

Delegates to the Geological Conference formally welcomed this afternoon to the serious...

The assembled convocation hall at Charles Fitzpatrick words of welcome, that their delectable and their enjoyable as their...

UNVICTED

Who Goes Against Elopers.

Light Annulment Marriage.

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PLOTS THAT FAILED

It was not a long letter, and read as follows:

"My Dear Barbara,—I hardly know how to begin what I have to say; but I suppose the best way is to break into the very heart of the subject at once."

"I hope you will agree with me in what I am about to propose, which is that those marriage bonds be severed quietly, by mutual consent. I pray that you will make no opposition to this plan, for I assure you it is for the best—for both of us."

"Anticipating your consent, I took it upon myself to put the proceedings in motion. I have this day received the decree, which is rendered in your name, annulling the hasty marriage, which we both have repented of. I inclose it to you. You are free now, Barbara, as am I. If we should meet again—and it is probable, the world is not so very wide after all—I presume it will be as strangers."

"Ah, well! I suppose it is better so, for the sake of the peace of mind of both. 'No one knows of our marriage save your cousin, Miss India, whom I thought wisest to write to in regard to the matter, taking her into our confidence, relying upon her love for you not to betray us. Your father knows nothing whatever of what has happened, and I conjure you not to reveal it to him. Let it be a dead and buried secret between us forever.'"

"I wish you well, Bab. Forget it you can, the imprudent affair which I was responsible for coaxing you into, and forget me. Yours, in haste, 'Clarence Neville.'"

India was in the next apartment, listening intently, and alternately peering through the tightly drawn portiere, through which she had made a small rent, just large enough for her eye to peer through and closely watch her victim."

No word or cry escaped Barbara's white lips. She had sunk back on the pillow, with a face as white as it would ever be in death. She held the letter tightly clinched in her hands, trying to realize what had happened to her; no grief could have been so awful as this blank, silent, terrible despair."

"He had set aside the marriage; he had divorced her, his bride; ere the honeymoon had begun, he had repented of the hasty marriage, and had taken steps to annul it; he was no longer her husband; he had gone out of her life as though he had never been a part of it; her idol had fallen from its high pedestal in her heart and lay in ruins at her feet."

"The man whom she had wedded and loved with all the passionate love of her young heart had gone out of her life. If they ever chance to meet again, he desired it to be as strangers."

"There is something else to tell, Bab," she murmured. "I thought it best at first not to mention it, but perhaps it is wisest to keep nothing from you."

a tear from your blue eyes—not worth a heart pang; instead of mourning his loss so bitterly, you should be glad to be free from him. Of all things on earth a fickle husband is the worst."

"Live to spurn him; detest his very name, as he deserves to be detested; you must live and learn to forget him."

But no words of comfort, no pitying lines from the poets who had never known a sorrow such as hers, could assuage the poor little child's passionate grief. She wept until the very fountain of her eyes seemed to have run dry—weep until she was on the border of hysteria, and fell back upon her pillow, too exhausted to utter another sob—weep another tear."

When the doctor and her father entered, an hour later, the former was amazed beyond words to find that his little patient, whom he left but a short time before on the high road to rapid recovery, had taken a violent relapse; but how it could possibly have come about he could not determine."

India feigned entire ignorance concerning the matter, declaring that her Cousin Bab could not have suffered from any shock, other than vivid, bad dreams, which she constantly complained of."

The doctor vouchsafed no reply, but in his own mind he was hardly satisfied with this explanation. The case mystified him more than he cared to own."

That evening, when Rupert Downing called at the Haven mansion to inquire after little Bab, his betrothed, as was his custom, India managed to secure a few words with him, unobserved by the other members of the household, under the pretext of showing him a portfolio of new engravings, which some one had sent that day to Bab."

"Well," he articulated, sharply, "did the ruse work? I see by the satisfied smile on your face that you gave her the letter 'What came of it?'"

"You heard what the doctor said about the relapse. To answer your last question first, this is on your marvelous skill in representing so faithfully Clarence Neville's peculiar handwriting."

"Bab was completely deceived by it, and does not dream that it is anything else than genuine. It would have deceived even me, had I not been expecting it, knowing you were to send it when you considered your penmanship in that line sufficiently perfect to deceive her, who knew his writing so well from the numerous notes he had sent her."

SALT RHEUM CAME OUT ON HANDS

Formed Watery Pimples. Itchy and Had Horrible Burning Sensation. Lost Some of Finger Nails. Could Not Open Hands. Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

225 N. Ligar St., Toronto, Ontario.—"For seven years I have been troubled with salt-rheum. It came out on my hands and formed kind of watery pimples all over them which became itchy and had a horrible burning sensation which caused me a good deal of pain. It came out on my hands in the fall and remained there till after spring. I might mention that I lost some of my finger-nails by the disease. During this length of time I was utterly useless, as I could not open my hands. I tried several other patent medicines without a bit of relief. Some of my friends advised me to try Cuticura Remedies so I sent for samples and by using them there was a great improvement. Then I went to the druggist and bought one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment; after using them I am glad to say I am completely cured. I had given up all hope of being cured. I can say to all those who have suffered as I have, not to lose courage but to give Cuticura Remedies a fair trial."

(Signed) Miss Lillian Irwin, Oct. 13, 1911. For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have afforded the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp that torture, itch, burn, scale, and destroy sleep. Sold everywhere. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card: Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 35D, Boston, U. S. A.

with a stage sob—which sounded like the genuine article—she went on: "I was beginning to think that they would never allow me to come to you."

"Why have you been weeping, Bab?" he exclaimed, quickly. "Is it because I have been lying here ill, my tender-hearted little sweetheart?"

"But before she had time to frame a reply, he went on: 'Under the circumstances, I hope you told your father at once what took place, darling?'"

"No," she replied, "I ask you to set the marriage aside after calm reflection, and without being influenced by any human being, I assure you truthfully."

"How can I appeal to you, Bab?" he cried, his voice trembling with keen emotion. "Heaven direct me as to what words, what argument to use in urging you to forget this mad wish which you have expressed to sever the sacred tie which binds us. I can see into the future farther than you, and I prophesy to you that the time will come when you will repent of what you are doing now, and be willing to give your soul to undo it. Will you heed my warning?"

"Even this beautiful impostor, who was being paid handsomely in yellow gold for the part she was playing, felt sorry from the bottom of her heart, for this handsome, hapless young husband, whom she was parting from the bride he loved better than life. She was all most sorry she had undertaken the commission for this scene would live in her memory, and haunt her for all time."

"I am in earnest," she replied, steadily. "Why will you not believe me?" she persisted, in her sweet, vibrating voice. (To be Continued.)

Cover to Protect Dresses. A friend of mine has the neatest clothes closet I have ever seen. A pole extends crosswise in the closet. All of her dresses are hung on padded hangers and covered with a dress cover. Each dress cover requires three and one-half yards of calico. Cut the piece in two, making each piece one and two-thirds yards long. Sew the pieces together lengthwise. Then turn an inch hem on one long edge and sew a two-inch facing. Make six buttonholes in the plain color and sew buttons at corresponding intervals on the inch wide hem. Sew the bag across the bottom so that the opening is left directly in front, shape the top of the bag slightly by sloping upward toward the middle, following the line of the shoulders. Sew the bag across the top, allowing an opening for the wire hanger. Finish top with a piece of the plain color.—Mrs. Howard L. Willett in Woman's World for August.

fixed his burning eyes upon her, and they seemed to pierce through her veil down to the depths of her guilty heart. "If I were a thief, or a murderer, you could not look at me with an expression more horrible than that!" she gasped, feeling that the terrible expression on his face would call attention to them.

"You are a murderer!" he answered, with fierce vehemence, his burning eyes still scorching her face through the filmy veil. "You, the woman whom I had chosen to be my life companion, have murdered my whole future—my hope, my belief in women, in truth. If you had slain me with a dagger thrust through my heart, I could have forgiven you much more readily. You seem to think it a mere matter of changing your mind," he added. "Let me show it to you in the right light. You may be satisfied to go out of my life, but do you think that I am content to pass out of yours? No—a thousand times no! You do not realize how I love you, how the centre of my life, the joy of my soul, the centre of my heart, the joy of my existence. How am I to live without you? My life will end when you go out of it; just as surely as the sun rises and sets! Do not think so lightly of the tie which binds us together, Bab. Remember, you are my wife, before God and the angels; ay, and before the world—until death does us part, as the marriage service bade us both fervently utter as we stood before the minister with clasped hands. Ah, Bab! can you forget it all so ruthlessly?"

CHAPTER XXXVI. India paused for a moment, and then continued with her narrative. "Then he suddenly reached out and caught one of her little hands in his. 'I will not believe you mean what you have said, Bab!'" he cried. "This is some girlish prank to test my love for you, or some one—your cousin—has persuaded you to do as you have done. I am sure you would never have come to me with such words on your lips otherwise."

"No one helped me make this decision," she replied. "I ask you to set the marriage aside after calm reflection, and without being influenced by any human being, I assure you truthfully."

"How can I appeal to you, Bab?" he cried, his voice trembling with keen emotion. "Heaven direct me as to what words, what argument to use in urging you to forget this mad wish which you have expressed to sever the sacred tie which binds us. I can see into the future farther than you, and I prophesy to you that the time will come when you will repent of what you are doing now, and be willing to give your soul to undo it. Will you heed my warning?"

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"It was a terrible mistake," she faltered, almost incoherently. "The ceremony which bound us together was scarcely over ere I knew my own heart; I awoke suddenly to the truth that I did not love you!"

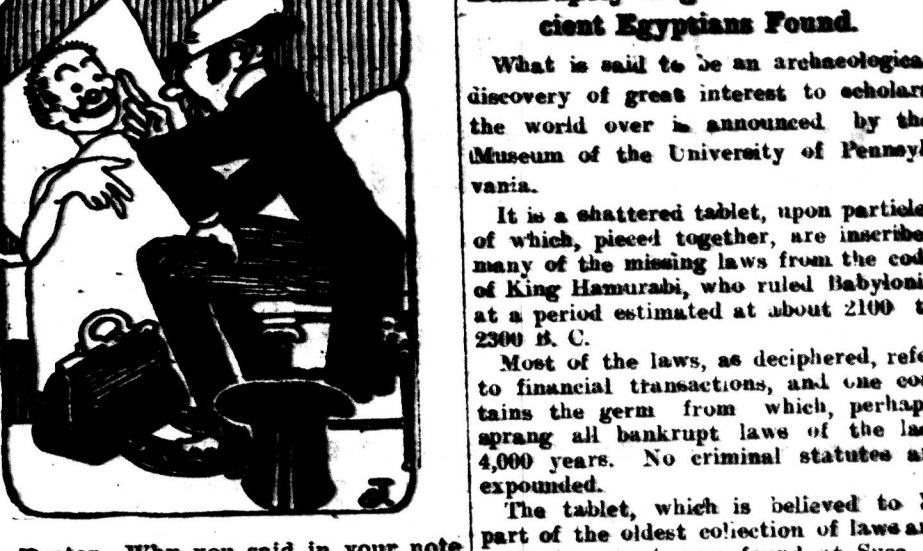
"He held up his hand, with a sudden gesture, with such dignity, such a passion of despair, that she was silenced. The false, light words she had so carefully prepared for this occasion seemed to wither away on her lips unuttered. She realized that she was in the presence of a mighty sorrow. All her little artifices seemed to fail her; she had been used to men who love lightly—not to a grand, noble love like this."

"Then, through the awful paleness, she saw a hectic flush creeping into his face, as though the lifeblood which had been arrested for that one awful moment was flowing back into his veins."

ROYAL Yeast Cakes

BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD. DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED. AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS. E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED. WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL.

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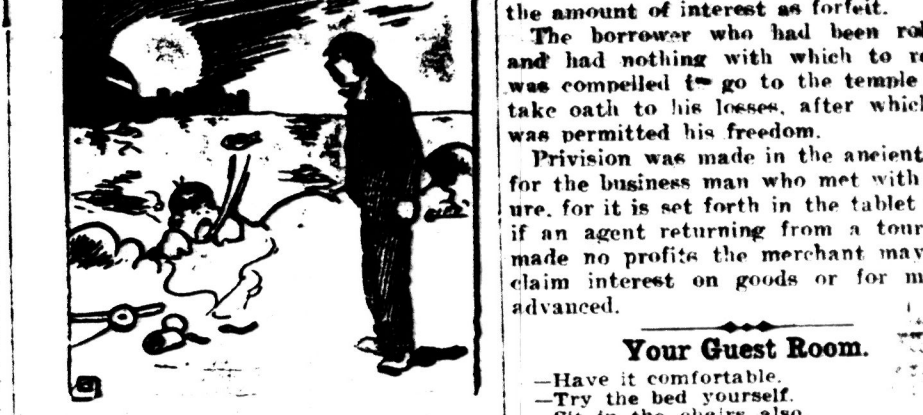


Doctor—Why you said in your note that you had the croup, and I come here to find you have the rheumatism. Patient—Well, Doc, there wasn't a soul in the house who could spell rheumatism.

FOUR KINDS OF TRUTH.

(Detroit Free Press) A man who tells the truth because he is the truth and because he has no other thought than to be a witness to the truth, is the highest exponent and example of a truthful man. The man who tells the truth because he recognizes that it is to his gain to tell the truth, belongs to another class. He who tells the truth under compulsion, because the social world has him in its grip and he cannot do other than tell what he knows, belongs to yet another class. And the man who, having been part of a combination to do evil, having been partner in a group of men to break the laws of civilized society, and who breaks away from the combination, dissolves the partnership, and tells the truth that he may escape the common penalty society affords to all other classes, lives and moves in a world wholly his own, and has hardly a thing in common with human clay.

CORRECTED



"How did you come to fall in the water?" "I didn't come to fall in, you boob! I came to fish!" A Denver physician says every patient carries with him the cure for his condition. This is true of prospective snakebite sufferers at any rate.—Washington Post.

Your Guest Room.

—Have it comfortable. —Try the bed yourself. —Sit in the chairs also. —Pretentious is a good feature. —But pretentious is by no means all. —See that the windows and shades work. —A few books and magazines should figure. —Pen and ink should have a place in the equipment. —A desk completely fitted is desirable, but not necessary. —Too many guest rooms, while looking attractive, are painfully lacking in ordinary comforts.

Beets

TO COOK BEETS—In cutting the tops of the beets leave an inch or two of the stem, or better still, do not cut them off, but wring or twist the tops from the roots. In this way the skins will not be bruised and no color or sugar will be extracted while boiling. Boil until tender. No length of time can be given. The young tender ones will usually cook in an hour. Often the old ones require four hours. When tender drop into cold water and the skins will easily rub off. Very young beets are often served whole with salt, butter and pepper put over them, or they can be sliced and a little white sugar sprinkled over them, dotted with butter and put in the oven until the butter and sugar is melted. Beets cooked in this way can be served with or without lemon juice. BEETS WITH BOILED DINNER—When boiling beets with a New England dinner cook them by themselves, but be sure and turn some of the water off the other vegetables and meat over them. Peel, slice and serve with other vegetables or as a garnish for meat. BEET SALAD—Slice boiled cold beets and serve on lettuce leaves, with salad dressing—either boiled mayonnaise or French dressing. SPICED BEETS—Boil six pepper pods, six cloves, a pinch of ginger and half a cup of sugar in one quart of rather weak vinegar, add over eleven tablespoon of salt. Pour hot over sliced boiled beets. Ready to use any time after they have stood two hours. CREAMED WHITE BEETS—Use small white beets. Cook until tender. Drop into cold water, rub off skins and pour over them a rich, hot cream sauce. BEET GREENS AND YOUNG BEETS—Select one-half peck of young beets no larger than a walnut. When boiling beets with a New England dinner cook them by themselves, thoroughly in several waters—in one of which there is a generous supply of salt to dislodge any insects. Put them into boiled salted water and cook until tender—about thirty minutes. Take out of kettle when tender and drop the beets themselves, which have been cut from the tops, into cold water, and the skins will readily rub off with the finger. Then drain the greens, chop them rather fine, add one generous tablespoon of butter, a tablespoon of lemon juice and a dash of pepper. Arrange greens on shallow platter or dish. Cut the beets into halves and arrange around the greens. Serve very hot. BUTTERED BEETS—Boil, skin, slice some beets. Then put into granite stewpan. Add one tablespoon of butter for each pint of beets. Salt and pepper to taste. Set over fire to become very hot or place in oven. Serve with quarters of lemon.

"Yes, Clarence, it is I—Bab." And a tear from your blue eyes—not worth a heart pang; instead of mourning his loss so bitterly, you should be glad to be free from him. Of all things on earth a fickle husband is the worst.