

## THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

If his dearest friend had told Lord 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 his 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 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?

For many days Lord Reginald lay very ill. He had been unconscious and had raved, so he was told. He wondered if he had told his secrets, 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 came 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 chair. Lady Alicia sat near with her work. They had been speaking of his illness, when Lady Alicia remarked: "You cannot know how thankful I am to think I am to have you restored to health once more, and that dear girl Lady Emily, has been perfecting herself. 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 age."

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Lord Wedderburn, amazed at the turn affairs had taken.

"What do you mean? That's a nice question, you say, boy, you! As if you really didn't know what I mean."

His face was still blank. Lady Alicia saw it and felt a great fear, but she continued:

"When every one of her friends were congratulating her for I heard them."

"Congratulations Lady Emily on what?"

"On your possible engagement of marriage."

"Mother, are you out of your mind? I never thought of such a thing."

Lady Alicia laid down her sewing, and looked her son fully in the face for a moment.

"I begin to think you are daft, Reginald, and what it is I don't know. I should like to know what the friends of Miss McRay will think and say. I am sure they think you have tarnished your honor and your name in having the reputation of a jilt."

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

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## Itching and Burning on Face and Throat

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

"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 in one week's time the disease 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. Cuticura, said it helped me in a few days. The sores disfigured my face to such an extent that I dreaded to appear in public. I suffered terribly and could get no rest night or day. At last a friend advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I had about given up hope, but thought I would have one more try, and so I used a thorough treatment for six weeks, and after that time I was completely cured, and can say I would advise anyone suffering from skin disease to use Cuticura Ointment, as it is the best healing balm in the world." (Signed) Roscoe Good, Seven Persons, Alta., Feb. 18, 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 became a solid scab. Then her cheeks became sore and sore and after trying different Remedies found relief only from using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It lasted six months or more, but after a thorough treatment with Cuticura Soap and Ointment never had any return." (Signed) Mrs. W. S. Owen, Yackin College, N. C., May 28, 1911.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the most successful treatment for skin and scalp troubles of infants, children and adults. A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient. Although sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 25¢ book on the skin, will be sent free, on application to Pottery Drug & Chem. Corp., 54 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

more laugh at that poor old man's agony, than I could at the throes of death. It is merciless! You say you know the wealth. It would be a thousand times more useful to take his life at the same 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 candidly what she thought.

"The mother was so engrossed with her thoughts 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 for the Countess Dunraven and her daughters!" exclaimed the eldest daughter.

"Dear for yourselves, please," said the youngest.

"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 strange that we have lived so long in poverty. Well, thank the Lord! Our bondage is almost over." The Hon. Mrs. Montague Smith was certainly happy in her prospects, and when the Earl was called to town for a few days there was no one livelier than Mrs. Montague Smith, whose name had almost become offensive to her in the hour of her prosperity. "How on earth did I ever tolerate the name?" she asked herself over and over again, and the thought never occurred to her that this was nearly the identical question that the friends of the late Hon. Montague Smith asked in regard to his name.

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

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

He had found her pale and languid, and with a most troublesome cough.

Dorothy Wynne, when her constant attendant and friend. These girls studied together, and were almost inseparable.

They were about near the completion of their education at Madame Brown's. They had done double duty from the first.

The Earl lost hope the moment he saw his daughter's pale face and shrunken eyes. He knew that trouble lurked near.

He was sorely grieved and visited the best physicians, but his daughter wanted to finish her education, she and Dorothy.

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 great happiness, you and I, Earl," he said, and his face beamed in anticipation.

"Make every plan for your happiness, father, and when you are happy, I am also," she said, "but you must leave me to the end of the term. I should die at once if you took Dorothy away from me," she said, pleadingly, and the Earl had little curiosity even to save her school friend, the daughter looked so sorely aggrieved that he called for her.

There stood before him the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Slight in form, with a wondrously beautiful face, shadowed by a mass of golden hair, and with great, tender dark eyes that bespoke great kindness of heart. Her form was clad in a simple black woolen dress which fell in straight folds to the hem at the bottom of the skirt. There was a simple plain waist confined by a belt. At the throat was a little, soft crepe ruching. This dress was of most threadbare with much brushing and mending. The Earl gazed at her, he had ever seen.

"Whose daughter, did I understand," asked the Earl.

"Dorothy Wynne, 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 of the Earl. 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-

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

"Tell me, father, how you like my Dorothy? Is she not beautiful? She is as good as she is beautiful. At night she gets up and raises me in her arms when I cough, and she will not sleep until I do. I have abused my Dorothy's love, I am sure."

The Earl was filled with admiration for his daughter's friend.

"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 Wynne, who only told her that she was not 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 awkward 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 acceded at once, their accomplishment.

"Who sent Dorothy to school and pays for her?" he asked.

She whispered in his early softly least 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 doesn't 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 help you Dorothy?"

"I was afraid she might know. She is so proud, she would not accept it if she knew."

When the Earl left he gave his daughter a handsome sum for herself and Dorothy. He loved to gratify every wish, this idolized daughter of his!

The Earl had gone to tell his daughter that he was about to marry 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 himself 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 settled matters, then there would be time enough to tell her. When he entered the railway carriage he found himself alone with Lady Elsworth. He was pleased, for he intended to tell her of his approaching marriage. This was just the opportunity he wished. After inquiries concerning his daughter, he said:

"I fear she is not at all well. I am sure I should have insisted upon her leaving 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 settled home to take her to, but I have decided to remarry," he said.

Lady Elsworth did not ask a question. She knew all at once.

"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 summoned to her bedside and she were ill?"

"If you have found a good, kind-hearted woman, you may be congratulated," she said, but her tone implied doubt.

(To be Continued.)

## Any Headache Cured Tired Systems Re-toned

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

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

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. Callender, who writes: "No better medicine than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. We use them regularly and know of marvellous cures that resisted everything else. They cleanse the whole system, act as a tonic on the blood, enliven digestion, help the stomach, and make you feel strong and well. For headaches, indigestion and stomach disorders I am confident that the one prescription is Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Being composed of natural vegetable remedies, Dr. Hamilton's Pills possess great power. They are harmless. They aid all organs connected with the stomach, liver and bowels. In consequence food is properly digested, the blood is pure and nourishing, the body is kept strong and resists disease, all druggists and storekeepers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills; 25¢ per box, 5 for \$1.00, or by mail from The Cataract Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

## A POET IN PRISON.

The good old fashioned brigand is becoming a personage of the past. Corsica has got rid of him, and brigandage is becoming an ever more precarious profession in Sicily. The "last of the Sicilian bandits"—perhaps a disputed title—was lately laid by the heels and is now facing the ordeal of his trial in Aquila.

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 Giuseppe 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 a good deal of commendable verse. He is said to have made a fortune in brigandage, so he can afford to be a poet.—London Chronicle.



To guard against alum in Baking Powder see that all ingredients are plainly printed on the label. The words "No Alum" without the ingredients is not sufficient. Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Full weight one pound cans 25c.

E.W. GILBERT, COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONT.  
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

## GOT HER IDEAL. ETIENNE CARTIER

Heiress' Rules for Youth She Would Accept.

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 millionaire manufacturer of Troy, was announced to-day.

Miss Gilbert, who is one of the most beautiful and popular young women of New York society, has been wooed by many men, but none of them was accepted because he did not meet the specifications of a perfect husband, as laid down by Miss Gilbert herself.

"How much better it would be," Miss Gilbert 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 upon:

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, large 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 Chambers' stories; dance the turkey 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 Miss Gilbert and been refused are Angler Duke, Jack Darragh, Alden Bledgett and Richard Lounsbury. None of these measured up in her opinion.

Mr. Renshaw is 25 years of age and attended the Renshaw Polytechnic in 1909 before graduation and has since spent most of his time in New York. He is a grandson of the late Commodore Cicerio Price, U. S. N., and a nephew of Mrs. Lily Hamersley, who afterward became the Duchess of Marlborough.

## KEIR HARDIE'S LETTER

(Rochester Herald)

Keir Hardie, one of the British Socialist 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 visit of the King to the Dowlais works in Merthyr Borough, Wales, where there have been labor troubles, and it concludes as follows:

"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 you, it is consistent with the dignity of your high office that you should accept hospitality paid for out of the blood and steam-rolled wealth of the creators of distasteful Dowlais."

As might have been expected, King George never paid any attention to this letter. Probably he never so much as read it. He made the visit and Keir Hardie is furious. Hardie 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 called. A seat in the Cabinet made him turn against what had been his convictions, and when King Edward smiled upon him, his extreme radicalism faded like mist before the morning sun. Would Keir Hardie be equally amenable to the smiles of royalty and society?

We are not sure that he would, for Keir Hardie is a very pious man, and we think, a very sincere fanatic. A man whose principles of economics or religion are rooted and grounded in religious sentiment is invulnerable. It is the mysticism of David Lloyd George that makes him so dread to the Tories. But the materialistic Socialists, and few Socialists areious men, like Keir Hardie, are usually susceptible to the flattery of society and royalty. They enjoy being invited to dinner at the houses of the great.

## HOW THEY WALKED.

(New York Sun)

Without "playing" any "favorites," may we aver a personal impression that the Greeks and the Hittites 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 common ancestor. In regard to the Greeks, it is difficult to speak calmly. There is something in the skirting of the pipe that appeals to every ear, making us all believe for the moment that they enjoy being invited to dinner at the houses of the great.

And in our drama we see the Hittites. Don't wait for opportunity to come up and slap you on the back.

Competitive Designs for Monument to Statesman.

Sculptural competition designs for a monument to be erected at Montreal to the late Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart.

10. 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.

30. The competition is open to Canadian sculptors only.

40. The site of the monument will be on the slope of Mount Royal, near Rachel 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 competition shall be addressed to the President of the Cartier Centenary Committee, P. O. Box 138, Montreal. All models to be addressed to the office of the Committee, Hochelaga Bank Building, 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 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 competitors.

The award will only be binding provided the successful competitor is prepared to furnish satisfactory evidence, with security if demanded, that he can execute the work for the sum above mentioned.

## INSECT STINGS AND SUMMER SORES

Insect bites and stings, blistered feet and sunburn! These things, on any one of them, may spoil some days of your vacation, or make your work a bore! Zam-Buk is the remedy you need! It takes the "burn" out of these red, inflamed patches where the sun has got home on you; it eases bad mosquito bites, and it soothes and heals blistered feet and hands.

In the hot weather young babies suffer greatly from heat spots and chafed places. Here, again, Zam-Buk will give almost instant ease! Mothers should always keep Zam-Buk handy, and should use Zam-Buk Soap for baby's bath.

For cuts, burns, and more serious skin diseases, such as eczema, blood-poisoning, etc., and for piles, Zam-Buk is absolutely without an equal. All druggists and stores 10 cents box or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

## HOT TIPS

What to Do When Weather is Sizzling Hot.

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

"So far we have not had any very hot weather. It is quite likely, though, that from now on we will have plenty of it."

"In warm weather we do not need to eat 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 frequently.

"Eat in moderation.

"Get plenty of sleep.

"Stay outdoors all you can.

"Don't look at a thermometer.

"Drink plenty of water and buttermilk.

"Let beer and all alcoholic drinks alone.

"Wash your hands before eating the noon