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WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

# PLOTS THAT FAILED

There is, unfortunately, a class of romantic maidens who cannot be thrown into constant contact with a handsome, agreeable young man without falling deeply in love with him; thus it was with the old judge's daughter.

Clarence Neville scarcely noticed her presence, he was so absorbed in his work; but such constant toil took upon him more than he imagined.

Even the old judge noticed how she and haggard the young man's face looked, as he sat opposite him at the dinner table one evening.

When he returned home the next evening he said to his young secretary: "I have seats for the opera to-night. Will you not accompany my daughter and me, Mr. Neville?"

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness, but I would rather not," said Clarence, hesitatingly.

"Fi-fi, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Judge Harvey, shaking his head; "all work and no play will make Jack a dull boy. You will get to be altogether too much of a bookworm, browsing through my old library so much."

"There is nothing which makes a man feel so much like his grandfather as wading through ancient history. Come with us to the opera, and amid the lights and music, and among the great throng of handsomely dressed women, you will feel new life throbbing through your veins. I insist upon your accompanying us, so there's an end to it."

As the old gentleman would not take no for an answer, there was nothing for him but to comply. It was with rather a heavy heart, however, that he took the evening train with the old judge and his gay, bright, chattering daughter.

It was late when they reached the city. The opera house was crowded as they took their seats. There were very few girls among that throng of wealth and beauty who were prettier than Lillian Harvey, the judge's daughter; but Clarence Neville was blind to her beauty—it never occurred to him to notice her dress or how fair she was.

The divine Patti was to have been the star of the evening, but, through indisposition, she had decided at the very last moment before starting for the opera house that she was unable to sing. Consequently another opera and another star had to be substituted.

The brilliant audience assembled took their disappointment good-naturedly. Even the few who would not have ventured out to have heard any one but Patti remained in their boxes, and Patti, "a brilliant throng," remarked the judge, handing his opera glass to his young secretary.

Clarence, through politeness' sake, could not choose but take the glasses in his hand, raise them to his eyes, and glance through them at the assembled throng.

Suddenly his face blanched to the hue of death, his hand shook as though they were palsied, his breath came in short gasps. The face on which his eyes rested held him spellbound. It was the face of Barbara Haven, his bride of an hour—his lost love.

It was only a moment of time that he gazed at her, his whole heart in his eyes, but it seemed to him that long centuries were crowded into that one intense moment.

It was a wonder that the sight of the beautiful face, crowned in its fluffy mass of golden hair, the deep blue velvety eyes, the crimson, parted lips, and the dimpled cheeks and chin, did not drive him mad, and especially when he saw the dark, handsome face of Rupert Downing bending over her.

They were alone in the box. Barbara's father sat on the other side of her, while nearest the stage and in better view of the audience was India Haven, dark, glorious and sparkling, as only a French girl could be.

He knew whose the other figure was, almost hidden by the shadow of the shadow of the silken curtains; he was not mistaken in his surmise, for as he bent forward to speak with India he beheld the face of his father—the father whom he had loved all his life through, and who in his old age had turned from his son for the sake of a young and handsome, dangerous fascinating woman.

He lowered his glasses quickly, otherwise they would have fallen from his nervous fingers. He heard the clash of the music as the curtain rolled up, the tumultuous din of applause as the favorite of the evening stepped before her footlights.

The stage and the grand assemblage seemed to whirl around him, and the sound of the music seemed horribly near and discordant. Everything seemed to darken before his eyes as the lovely girlish face in the box opposite.

Twice Lillian Harvey spoke to him but he did not even hear; his ears seemed dull to all human sounds.

"I wonder whom he can be observing so closely so closely?" thought Lillian, with a keen, swift pang of jealousy at her heart. It never occurred to her that it was her friend Bab, whose attention she had vainly attempted to attract.

Clarence Neville opened his eyes wide with speechless amazement.

"Young Mr. Downing is very modest over his heroism," pursued the judge; "when the reporters gathered around him, the only comment he would make was: 'I did nothing more than my duty in saving their lives. I deserve—I want no praise.'"

The blood in Clarence Neville's brain boiled. Could it be that Rupert Downing had the temerity to take this false praise upon himself?

For the moment the impulse was strong upon him to face the rascal and choke the life back down his throat. How dared he utter such a falsehood, when he, with his own eyes, had seen him flee—flee like the desperate coward he was—when danger menaced him.

He knew it was to make himself a hero in the eyes of Bab and her father that it was done. The poor fellow smote his breast with rage, crying out that he was unworthy of Bab's love, leaving her to die as he had done.

Ah, heaven! how pitiful it was, that so tender a girl should love such an unworthy object. How strange it was that she could not love him, when for the second time he had risked his life to save her from death. He thanked God that he had been near to rescue her and hers; but, oh, how cruel that heaven would not give him her love as a reward for it—that would have been all that he would have asked of fate.

As he reasoned the matter out he came to the conclusion to let matters rest as they were. It would be better for Bab to believe Rupert Downing a hero, if she intended to marry him, than the arrant coward which he knew him to be.

The next day's papers announced with flaming headlines that the young hero of the terrible fire was to be rewarded for saving the life of his beautiful bride-to-be by having the wedding solemnized a month from the day of the fire.

Clarence Neville laid down the paper with a heavy groan, hiding his white face with his trembling hands.

"I cannot endure it and live," he groaned; "the day that sees Barbara his bride will find me dead."

## SCATTERED ON FACE

**IN Bad Condition, Pimples Large, Face Sore and Itchy. Looked Badly. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Two Weeks.**

Muncy, Ontario.—"Some time ago my face was in a very bad condition with some kind of pimples. The pimples were thick and white, matter was in them. They were quite large and my face was sore and itchy and looked badly. I had to scratch to be comfortable and sometimes lost my sleep. The sores lasted about two months and I tried some ointments but didn't improve. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I was completely cured." (Signed) Alex. R. Oka, April 2, 1912.

**SCALY ECZEMA ON FACE**

Clarkson, Ontario.—"My little girl, aged two years, started with a skin disease on her face, so I called in the doctor and he said it was eczema. The skin was quite red and itchy. I washed the parts well with the Cuticura Soap and then I put the Cuticura Ointment on. You ought to see her now—as fair as a lily! I suffered a great deal with pimples. I had them very bad, and they itched and burned so I could hardly bear it. When I got the Cuticura Ointment I tried it. Now it has entirely cured me." (Signed) Mrs. Cyrus West, Jan. 1, 1912.

## CHAPTER XLV.

For the second time, Barbara Haven found herself—supposedly indebted to Mr. Rupert Downing for saving her life. That gentleman wore his father's laurels with much pride. Fate was certainly playing into his hands, he concluded.

He had not the remotest idea who it was who rescued Bab and old banker Neville, but as long as he did not come forward to claim his honors, Downing was more than content to accept the praise and the deep gratitude of all parties concerned.

He concluded, after much reflection, that he might as well turn the affair to practical use by hurrying up the marriage. Between Bab and himself under the circumstances she would not be apt to refuse his request.

This proved to be the case. When he pleaded for a speedy marriage, the next time he called, and her father urged his cause for him, Bab did not have the heart to say him nay.

"Let it be as you and papa may decide," she murmured in a low voice, "whatever you may agree upon I will abide by."

Rupert Downing bit his lip fiercely underneath his dark, curling moustache. Bab's every word and action told him all too plainly that she did not love him, and that he whole soul rebelled against this marriage, which was forced upon her.

Her indifference was saving the seeds of a bitter hatred in his heart against the girl; he was growing to dislike her more fiercely than he had ever loved her.

Many an exultant daydream he had over the manner in which he would bend her proud will to him, when she was his wife. Then he would taunt her with the truth of how she had been parted from the man she had loved and wedded, by the machinations of India and himself.

She would be horror-stricken, of course; but what had been done she would not undo. The courts had legally freed her from Clarence Neville, and the words would have been spoken which would make her his wife, and his wife she would remain, no matter how she pleaded with him to set her free.

There could be but one way in which he would even stop to consider such a step, and that would be the cost of the Haven fortune. He would not make such a proposition to her, however, until she came into full possession of her wealth, by the death of her shrewd old father.

Rupert Downing was playing for high stakes; he felt that he had the fortune quite within his grasp.

Meanwhile, the preparations for Bab's wedding went steadily on.

It had been settled that it should take place a month from the day of the opera house holocaust. Rupert Downing declared that he could not wait longer to claim his beautiful little bride.

"Of course that will not allow Bab to give an order for a Parisian toilet; but she must not mind that. She will be as dear to me in the plainest gown in the world as if she were robed in priceless point lace."

So the fashionable Boston modistes were called in and the trousseau grew rapidly under their skillful fingers.

The house was filled with an army of sewing women; the only person who seemed to take little interest in the proceeding was the bride-elect.

The French madam had long since desisted from asking her opinion on this matter, or that, for she always received the same reply from the young girl's lips:

"Arrange it to suit yourself, madam; it makes no difference to me."

Madam Larue would look into the lovely young face; its expression baffled her.

"The girl is not happy over this marriage," she would say to herself. "Her heart is not in it, that is evident. Then, after the manner of her clever class, she fell to speculating upon the reason."

"Her lover, Mr. Downing, is as handsome as a prince, and as rich as he is handsome," she ruminated. "It cannot be that she does not care him; why, there is not a society girl at the Hub who would not have been delighted to

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This is her garden, built by day by day. She lived and worked with patient tender care.

Marshall her flowers in orderly array Till beauty clad the earth that once was bare.

This fringed, spice-freighted pink she planted here; Blue burning larkspur, and the honeyed phlox.

And these proud ranks that high above their saffron spikes, the stately hollyhocks.

Here come again they fill with brilliant bloom. Long summer days, while through the summer nights.

They penetrate the warm, moth-haunted gloom With fragrant promise of unseen delights.

Again her garden blooms, its fountains spill Their wonted laughter over marble brims.

As in these other, summer-times, but still A sense of emptiness lifts beauty dim. The pansies as I pass lift wistful eyes, Each lily shakes a disappointed head, And all the rustling garden, longing sighs.

For one who will not walk there, being dead. Yet surely here, if to this world return Spirits released, might come her gentle shade.

To comfort those who with the flowers still weep.

For her lost presence in the heaven she made.

But, no, not even here, her soul set free From mortal care would love to earth recall.

For in this very garden, it may be, She buried sorrows undivided by all Who knew her air serene and tranquil grace.

Unsummoned let her rest, while empty stands A prayer of beauty wrought with loving hands.

—Mildred Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

**Here's a Dilemma.**

She says that if I were a hero She would come to my arms with a song.

Well knowing my arms were her heaven, The place she was glad to belong.

She'd like me to stand at the trottil, See death brimly waiting ahead, And die at my post. "I would be splendid!"

It would! But it would leave me so dead!

She would like me to leap in a lifeboat And hurry to succor some ship.

Then give up my place to some other And wait with a smile on my lip While rocks gored the side of the sea.

Then die, with the other brave men, I know that would catch the world's notice.

But how could I marry her then?

She longs for another Titanic, Where I would be seen on the deck, So cheerful and helpful and smiling, While the water rose up to my neck.

She knows she could love such a hero— To think of it sets her aglow, I wish I might die to please her, But dying's so fatal, you know!

**GUARD BABY'S HEALTH IN THE SUMMER**

The summer months are the most dangerous to little ones. The complaints of that season, which are cholera infantum, colic, diarrhoea and dysentery, come on so quickly that often a little one is beyond aid before the mother realizes he is ill. The mother must be on her guard to prevent such troubles, or if they do come on suddenly, to cure them.

No other medicine is of such aid as Baby's Own Tablets, they regulate the stomach and bowels and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**AN ASTONISHING WIRE.**

The girl went to see the lawyers in the ordinary way, and on her return found a telegram waiting for her, informing her that a half-cousin, whom she hardly knew, had died and made her his sole heirless.

Two months later an aunt died and left her \$1,250 a year. Seven weeks after that a very old friend of her father's bequeathed her a lump sum of \$15,000.

This made the fourth fortune she had inherited in as many months, and the newspapers began to publish articles about her extraordinary luck.

SEEN IN THE NEWSPAPER.

One paper compared Miss Farr's record with that of a Mr. Grant, who had also inherited four fortunes one after another, and published their photographs side by side.

**War.**

From hill to hill he harried me, He stalked me day and night; He neither knew nor hated me, Nor his nor mine the fight.

He killed the man who stood by me, For such they made his law; Then, foot by foot, I fought to him, Who neither knew nor saw.

I trained my rifle on his heart; He leaped into the air, My screaming ball tore through his breast, And lay embedded there.

It lay embedded there, and yet, Blasted home o'er hill and see, Straight through the aching heart of me, Who never did harm me.

—Prairie Farm and Home.

**Nothing Like Knowing Why.**

The sweet young thing was being shown through the Baldwin locomotive works.

"What is that thing?" she asked, pointing with her dainty parasol.

"That," answered the guide, "is an engine boiler."

She was an up-to-date young lady and at once became interested. "And why do they boil engines?" she inquired again.

"To make the engine tender," he replied the resourceful guide. — Pennsylvania Punch-Bowl.

**WHO FILL LOW-WAGE RANKS?**

(Buffalo Courier)

The summary of the National Child Labor committee, Mr. O. R. Lovejoy, says that all the girls and at least nine-tenths of the boys who left school under sixteen years of age enter low-wage industries and remain unskilled workers throughout their lives.

Probably the statement is not true with regard to the girls that they all enter low-wage industries, but certainly if the same percentage of girls work at such industries and remain unskilled, the result will be true of the boys, the showing is dismal enough.


**Guaranteed Cures**

Just Breathe "Catarrhose"—It is sure protection against Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Throat Trouble.

No Drugs to take—just breathe the soothing healing vapor of "Catarrhose."

There are to-day but few parts of the world into which Catarrhose has not penetrated. From far away Jamaica comes the following letter from Mr. C. S. Burke, of 24 Robert street, Almas Town:

"I am slated over the results of 'Catarrhose.' To be brief will say the treatment has cured me; it has done all that heart could wish. I was never better pleased with anything than with Catarrhose; it did its work well. I am satisfied, and will never forget this wonderful remedy. I am grateful for what it has done for me, and with greatest gratitude remain, as ever, your obedient servant, C. S. Burke."



From Secondee, Gold Coast, West Africa, Mrs. Alvin Roberts writes: "I received a sample of Catarrhose through a local merchant that deals in the preparation, and found it had a marvellous effect on nasal Catarrh. I at once bought a dollar outfit and now have pleasure in saying that for the first time in many years I am able to breathe freely through my nose. Bad breaths disappeared, headache over the eyes went away, throat irritation has entirely ceased. Catarrhose cured me."

You can readily cure bad tastes in the mouth in the morning, quickly relieve closed pipes, sore throats, an irritated running eye—all this is accomplished by breathing the soothing, healing vapor of Catarrhose. The dollar outfit contains in addition to two months' medication, an indestructible hard rubber inhaler. Smaller sizes with glass inhaler, 25c, 50c, all druggists and wholesalers, or postpaid from The Catarrhose Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

**HE WANTED HEROISM**

But Minister's Six Rules Brought Him to Time.

He was a hero-whipper. He read everything he could find about the great hunters, explorers, and adventurers of the world.

He was fond of talking about heroism and commending it to others. He was often heard to say, "There are no heroes nowadays to compare with those of the older times. The dying out of war is a calamity. We need a war now and then to revive the courage of the race."

Mr. John Smith's minister used to argue good-naturedly with him on this matter, and finally challenged him to do a certain number of things that would call for as much real courage as any soldier or adventurer had ever shown.

Mr. Smith accepted the challenge somewhat scornfully, and the minister, who knew him well, sent him a loving list of tasks to perform, and left it to his parishioner to judge of the heroism required to do any one of them:

1. Adopt the biblical tithing system, and give one-tenth of your income to religious work. That will be about ten times what you are giving now.
2. Give up tobacco. It is a habit that does you no good, and is a bad example to your own boy.
3. Never lose your temper when discussing matters of dress with your wife, or talking politics with your neighbor.
4. Share the morning paper with your wife, or let her read it first.
5. Begin and maintain regular family worship.
6. Pay the men you employ living wages—a thing you are not doing at present.

When Mr. John Smith read this list, his first impulse was to write his pastor an angry letter, but on reflection his anger vanished.

"Your list," he finally wrote, "convicted me of cowardice. I have been worshipping the wrong kind of heroism. If I did the six things you mentioned I should be braver than Beary or Amundsen. I begin to see that Christian virtues call for the very greatest heroism." When's Earth's last fact's suspended.

**LIFE AFTER DEATH.**

(By Maurice Maeterlinck, in the Century Magazine for September.)

It appears, therefore, to be as well established as a fact can be that a spiritual, or nervous shape, an image, a belated reflection of life, is capable of subsisting for some time, or surviving itself from the body, or surviving it, traversing enormous distances, in the twinkling of an eye, or manifesting itself to the living, and, sometimes, of communicating with them.

For the rest, we have to recognize that these apparitions are very brief. They take place only at the precise moment of death, or follow very shortly after. They do not seem to have the least consciousness of a new or super-terrestrial life, differing from that of the body whence they issue. On the contrary, their spiritual energy, at a time when it ought to be absolutely pure, because it is rid of matter, seems greatly inferior to what it was when matter surrounded it. These more or less uneasy phantasms, often tormented with trivial cares, although they come from another world, have never brought us one single revelation of topical interest concerning that world whose prodigious threshold they have crossed. Soon they fade away and disappear forever.

**SOARING MEAT PRICES.**

(Detroit Free Press)

Unless meat prices are to soar still higher it looks as if there must be a revolution leading to greater efficiency in farm methods which will restore the balance by augmenting the supply of possible, no matter how compelled to become practically vegetarians.