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READ THE LABEL

FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CON-
SUMER THE INGREDIENTS ARE
PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IT
IS THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-
PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN
CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN
ALUM AND WHICH HAS ALL THE
INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON
THE LABEL.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

ALUM IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS SUL-
PHATE OF ALUMINUM OR SODIC ALUMINIC
SULPHATE. THE PUBLIC SHOULD NOT BE
MISLED BY THESE TECHNICAL NAMES.

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

PLOTS THAT FAILED

CHAPTER IX.

"India—the gay beauty of—Paris!" repeated Mr. Rupert Downing, as though he quite doubted the evidence of his own senses, wondering whether or not his eyes were not playing him some strange trick.

The girl sprang to her feet, panting with terror, like some beautiful animal brought unexpectedly to bay.

"Yes, you are indeed," she said, "and I repeat: What are you doing here?"

"I may ask you the same question," replied the girl, with glittering eyes and a sneering laugh on her lips.

"I asked the question first," she said, "but I will answer, that it should cause no surprise at my being here. I am an American and a respected member of society, and my home is in this village; but you, who belong far across the seas, and whom I believed to be in a gilded gaming place, and who laughed in my face when you found me penniless—you who had reduced me to this strait, and who saw me thrown into the street, to starve, steal or beg, as best I could; you, the most notorious beauty of gay, wicked Paris, I ask again, what are you doing here, in this proud, stately American home, robbed as are these demure maidens, seemingly in the role of guests, who have dared bring you across this threshold? Leave this place at once, quietly and without attracting attention, or I shall take it upon myself to denounce you—against every one beneath that roof as to who and what you are."

All in a moment the fiend in the girl's bosom awoke. She laughed a little, low, wicked, sneering laugh.

"A fine example of American good society, are you, Monsieur Downing?" she said, in her shrill French tongue, "though as you say, I mock you, you were my handsome gay cavalier, a dancer in that past, and now you would shine forth before the world a saint, and I a sinner. But! You are a fool! Why should the woman be scorned and her lover go free? You forget that you dare not open your lips to speak, for you were as deep in the mud as I was in the mire."

"Besides, I defy you to breathe one word of the past to your host, for he is bound to protect me from the slightest breath of infamy. Listen! I am Mr. Karl Haven's niece. Ha, ha! I do not wonder that this intelligence surprises you. He sent for me from across the seas to come here and live with him, knowing full well all of my past, and be a companion to his daughter. You are at liberty to test the truth of my words as soon as you like!"

The young man seemed dumbfounded by this amazing intelligence, but when she spoke with a sneering laugh of why she was to share that home his indignation knew no bounds.

"You, the companion of sweet, innocent Barbara Haven? May God forbid and all the powers of the Last Inter-vene!" he exclaimed, "I cannot endure the thought of the girl's father is mad!"

"To place the spotless growing girl and the deadly foxglove side by side, for the one to drink up and wantonly destroy the sweetness and purity of the other, is a crime too horrible for words. It must not be. My God! it shall not be!"

India leaned forward and tapped him on the arm. "I see now which way the wind blows," she murmured. "You are in love with Barbara Haven. Is it not so?"

"Why should I deny it?" he replied, harshly. "Yes, I am in love, and at first sight to-night, with Karl Haven's daughter, and I mean to make her my wife if it be within human power."

In that admission the wily French girl saw her opportunity and a chance to make him a slave to her wishes instead of a dictator, whose stern decree she must obey.

"I ought to let you find out for yourself, and not be kind enough to advise you that you are not the only one who has fallen in love with the little, dumpled, pink-and-white-faced Bab to-night, and has made the same resolve about marrying her. Ah! I wonder which will win?"

He gave a violent start, and looked at her sharply, saying bitterly, after a moment's pause:

"Are you speaking truthfully or falsely?"

India shrugged her white shoulders, remarking: "Monsieur is more brutally frank than polite, but I will answer. I speak the truth, and I also add, you have it in your power to make a friend of me and help you with your love affair or an enemy and turn my little cousin's heart against you. Now, which would you like best, monsieur—which would you like me to be?"

His dark, handsome face paled; he saw at once that she had spoken truly. If she were the cousin of Barbara Haven and was to be beneath the same roof with Karl Haven's young daughter, she would have little trouble, soon gain such an ascendancy over the girl that she would have little difficulty in

**HANDS SO SORE
COULD NOT SLEEP**

Chapped and Cracked. Could Not Put Them in Water. Skin Red and All Swollen. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Two Days.

Emerald, P. E. I.—"I got my hands chapped and they cracked. If I would close the cracks would bleed. I could not put them in water or do hardly any work. The skin was red and my hands were swollen. They were so sore I could not sleep. I tried everything I could get in the drug store, and all kinds of ointment, and they did me no good till I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They cured my trouble in two days. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are the best that can be made." (Signed) C. W. Murphy, Dec. 23, 1911.

ERUPTIONS COVERED FACE

415 Huntley St., Montreal, Quebec.—"My one year old son was troubled with eczema in the face. It started with redness and irritation, then it was like a pimple. Afterwards it was an open sore with matter oozing out, causing itching and keeping him from sleeping at night. His face was covered with eruptions. After unsuccessful attempts with different remedies, I tried Cuticura Ointment, which I used one week and he was completely cured of eczema." (Signed) Mrs. J. N. Racicot, Nov. 15, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post card to Poter Drug & Chem. Co., 207 N. 2nd St., St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.

Young man I liked so much."

She did not know that she was experiencing the truth of the lines:

"Oh, there are looks, and tones that start
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the coil that moment caught
Some treasure it through life had sought."

When that waltz, which he said to himself he should never forget, came to an end, he led Bab back to her friends, but he could not relinquish her without one little word, let her think what she would.

Turning to her impulsively, he whispered: "You have given me the greatest pleasure I have ever experienced in my life, Miss Barb—Miss Haven. I thank you sincerely," he added, with a strange, wistful look in his voice. Then he turned abruptly away from her.

He did not care to dance the lancers, which was just forming, though many a bright-eyed girl smiled him an arch challenge to engage her for it as he passed them quickly by. But he heeded them not; his heart and brain seemed to be in some blissful dream from which he did not care to awaken them.

He passed out through the open French window into the moonlit grounds to their very end, where he would not see the lights and where the dance music sounded like a dreamy echo.

"What has come to me?" he cried. "I have been here only a brief hour, and the whole world has changed for me. I have looked for the short space of a waltz on a young girl's marvellously fair face, and I have nearly lost all self-control. I am dazed and bewildered. What has happened to me?"

The cool wind blew on his uncovered head, but it seemed to him that nothing could ever again cool the fire in his veins.

How calm everything looked in the white, bright moonlight, that lay like a veil over the fair earth, making the night almost as clear as day. The air tossed up from a fountain hard by was like beads of silver, and the tall trees threw graceful shadows on the grass. The grounds around Haven House were full of fragrant odors from the flowers, which was wafted to him by every passing breeze.

Standing there, Clarence Neville forgot all time; all that he could think of was Barbara Haven—sweet, merry, childish Bab, as her father called her.

He might have tarried under the trees hours longer had not one of his friends, who saw him leave the ball room, and noted his long absence with much alarm, come in search of him.

"What! mooning all alone under the trees, Neville?" he asked, with a laugh, as he touched this friend lightly on the arm.

Neville faced about suddenly with a violent start, his face flushing hotly, finding himself confronted by Richard Hamilton, an old college chum.

"Ah! is it you, Dick?" he exclaimed, in a tone of much relief. "I thought for an instant that it was our mutual friend, Downing. And there are times when Downing isn't the most companionable fellow in the world, he traces one so, if he finds you alone in a well, in a reflective mood, don't you know?"

Richard Hamilton laughed long and merrily.

"That is, if he sees you paying any attention to any particular girl," he declared, adding, with a laugh, which was louder and longer than before: "But after to-night he can never gush us fellows again. Why, you have missed a treat by staying out here so long; every one is amazed to see how desperately he is smitten with the charms of our little hostess—the pretty, bewitching Miss Bab."

"Upon my honor, he has danced no less than four consecutive times with her ladyship. That does not satisfy him, however, for he has monopolized her society completely, even between the dances, to the utter discouragement of a score or more of the would-be partners. By Jove, Neville, knowing him as intimately as you do, you ought to give him a hint that he is making himself ridiculous and getting himself disliked among the boys."

"But come into the ballroom. I was sent out here to tell you by the bewitching Miss India Haven that there was a sad dearth of waltzing men in the room, and your presence on the floor would be greatly appreciated."

**ROSY CHEEKS
STRONG NERVES**

Should be the Birthright of Every Woman and Growing Girl.

Many women and growing girls who should have bright eyes, rosy cheeks, strong nerves and elastic step, and a good appetite, are seen to decline in health. Their spirits grow sluggish, the cheeks become pale, temper fitful, and the nerves over-sensitive. They may have inherited a tendency to ill-health, or they may have overworked, over-studied, or worried until the strength of the body was not equal to the demands made upon it.

To guard against a complete breakdown in health the blood must be kept pure and rich. No other medicine can do this so well as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they act both on the blood and nerves, restore the appetite, and keep every organ toned up. All women cannot rest whenever they should, but this strengthening medicine is within every woman's reach, and will keep them in the enjoyment of good health. And it is especially important that in every stage of woman's life the blood supply be kept pure and rich. The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is well illustrated by the case of Mrs. David Chambers, Bensford, Ont., who says: "Some years ago I suffered greatly from impoverished blood. I was very pale and thin, and had no strength. I took a lot of doctor's medicine without getting any benefit, and at last decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I had heard highly recommended. It was not long before I began to feel better, and after taking the pills for perhaps a couple of months by health was fully restored, and although some years have passed I have continued strong and healthy, and I think I owe it entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"Some time later my daughter, then about twelve years of age, had been working very hard at school, and her health gave way. She was weak and listless and her hands and face were badly swollen, and we feared dropsy was setting in. However, we started to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she was soon quite well again. I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any suffering as we did, knowing the benefit our family received from them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Kidney Trouble
Is Hereditary?**

BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ALWAYS CURE IT.

Dresden Man, Who Inherited Trouble, Finds Speedy Relief and Permanent Cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dresden, Ont., May 26.—(Special.)—Whether Kidney disease is hereditary or not is a matter of opinion. Mr. Samuel Burkett, a well-known resident of this place, is convinced that he inherited his from his parents. He knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it.

"I inherited my Kidney Disease from my parents," Mr. Burkett states. "I was treated by a doctor, and tried various medicines, but it was not till about eighteen months ago, when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills that I got any permanent relief."

"Since then I have not felt any effect of my old trouble, and I feel that anybody troubled with kidney disease will be benefited by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills if they follow directions closely."

"I hope that others may be helped by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am well-known here, and anybody who wishes to know particulars of my cure can have them by writing me and enclosing stamps for reply."

Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease.

WHERE OCEAN BOILS.

On Steamers' Course From Madeira to Brazil.

Mariners say that in the midst of the Atlantic, about where the twenty-first meridian west from Canada crosses the equator, there lies a region of mystery. It is on the line that ships take from Madras to Brazil. Only within the past half century has it been sounded, and its strange phenomena revealed.

The first, the late John P. Jones, saw the sea about half a mile from the vessel suddenly stirred. For about two minutes it boiled up violently as from a volcanic eruption. Throughout the day there were observed great patches of discolored water, which had exactly the appearance of extensive shoals.

These and similar phenomena are frequently observed in this part of the ocean. Often a ship reports that she has experienced a violent shock, and that of a heavy chain hammer, through the heavy pipes, and the vessel quivers like a leaf in the wind. At another time, in smooth water, a vessel has been known to heel over suddenly, as if she had run on a sand bank.

Before this part of the ocean was as thoroughly sounded and surveyed as it is now these phenomena were attributed to the presence of a market and hams and rock shoals, and the old charts were marked accordingly. But it must have astonished the mariner somewhat to find that he got no soundings with his deep sea lead immediately after encountering one of these shocks.

It is now generally believed that submarine earthquakes are the true cause of these convulsions.—Youth's Companion.

AN ISSUE OF IMPORTANCE

An issue of importance is the offering of the preference stock of the Canadian Drednet Motor Trucks, Limited.

More than a year ago the present directors of this company realized the importance of the Canadian market for motor trucks. Their interest had been aroused by the large and growing demand for these commercial vehicles in Canada.

Trucks in use in Canada at that time had to be imported from the United States, and the company therefore began the manufacture of the well known Drednet motor trucks.

Since that time the business of this company has grown to such proportions that they have been compelled to make a further issue of their preference stock for the purpose of erecting a much larger factory than they at present occupy.

On February 17th last, one of the Canadian Drednet trucks was put to a very severe test by being driven from Montreal to Sherbrooke, P. Q., through deep snowdrifts.

The Montreal Star said: "For the first time in the history of automobiles it has been demonstrated that a motor truck can take a long journey over snow-laden country roads." They state that on the first day of the trip the Drednet motor truck, loaded with a ton of iron, plowed through the snow at a good rate of speed, making seventy-six miles before stopping for the night.

Judging from the increased demand that is taking place all over the country from contractors, wholesale houses, retail merchants, and railway and express companies for motor trucks, the Canadian Drednet Motor Trucks, Limited, has very bright prospects of becoming one of our large and important industries.

Our Precise Artist

I WISH IT WAS POLITE TO TAKE MY COAT OFF IN PUBLIC.

A HOT DOG

A WORK FOR WOMEN.
(Rochester Herald)

The attempts which are being made to restore the morals of the nation will fail unless the co-operation of the women can be enlisted. It is in fact a woman's problem, and without their earnest aid, there will be no solution. And the place to begin is in the home. If the individual woman will but keep her own girls and boys pure, there will be no problem to solve. Public exhibitions of indecency on the part of young people is not a rebuke upon themselves so much as upon their parents.

THE SENSE OF PLANTS.

The sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see the light, but not to distinguish objects. This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster and coral, etc., which possess no localized visual organ, but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunlight. Similarly, it is easy to trace the influence of light on plants. Cultivate a plant in a room with a window only on one side, and its stalks in growing will incline toward the source of light. Psychologists explain this by suggesting that the side to the dark grows more quickly than exposed to the light. There remains, however, the fact that the plant has reacted to the light of whose effect it was conscious.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch, says Harper's Weekly. Of this the most illustrative example is the sensitive plant. The sensitive plant, another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the cactley, whose two halves close down upon the other by means of a central hinge.