

MAGIC BAKING POWDER. TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER SEE THAT ALL INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL AND THAT ALUM OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIUM ALUMINUM SULPHATE IS NOT ONE OF THEM. THE WORDS "NO ALUM" WITHOUT THE INGREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFICIENT. MAGIC BAKING POWDER COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. FOR ECONOMY, BUY THE ONE POUND TINS. E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

LOTS 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 told upon him more than he imagined. Even the old judge noticed how pale 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 said 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. "Eff, 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."

How long he sat there gazing over into the opposite box Clarence Neville never knew. Suddenly he was aroused from his stupor by a discordant clash in the music, and a hoarse voice shouting out a cry that sent a thrill of horror through the breast of every human being present—the horrible cry of "Fire! Fire! The building is on fire!" "Fire! Fire!" The cry was taken up by a score of throats in the vast assemblage, and even as it was uttered a dense cloud of black smoke poured into the vast auditorium. No pen could describe the scene which followed—the cries of men and women filled the air until it was like pandemonium. There was a wild rush for the exits, where the strong pushed down the weak and trampled over them in their mad desire to escape. At the first cry the old judge seized his daughter in his still robust arms, and calling to Neville to follow him, dashed up the aisle. Clarence Neville neither saw nor heard him. Like one transfixed to the spot—ay, like one carved in marble—he stood, watching the opposite box with straining eyes; that box held all that was dear to him on earth, Bab, his heart's idol, and his old father. And as he watched he saw a sight which made the blood run cold in his veins. One of the sparks had fallen among the silken hangings, and in a single instant the framework of the box was a mass of lurid flame, and in that instant he distinctly saw Rupert Downing leap over the low railing and disappear in the crowd. With Rupert Downing self-preservation was the first law of nature. When the cry had resounded, coward as he was, and for the second time in his life, he abandoned the girl that he pretended to love, left her to die amid the horrible flame and smoke, or to escape, if she could. He had enough to do to save himself. All in an instant Clarence Neville was aroused to action. What was life or safety to him while the idol of his heart was in such deadly peril? How he reached her box he never afterward remembered, fighting his way through the scorching heat and the dense volumes of smoke. As he leaped over the railing, he discovered Bab lying face downward in a deep swoon. Mr. Haven, her father, lay back unconscious in his chair; his own father was groping his way about, blind and bewildered, fairly dazed with horror. Like Rupert Downing, India had fled. Seizing Bab and holding her closely to his breast with one hand, and grasping his father's arm by his disengaged one, he made a desperate effort to bring them to safety. "Courage!" he cried to his tottering father; "another moment, and you will be in safety."

quest as well, making several trips backward and forward to accomplish it. 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 lie back down his throat. How dared he utter such a falsehood, when, 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 her father, 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 wonder if the bonny little lassie is in love with any one else?" This idea was strengthened a few days later, when madam picked up a book of poems which Bab had brought to the room where she had been sent for to try on a gown. When she departed she forgot her book, leaving it behind her. Madam picked it up curiously. It was a selection of love poems by a great poet. Now, it did not surprise her that this sweet young girl, who was so shortly to be wedded, should be reading romantic poetry, but she was surprised that the poetry should be sad, and apparently hopeless, depressing in its effect instead of inspiring. The volume opened readily at the pearl and gold bookmark, which had been placed in it. This was the verse which greeted her eye, faintly uttered with blue penciling: "The time of lovers is brief; From the first fair joy to the grief That tells when love has grown old; From the warm, wild kisses to the cold, From the red to the white rose leaf, They have but one season to seem As rose leaves lost on a stream, That part not, and pass not apart, As a spirit from dream to dream, As a sorrow from heart to heart." Madam Larue smiled a slow, thoughtful smile. "I think my surmise is quite correct," she told herself, "the pretty maid had some secret love affair. What a pity for one so young and lovely to wed one man if her heart is another's. That is why so many go wrong in the world, they do not marry the one for whom the good Lord intended them; from some mistake in fate's plans. No doubt it is mademoiselle's father who has made the match, which he considers eminently suitable, without ever consulting the maiden, whether she was willing or not. How different she is from that merry little romp, Lillian Harvey, the old judge's pretty daughter, who would not marry a king on his throne if love was not there." Madam turned back a few pages, and there she read: "There is no woman living that draws breath So sad as I, though all things sadden her. There is not one upon life's weariest way Who is weary as I am weary of all but death, "Toward whom I look as looks the sunflower, All day with her whole soul turned toward the sun, While in the sun's sight, I make moan all day, And all night upon my sleepless maiden bed. "Weep and call out on death, oh, Love and then I die, With but one wish—alas that I were dead. And know not what thing evil I have done That life should lay such heavy hand on me!" Madam closed the book softly, and taking it in her hand went in search of its owner. She knew quite well where to look for Miss Bab, as she called her. She knew she would be in the little alcove of the drawing room, shut in the heavy draperies, either reading or day-dreaming—more likely the latter. Yes, Bab was there, with her head bent upon her hands, and the picture of that dejected young face lived in madam's memory to the day she died. She had entered the little alcove, and stood quite beside the girl ere the latter was aware of her presence. "Miss Bab," she murmured, laying a kindly hand on the girl's bent, curly, golden head, "I am here to bring you back your book."

PIMPLES THICKLY SCATTERED ON FACE

In Bad Condition, Pimples Large, Face Sore and Itchy. Looked Badly. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Two Weeks. Muncie, Ontario.—"Some time ago my face was in a very bad condition with some kind of pimples. The pimples were thickly scattered. The tops of them were 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 like them. Then I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, used them for two weeks and I was completely cured." (Signed) Alex. R. Oke, 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 all scaly. 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 Ward, Jan. 1, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter D. & C. Corp., Dept. 53D, Boston, U.S.A., for free sample of each with 32-page book.

have secured such a fine love." Then came another thought on the heels of it: "I wonder if the bonny little lassie is in love with any one else?" This idea was strengthened a few days later, when madam picked up a book of poems which Bab had brought to the room where she had been sent for to try on a gown. When she departed she forgot her book, leaving it behind her. Madam picked it up curiously. It was a selection of love poems by a great poet. Now, it did not surprise her that this sweet young girl, who was so shortly to be wedded, should be reading romantic poetry, but she was surprised that the poetry should be sad, and apparently hopeless, depressing in its effect instead of inspiring.

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 haven, The place she was glad to belong. She'd like me to stand at the trotline, See death brimly waiting ahead, And die at my post. "T'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, Tien give up my place to some other And wait with a smile on my lip While she rocks the side of the vessel; Then die with the other brave men, I know that would catch the world's notice, But how could I marry her then?

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 these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly to cure them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during the hot weather as is 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 heir. Two months later an aunt died and left her \$12,500 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 Mrs. 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, For such they made his law; 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, 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, Hissed home o'er hill and sea, Straight through the beating 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," politely replied the resourceful guide.—Pennsylvania Punch-Bowl.

This is Her Garden.

This is her garden; in it day by day She lived and worked, with patient, tender care, Marshalling 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 them rear Their satin spires, the stately lolly-hocks. Here once again they fill with brilliant bloom 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 As in those other summer-times, but still A sense of emptiness its beauty dims. 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 yearn 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 undimmed by all Who knew her air serene and tranquil grace. Unsummoned let her rest, while empty Save of her memory this garden space; A prayer of beauty wrought with loving hands. —Mildred Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

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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!

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Why Do You Continue to Suffer from Catarrhal Colds

Just Breathe "Catarrhoxone," it is sure protection against Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Throat Troubles.

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

There are to-day but few parts of the world into which Catarrhoxone has not penetrated. From far away Jamaica comes the following letter from Mr. C. S. Burke, of 24 Robert street, Alman Town: "I am elated over the results of "Catarrhoxone." 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 Catarrhoxone; 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, &c. (C. S. Burke.)"

From Secondee, Gold Coast, West Africa, Mrs. Alvin Roberts writes: "I received a sample of Catarrhoxone through a local merchant that deals in the preparation, and found it had a marvelous 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. Catarrhoxone cured me." You can readily cure bad taste in the mouth in the morning, quickly relieve clogged up nostrils, ease an irritated throat, stop a cough, cure snuffles and running eyes—all this is accomplished by breathing the soothing, healing vapor of Catarrhoxone. 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 storekeepers, or postpaid from The Catarrhoxone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

HE WANTED HEROISM. But Minister's Six Rules Brought Him to Time.

He was a hero-worshipper. 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 the following 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. I begin to see that Christian virtues call for the very greatest heroism." When's Earth's last factory'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 system, an imaged, a belated reflection of life, is capable of subsisting for some time, of releasing itself from the body, or surviving it, of traversing enormous distances in the twinkling of an eye, of 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 when it issues. 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 ghostly phantasms, often tormented with trivial cares, although they come from another world, have never brought us one single revelation of typical 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 a water efficiency in farm methods which will restore the balance by augmenting the supply. Or, possibly, we may be compelled to become practically vegetarians.