

Dec. 13.—The Senate
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It should

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. GILLETTE COMPANY LIMITED.
WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

PLOTS THAT FAILED

"Now," she added, in a slow, husky voice, "hear what disposition I intend to make of it. I have sent for you to tell you what I intend to do with it. Before the sun sets I shall make over every dollar of it to you—your, whom I love as woman never loved man before; and then I will go out in the world as I was before—a beggar on the face of the earth, but for my uncle's charity. The knowledge that I have righted the terrible wrong which your father did you—say, and would have done you in marrying the other woman—will make my heart light and free. All I ask is that you, whom I love so madly, will not despise me, now that you know all—the object which led me to marry your father, an aged man, and whom I could not love."

"Don't think less of me for loving you, Clarence Neville," she added, with reckless desperation. "God knows I fought hard enough against it. I did my best to conquer the passion, but it was of no use; I might as well have commanded the sun not to shine, the light of day not to dawn. I was not responsible for the terrible passion that sprang into my heart. I have said all there is to say, and now my life is silent."

Clarence Neville was so shocked, so stunned, by what he had heard, that for a moment he was speechless. The revelation which she had made of caring for him stunned and bewildered him. He stood before him the picture of such a subject was that his heart was touched in spite of himself.

"I cannot accept such a sacrifice from your hands, India. I cannot accept so generously give back to me. Let me divide it equally with you, share share alike."

She looked at him with those strange, dark, glittering eyes, and said, slowly: "That could be possible in only one way. Can you not guess what that way is?"

"No," he answered, wondering. "I would retain half of it only on one condition," she whispered, taking a step nearer him, her lips parting in her eagerness, her dark, beautiful face flushing and paling, showing the intensity of her emotion.

"Name it," he exclaimed. "It is that you marry me," she whispered. He recoiled from her as though she had struck him a sudden blow.

"Does it seem so terrible to you?" she asked, bitterly, her face darkening. "Marry you?" he repeated. "Yes," she cried, her breath coming and going, her bosom heaving passionately. "We could go to some strange clime where no one would ever know your past; hear of you. I know what your past has been; you lavished all the grand, noble love of your heart on one who did not care for you."

"I love you as madly—and as hopelessly as you loved her—ay, I would die to serve you, give you every drop of blood in my body, suffer the tortures of the rack uncomplainingly, if I might but be with you. I love you as woman never loved man before. Do not let the idea seem horrible to you; take in consideration my wonderful love, and let that plead for me. I knew of no other way to save your fortune for you, and if I have erred in my judgment, pity instead of condemning me. A mighty love will prompt a woman to do many things."

"Without you this world is dark as hades to me; being near you is sweeter and dearer than God's beautiful sunshine. All the eloquent words my tongue could utter, the greatest, most profound love that ever filled a human heart, can only find voice in these words: You are all in all to me. I worship you as the idolaters worshipped their idols of old."

"India!" he cried in intense emotion. "Let me leave you while I have the strength to go," she faltered. "Give me your decision a week from to-day, realizing that whatever it may be, I will abide by it."

Before he could answer she was gone, leaving him standing there in the grand old home, which he was master of once more, through her wonderful love for him and her generosity.

CHAPTER LVI.

During the remainder of that day, Clarence Neville seemed to be in the midst of a deep, troublesome dream, which held his senses in thrall, despite his efforts to throw off the lethargic feeling. Only the package of papers in his breast pocket seemed real.

The judge's family saw little of the young secretary that day. He did not join the family even at the table, pleading indisposition.

Up in his own room he was fighting the battle of his life with relentless fate. Should he accept the fortune which was rightfully his, at the price he must pay for it, or reject it?

He was ill-fitted to battle with the world, and the constancy with which he had employed himself with his work while under that roof was already beginning to tell upon him.

Over and over again he reviewed, in his own mind every detail of that incident with India. Her marriage to his aged father had seemed horribly repugnant to him, but to know that the impulse which had led to it was the desire to save his fortune, because she loved him, was so amazing it was little wonder that it made him speechless, almost incapable of thinking clearly.

In those other days at East Haven, he had known India fancied him; indeed, she had taken pains to show it on every other occasion, even though she knew his heart was wrapped up in Bab. But to learn that she loved him so madly, so wildly, so passionately as to make such a terrible sacrifice of her life and her future for his sake, almost dazed him.

Her magnanimous act in turning over every penny of his fortune to him proved that idolatrous love for him conclusively; ay, past all doubting. He felt sorry for her from the bottom of his heart for wasting such wonderful love upon one who had no love to give her in return.

He knew just how to pity her, and we all know how dangerous that feeling is when it finds lodgment in the human breast. That was the most dangerous feeling that could have crept into his breast, for pity has led many a man before now into perilous paths, which in the end have proved his undoing.

The thought crept into his brain, little by little, that it would be a noble deed to make as great a sacrifice for her, even though he did not love her, as she had made for him.

If he married her she would be happy. It would not matter much about himself; he would never know joy again, for his heart had been broken by a faithless love.

It would be making a martyr of himself, but her generous deed had set him an example.

Could he let a woman, especially one who loved him so madly as India had certainly proven that she did, outdo him in a grand and noble action?

While it might bring happiness to her, would be a living death to him.

Thus conflicting emotions, tortured him, and in the midst of it, India fell ill, and again advertised for him, not knowing his address, and once more he responded to her call.

The doctor's face, bending over her, was now to him; he thought he knew most of the prominent physicians, at least by sight but he could not remember having seen this man before.

"What seems to be the matter with your patient, doctor?" he inquired, anxiously, as that gentleman stepped out into the corridor to meet him.

"The lady has heart trouble in its worst form; in fact, she is beyond medical aid, and I have so informed her. Her days are numbered, it is now a case of hours. She might last a day or so, she might not live to see the sun set. She seems to be laboring under some severe stress of excitement which has brought this about, and which I am powerless to remove or alleviate."

"An hour ago four of the city's leading doctors consulted with me at her bedside over her case and its treatment. All coincided with me unanimously in my opinion. No medicine can arrest the ravages of her ailment."

"She has called repeatedly for you, sir. I shall permit you to enter if you promise not to excite her by opposing anything she may say. If she were to tell you black was white, agree with her."

With noiseless tread Clarence Neville crossed the room, and advanced toward the bedside.

He had expected to see the beautiful face of the French girl pale and haggard from acute suffering; he was therefore taken back to find her looking more beautiful than he ever remembered seeing her look before. The round cheeks on which the long dark, curling, silken lashes lay were simply perfect in their contour, as was the fluid, upon them tinted the dainty, delicate heart of the pinkest seashell, and the red, parted lips, half revealing, half concealing the pearly teeth, showed no signs of the malady with which she was afflicted.

While he was marvelling over these facts, the long, fringed lashes slowly opened, and India was looking up into his face with those great, dark, wondering eyes of hers.

"It was so good of you to come," she murmured. "I—I feared that you might not; and oh, it seemed as though I could not die unless my eyes rested on your face—your, whom I have loved with such a mad, hopeless love—as they closed upon the light of this world forever."

"India," he cried, taking the hand she stretched out to him. "I cannot believe you are in such mortal danger. I never saw you looking better."

If he had not looked away reflectively at that instant, he would have seen her cheeks flush deeply under the heavy coating of pearl powder, which the dim light from the heavily draped windows aided her in concealing most effectively.

"You are kind to say so, Clarence. You hope to cheer me up by speaking so," she murmured. "That is the nature of the malady which has attacked me; there seems no change, no decay, until a little while before the end; but let us not speak of that—I want to forget it."

"All that I want to remember is that I have done good—good—restoring you to your right mind, and if I were to ask one prayer of you if you would grant it," she breathed, still looking up into his face with those wonderfully fascinating eyes of hers, which no man had ever yet resisted.

"Ask of me what you will," he returned. "And if it is in my power to grant it, consider it done. What is it, India? Have no fear in confiding in me."

For a moment she was silent, then, by an apparently great effort, she whispered, softly:

"Now that I know I cannot last the week out, I—I would be happier if you were to make me your wife for ever so short a time."

"CHAPTER LVII.

"I—I know," she gave you a week to decide," India went on, in the same low, faltering, whispering voice, which he had to bend his head low and strain his ear to catch; "but much may happen within that time. Only three days have gone by, and from life and apparent health, I am stricken, and am hovering on the brink of the tomb, and I ask for your decision now, and, oh, my love, let me plead with you to grant my first prayer to you—which will be my last!"

"You wish me to make my wife so very much?" he hoarsely asked. "Yes, yes," she breathed, "so very much; it is my one thought by day and by night. I have waited Heaven with my prayers that it might be so, even though I must go and leave you so soon, alone, so lonely. Yet it is that knowledge which makes me so strong enough to forget that it is the man's prerogative to woo and win a woman's love."

SUFFERED 2 MONTHS WITH HEMORRHOIDS

Began with Itching Sensation. Kept Awake at Night. Caused Great Pain. Thought Operation Only Cure. Catarrh Soap and Ointment Entirely Cured in 6 Weeks.

55 Strange St., Toronto, Ontario.—"I suffered for two months with the piles. They first began with a sudden itching sensation which used to keep me awake at night. I tried different kinds of ointment to stop the itching which did not prove valuable in the least and to my surprise after a few weeks they began to bleed. I did not know what to do as they caused me great pain. I began to think that an operation was the only cure for them. I heard of Catarrh Soap and Ointment and decided to try them. I sent for a sample and after using them a few times I found out to my great relief they gave me less pain and later on the bleeding began to cease. I got some more and continued with the Catarrh Soap and Ointment. I began to get better sleep at night and after six weeks' careful treatment I find that I am entirely cured." (Signed) A. Bennett, Mar. 25, 1912.

If you wish a skin clear of pimples, blackheads and other annoying eruptions, hands soft and white, hair lustrous and glossy, and scalp free from dandruff and itching, begin to-day the regular use of Catarrh Soap for the toilet, bath and shampoo, assisted by an occasional light application of Catarrh Ointment. Sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 41D, Boston, U.S.A.

The entrance of the doctor prevented all further conversation, and at his suggestion that too long a stay might weary his patient, Clarence Neville took his leave, the doctor following him to the street door to talk over the case with him.

The door had scarcely closed after him in the lower corridor ere India leaped from her couch and hurried to the window to peer after him through the lace draperies.

"Strategy has not failed me," she muttered, triumphantly. "I am still mistress of it, and always will be. He, he, he! I fancy my handsome lover would change his mind if he were to see me at this moment."

Slipping into a magnificent tea gown which she took from an adjacent wardrobe, she hurried down to the drawing-room, where the doctor, who was pacing impatiently up and down the length of the room, awaited her.

"Well, madam?" he asked, eagerly, questioningly.

"The fifty dollars I promised you, if you played your part well, is yours," she said, drawing a little gold purse from her pocket, and extrating a bill from it, which she handed to the "doctor."

He took it eagerly enough, exclaiming: "A thousand thanks, madam. Any time I or my wife can serve you we shall be only too happy to do so. I see by the young gentleman's presence here to-day that the divorce case in which my wife Clorinda figured at your bidding was successful."

"You are not to think or retain my affairs one instant in your mind after they are adjusted to my satisfaction. I paid your actress wife well for personating Barbara Haven, and securing a divorce from Mr. Neville for her, which left him free, as I also paid you for today's work. Let me never hear of them again."

"Certainly not, madam; and I beg a thousand pardons, I assure you," exclaimed the doctor, who had taken the part of a doctor in real life so adroitly. India bowed him out of her presence, and out of the house with little ceremony and scant courtesy; she was so anxious to be left alone to think even though she knew that she was in the power of these two people, and that it behooved her to be diplomatic enough to

"I Hear Now Deafness All Gone"

Am Tickled to Death at the Miracle Catarrhzone Performed for Me.

At 75 Can Hear Like a Young Child.



"After suffering so long from a bad case of catarrh deafness, it is no wonder that I am tickled to death at the miracle Catarrhzone performed for me," writes T. V. Weightman, from Bridgeport, Conn. "I had dreadful head noises, a continual buzzing in my ears. My trouble was due to catarrh of the head and ears, and it also affected my throat, which was irritable and sore. Catarrhzone seemed to reach to the very bottom of the trouble. It cleared up my throat weakness, rid me of catarrh and as a result my hearing returned. Now at my age of seventy-five I can hear like a child, and I am thankful to Catarrhzone for having recommended Catarrhzone to me."

In cases of deafness, asthma and bronchial irritation, nothing can equal Catarrhzone—every physician and druggist say so, and we advise our readers to try this treatment. Large size containing a beautifully polished hard rubber inhaler and sufficient medication for two months' use, price \$1.00; smaller trial sizes, 50c. and 25c. Sold by all druggists and storekeepers or post paid from the Catarrhzone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

track them well. She could never afford to make enemies of them.

The actor turned away from her smilingly, but deep down in his own heart he was saying to himself:

"You are unwise to put on those high and mighty airs with me, beautiful schemer, for you are at the mercy of Clorinda and me, and ere long we shall make you feel our power. You may be done with us, but we are by no means done with you."

"A grand fortune was left you, and we intend to come in for our share of it. You must put up generously, or it will be the worse for you. We intend to go to Europe, and live handsomely over there ever afterward upon your money. Fifty dollars for what I have done to-day. Bah! You must make it as many thousands if you would buy us off, and keep your secret safe. A woman worth millions can easily afford to give up that small sum. The handsome young man around whom she has woven her net and captured at last is well worth it."

He was thinking so deeply that he nearly ran into the object of his thoughts—Mr. Clarence Neville—who was just about to cross the street but a few steps in advance of him.

"I might as well know his address in case we wish to make use of it," thought the actor, quickening his steps until he had nearly gained his side. At that instant a little incident happened which held the spurious "doctor" spell-bound.

(To be Continued.)

TRICKS OF LIGHT.

Why People Sometimes Feel Dull or Uncomfortable at Table.

How few people realize that they are actually suffering from snow blindness in miniature every time they read or work over a white surface on which a brilliant light shines directly. Half tone paper, for instance, which is the common medium for the majority of books we read, will throw a blinding glare into the eye of the reader if the light strikes it at the wrong angle, and it forms an excellent test for the selection of proper lighting for a room and for the placing of the lighting fixtures, for lighting diffusion should be such as to allow comfortable reading from half tone paper in any position.

A dome hanging above a dining table on which is white cloth causes the light to reflect into the eyes of those around the table at an angle that produces muscular strain. This has a peculiar effect upon the senses, and drowsiness and mental inertia are apt to result. People are apt to complain of a feeling of dullness at table or that they have indignation when it is, in reality, the effect of the light.

A too brilliant light shining directly into the eyes plays many curious psychological tricks. Deaf people, for instance, cannot hear so well if they are facing a brilliantly lighted room, and, as for being able to see better by a bright light than by a dim one, exactly the reverse is the case, for detail of objects become practically lost to the eye when too much light enters it.—Suburban Life Magazine.

"All on Account of the Baby."

An ache in the back and an ache in the arms.

All on account of the baby.

A fear and a fright and a thousand alarms.

All on account of the baby.

And bottles and rattles and whistles and rings.

From cellar to attic a cluster of things.

From morning to night and to morning again.

More fuss and more fume than an army of men.

And a head that is stupid for lack of its sleep.

And a heart where a flood of anxieties leap—

All on account of the baby.

A joy in the heart and a light in the eyes.

All on account of the baby.

A growing content and a growing surprise.

All on account of the baby.

And patience that conquers a myriad trials.

And a sunshiny song that another begets.

And pureness of soul as a baby is pure.

And sureness of faith as the children are sure.

And a glory of love between husband and wife.

And a sadder and happier outlook on life.

All on account of the baby.

Buttons.

—Where are they not?

—What size are they not?

—And of what material are they not?

—Bone buttons come in attractive designs.

—Silk covered ones share honors with crocheted.

—Long rows of buttons are less used than broken ones.

—Tiny and medium sizes figure in clusters of from three to seven.

—The larger ones, usually inflated shapes, are likely to figure in pairs.

Tulle and Lace.

They're combined.

Tulle is very lovely.

Tulle and lace are better.

Paris does on the combination.

Chapeau a plenty are made of them.

Dresses in those colors are modish.

Tulle and lace parasols are altogether de luxe.

Neckwear in these airy fairy fabrics is, of course, a classic.

Legless Wonders.

That's femininity.

Paris has so declared.

One designer says "waists down."

Some waists are draped on the hips.

A few flounces are added below.

Then, below the flounces, is the slimy skirt.

This makes a woman look as if she were next to legless.

Did you have any trouble with your French when you wore in Paris? He-I didn't, but the Parisians did.—Boston Transcript.

One way to avoid a fight is to stop and count ten. By that time the other fellow will probably have you licked.

Wagon Road To Real Wealth

Seemed to Have Lost All Ambition, Was Pale and Anemic.



Made Wonderful Recovery When Dr. Hamilton's Pills Were Used.

"I was never actually sick," writes Mrs. Norman La Pierre, wife of a well-known resident of Lachine, "yet I never could get along like other women. I ate well enough, but somehow rich and red blood I could never make. When I married I took a great pride in my housekeeping, but it kept me tired all the time. Mrs. Lechance, my neighbor, looked well—she told me her health had been made up by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I only thought of pills as a physic, but now I know that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are more for they quickened my stomach, liver and bowels—made me stouter and stronger, gave me such color in my cheeks as I never had before. I sincerely believe Dr. Hamilton's Pills should be used by every woman—that's why I write this letter."

No medicine invigorates and renews health and spirits like Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid from the Catarrhzone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

A PHENOMENON.

Looked Like Waterspout—Was Cloud of Flies.

Crossing Victoria, Nyanza, Messrs. F. H. Mell and E. H. Chalmers, the authors of "Through the Heart of Africa," saw a phenomenon which, although common on the lakes of central Africa, seems rare enough.

The chief engineer on coming down late to luncheon told us that he had seen a waterspout near by. As we had finished our meal we hurried up on deck to get a glimpse of it. We saw near the southern horizon a gray smoke-like column arising from the surface of the lake and expanding into what looked like a cloud above. Thinking that it must be the engineer's waterspout, we approached Captain Gray and Mr. Akley, who were also intently observing it, and asked them if we were right in our conjecture.

"Waterspout!" said the skipper, with a smile. "Flies."

"Flies?" we repeated and turned to Mr. Akley in the hope of getting from him a more intelligible explanation.

"Quite true," he said. "Flies. You've seen the lake fly before?"

"No," we retorted, "we haven't, and we didn't know that it flew."

Assuring us that neither he nor the skipper had any intention of deceiving us, Mr. Akley explained that he referred to the insect known as the "lake fly" and not to any spasmodic frivolity on the part of the waters of Victoria Nyanza. The apparent waterspout was nothing more or less than a huge cloud composed of myriads of tiny flies. They sometimes rise from the surface of the lake in such dense columns as to obscure the light of the sun like a pillar of smoke.

GOOD BLOOD THE SECRET OF HEALTH

To be Healthy You Must Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are useful in any disease caused by thin or impure blood, and the list of such diseases is astonishingly large. Anemia literally means a condition in which the blood is thin and watery. Chlorosis is a form of anemia most common to growing girls. In rheumatism the blood becomes thin more rapidly than in any other disease. After an attack of the grippe or acute fevers the blood is always thin and impure, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the tonic to use during convalescence. When the blood is poor and thin the stomach suffers. The food ferments, gas and certain acids form and the trouble is pronounced indigestion or dyspepsia. The nerves receive from the blood all of their nourishment to keep up their energy and repair waste or damage. Some forms of paralysis are caused by thin blood. The progress of locomotor ataxia is stopped in many cases when the blood is made pure, rich and red. This is only a partial list of the troubles having their origin in impure, water blood, and all can be cured by supplying