

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY BEST FRIEND

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## PLOTS THAT FAILED

She knew how they had been attracted from the beginning and that three weeks of constant companionship must have drawn them irrevocably toward each other. Her guilty soul trembled with fear lest in an unguarded moment Clarence Neville had revealed to Bab that it was he who had rescued her in the terrible accident which had fallen her as she left home—instead of Rupert Downing.

The young man greeted India kindly, courteously—but there was neither gladness nor eagerness in his eyes, nor in the touch of his hand.

"I have lost a great deal of time," she thought to herself, and her anger at Bab knew no bounds for not acquainting her of the fact in her letters that Clarence Neville was at Long Branch.

"She is learning to be tricky," she thought.

She could scarcely wait to get Bab alone to question him and when India faced her without mentioning that he was there, she answered:

"Really, India, it seemed to me of such little moment that I quite forgot it."

The French girl looked at her long and keenly, searchingly, but Bab's face did not betray what was in her heart.

During the next two days that followed, Clarence Neville did not get the opportunity of exchanging so much as a word with Bab—India was with her so continuously. He was growing desperate—she her or communicate with her he must. In sheer desperation he wrote her a little note, which he bribed one of the maids to convey to her.

It contained but a few words, and was as follows:

"Miss Barbara: I leave Long Branch tonight. I should appreciate more than words can tell, your kindness if you would but come down on the beach alone in the gloaming to say good-by to me. It is asking too much, forget that I have requested it and forgive me. Yours sincerely,

Clarence Neville."

A very fever of unrest seized him—the very food he ate seemed to burn his lips as he touched them. He did not see Mr. Haven or the two girls enter the spacious dining-room.

"What detained them?" he wondered; "was anything amiss?"

Then he fell to wondering whether or not Bab would keep the appointment.

The twilight deepened into the night, the stars slowly fixed themselves one by one in the blue arched dome overhead, gleaming in the dark waters like points of dancing flame.

"Ten thousand stars were in the sky. Ten thousand in the sea."

The water dashed silently upon the beach, breaking at his feet in a low, murmuring sob—the moon was rising over the water and a great path of gold seemed to lead directly to it—but he was oblivious to the beauty of sky or water, or to the throngs of people promenading the beach, or to the bewilderling strains of music that floated out upon the night air from the hotel verandas.

"Will she come?" he muttered, glancing at his watch for the twentieth time, but the waves at his feet could give him no answer.

In her room at the hotel at that moment Bab was twisting the note about in her fingers in a very distressed way. Should she obey Clarence Neville's request—or not? He was leaving her—she might never look upon his face again. Would it be very wrong to step down on the beach to say good-by to him?

India was writing a letter for Mr. Haven, dinner was over, and it was just the hour when most of the guests were grouped about on the piazzas.

How could she arrange to go without India or her father noting her absence? If she were to ask his permission a refusal would certainly be the result; he would not even let her go if India accompanied her; he had often given it as his opinion, most emphatically, that it was decidedly out of place for ladies, unaccompanied, to promenade the beach, even though they were in plain view of the hotel of which they were guests.

Now if she kept the appointment, she must slip out unobserved and risk her father's anger as well as India's.

"I will go," she said to herself, clasping her little hand over her beating heart.

She crossed to the window and stood looking out upon the sands; the silken portières of the bay windows quite concealed the slender form from India's watchful eyes.

With a sigh of impatience she gave herself up to the letter in hand. She was anxious to get through with it and get down upon the veranda to see the clock of her usual departure. Clarence Neville, to whom she had given the great passionate love of her heart, unasked. She did not see Bab emerge from the curtained recess, glide slowly toward the door and disappear through it, her light footsteps making no sound in the corridor without.

pledge to wed another.

"This solemn kiss settles it, my darling," he whispered, eagerly, and, trembling like a flower in a chill wind, Bab whispered back a faltering, "Yes, Clarence."

That was the beginning of one of the most pitiful tragedies that was ever enacted.

"Here is the New York boat," he exclaimed. "We will take that, and in ten minutes we will leave all trouble and heartaches behind us, sweet."

What happened afterward always seemed more like a dream to Bab than a reality; the night boat cutting its way through the bright, starlit waters, the hum and buzz of the passengers who crowded the deck, and the face of the lover whom she was to wed so romantically bending over her, his low-spoken words of love making strange, sweet music in her beating heart.

Still more like a dream seemed the landing, with the hurrying throng at the dock, the ride in the hansom cab, and at last standing before the old white-haired minister, who uttered the words that bound her for life to the handsome young lover by her side. Then the sail back over those same starlit waters, with Clarence Neville clasping her hands tightly, and calling her in every breath his darling little bride—his, to love and to hold, to love and to cherish until death did them part.

"And are we really married, Clarence?" she whispered, clinging to him like a frightened child. "It seems so unreal."

The sound of his happy laughter and the answer he made her rang in her ears until the hour she died.

"It is real enough, my darling. I have anchored you so fast to me that no one in this world can ever take you from me; we may have to face a little anger at first, but it will be like the clouds that obscure an April sun—it will pass away directly, leaving the sky of our future all the brighter."

Another thought crossed his mind. He had saved her from a fate worse than death in rescuing her from a marriage with Rupert Downing, of whose follies he knew altogether too much.

He never meant to tell sweet, innocent little Bab of the girl who had sworn that Downing should never lead any other girl than herself to the altar. She defied him to ever attempt it, vowing that it would end in a tragedy; that the bride should be clasped by the bridegroom death, at the very altar; that she should never turn from it alive. Since those old college days in which Rupert Downing had been dare-devil enough in every way possible, Clarence Neville found that after Downing's return from gay life abroad he had developed into a libertine and a gambler. He had done his best to arrest his old college chum's downward course, but to no purpose.

He had learned more of Rupert Downing's true character during the week he had passed with him in East Haven than all the years he had previously known him, and on the very day of Bab's memorable birthday party he had come to the conclusion that his old college chum was no longer a fit companion for an honorable man, and that he would draw his visit short and drop his acquaintance forever. It had also been the cause of much agitation to him as to whether he ought to inform Bab's father of Downing's true character when the fact of his betrothal to Mr. Haven's lovely daughter had first become known to him.

He had insisted to Rupert Downing that he should make a clean breast of the past to Mr. Haven; that it was due him, for his innocent young daughter's sake, and in consequence had parted from each other the bitterest of enemies.

"It is simply a case of jealousy on your part," Downing had said, with a sneer. "I do not thank you for interesting yourself so conspicuously in my business. What they do not know concerning my past will not hurt them; it will be time enough to acknowledge my misdeeds, as you are pleased to term them, when they come to light and confront me. You would like to make yourself out a model young man, and me a libertine; but it will not work, Clarence Neville. I would kill you—do you hear?—I would kill you ere you should win from me the little beauty upon whom I have set my heart."

Clarence Neville knew Rupert Downing well enough to know that he would challenge him to a duel on sight; but he had no fear. They were both equally skilled in the use of firearms, and he would have gone through seas of blood for Bab's dear sake.

He and Bab loved each other; that was reason enough for the step he had taken.

He was willing to take any consequences which might follow. This hasty marriage had been born of the impulse of the moment; he had meant to say farewell to Bab forever when they met on the sands, and at the last moment his mighty love for her had conquered him. He said to himself that he should never regret what he had done, nor should the dear little girl who had trusted him with her future.

No, he would make her life too beautiful a reality for that.

Mr. Haven would naturally be displeased, but when he learned how devotedly they loved each other he would forgive them willingly, no father would stand in anger against the happiness of the child he loved better than life.

There seems to be a special providence hanging over the greenery and his girl in the game, for the casualty list is proportionately small.

The man who goes up against the wool market often gets worsted.

THEIR SPECIAL PROVIDENCE. (Guelph Mercury)

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The man who goes up against the wool market often gets worsted.

## Hamilton Centennial Industrial Exposition and Old Home Week

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CHAS. A. MURTON, Secretary

## UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES CAME ON FACE.

Sores Spread Until Face Was Covered. So Itchy Could Not Resist Scratching. Cured Entirely in About Two Weeks by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

Claran, Ontario.—"My trouble started with sores breaking out on the face. They came as pimples and were unsightly. These sores seemed to keep spreading until my face was covered. They were so itchy that at times I could not resist scratching them. After trying two or three different salves which did not stop the sores breaking out, I tried a cake of Cuticura Soap also Cuticura Ointment. I found that they cured me entirely of the sores in about two weeks." (Signed) Fred E. Meyer, Feb. 12, 1912.

## LEGS BURNED AND ITCHED

Souris West, P. E. Island.—"My little girl, aged four years, was troubled with a painful rash on her legs. It began in a dry rash very hot and itchy and after a few days it looked like little pimples with a white top on them. Her legs burned and itched very much and she was very restless and was also cross and fretful. She used to scratch and make sores when I was not watching her. I had to leave her stockings off her as they would irritate her legs. I used to bathe her legs with warm water and use the Cuticura Soap freely, then dry her legs and rub on the Cuticura Ointment and she was cured in one week." (Signed) Mrs. P. J. Mulhally, Aug. 1, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-page book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 51 D, Boston, U. S. A.

## BASED ON SCIENCE.

Were Forecasts of Prophets of the Bible.

A London theologian has recently claimed for the prophets of old a knowledge of science far greater than modern men give them credit for. He says that they prophesied because they understood perfectly the laws of nature.

For instance, the weather moves in cycles and that was a fact known ages ago. The cycle is nineteen years. Elijah predicted a drought in the land. As the Lord God of Israel liveth there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word."

The scientists of those days could have predicted the drought as well as Elijah, or it was known at that time that droughts move in cycles of nineteen years, and it was then just 4219 years after Pharaoh's drought in the days of Joseph, and that was 519 years after the drought in the time of Isaac, as recorded in Genesis xxvi.

Nineteen years after Elijah called down the drought and famine on the land of Israel, said, "For the Lord hath called for a famine." And then drought and famine came on the land.

The drought in David's time was not predicted, but it was expedient as being because of Saul and his "bloody house." Yet it occurred just 3619 years after Pharaoh's drought.

In all probability the astronomers of the ancient world were familiar with the cycles of drought and famine just as they were with the cycles of eclipses 4,000 years before our era. So undoubtedly the Egyptians knew of the cycles of the fat and lean years, and the Jews carried that knowledge with them when they left Egypt.

## WOULD HELP A LOT.

(Niagara Falls, N. Y., Gazette.) If British diplomacy can enlarge the entire cord to include Germany this world will be a lot nearer the dawn of universal peace.

## Oh, Yes, He Came in for Pie, Allright!



"Oh, yes, he came in for pie, allright!"

"He did not have a fly in the house all summer."

"I've got to meet a customer to-night."

"We never have trouble keeping servants."

"I was reared in luxury and refinement."

"When the baby came their happiness was complete."—August Smart Set.

## UNPROFITABLE AIR NAVIGATION.

(Philadelphia Record.) There is no profit yet in the navigation of the air. The aeroplanes can't carry passengers; the huge, unwieldy, costly and fragile dirigible balloons encounter too constant a succession of disasters to permit them to come anywhere near to paying their expenses. A German company that is building the airship invented by Count Zeppelin, and operating some of them commercially, gets a subsidy from the Government, but it admits a deficit last year of \$375,000, or one-fifth its capital. Yet its charges are far higher than are justified by any commercial service it renders. Only while it is a novelty will men pay \$50 for a couple of hours' ride.

## If It's Hot.

If you should think it's hot, think of a shower cool; Think of a shady pool, Think of an ice-bound shore, Think of a zero score, Think of an ocean dip, Think of a North Pole trip, Think of artesian wells, Think where the Storm King dwells—Head all these hints of mine If you'd feel fresh and fine! John Smith, Buffalo Express.

## LITTLE WRAPS.

Are't they fetching? And aren't they dainty? Some are altogether shapeless. And some show stole lengths ends. Children's frocks is a favored fabric. A pinked ruche is the approved trimming in hatters. Embroidery, richly heavy, is also used on some of these wraps. Some of them dip down low in the back and others are very short.

Daudet received \$200,000 for "Sapho"; Victor Hugo \$100,000 for "Les Misérables"; but Dwight L. Moody received \$1,000,000 for his share of the profits on the famous hymn-book.