We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce.
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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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PLOTS THAT FAILED

"You must not tell her that," said India, warningly, adding: "We do not care to tell Bab anything of that kind. Like all golden-haired girls, my dear cousin is a trifle vain."

Her companion looked greatly surprised at this intelligence.

Meanwhile, Rupert Downing was making the most of his tete a tete with Barbara Haven. He had found like all girls of her age, she loved poetry, and under the guise of the beautiful rhymes he could utter in her ear that which he had hardly dared say in cold words. As they rode along he whispered to her:

"Do you remember I told you I had a second poem to read you, Miss Barbara? I have memorized it," and bending toward her, he repeated the following:

"Strangers but a week before
Giving pleasant word for word,
Smile for smile and nothing more.
Can you tell what look or tone
First the tide of feeling stirred?
What strange tremor broke the calm
Of our friendly greeting, gave
Such tremulous wild delight
In the meeting of the yes
And the touch of palm to palm?
All the gladness of good-day,
All the passion of good night!
Was it, then, a swift surprise
To your soul as to my own?
Did you watch the words, unsaid,
On my lips and dream awake
All the long night for my sake—
Lost in fancy's eager bliss
At the phantom of a kiss?
Was it not enough for years—
Wealth enough to last till death?
What strong love beyond control;
What so bent us, soul to soul,
Pulse to pulse, and breath to breath?"

Rupert Downing was studying her face as he repeated the words as only he could, and when he saw the flush creep up to her pretty face, he knew that she fully realized that those lines meant his meeting with her.

She was so young, so romantic, so impressionable, it was little wonder that he, keen and world as he was, began to make an impression upon her childish heart, although, left to herself, she would have preferred his companion, Clarence Neville, to himself.

She could not help remembering India's words: "Every one has noticed how madly Mr. Rupert Downing is in love with you, Bab."

And looking at him shyly from under her long, curling golden lashes, she wondered vaguely if India's surmise could indeed be true, and somehow she found herself wishing from the bottom of her heart that her admirer had been— the other one.

CHAPTER XVI.

A week has passed, and each day saw the two young men at Haven House. Owing to Mr. Haven's absence, there was no one to frown upon their coming so often—true, Mrs. Mack, the old housekeeper, did look a trifle anxious, but when she saw Miss India welcome Rupert Downing so warmly she concluded that he must, of course, call to see her—and his companion was interested in Miss Bab.

In the talk she had had with Mr. Haven he had expressed the desire that Mr. Clarence Neville should have every courtesy extended to him when he called.

By that she knew that he rather favored the young man who was the son of his lifelong friend.

When they were out of sight of the housekeeper's keen eyes, Rupert Downing always sought Bab's side, and thus it happened that Clarence Neville could make but little headway in his acquaintance with Barbara Haven. That his friend, Rupert Downing, and Bab were lovers of some months' standing, India took pains to whisper to him on every occasion, begging him not to let them know that he knew it.

Smarting with this impression, Clarence did his best to think of the girl as his friend's fiancee, upon whom he ought not to waste one thought—but it was quite useless—he found himself thinking of her whether he would or not.

At this crisis of affairs, a most thrilling event happened one day, which indicated clearer than anything else in the world could have done the disposition of Bab's two lovers. It came about in this way:

Rupert Downing was to take Bab and India over to the country fair one afternoon. Clarence Neville was to follow them on horseback a little later. He had purposely declined a seat in the carriage by India's side, on the pretext that he had an engagement which would detain him until later in the afternoon.

Thus it happened that the three, Rupert, India and Bab, had the drive all to themselves.

When India found that Clarence Neville would not be with them, her disappointment knew no bounds—the ride would have no charm for her. She had planned the trip on purpose to have the man she loved by her side, and, finding her scheme balked at the very last moment, she entered the carriage in a very ungracious mood. She would have gotten out of the long, dusty ride could she have done so.

Bab was to drive the spirited horses, and Rupert Downing, in asking which seat he should take, looked significantly at India, and, without waiting for Bab's answer, she replied:

"If you will take the front seat with Bab, I shall be much obliged, and I am sure she will not object. I have brought a couple of magazines along with me, and if I have to entertain you, Mr. Downing, I should not have time to glance at them."

"Does this arrangement meet with your approval, Miss Barbara?" he asked, eagerly, the light deepening in his dark eyes.

"It doesn't make a particle of difference to me," answered Bab thoughtlessly. "You can sit in whichever seat suits you best."

"Then let it be by your side, by all means," he whispered, in a thrilling voice.

He stepped into the carriage, settling himself down into the coveted seat, and Bab picked up the reins, gave the mettlesome horses a cut with her whip, and away they flew over the country road.

Barbara tried her best to draw her Cousin India into the conversation, but she was buried so completely in her periodicals she would only answer in monosyllables the questions put to her.

"Never mind her, Miss Barbara," said Downing, at length, "she does not like being interrupted, probably, in the midst of a delightful love story."

"That is quite true," replied India, complacently; "if you would forget that I am here for the space of twenty minutes or so, until I finish this page, I should be thankful. I am at the most interesting part of it."

"Then I shall not be so cruel as to interrupt you again, and I think I can speak for Miss Barbara. You shall read your love story in peace, Miss Haven. We shall endeavor to forget your close proximity."

Bab did not notice that India did not so much as turn a page of her magazine, even though her black brooding eyes were so intensely upon it. She was wondering if Clarence Neville would have accepted a seat in the carriage if he had thought that he would have been permitted to ride by Bab's side.

"All my blandishments seem to fail in winning him," she thought. "He is the first man whom I have ever met who was obdurate to my smiles. Be that as it may, I shall not lose the hope of winning him," she said to herself, shutting her white teeth harder together.

He would be at the fair during the afternoon and the pleasure of seeing him and being even but an hour in his society would pay her for much of the disappointment she suffered now.

She paid little enough attention to the low, earnest conversation Rupert Downing was attempting to carry on with Bab, nor did she trouble herself to hear Bab's reply, which was always frank and girlish, quite characteristic of Bab's regard for him.

If that sort of nonsense suited Robert Downing, she did not care, but the thought occurred to her how little it took to satisfy a man who was really in love, and she could scarcely repress a sigh that sprank to her lips.

Suddenly India was startled from her reverie by Bab calling out, excitedly:

"You were speaking about violets yesterday, India, telling me how passionately fond you were of them. Do you see that little slope of ground youder That is where they always appear first. See, the green grass is thickly studded with them. You ought to ask Mr. Downing to get out and gather a great bunch for you. They are sure to be wonderously fragrant and sweet, and would set off your dark, rich brunette beauty as nothing else could do."

India dropped her magazine and looked eagerly in the direction in which Bab pointed.

"If you will stop the carriage, Bab," she said, "I would be delighted to get out and gather them for myself."

India had heard Clarence Neville remark the day before that of all nature's offering in the way of flowers, he liked the sweet, shy violet best. India did not know that in his own secret heart he had added—because they reminded him of Bab's blue eyes.

India determined, to gather a large bunch of them for herself and a tasteful little boutonniere for Neville. Surely he could not help but appreciate her thoughtfulness, and the sight of violets might always be association with her and that act in his mind.

CHAPTER XVII.

India was wandering farther and farther away from the carriage, gathering the beautiful harbingers of spring, utterly lost in her occupation, when Bab's shrill voice suddenly broke upon her reverie.

"Make haste, India," she cried. "We must reach the turn in the road before the Eastern express comes along, and it is almost due now. The horses are terribly afraid of the engine. Do make haste, India," but her words had come too late.

Even while she spoke a shrill whistle sounded loud and clear from just ahead, and as the girl raised her startled eyes she saw the train in question sweep suddenly around the curve, bearing swiftly toward them.

"Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?" wailed Bab, in an entreaty of horror. "We shall be killed." As she uttered the words, the horses reared, plunged sidewise with such terrific speed that the reins Bab held were snapped like veritable threads from her nerveless fingers.

They were directly upon the track now, and with a terror which can be better imagined than described, they swerved and plunged directly forward into the very jaws of death, toward the oncoming train.

"Save me!" gasped Bab, half rising from her seat, clutching wildly at her companion.

For an instant Rupert Downing had been stunned, stupefied, at the horrible danger which menaced him.

One glance at the appalling situation and he realized that it would be out of the question to rescue Bab and save himself. Down at the foot of his heart he was an abject coward. He loved Barbara Haven as such creatures are capable of loving, but when it came to a question of life and death he loved himself best, and his own safety was the one instantaneous thought that flashed through his mind.

With that wild, despairing cry, "Oh, save me!" Bab had sunk at his feet in a dead faint.

Quick as a flash Rupert Downing had decided upon his course of action.

Shaking off the clutch of the cold, lifeless little fingers, he made a mad, desperate plunge from the rocking, swaying vehicle, falling into the deep mud by the roadside and escaping by a hair's breadth the hoofs of the flying steed that was galloping madly after the vehicle with its unconscious occupant.

Even before he had brushed the dust from his eyes he had realized that the horse was his own, and the rider Clarence Neville.

In an instant Rupert Downing comprehended that Neville had seen his exit from the carriage, which he had been following, and, perceiving Barbara Haven's peril, had dashed on to her rescue.

"A thousand curses upon him," cried Downing, realizing what it would mean for his chum to be the means of saving Barbara's life. The mad hope filled his heart that Neville might perish in his valiant attempt.

It would certainly be little less than a miracle for the latter to succeed, now that he was so near the engine, in saving his own life, let alone Barbara's.

But in this thrilling moment we must follow our daring hero, dear reader.

Clarence Neville, who was riding rapidly up the road endeavoring to overtake the carriage ahead, saw what had transpired, and a bitter cry of terror broke from his white lips as he realized the peril of Barbara Haven and her companion.

He knew that Bab was handling the reins, for he had heard her say that she intended to do so, and he thanked Heaven from the bottom of his heart that Rupert Downing was with her in the vehicle to grasp the reins in his own strong hands.

But when he saw him tumble headlong from the vehicle, his horror knew no bounds. He quite believed that Downing had been thrown out.

Even in his wildest imagination, he would never have dreamed that any man could have been so inhuman as to desert a woman in such deadly peril, with a horrible death staring her in the face.

His thoughts did not linger long with the figure by the roadside, but flew on to the hapless young girl in the carriage ahead.

In that instance Clarence Neville realized what Barbara Haven was to him, even though she loved another.

With a wild, hoarse cry that seemed to rend his heard in twain, he dug his heels fiercely into his horse's flanks and laid on the lash, saying to himself that he would save Bab's sweet young life or give up his own in the attempt.

With a snort of terror, his horse darted forward, and with such velocity that a less skillful rider would have been unseated, but from that instant the animal realized that it was a master hand that gripped the reins and that his iron will would have to be obeyed, even though that hand guided him into the jaws of death.

On flew the vehicle up the track, the horses plunging forward at a mad gallop. Down swept the eastern express with the speed of the wind.

The engineer had done his utmost, in reversing his lever, to avert the tragedy, but it seemed useless. They were approaching each other at such a rapid pace.

He leaned back sick and with a deathly faintness at his great, honest heart, closing his eyes that he might not behold the cruel sight when the train and the horses should collide.

He had seen a little white figure leap to her feet, then as suddenly sink out of sight in the bottom of the carriage.

He knew that it was a young girl and he groaned aloud from the very depths of his anguished soul.

He had a daughter of his own, whom he loved better than his own life, ad for her sake he tried to utter a prayer for her who was in such awful peril.

With consternation that cannot be described by words, he had witnessed the young girl's companion desert her by leaping from the swaying vehicle, and the sight had almost bereft him of reason. He knew that the dastardly coward had abandoned her to her fate instead of grasping the lines from her hands and turning the maddened beasts down the sloping embankment.

The swaying vehicle hid the approaching horseman from his sight, but, suddenly hearing a shout, he opened his dazed eyes.

The sight that met his gaze he never forget while his life lasted. It was photographed clearly on his brain to the end of his existence.

When within but a few feet of the runaway team he saw the gallant young horseman dash alongside of it, spring from his saddle with a flying leap into the carriage, and, grasping the little white heap in his arms, quicked by far than it takes to describe it, make a desperate leap with his burden in his arms over the wheels down the embankment. An instant later the engine struck the team and the horrible story was told. There was an awful disaster, but, thank Heaven, no human beings had been mowed down to death beneath the ponderous iron wheels.

The team had been killed outright and the carriage was in splenters, but the horse that the rider had used had wheeled suddenly about, feeling himself freed from his burden, and had galloped down the track in the direction which he had come, thus by almost a miracle saving himself from the fate of the other two.

As quickly as it could be accomplished, the carriage was in splinters, but the spot where the brave rescuer had disappeared down the embankment with his unconscious burden.

That they would both be seriously injured by that mad leap, if not instantly killed, he quite believed, but, to his intense amazement, he saw the young man standing on the greensward with the little white figure still clasped closely in his arms.

The engineer had only time to inquire if there had been a serious accident, and being assured that they had both escaped with but a few scratches, and suffered no injury whatsoever, other than a severe fright, he complimented the young man warmly for his bravery, and then the train thundered on at renewed speed to make up the lost time, quickly disappearing from sight, leaving behind it the wreck of the two animals and the carriage as the only evidence of the thrillingly pitiful episode which had but just waken place.

CHAPTER XVII.

Clarence Neville stood like one dazed watching the express out of sight, with the little slim figure clasped close in his arms.

He had saved her precious young life and his joy was so great that he could not restrain the tears that rose to his eyes and coursed down his cheeks—tears that were no shame to his strong, earnest noble manhood.

He held her in his arms close, and the faint beating of the heart of the girl, whom he loved so madly and so hopelessly, seemed to wake to new life the love which he had been striving so manfully to conquer since the hour they had first met.

He remembered with a keen pang of abject woe the secret that India Haven had confided to him—that little Bab loved his friend, that they were lovers in secret: but to have saved her very life he could not resist the impulse to strain her to her heart for one little moment.

Ah, dear heaven, she would never know, and the memory of it would go with him to the end of his lonely life.

He looked down into the beautiful marble-white face, with the long golden lashes lying on the white cheeks, and he almost wished that he could die in that moment, clasping her thus in his arms, close to his throbbing heart.

His thoughts were rudely interrupted by the approach of India Haven and Rupert Downing, who came up breathlessly.

"How can I ever thank you for this day's work, Neville," cried the latter, hurrying forward with extended arms to take his burden from him. "You have saved my Bab's life. You may as well know the truth—we are lovers—and, therefore, her life is a thousand times dearer than my own. How can I thank you? How can I show you my great, unspeakable gratitude?"

He uttered the glaring falsehood, which he and India had concocted as they approached, smoothly and without a trace of hidden treachery in his tone or glance, and it was small wonder that Clarence Neville believed him, suspecting no deceit.

He relinquished his hold of Barbara, giving her up to Downing, with a strange sensation at his heart which he could hardly define.

"I did only my duty, Rupert," he answered, huskily. "I deserve no thanks in assisting any human being in distress."

"I am glad she swooned and knew nothing of her actual peril," said Rupert Downing.

(To be Continued.)

PIMPLES SPREAD FROM ARMS TO WHOLE BODY

Also on Face. Began to Ooze Water-like Matter. Torture of Itchiness. Pimples Festered and Enlarged. Cured in Two Weeks, Thanks to Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

Mt. Elgin, Ind. Institute, Muncey, Ontario.—"I suffered from skin trouble for two months before taking Cuticura Remedies. The trouble started from itchiness on the back of the hands. When irritated, this itchiness turned to pimples. These pimples soon began to spread up the arms, from the arms to my whole body. They also came up on the face. Having spread over my body they became irritated by my clothing. They began to ooze water-like matter. Then began an almost killing torture of itchiness. When I scratched I seemed to scalp the pimples and make them extremely sore. They festered and enlarged, then they opened and left sore spots. These spots became scabbed and sore beyond expression.

"I sent for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment which I received quicker than I expected. I was much relieved at the first application. I continued applying the Cuticura Remedies for two straight weeks, then I was completely cured, thanks to Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) John Jamieson, Mar. 6, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter D. & C. Corp., Dept. 55D, Boston, U.S.A., for free sample of each with 32-page book.

An Old Case

The Doc—Is your dyspepsia of long standing?

Patient—Yes, it's a chronic case, Doc. I've been married thirty years.

IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this:
That a man is half in heaven
If he has a woman's kiss.
There is danger in delaying,
For the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,
Anybody wear a crown,
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it
If the thing it worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert
With a forest smiling by?
Who would change his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh, I tell you there is magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss and take it.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

ANIMALS' MORAL CODE.

(Ottawa Citizen)

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton says that animals have a moral code "almost human." The latter is a saving clause, for they probably are not quite human in their disregard of it. Evolution has its prerogatives.

HEALTH AWAITS GOOD DIGESTION

When the Stomach is Wrong the Whole Body Suffers—How to Keep It Healthy.

Indigestion is one of the most distressing maladies afflicting mankind. The stomach is unable to perform the work nature calls upon it to do, and the result is extreme pain after eating, nausea, heartburn, sick headache, and often a loathing of food even though the sufferer is half starved. People with poor digestoin are prone to try all sorts of experiments to aid the process of digestion, and there is only one way in which the trouble can be actually cured, and that is through the blood. That is why the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cures even the most obstinate cases of indigestion. They make the rich, red blood that strengthens the stomach and its nerves, thus enabling it to do its work. The process is simple, but the result means a good appetite, and increased health and pleasure in life. Mr. R. Lussier, of Sorel, Que., offers ample proof of this. He says: "For several years I was a sufferer from indigestion, and the torture I suffered after meals was often almost unendurable. Often I would go without a meal rather than undergo the suffering that followed. Accompanying the trouble I had headaches, dizziness, and often a fealing of nausea. All the time I was taking one medicine after another in the hope of getting relief, but without avail. Finally I read of the case of a similar sufferer cured throughu the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I took the Pills steadily for about six weeks with result that I was fully cured, and could eat anything I cared for. I may add that I have not since had any return of the trouble."

If you are suffering from indigestion do not waste time experimenting, but begin to cure yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which go right to the root of the trouble through the blood. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GO ON AND WIN

But Honest Success is Only One That Pays.

A contributor to the May American Magazine says:

"When you get up in the morning take a look in the glass. How do you look to yourself?

"If you can look yourself right in the eye, and not be ashamed of anything you've done, you are far better off than many a man with lots more money than you.

"Of course, it is nice to be successful, to have money. No matter what the game is—whether it's marbles or business—it is nicer to win than to lose. Success brings happiness, but it must be real success. If you've cheated to win, you've destroyed the pleasure. There is no satisfaction in being ahead of the other fellow if down in your heart of hearts you know he is rightfully entitled to be ahead of you.

"Win if you can win fairly. The knowledge that there isn't a page in your past to which you dare not turn, that there isn't a man in the world can put his finger on any crooked thing you've done, the feeling that whatever happens you have played the game straight, is worth more than all the money and all the power and all the position in the world.

"If you are in business, no matter what the other fellow does, be content with smaller profits and a square deal. Clean money pays best. Crooked dividends bring wrinkles and worries with them.

"It is worth a lot to yourself to know you're square. Maybe the man who plays the game straight will go down and out financially, but if he does he will still be happy. Yet men who play fair don't often fall.

"A good test of a business is what you are going to think of yourself afterward."

Just One More Woman Rises

TO TELL HER SISTERS THEY CAN FIND RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. John Cabot, After Six Years' Suffering, Tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and Found New Life and Energy.

White Head Perce, Que., June 10.—(Special).—One more woman has risen to tell her suffering sisters they can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills. That woman is Mrs. John Cabot, well-known and highly respected here, and she expresses her enthusiasm in these words: "I certainly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills. There is nothing better."

Asked to give her experience, Mrs. Cabot continued: "My trouble started in a cold, and I suffered for six years. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stiffness of the joints, cramps in the muscles and heart flutterings were among my symptoms, and finally Bright's Disease developed. It was then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they helped me almost from the start. After taking four boxes I feel like a new woman."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidneys. Healthy kidneys strain all the impurities and poisons—all the seeds of disease—out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills not only cure the disease but by ensuring good blood give new life and energy to every part of the body.

DEPENDANCE.

(Washington Star)

"Women are terribly unreasonalbe" exclaimed the small man with straw-colored hair.

"Trouble with your wife?"

"Not exactly. She told me to buy myself hat and a pair of shoes, but she didn't say a word about whether it was to be a straw or a felt or whether she wants me to get low-cut or high shoes. Why will some women be so thoughtless and unreasonable!"