office that you should account humitality naid for out of the

**Competitive Designs for** Monument to Statesman. Sculptural competition designs for

comment to be erected at Montreal to the late Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart.

lo. Competition designs from sculptors are invited for a monument to be erected to the late Sir George Etienne Cartier. Bart., and which will also symbolize 'Confederation."

20. The memorial when completed and in position is not to cost more than \$100,000, including pedestal from the level of the ground.

So. The competition is open to Cana dian sculptors only. 40. The site of the monument will be

on the slope of Mount Royal, near Ra-chel street, at Montreal.

chel street, at Montreal. 50. Designs shall be in the form of sketch models in plaster made at a scale not exceeding one inch to the foot. A description of the design must accompany each model.

60. All communications regarding this bo. All communications regarding this competition shall be addressed to the President of the Cartier Centenary Cominitee, P. O. Box 198, Montreal. All models to be addressed to the office of the Committee, Hochelaga Bank Build-

the Committee, Hochelaga Bank Dund-ing, at Montreal. 70. The designs must be delivered on or before the 15th day of September, 1912. They will be kept from public view until the award has been made. All expenses of delivering the sketch models and accompanying descriptions shall be paid by the committee. Sketch models will, after the award and at the arrange of the committee, be returned

models will, after the award and at the expense of the committee, be returned upon the request of the competitors, but at the risk of the competitors. Notice of the award will be sent to each of the commetitors. The award will only be binding pro-vided the successful competitor is prepared to furnish satisfactory evi-dence, with security if demanded, that he can execute the work for the sum above mentioned. above mentioned.

### **INSECT STINGS AND** SUMMER SORES

SUMMER SORES Insoct bites and stings, blistered feet and sunburn! These third things, on any one of them, may sholl some days of your vacation, for make your work a bore! Zam-Buk is the remedy you need it is takes the "burn" out of these red, in-flamed patches where the sun has goe home on you; it eases bad mosquito bites, and it soothes and heals blist-ered feet and hands. In the hot weather young babies suf-fer greatly from heat spots and chafed places. Here, again, Zam-Buk will give alway's keep Zam-Buk handy, and should use Zam-Buk Soap for baby's

bath. unth, For outs, burns, and more serious sidn diseases, such as eczems, blood-poison-ing, etc., and for piles, Zand-Buk is ab-solutely without an equal. All druggists and stores 20 cents box or Zam Buk Co., Toronto.

summoned to her bedside and she were hearted woman, you may be congratu-lated," she said, but her tone implied doubt. (To be Continued.)

Any Headache Cured

went out in pity for him. He was greatly pained, for there was agony in his face. Lady Home could not understand her son. There something peculiar about it all. Wate and she would find it out and perhaps be in time to save his honor.

She waited patiently for time to show her the cause, but old Time is sometimes chary of telling secrets, and he was in this case.

Lord Reginald was able to walk over the park and moors. Every few days he went to old Lenthiff and spont hours there. He loved the old place more tenderly than ever. It seemed as if it were the graveyard of all his love and hopes. Each day that passed found him more and more convinced that Dorothy was dead and the thought came to him that there had been several railway accidents about the time she disappeared. He felt almost sure she had been killed. The great suspense that he had endured had almost maddened him. He resolved to tell his story to his solicitors and get their help. They must know some way to assist him. He felt relieved. His their help. feit lighter that it had for many heart months.

The cool October weather made the

ines seen very cheerful. There was al-ways an air of cheerfulness and luxury in Saiisbury House. The Earl of Dun-raven, and the Hon. Mrs. Montague Smith were certainly on the friendliest footing. They were always together. When the days were too cool to go out. Smith sat with him before Mra re and chatted pleasantly Ile had about overcome his erful fire and with him. The elder Miss Smith, with her simper ing, and insincere manner, was especially disagreeable to him. The younger Miss Smith Le rather liked. When other paid especial court she was simply re Apportin she was abrupt in manner, but ul. Her clear, dark eyes held a honest expression that he rather truthful. good lik vl. He was astonished to think how canjust he had hitherto been to the Hon. Mrs. Smith. He remembered that a very short time ago he had passed her without a word. How angry he was if ever invited to take her in to dinner-and now she was as agreeable, as handsome and pleasant. She was solicitious for his comfort, and even remained at home with him when he did not feel disposed to brave uncertain weather. This is ex-

feel, to ask so much and offer so litle," he cried in agony. "I will accept your offer," she said. It was a voice hard and worldly that tle." answered him, but in his great angulad he had not noticed it. He was overjoy-ed that he had found help. He could rely now on the aid of womankind, and he was so helpless before.

He had guined true friendship. He great happiness, you and I. Elise," he could face trouble now, for he stood not said, and his face beamed in anticipaagainst it, alone! If the Earl of Dunraven could only

have heard a conversation that occurred a short time afterwards, his erv of agony would have frozen on his lips, and appeal for aid would have seemed a subject for mockery. The Hon. Mrs. Montague Smith and

her daughters were alone. It was time to dress for dinner, but the maid was dismissed since they could help themselves. "It is true as gospel - 1 have accepted him."

The words seemed so cold and worldly. There was no sentiment about them. After she had described the whole

scene to her daughters, even to the cry for help, the elder laughed immoderate-'It was such' a joke! (How glorious! she exclaimed.

"The drivelling old idiot! I wonder if he thinks you are going to make a per-fect slave of yourself?" said the elder.

"It will be a mistake if he does,' answered the mother. "Imagine that monkey-faced idol of

his! I wonder where he got his ideal of ideal from? China, Atrica, or the Dead See." said the elder daughter. "The daughter looks more like a South

Sea Island idol than any other," replied the mother.

"I am sincerely ashamed of you both.

The Earl had gone up to town for a few days to visit his daughter.

He had found har pale and languid, and with a most troublesome cough. Dorothy Wynter was her constant atendant and friend. These girls studie together, and wore almost inseparable They were about near the completion of their education at Madame Brown's They had done double duty from the

The earl lost hope the moment he saw his daughter's pale face and shrunken eves. He knew that trouble lurked near. He was sorely grieved and visited the beat physicians, but his daughter plead-ed for a little more time. They wanted to finish their education, she and Doro thy. The earl again consented against his better judgment. "It would be far better for us to go

to the south of France for a time," he said, but she would not consent. "I have some plans that will bring us

tion. "Make every plan for your happiness, father, and when you are happy. I am also," she said, "but you must leave ne to the end of the term. I should die at once if you took Dorothy away form me," she said, pleasuady, and the earl tion had little curiosity even to see her school friend, but the daughter looked so sorely agrieved but he called for

There stood before him the most beautiful mirl he had ever seen

Slight in form, w-th a wierdly beautiful face, shadowed by a mass of golden hair, and with great, tender dark eves hair, and with great kindness of heart. Her form was clad in a simple black woolen dress which fell in straight fods to the hem at the bottom of the skitt to the hem at the bottom of the skit. There was a simply plain waist confined by a belt. At the threat was a little, soft crepe ruching. This dress was pl-most threadbare with much brushing stat mending. The carl gared at her. the was by far the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. "Whose daughter, did I understand," asked the earl

"Whose dalighter, and I thuestatid, asked the earl. "Dorothy Wynter, father." said his daughter, and he noticed the cloud that came into her face, and he asked no more

Dorothy had not noticed the question ceedingly agreeable to the earl, for he had loved attention and kind considera-tion all bis life. The late Counters had always been so solicitious and so gen-tle. He had found a new phase of life er, that you were so workly. I could no the solution and he has written a or the look. She fully realized that her friend was in a state of ill-health, and that their long separation was very near. She then would be utterly friend-Lordon Chronicle.

WHEN YOU'RE DULL, TIRED, RESTLESS DAY AND NIGHT, SOMETHING IS WRONG IN THE STOMACH.

Prominent Publishing Man Says the Quickest Cure is Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Headaches never come to those Headaches never come to those who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and this fact is vouched for by the Assistant Manager of the Poultry Success Magazine, of Springfield, O., Mr. J. H. Callander, who writes: "No better medicine than Dr. Hamiltion's Pills. We use them regu-larly and know of marvellous cures that resisted everything else. They cleanse the whole awatem act as a tonic on the

resisted everything ener. They cleanse the whole system, act as a tonic on the blood, enliven digestion, help the stom-sch, and make you feel strong and well. For headaches, indigestion and stomach disorders I am confident that the one prescription is Dr. Hamiltons' Pills." Baing expensed of mature appretable

Being composed of natural vegetable remedies, Dr. Hamilton's Fills possess great power. Fat they are harmless. great power. 7st they are harmless. They aid all organs connected with the stomach, liver and bowels. In conseguence food is properly digested, the blood is pure and nourishing, the body is kept strong and resists disease, all druggista and storekeepers sell Dr. Ifamilton's Pills; 25c per box, 5 for \$1.00, or by mail from The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Can-

A POET IN PRISON.

A POET IN PRISON. The good old fashioned brigand is be-coming a personage of the past. Corsica has got rid of him, and brigandage is becoming an ever more precarious pro-fession in Sicily. The "last of the Sicil-an bandits"—perhaps a disputed title —was lately laid by the heels and is now facing the ordeal of his trial in Aquia. Most visitors to that delightful island

Most visitors to that delightful island will have heard of his name and not a few have come into close and scarcely pleasant contact with him. He is Gui seppe Salomone. Do not picture him as a typical brigand; he is a dandy and has always paid particular attention to his clothes. He has an expensive taste in perfumes and in gloves. And he is a poet. His time in prison has been spent in writing a poetic drama of his Life's experiences and he has written

accept hospitality paid for out of the blood and stear-tained wealth of the creators of dismal Dowlais." creators of dismal Dowlnis." As might have been expected, King George never paid any attention to this letter. Probably he nevrr so much as read it. He made the visit and Keir Hardie is furious. Hardy does not believe in kings. He does not like them. Why should he? He is never invited to visit kings and kings never visit him. Most difficulties are social difficulties. John Burns grew conservative when he began to move in good society; so cal-A seat in the Cabinet made him turn against what had been his convic-tions, and when King Edward smiled upon him, his extreme radicalism faded like mist before the morning sun. Would Keir Hardie be equally smenable to the smiles of royalty and society?

We are not sure that he would, for Keir Hardie is a very piousman, and, we think, a very sincere fauatic. A man think, a very sincere fauatic. A man whose principles of economies or what not are rooted and grounded in relig-ions sentiment is invulnerable. It is the mysticiam of David Lloyd-Georgo the mysticiam of David Lloyd George that makes him so dread-T by the Tor-ies. But the materialistic Socialists, and few Socialist, are ious men, like Keir Hardie, are usually susceptible to the flatery of society and royalty. They enjoy being invited to dinner at the houses of the great.

### HOW THEY WALKED.

#### (New York Sun.)

(New York Sun.) Without "playing" any "favorites." may we aver a personal impression that the Greeks and the Highdunders marched yesterday with a little the most of devil may care 'go," and we are not sure that their costume is not sprung from a com-mon ancestor. In regard to the Scots, however, it is difficult to speak caimly. There is something in the skirling of the pipe that appeals to every ear, making us all believe for the moment that: "Still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland. And in our dreams we see the Hebrides.

Don't wait for opportunity to come up and slap you on the back.

HOT TIPS

#### What to Do When Weather is Sizzling Hot.

The city of Chicago department of health issued the following builetin during the day:

"So far we have not had any very hot weather. It is quite likely, though, that feom now on we will have plenty of it. "In warm weather we do not need to cat so much food nor of as rich and nutritious a kind as we do during the winter months. This means that we can get along, and, in fact, be better off by reducing the amount of meat we eat and by increasing vegetables and fruits. "Here are some good hot weather hints

"Don't worry

"Keep your temper. "Bathe drequently.

"Eat in moderation

"Get plenty of sleep. "Stay outdoors all you can

"Don't look at a thermometer. "Drink plenty of water and butter-

"Let beer and all alcoholic drinks alone

"Wash your hands before eating the noon day lunch.

"Don't eat food that has been exposed to flies or that has been handled by unclean hands.

"Be good natured and kind and avoid a grouchy person as you would a pestilence.'

#### AVIATORS' DEATHS.

AVIATORS' DEATHS. (Philadelphia Record.) Beginning with Lieut. Selfridge, who was killed less than four years ago, the aviation fatalities to date number 168. It is a heavy toll to pay. Of course, the conquest of the air will go on, but there ought to be a reduction of the death rate. There is too much exhibition fying, too much effort to break records to alithude or speed, too many attempts to do famery acts.