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DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR
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WINNIPES TORONTO MONTREAL

PLOTS THAT FAILED

He always sent for the old housekeeper in just that summary manner that troubled him.

"Do you know who the caller is in the drawing-room, whom the girls are enquiring?" he queried, brusquely.

"It is Mr. Downing, sir," she replied.

"I thought so, from the glances I caught of him coming up the stoop," he said, more to himself than to her, in a irritated voice.

For a moment he was silent, as though undecided as to whether he should free his mind on the subject uppermost in it or not; at length he appeared to cast about for the words, and turning to the old housekeeper, he began slowly and emphatically:

"I do not like that young man, Mrs. Mack. No doubt you can readily understand why."

"You mean he is a chip of the old block," remarked the old housekeeper, indignantly.

"Exactly," he replied, tersely. "I know how good the father, and I know how well, and the son was my horse of a boy, he was so much of a rascal in his youth. The tales I have heard of him while at college strengthened my poor opinion of him. By that I mean I gradually thought worse of one whom I had commended by thinking bad of, as the old saying goes."

The old housekeeper rather divined that was coming, though she made no comment, listening in respectful silence to him to continue.

"I considered the advisability of inviting him to Bab's party long and anxiously," he continued, and after another pause, he went on:

"I thought that he monopolized the conversation, much to the annoyance of the other young fellows, dancing every one with her, I am informed, and he is not like it, Mrs. Mack; in short, Bab must be put to it before mischief done. Bab is very young, and, therefore, very impressive. She does not know fished from gold. She will be apt to fall head over ears in love with this young man if he is not forbidden the door."

"I think you are worrying yourself unnecessarily, sir," smiled the old housekeeper. "The young man may have been with our Bab, as you say, sir, but Miss India is the great attraction which brings him here to-day. I happen to know that."

"How do you know, Mrs. Mack?" he questioned, anxiously.

"From Miss India's own lips, sir, she pressed as much to me when she told me that he was to call upon her and to stay if you would care."

"Certainly not, if it is really India whom he cares for. I had every reason to suppose it was Bab."

The two girls went down to receive him together, as was quite natural; he being Bab's home. Miss India felt that she should accompany her down to the drawing-room. She asked me if I did not think Bab ought not to consent to do this, and I replied: "Certainly she will, if you request her to do so. Miss India, though the child is not much better than a big baby, and cannot assist you much. She neither sings nor plays, and her conversation is as likely as not to be about dolls or toys."

Mr. Haven smiled faintly.

"You are quite right, Mrs. Mack," he said. "I see that my fears led me a little forward, still, it is best to err on the side of caution, if err we must. I think he is as undesirable a companion for my niece as for my daughter, and I shall tell India so, and give her my reasons if this goes much further. Still, no matter what came of it, I would not be justified in laying down the law to Bab, as I would to Bab."

"That is quite true, sir, these foreigners take strange notions, and will brook no interference, even from those nearest and dearest to them people may, sir."

"Quite true," he murmured. "Still, although India and Bab are nearly the same age, India is decidedly a young woman and knows what she wants, while Bab is only a child. I can but give India my advice and will have to let it go at that. I had prepared quite a lecture for to give to Bab, as women understand these delicate affairs so much better than men, but if India is the attraction, instead of our little one, we will not call Bab uselessly to task."

"Do not imagine you will be troubled with the young man much after the end of the week, for Miss India informed me that he was to leave the village in a few days for New York."

"That is not unwise intelligence," replied Mr. Haven, "for the reason that Bab called away on business myself, and it troubled me greatly to think of leaving my little Bab exposed to companionship that I did not exactly approve of, although when it comes down to it, I can give India no valid reason as to why I dislike the young fellow so much. You can give India a little

hint that I do not exactly approve of him while I am away which will sort of break the ice for me on the subject and make it easier for me to speak to her about it when I return."

"When do you go, sir?" asked the old housekeeper.

"I must catch this afternoon's train, which starts an hour from now."

"You will bear in mind all that I have said?" he queried, anxiously.

"Yes, sir," she responded. "Every word."

CHAPTER XIV.

During all the long hours of the night that followed Barbara Haven's birthday party, Rupert Downing had not closed his eyes in sleep, so busy were his thoughts over the vital question of how he should win the girl who had set his heart on fire with a mad, mighty love at the first sight of her pretty, dimpled, innocent young face, crowned with its halo of golden hair.

He made up his mind that she should be his; though all the demons of hatred interfered, he would marry her. What over the secrets and follies of his past life might have been, he was certainly thoroughly in earnest now. He was frightened at the passionate love that had sprung up all in an instant in the heart that he had always boasted to his chums, with a sneer on his lips, was invulnerable to the tender passion.

No woman's smile or whispered word had ever touched his heart as the glance of this golden-haired girl more than a child in years.

He had always scoffed at love. Now he understood it as he had never understood it before; now he realized how it would be possible for a man to wade through seas of blood for the girl he loved, fight duels to the death; ay, commit even a crime if it gave him at last the object of his adoration, though he paid the price at last of his very life for his mad infatuation.

He knew that his chum was as badly smitten with Barbara Haven's charms as he himself was, and from that hour a deadly hatred grew up in his heart for the friend of his boyhood and the companion of his later years. He knew, too, that a man as handsome as Clarence Neville could scarcely fail to make an impression upon Barbara Haven's heart; and he resolved that he should not remain his guest for one hour longer than the fortnight he had been invited down to the village.

And once out of sight, it would be an easy matter to teach pretty, blue-eyed Bab to forget him.

During their walk home each of them had been unusually silent, neither of them mentioning to the other one word concerning Barbara Haven.

Rupert Downing had promised his friend a jolly story of his life while he had been in gay Paris, and of the wiferies of a very lovely girl he had met while there, but he suddenly changed his mind about relating that episode in his past, and he thanked his stars from after events that had transpired that he had not had time to tell the story of the beautiful French girl from Paris, for the heroine of that very story was of vital use to him now in winning Barbara Haven.

For the first time in their lives the two young men called good-night to each other rather constrainedly, and, owing to the lateness of the hour, each sought his couch at once. But it was many an hour ere either the fierce black eyes or the troubled brown ones closed in sleep, and then both dreamed of the sweet, ampled face of merry, laughing little Bab.

The afternoon was so rainy that Rupert Downing proposed that they should spend the time in writing letters, a proposition to which his friend gladly assented.

"I have no less than a dozen," remarked Neville, "and I can put in the time between now and dark very well indeed."

Having thus summarily disposed of his guest, Rupert Downing made all haste to reach Haven House, wondering if Miss Barbara would think him too anxious to see her again, paying his call so soon and coming in such a pouring rain.

He dreaded meeting Barbara's father, too, for he felt intuitively that, despite his wealth and social standing in the community, he did not hold him in very high estimation.

He knew Mr. Haven was a cold, critical man of the world, and would be pretty apt to read his character in his face. His past shortcomings had left indelible marks upon his countenance that he never seemed quite able to effectually conceal.

He would have given much for the handsome, frank, open countenance of his chum, Clarence Neville, whom man, woman and child always took to on sight.

The beautiful India Haven received him graciously. Bab was very shy. She could not help thinking, to save her life, all that her cousin had whispered to her the night before about this handsome

young man being so desperately in love with her. She wished to goodness that she had not known it. As it was, she could have cried with shame, she was so awkward in every speech and action.

Rupert Downing was so madly in love with her that he did not even notice her mistakes, she was so beautiful to gaze upon, and he was so completely infatuated with her.

India could scarcely repress a sneer as she looked on.

The time was when she herself had been madly in love with this handsome, debonaire American, Rupert Downing, and would have considered the world well lost for his sake, but he had laughed at her as though it were a great joke that she should shower her affection upon him, and his contempt had stung her to the passionate women of her race, her love had turned to the deadliest hatred.

That was why she could look on so calmly and see him devote himself to another, and that other scarcely more than a schoolgirl and with the beauty of a pink and white baby.

While he devoted himself to Bab, almost forgetting her very presence, India wove her plans of deadly vengeance against him as well as Bab, but Rupert Downing was unconscious of it. His worship of little Bab seemed to fairly border on idolatry.

And Barbara Haven was too innocent to realize the havoc she was making in his heart.

While India played soft, dreamy music upon the piano he sat and talked to Bab, and thus occupied, he forgot all time, everything save the rare, wondrous beauty of the lovely young girl opposite him.

"Let me read a few lines that I cut out from a magazine at home and brought over especially to read to you, Miss Barbara, if—if you would care to listen to it."

"I do not object at all; on the contrary, I should be pleased," she declared.

Slowly he took from his breast pocket a folded slip of paper.

"There are two poems on this page," he said, "and if I have your permission when I have finished the first you shall hear the second as well."

In a low, modulated voice he began slowly:

"Some day upon the highway going, Or on the hilltop or on the plain, We see a face without our knowing, And life is never the same again."

"We hear a voice that thrills our being, With nameless yearnings, speechless pain; Our souls are quickened into being, And life is never the same again."

"The past has vanished as in vision, With all its shadows, clouds and rain; We enter upon paths elysian, And life is never the same again."

His voice died away in almost a sob. He turned to Barbara, whispering, "Up to last night I would have passed over those words lightly had I come across them. Now they are invested with a new, sweet, subtle meaning. They express the feelings of one who has met his or her ideal—the one person in the world who has—"

He did not have time to finish his sentence, for at that moment Mr. Haven entered to take a hurried leave of his daughter, Bab, India and their caller, Mr. Downing.

Something very like a frown deepened on his face as his quick eyes took in the fact that the young man was in earnest conversation with Bab and utterly oblivious to the presence of the one who sat at the piano alone.

"There is one thing which is positive," thought Mr. Haven, "and that is, he shall not have my daughter, no matter how much he admires her. I fancy that the wealth that she will inherit is quite as much of a magnet in his eyes as the girl herself, for by the way he is living, his own money will not last any too long, but he shall never replenish his coffers at my expense nor my Bab's."

He could do no more than greet the young man courtly, though there was added to it a certain stiffness and coldness of demeanor which he invented. Mr. Rupert Downing should notice.

He had but a moment to remain, as he took his leave hurriedly, he kissed the two girls and bowed his adieu distantly to their companion.

Rupert Downing noticed, with a flush of annoyance, that he did not extend to him the invitation to call again.

"In his hurry he may have forgotten to do so," he thought. "He would give him the benefit of the doubt."

India saw at a glance that her uncle was none too well impressed with Rupert Downing and she knew he would never be able to gain the daughter with the father's consent.

He had selected Bab's future husband, and no one save Clarence Neville would find favor in his parental eyes. India thought a great deal more on the subject, too, and a strange smile played over her lips as her fingers toyed idly with the white ivory keys.

CHAPTER XV.

Rupert Downing was too diplomatic to make his call a lengthy one. He would not stay too long on this occasion lest Bab should grow weary of him; he had made a good impression; he must be satisfied with that for the time being; he depended much upon India's putting in a good word for him after he had gone.

He walked slowly home through the rain, saying to himself that it was the first day of his life that he had been completely happy. It had been a glimpse of Paradise to him. He would have given his life for fair, golden-haired Barbara Haven.

In the few short hours that had elapsed since he had met her he seemed to have concentrated his very existence on the mad desire of winning her.

He was frightened at the intensity of his passion. It had come to this, he would rather have seen her lying dead at his feet than the bride of another man on earth.

His friend, Clarence Neville, wondered what made him so very pleasant and agreeable during the evening that fol-

HAIR CAME OUT IN HANDFULS

Scalp in Very Bad Condition. Dandruff Could be Seen Plainly. Lost Most of Hair. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured.

42 Lippincott St., Toronto, Ontario.—"About a year ago I had a very bad attack of typhoid and my scalp was in a very bad condition. The dandruff could be seen plainly and I lost most of my hair. My hair fell out gradually, but after having it shampooed it came out in handfuls. I used Cuticura Soap to shampoo my hair, then rubbed the Cuticura Ointment into the scalp. The dandruff was very soon removed and my hair stopped falling out. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me." (Signed) Miss K. Chamberlain, Mar. 21, 1912.

HANDS COVERED WITH ECZEMA

Ans. Dr. Cap. Quebec.—"About one year ago my daughter had her hands covered with eczema. It broke out in a rash. She was unable to put her hands in water and she used to scratch them until they were red and inflamed and oozed out used to bleed. She was unable to eat, sleep, or work from the pain and burning. We used several remedies without receiving any relief. After she began washing with Cuticura Soap and applying Cuticura Ointment she got relief at once and after ten days' treatment was entirely cured."

"My baby when teething, broke out with pimples on her face. After three days' treatment of Cuticura Soap she was cured." (Signed) Mad. D. Coubeur, Feb. 12, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-page book, send post card to Poter, Bros. & Chem. Corp., Dept. 62D, Boston, U. S. A.

She Was Helpless For Two Years

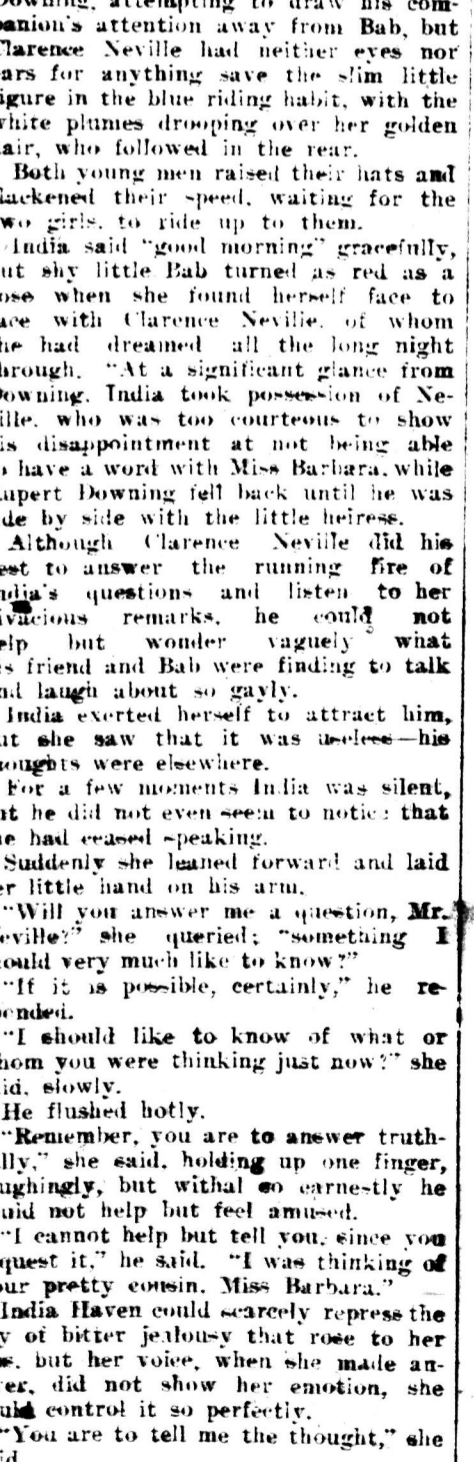
WHY MRS. BALDWIN RECOMMENDS DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

She Could Find Nothing to Cure Her Rheumatism Till On a Neighbor's Advice She Tried Dodd's Kidney Pills.

St. Walburg, Sask., June 9.—(Special).—"I can truly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills for any one suffering from rheumatism." These are the words of Mrs. W. A. Baldwin, a highly respected resident of this place. And Mrs. Baldwin gives her reasons.

"I was nearly helpless with rheumatism for two years," she states. "I got medicine from the doctor, and tried several other remedies but nothing helped me. Then one of my neighbors advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I bought four boxes, and they helped almost from the first. I have used early two dozen boxes and am nearly cured."

That rheumatism is one of the results of diseased kidneys is again shown in Mrs. Baldwin's case. She had headaches, stiffness of the joints and backache, her sleep was broken and unrefreshing, and she was always tired and nervous. Her limbs swelled, and she was always thirsty. These are all symptoms of diseased kidneys. When she cured her kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills the symptoms vanished—and so did her rheumatism.



This is the new mail box which will shortly make its appearance in Canadian cities. It is something like the pillar boxes of England and besides the receptacle for letters, has a stamp vending machine and illuminated street signs. There is also a revolving and electrically lighted sign display for commercial firms to use in advertising their wares.

When poverty comes in at the door love doesn't wait for the burglar alarm to go off.

INFANT PARALYSIS

Some Exercises That Will Aid Sufferers.
 (By a Physician.)

Many diseases leave reminders behind them in the form of a lifetime ailment. Infantile paralysis, the dread children's disease, is one of this treacherous sort. Sufferers from infantile paralysis are often crippled in some way afterwards. If they are not so seriously disabled as that, they frequently have some muscular irregularity.

Sometimes these troubles must be remedied by expedient surgical aid. Sometimes they can be greatly assisted by regular, timely and suitable exercises. The latter are within the reach of all. Inasmuch as the disease is no respecter of persons and very often finds its way into the homes of those who cannot easily afford surgical attention, perhaps a few suggestions as to the kind of exercises to take may be useful.

A physician who has made a special study of this matter offers the following:

These are for the lower extremities and the patient must lie on the left side when taking them for the right leg, and vice versa. The leg which is not being exercised should be held up by physician or attendant so that the action may be free.

1. Bring the knee slowly up to the chest. This will be done with the aid of the physician.
2. Do the same movement without other aid than the muscles.
3. Try the same with resistance on the front part of the ankle.

Care should be taken that these movements are not made by a swinging action, but by muscular contraction and effort.

Movements suiting the other muscles can be formulated.

AFTER EFFECT OF FEVERS

Refreshed Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Following wasting disease such as fevers, many people find it difficult to regain their former strength. They become breathless and tired out at the least exertion; their appetite is feeble and they often feel as though death was staring them in the face. The trouble lies with the blood which has not returned to its normal condition, and is lacking in the red corpuscles without which good health is impossible. It is at a time like this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills prove their great tonic value. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red blood, which means health and vitality. Mrs. Theodore Foley, Athens, Ga., says: "Following an attack of typhoid fever I was left in a very weak and disheartened condition. The smallest exertion left me worn and tired out, and I was hardly able to get around, and naturally felt despondent. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they proved of the greatest benefit to me. I am now as well and strong as ever, and can do all my own work, and, as we live on a farm, it goes without saying that there is much to do. I feel, therefore, that I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

If you are suffering from the after effects of fevers, la grippe, or any acute disease, you should begin to get new strength to-day through the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail for 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SUFFRAGE PARADES.

(Buffalo, Courier).

To parade on the "king's highway" has up to the last few years been a strictly male diversion. To do, another sex distinction has been obliterated. Three years ago a little band of women marched up Fifth avenue; two years ago a few thousand women did the same; last year the number swelled to 9,000, and this year it was 20,000. The earlier efforts were mere scraggles; women out of step and out of tune in color. Simply to march represented their supreme endeavor. The last parade was a marvel of harmony in color and a conceded wonder in organization. The big suffrage parade in the cities has become a commonplace. Women have shown that a parade is not a thing for men apart. They have also shown that the parade evolved by women is a strictly feminine creation and thus they have shown that true sex-distinction does not lie in "doing a thing or not doing it," as the world has assumed for ages, but in woman's doing the thing in a woman's way. As for instance, the woman's parade is a pageant; a man's parade is a military exhibit.

The most wonderful sign of changed times, however, lies not in the parade itself but in the women's wanting to march for suffrage. That women all over the country do want to march is proved by the last development of the parade idea. The big city parade is being duplicated in a small way all over the country. The local parade, bringing the chance to march right to the doors of the countless women burning with the desire thus to advance their cause. Saturday a week ago five hundred yellow garbed suffragists fluttered flags and shod yellow roses all the way from Minola to Hempstead, Long Island. The suffrage papers are full of accounts of similar events. It only needs some clever Rosalie Jones to raise the standard and marchers appear to spring out of the ground. New York State is to see a series of similar pageants. Elmira on June 21st is on the list; Monticello, Buffalo, Syracuse, on June 14; and so on the roster grows. Victor Hugo said that the twentieth's was to be the woman's century. She is taking possession with no loss of time while tradition stands agast.

SOME FUNNY TOAD MOTHERS.

At a recent scientific convention in London a paper was read describing the curious process by which the young of certain species of frogs and toads are developed from the egg. What is known as the Surinam toad was cited as the most remarkable of these animals. The Surinam toad gets its name from Surinam, in Dutch Guiana, in which region the species is not uncommon. The adult toad is about a foot long, and is one of the largest of the toad family.

After the eggs are laid a friendly toad takes them and spreads them on the mother's back. They adhere to the skin by a peculiar sticky substance which surrounds them. Gradually the toad's skin wrinkles up and forms a series of cells and in each cell there is an egg. In a day or two the eggs become covered with a membrane to protect them from the air.

The heat of the mother's body then incubates the eggs, and unlike a setting (or sitting) hen she is put to no inconvenience in the way of sticking to a nest, but may roam about at will. In due course the eggs hatch into tiny tadpoles, but they do not emerge yet. They remain in their comfortable quarters till they have passed into the second or fully developed toad stage, whereupon they break the membranous cover of their cell and come out into the world.

The number of young produced at once in this way may be as many as a hundred. In certain species of South American tree-frogs the eggs are hatched all together in a pouch in the mother's back, but in this case the little ones come forth while still tadpoles. The Pathfinder.

TORONTO MORALITY.

(Woodstock-Sentinel Review)

Toronto showed its sense of morality by summoning the members of a theatrical company to the police court, and charging them with producing an immoral play. And Toronto also showed its sense of morality by crowding the theatre when the play was produced after it had been branded as immoral, increasing the receipts by \$600 over what they had been on the previous night, before the play had been publicly denounced as immoral.

THE WORLD LOVES A SCRAP.

(Philadelphia Record)

We are in the habit of alluding to the present time as a peace-loving age, but as soon as the chance of scrap seems to increase the languishing interest in the affairs in the Balkan peninsula revives. It is not so because we care more for the progress of a lively shindy than we do for the hundred process of avoiding or settling of difference, why is it?