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is to dis- onal law, and of the principle countries ed on it, and been active to

Twenty-five to Government in the national west at once facilitate the local, state and teral paper will for the money, all pay two per

McAdoo in by is to antic- in the late invariably ac- and move- when the crops the harvest now intends to take prevent or mini- of money.

The Secretary announcement would be ac- for the new ditional money with banks at least 40 per cent circulation. percent bonds, most of the on, have been low market 34 during the retary's will- as at pay as prop- sitionment to the their circula- cent limit in uring the parity racting a new

history, the pome comm- y deposits. This 4, as announced order to make available to the city within their

ere was a fresh pobia at Nancy e authorities and the author might have had nal consequences, t. one of which was Meteor, having from the Rhone, accordance with the Meteor on colors. The sight t Nancy, it seems, s as the proverb- al. Waiting until eor. Mr. Mertens, had gone ashore phobes boarded the German flag, burning it there. point was made by Meteor. The police, who admitted culprit. The mag- he was charged ten days.

# PLOTS THAT FAILED

"If you find that Clarence Neville lives, I have a plan to propose which will separate them effectually forever," said India, honestly.

"You are pretty clever at plotting and planning," returned Downing. "I can at least listen to it, but I do not promise to follow it. I may as well hear now as at any other time what it is."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

For some moments India was silent; the dark, brooding eyes looked far out over the water, as though lost in deep thought, utterly forgetful, apparently, that Rupert Downing was standing before her, impatiently awaiting her reply, and that he had said his time was limited.

"Well," he said, brusquely, at length, "instead of having your plan all worked out in your thoughts, you seem to be formulating it now. I should fancy—"

"I am waiting for the crowd approaching us to pass on," she replied, quietly, ignoring his remark, "and I do not know us, and consequently cannot be interested in our conversation," he declared.

Even while he uttered the words, a remark of a man about whom all were crowding caught and held their attention.

At the second glance, Downing recognized the man, although he had not done so at first; he was the captain of the ill-fated steamer which had been lost.

"Among those saved from my boat," he was saying, "was a young man named Neville, who was fairly frantic about his bride, who was on board, and whom he was searching for amid the excited passengers."

"I assured him that I had seen her lowered into the very first lifeboat that was put out, but he would not take my word for it, and would have leaped aboard the sinking boat had I not restrained him by main force. As it was, he eluded me and sprang overboard, and would have accomplished his purpose had not an oar struck him and was rendered unconscious."

"Did he drown?" asked a dozen or more eager voices.

They did not await the captain's reply more anxiously than did India and Rupert Downing.

"No," said the captain; "he was picked up by the boat bound for New York. When they reached their destination, he was taken to a hospital, where it was found that he was suffering from a fracture of the skull, which, though it is a severe accident and a painful one, is not necessarily fatal."

"They passed on, leaving India and Rupert Downing standing on the sands looking steadfastly into each other's eyes."

"Well," he exclaimed, "the mooted question as to whether Clarence Neville is alive or dead is settled, it appears."

"Yes," she replied, vainly endeavoring to suppress her keen excitement; "and we can go about putting into action my plan to separate him from Bab as soon as possible."

"I will first hear and decide whether or not your scheme is feasible," returned Downing, his brows meeting in a dark scowl, as he added, "and I am sure it is quite a difficult thing to put into execution."

"You are judging my plan before you have heard it," retorted India, in an annoyed tone of voice.

"I beg your pardon—pray proceed," said Downing.

to prevent her from falling on her knees at my feet.

"You have saved me from committing suicide," she sobbed. "You have put new life into my veins; I shall never forget you. If there is any way that I can serve you at any time in my after life, you have but to command me. I would walk unshod over red-hot plowshares at your bidding."

"Tell me what you propose to do now?" I asked.

"New hope bounds in my veins," she cried; "new ambition has sprung up in my heart, with the money you have given me I will at once go to Long Branch, where two or three theatrical managers are sojourning, and try to get an engagement with some one of them; if I miss them there, I will hurry on to New York."

"She gave me her name and address, and there I parted for her, still cogitating over the girl's remarkable resemblance to Bab. She is certainly Barbara Haven's double."

"I think I see, dimly, the point you are driving at; but proceed," said Downing.

"The actress is now in Long Branch," continued India, "stopping at an obscure boarding place. My plan is to have India see Clarence Neville, and play a part by far more clever than any she has ever played on any stage."

"With a thin veil on, I would defy even Clarence Neville to detect her from Barbara Haven."

"She shall tell him that she has already repented of the hasty marriage, and insist upon a divorce. He is proud of spirit, and dearly as he loves her, he will not put one straw in her way to thwart her desires."

"That divorce can be rushed through, and when once the decree has been obtained, you can marry Bab without delay. Hush! Hear me through," she went on, as he was about to interrupt her.

"In regard to Bab—leave that to me; she shall receive a letter purporting to have come from Clarence Neville, asking her to free him from the marriage which they had entered into too hastily, which Bab would be too proud to wish to hold—even in marriage bonds—one to her heart who wished to be free."

"The actress, Torinda, can push the divorce through, passing herself off as Bab. It can be obtained in strict secrecy, when there is plenty of money to buy the silence of the court, and also to have heretofore remarked, the day Bab is free, she will accept you—for two reasons."

"The first one will be pique; the second one, that the knowledge of her affair with Neville will be kept thus from her father, and the world at large, by carrying out her contract—with you."

"It is a huge undertaking," said Downing, slowly. "Do you think we can carry it to a successful finish?"

"I am sure of it," returned India, "the resemblance between Bab and this Clarence would have to be perfect to deceive the eyes of love," he remarked.

"You shall see this girl, and judge for yourself," declared India, adding: "When I, who knew Bab so intimately, tell you the one is the exact duplicate, the double, of the other, you must give credence to my story. And as this girl is a clever actress, she will not fail, even to impress Clarence Neville that she is Bab."

"We will try your scheme, India," said Rupert Downing.

tie Bab, who had been the life of the place, was brought home to them like a broken lily bud, fast withering upon the stem.

Mrs. Mack, the old housekeeper, was beside herself with grief.

Over and over again she questioned Patty as to what could possibly have brought such a state of affairs about.

"It cannot be nervousness over her approaching marriage with Mr. Downing," she cogitated, "although I have known of it affecting very young girls in just such a manner."

"She must have been thinking it over deeply—the truth dawning slowly upon her—that marriage was a very solemn thing, as I had so often attempted to explain to the child—not a notion about like every passing breeze, nor an ideal to be chased with to-day and regretted to-morrow, but a life-time affair—a yoke which must be borne, after it is once put on, until the end of life comes."

In Mrs. Mack's religion there was no divorcing from the marital bond.

Then suddenly it came out about hand- some Mr. Neville, who had also been in Long Branch, and who had been Miss Barbara's constant companion during the three weeks her Cousin India and Mr. Downing had not been there.

"Miss Barbara did not wish me to mention it to Miss India when she came," Patty told her, "and I have the idea she did not wish any to know that she was beginning to like Mr. Neville's society; but I cannot help telling you about it, in secret. I really think that the cause of Miss Bab's terrible illness was found out, too late, that her heart had gone out to young Mr. Neville, and she was so soon to be married to Mr. Downing."

The old housekeeper was startled beyond words at this disclosure.

"What you have told me has fairly taken my breath away, Patty," she gasped. "Leave me, and let me think this matter out calmly by myself."

"Was there anything to Patty's theory?" the good old soul asked herself, over and over again, as she paced up and down the length of the room. And as she reasoned the affair out, something very like the exact state of affairs came dimly to her.

Bab's betrothal had followed close upon the heels of her rescue by Mr. Rupert Downing from death beneath the ponderous wheels of the locomotive.

It must have been gratitude which the young girl had mistaken for love, when she had accepted him upon such a very short acquaintance.

Three weeks of daily companionship with another had shown the girl a different feeling beating in her bosom.

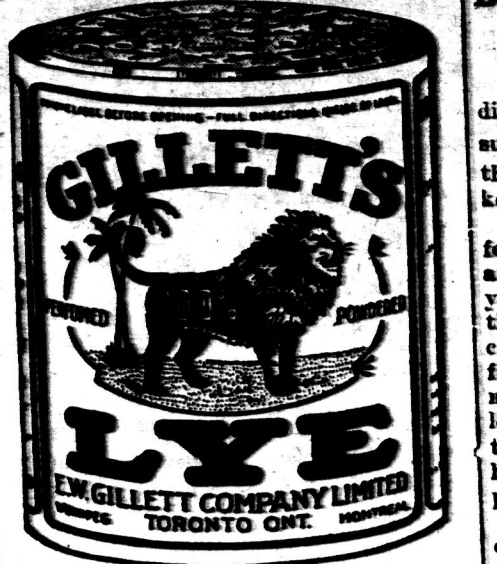
Yes, Patty's theory had ever reason to be the correct solution to arrive at, and that is, if Bab has discovered that she loves another, she shall not marry Mr. Rupert Downing, despite the wedding that has been set, nay, fast approaching. It is a deal better to find out anything of that kind before than after marriage.

"Bab shall not marry Mr. Downing if it is not her own wish to do so, and I'll tell her that."

India was alone by Bab's bedside, when the blue eyes opened one morning, with the light of reason in them.

For a moment she stared up into India's face, and then around her glance rested in puzzled wonder, as she looked at it in puzzled wonder, as she then, with a swift movement, she held it close to her beating heart. In an instant she forgot India's words. All that she remembered was that she held a letter in her hands—the young husband's, with whom she had eloped, and had married so romantically.

# GILLETTS LYE EATS DIRT



Does Not Thrive in Bodies of the Birds.

It seems that according to most recent discoveries old age is not a natural result of years, but is a microbe. At least this is claimed by the scientist Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

It is not necessary that people should feel burdened with years and grow feeble and exhausted as the months roll into years. All that is due to a microbe in the body, and when science can once discover the anti-toxin which can successfully combat the poisonous effects of the microbe we can live on, perhaps not longer, but without any discomfort until the end comes. He bases his theory on his observations of mammals as compared with birds.

A dog or a horse, for instance, shows distinct signs of senility. They grow feeble and decrepit and break down in every way. But birds do not. A duck that is twenty years old shows no signs of advanced age. Parrots remain for long years in a youthful state, and retain their brilliant plumage. In the case of a parrot, which, according to reliable information is 70 to 75 years old, it is impossible to recognize old age, so entirely normal is its appearance and so easy its movements.

The cause it is claimed, lies in the difference in the intestines in mammals and birds. The latter are so built that the microbes which are so abundant in the intestines of the mammals do not or cannot accumulate in the bird. In the mammal they increase from year to year and the toxic effect from these intestinal masses produces the phenomena which we call "old age."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"You—you—have something you wish to tell me, India," repeated Bab, raising herself up on her elbow, and looking fearfully up into the dark, beautiful face of the French girl, who was bending over her. "Tell me quickly; I cannot bear suspense."

"Can you bear a cruel shock, Bab dear?" murmured India, with well-simulated pity.

Bab nodded her head; there was something in her cousin's manner that boded coming evil; she felt it intuitively.

"Yes," she sobbed, faintly, "only don't tell me that anything has happened to Clarence, for the love of heaven! If he were dead, I—I would kill myself—I would, indeed, India."

"There are some things more cruel to endure than—death," said India Haven, watching the sweet, innocent, young face narrowly as she spoke, wondering the white-lie Bab would bear up under the blow.

"Some things more cruel to endure than death!" repeated Bab, with wide-open eyes. "Oh, India, what can you mean?"

For answer, the wily French girl placed a folded paper in her hands. "That came in an envelope, addressed to me," she said, simply, adding: "A note accompanied it, to me, bidding me read it through ere I delivered it to you—that I might best know how to comfort you. Bah, if you should be in need of it, I would rather die than give it into your hands, for I know that it will cause you the deepest pain; but I have ever known; but I have no alternative other than to obey the request. I say to you, heaven help you, Bab, but let the thought comfort you that you are not the first victim of fickle man's perfidy."

Before Barbara could find words in which to reply, India glided, silently from the room.

What could she mean? Bab held the letter which she had felt with her, looking at it in puzzled wonder, as she then, with a swift movement, she held it close to her beating heart. In an instant she forgot India's words. All that she remembered was that she held a letter in her hands—the young husband's, with whom she had eloped, and had married so romantically.

With trembling fingers she opened it. (To be Continued.)

# OLD AGE MICROBE

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# HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES



# AND BLACKHEADS

# Successfully and Speedily With CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment, at a trifling cost, is learned from the special directions which accompany these pure, sweet and gentle emollients.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with directions, is sent free on request to the nearest dealer in soap, or to the Cuticura Co., Dept. 287, Boston, U.S.A.

HE WON.

The steamer was on the point of leaving deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cyclone in the far distance and it soon became evident that he was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the excited crew took courage and waded a sovereign to a shilling taken, and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it!" "No, he'll just do it!" "Come on!" "He won't do it!" "Yes, he will. He's done it. Hurrah!" In the very nick of time the cyclone arrived, sprang off his machine, and ran up the one gangway left.

"Cast off!" he cried. "It was the captain—TIT-BITS."

# CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS ARE INCREASING

OVER 100 NEW PAPERS STARTED IN 1912.

We have just received from the publishers, A. McKim, Limited, Montreal and Toronto, a copy of the 1913 edition of their Canadian newspaper directory.

This work shows that within the last year over one hundred new papers have started to publish in the Dominion. In fact so quickly is our Canadian newspaper field spreading out that A. McKim, Limited, have decided that it will be necessary in future to publish the Canadian Newspaper Directory annually instead of biennially as before. This Canadian Newspaper Directory gives full particulars of practically every publication in Canada, and is intended as a guide to advertisers, in selecting papers best suited to their requirements.

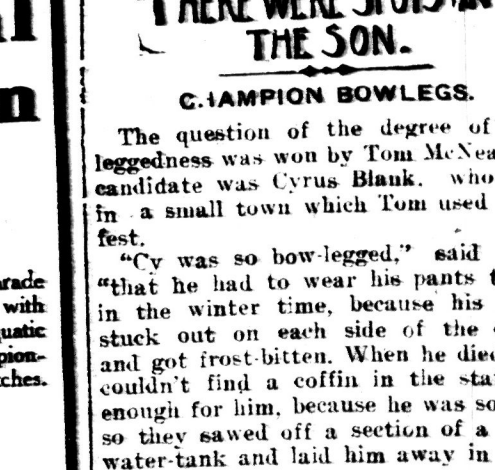
The work before us is most comprehensive, and gives the population of every newspaper town, and the circulation of practically every paper in the Dominion. In all it describes 1,688 publications issued in Canada and Newfoundland. Of these 152 are daily, 1,281 weekly or semi-weekly, 232 monthly and 23 published less frequently.

This issue also contains a list of the principal British publications, which will be of much value to the many Canadian firms now advertising in the old country.

The firm of A. McKim, Limited, who are easily the leaders in the advertising agency business in Canada, are to be congratulated upon the splendid service rendered both to publisher and advertiser through this very complete directory.

The price of the work, delivered anywhere, is \$2 per copy.

# Our Precise Artist



JOHN, OUR WILLIE IS COVERED WITH SPOTS.

THERE WERE SPOTS ON THE SON. CHAMPION BOWLEGGS.

# Practical Fashion Plate



Bamboos as Water Pitchers.

In the Hawaiian Islands, says the Wide World Magazine, the natives carry their supply of water about with them in long bamboo tubes, the joints of which have been knocked out. Girls may be seen making their way to nearby springs with the family "water jug," they patiently fill the long hollow in the bamboo with water, knocking up the end with a wooden plug. This is then carried to the hut, and lasts the family for several days, keeping cool and sweet in the novel receptacle. The larger bamboo trunks are used in the same way as receptacles for storing various household commodities.

# THE LAZY HUSBAND'S LAW.

(Toronto Star)

Toronto has a jail farm and the Province has a prison farm, and they are away ahead of the old system of confinement. The bug in the right direction, but we have a step or two to go yet. In the end we must work out a system whereby the prisoner will make a wages which will be paid over to the support of his wife and children.

In Seattle they are trying out the plan. A fortnight ago a man named "The Lazy Husband Law" came into effect there. When a man is too lazy to work, or when he desires to be paid to work, wages under this law, and put to work and wages paid to his family. Some distance outside the city is a tract of land, which these men are placed under guard. Their task is to clear it up and adorn it with stone fences. It is useful work, which does not produce results worth paying for. Men who do not support their families are thus compelled to do so dealing with them than merely shaming them up while those dependent on them are left without support.

# OUR WORK IS AT HOME.

(Toronto Star)

There is nothing narrow or provincial in the idea that a man does his best work by attending to his duty that lies nearest at hand. We cannot hope, except indirectly, to settle the affairs of Europe, but we can do a great deal to improve the conditions of North America; and our work done right here will be just as beneficial to the world at large as if we were working over the quarrels of Servia and Bulgaria, and the possible clash

MODERATE DRINKING. (Montreal Telegraph) Drink, much or little, does affect a man. That is what it takes for food. And that is why our railway companies insist that all men having anything to do with operating trains should be temperate. Moderate drinking has its dangers—altogether apart from the danger of its leading to immediate danger—for a man who drinks more or less, when he has been drinking.

## Hamilton Centennial Industrial Exposition and Old Home Week

August 11th to 16th, 1913

Manufacturers' Exposition of Hamilton-made Products, Giving Two Announcements and Parade Grounds. Grand Carnival Midway. Aviation Exhibits daily. Military Pageant, with seven Canadian and U.S. Regiments participating. Fountain Military Bands. Aquatic Sports. Motor Boat, Sailing and Rowing Races. Championship Athletic Events. Championship Ball Games, two U.S. League Teams. Trap-Shooting Tournament. Rifle Matches. Big Parades daily.

Come to Hamilton—Canada's Magneto

and see the biggest Civic Holiday Week and Industrial Demonstration that has been seen in Canada—or elsewhere.

Special Rates by Rail and Boat—ask your Local Agent.

CHAS. A. MURTON, Secretary

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