

PLOTS THAT FAILED

Patty could scarcely believe that the lovely young girl who greeted every one with such a sweet "good-morning" was the same vicious creature whom she had left but a few moments since.

Although India Haven was young— but seventeen—the life she had led had told upon her beautiful beauty, and like all Parisiennes, she had taken to cosmetics early—though she was so skilled in their use that even an expert could never have detected that there was anything artificial about one so young and seemingly faultlessly fair. Her lateness in breakfasting was not commented upon, owing to Mrs. Mack's remark that the young lady was certainly extremely tired after her long journey across sea and land.

Mr. Haven greeted India cordially, and Bab nearly smothered her with kisses, and Bab nearly smothered her with kisses, whispering in her ear that, lively as she had seemed the evening before, she thought her a thousand times prettier now.

"See, the sun is shining, India," she rattled on, "and it is as warm as a June morning. We can have the affair out in the grounds."

"Remember this is April, Bab," replied India, smiling, "and the first of April is that. The day may fool you ere night can draw her sable curtains. I don't want to predict, but there is likely to be a shower."

"Well, I'll take everything as it comes," remarked Bab, philosophically; "whether the party is an indoor or an outdoor one, we are sure to have a jolly time. I assure you of that, India."

The French girl made no reply, though her color heightened a little, for she was thinking that at that party she would meet the lover whom they had destined for Bab, and whom she had sworn to win, by fair means or foul.

CHAPTER VII.

On the afternoon of the day which preceded Bab's party two young men, both in hunting garb, were tramping leisurely up the New England hills, chatting pleasantly together as they wended their way along the narrow path—now side by side, then again in single file, as the path permitted. The foremost was tall, dark and lithe, with a face tanned by wind and weather—black haired, black eyed, black mustached. Rupert Downing belonged to one of the best families of East Haven, and as he was worth a million or more in his own right, he was considered one of the best catches in the matrimonial market. His companion we have met before.

Those brown eyes, and the deep, hearty laugh could belong to no one else but Clarence Neville.

"It was right good of you, old fellow, to consent to run up from Boston," said Downing, "and spend a couple of weeks with me, with a promise of beastly weather in the country starting you in the face. But by the way, I don't take any much credit to myself, after all, as being the magnet that drew you here. I have Miss Haven's coming party to

ing more than all the garden parties he could ever attend.

The next day passed in much the same fashion. There was a canter over the hills in the morning and a climb up the mountains in the afternoon. Neville would have quite forgotten the garden party set down for that evening if his friend had not called his attention to it when they were smoking their cigars on the porch after dinner and the dusk was deepening into darkness.

"I suppose one must face the inevitable," sighed Neville, rising and tossing aside his cigar. "It will not take me long to get into my clothes; then I will be at your service."

Clarence Neville had not had interest enough in his friend to point out the Haven mansion during his two days' sojourn in the village. His surprise, therefore, was great to find that their destination was the grand mansion on the brow of the hill, which he had been admiring as he passed it the day before.

The young men were fashionably tate. The house and grounds were full of guests as they arrived, and when their names were announced, Mr. Haven himself stepped forward to greet them and have a few moments' chat with the son of his lifelong friend ere they were presented to his daughter and India.

"A frank, open, hearty young fellow, like his father was at his age," was Mr. Haven's mental comment, "and the strong grasp of his hand as it shook mine showed a true, hearty spirit. I hope Bab will like him and that he will like her."

He accompanied the young men himself to the drawing room to present them to his daughter and niece, but as he crossed the threshold he saw only Bab surrounded by a bevy of young friends.

A little accident had happened to India's dress, and she had hurried from the drawing room but a moment before up to the boudoir to rearrange it.

Was it fate? Ah, who can tell?

Mr. Haven presented Rupert Downing first; he did not notice the expression of intense admiration on the young man's face so eager was he in his desire to present his companion.

"Bab, my dear," he murmured, "and now permit me to present the son of my old friend, Mr. Neville."

Bab raised her blue eyes, and a startled look came into her face. If she had not clutched her bouquet of white rosebuds so tightly it would have fallen to her feet.

Ah, where was India that she was not with her, as she promised she would be, when this terrible moment arrived—in this country, at least. In Europe—in Paris, for instance—they are adept in intrigues and folly. Some time you must remind me to tell you of one little experience I had in "Gay Paris," as they call it. I met a girl there who was stunning, young in years, but old in the world's ways. It's a long story—too long for me to relate now—but to George, it's thrilling, and it would serve as a warning to any of the fellows of our set going abroad."

Their conversation drifted into other channels, and this topic was not resumed. The afternoon wore away at last, night came on, and when the golden stars appeared in the blue sky Downing announced that it was time to turn their faces homeward, if the expected to get a warm supper, which both felt that they could do ample justice to.

That evening they sat up late over their cigars, talking over old reminiscences of college days, and when the two young men parted for the night Neville declared that he had enjoyed the even-

DANDRUFF WOULD LIFT OFF IN SHEETS

Hair Dry and Lifeless. Almost All Hair Out on One Side of Head. Used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. Hair Coming in Nicely and Scales All Gone.

176 Adelaide St., St. John, N. B.—"I cured my little boy of a bad case of dandruff with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The dandruff was so bad that it formed on his head soon after birth. The hair was dry and lifeless and almost all out on one side of his head. I washed the little head twice a day with warm water and Cuticura Soap, dried it, and very carefully applied the Cuticura Ointment and in about an hour took a very fine little comb and the dandruff would lift off in sheets and some of the hair would come out. Then I used some Cuticura Ointment on and let it remain till time to wash the head again. I used a large box of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap and his hair was coming in nicely and the scales all gone. Today he has as nice a head of hair and as free from dandruff as you would wish to see." (Signed) Mrs. C. P. Keast, May 20, 1912.

A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 322, Boston, U. S. A.

She could have believed herself in the midst of a dream. For a few seconds everything seemed to be quite still around her. She made a desperate effort to arouse herself from the curious trance-like feeling that was gradually overmastering her.

She realized that the brown head was bent low before her, but she did not dare to raise her dark eyes, knowing that she was about to look on the face that was to hold the light of earth and sky for her.

Then the deep, rich voice, every cadence of which she remembered but too well, broke the spell, calling her back from heaven to earth.

"I mistake not, Miss Haven, your niece, and I have met before, and very romantically, too," he was saying.

India looked up at him, her whole soul shining in her dark wondrous eyes, her crimson lips parted in a smile that would have dazzled most any other man. Her whole frame trembled, and her heart beat so loudly and so rapidly that she was sure he must hear it and under-stand her! "Come! come! at last! at last! oh, how I love him! love him! love him!"

Mr. Haven looked surprised at his companion, and young Mr. Neville explained how their first meeting had taken place, concluding with the remark: "But I should not recall such a thrilling, episode amid such a scene as this, for I happily forgot that end well, you know."

Mr. Haven left his young friend chatting merrily with India, but he could not help but notice how the young man's gaze wandered back across the room to the lovely, laughing, childish face of his darling little Bab.

He was a keen reader of human nature, and he saw that Clarence Neville's admiration for his daughter was sincere; but for the girl herself he could not answer; he had never understood young girls. Meanwhile Clarence Neville talked gaily enough to the beautiful dark-eyed girl who seemed to desire to keep him by her side. He was always in high spirits, always full of vivacity—a man above all others to charm a girl like India by his manner and his bright, unflinching wit.

As he talked to her the world looked quite different to this girl, who had detested all mankind but a few short weeks before.

"How warm it is in here," she murmured, looking eagerly at the open French window. "It would have been a thousand times nicer to have held this affair out on the lawn."

He laughed good naturedly, knowing this was but a tact challenge to him to invite her out into the grounds, saying carelessly: "Shall we walk out onto the porch or down on the lawn? It is indeed oppressively warm within doors on a night like this, especially if one is in a large throng."

India laid the tips of her little gloved hands upon his arm, wondering if he would notice how her hand trembled. As they stepped out into the grounds, odorous with the heavy perfume of flowers, it seemed to the girl that she was walking straight into Paradise.

India had been noted for her brilliancy in conversation, her dazzling wit, the readiness of her replies, but to-night—ah, what was the strange, wondrous spell that had come over her eyes and her smiles spoke volumes, but her crimson, trembling lips seemed dumb; she was content to be near him and listen to his words, wishing the walk would never end.

Despite the gaiety with which she had been surrounded in the past, ay, and in the present, the sense of chill and loneliness, of unrealized wishes and unsatisfied desires had never left her. She thought of the poet's beautiful words:

"She never knew she had a heart 'Till she was conscious of its loss."

Suddenly Clarence Neville's conversation veered around to the subject uppermost in his thoughts—her Cousin Barbara.

"I shall tell Miss Haven that this first party of hers is a great success," he said. "I did not expect to know hardly a soul here to-night, and I find fully half a hundred personal friends, which was quite an agreeable surprise to me."

"Did you think you would meet— school children?" queried India quizzically.

"Yes," he confessed, "I quite imagined so, but I fancy Miss Barbara must be younger by several years than the

STRENGTH FOR WEAK STOMACH

Can Only Be Had Through Rich Red Blood.

When the blood is poor and this and the stomach in consequence is imperfectly supplied with oxidized blood and nerve force, the digestive process becomes slow and fermentations of the food goes on, with the formation of gas and certain acids. The pressure of the gas causes pain in the stomach; sometimes it affects the heart. When the gas is belched out through the mouth the patient is temporarily relieved, the sour risings in the throat, and the burning sensations in the throat and stomach are caused by acid fermentations. There are plenty of things to neutralize these acids or to "sweeten the stomach," as it is called, but they do not cure the trouble. Pure, rich blood which will tone up the stomach and enable it to do the work nature intended it to do, is the only road to a cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood—that is why they cure even the most obstinate cases of indigestion. The following is a bit of proof, Miss Minnie Greene, of Hall's Bridge, Ont., says: "About a year ago I was greatly troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate caused me pain and distress. I would feel as though I was starved, but when meal time came the sight of food caused a feeling of loathing. There were days when I could not even hold milk on my stomach, and my head would ache so that I could hardly keep from screaming. Only those who have suffered from stomach trouble know the torture I suffered. I tried almost every remedy recommended, but found not the least benefit until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These I used for a couple of months and they worked a perfect cure and I am again enjoying good health, and able to eat freely all kinds of food."

If you are suffering from indigestion or any other trouble due to poor, watery blood, begin to cure it at once. Buy the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ARABIAN JUSTICE

Convicting Thief by Ordeal of Red-hot Knife.

The ordeal of the red-hot knife is thus described by Abdullah Mansur (G. Wyman Bury) as he saw it in "The Land of Uz." The case was one of theft from a caravan. Two young men were implicated, one a palace slave, the other a young Arab, a native of the oasis. Each accused the other, with many oaths and much mutual vilification. Finally both invoked the ordeal of the knife.

In due course a venerable Arab appeared, bringing the instrument with him. His family for generations had possessed the hereditary right to administer the ordeal. The knife seemed a very ordinary piece of hoop iron, shaped roughly into a sort of blade about eighteen inches long. The name and attributes of Allah were engraved upon it, and it was fitted with a plain wooden hilt.

An attendant brought a bowl of water and a brazier of live charcoal, in which the knife was inserted. The Arab youth received the ordeal first. He repeated his assertions of innocence and, rinsing out his mouth with water, put out his tongue, which was seized at the tip by the owner of the knife. The instrument, growing dull red, was drawn from the brazier, and with it three light blows were struck upon the victim's tongue, which was then inspected. It merely showed slight white marks where the hot iron had fallen.

The slave's turn then came, and when he flinched at the contact of the hot iron or hid failed to keep his tongue sufficiently moist I cannot say but the heat of the blade picked off a small patch of skin and showed a bleeding surface. According to the rules of the ordeal, that proved his guilt, and he was led away to duress vile.

From Halifax to Vancouver

WOMEN ARE PRAISING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Nova Scotia Mother Tells How They Cured Her Aches and Pains, and Made Her a Well Woman Again.

ECUM SECUM BRIDGE, Halifax Co., N. S., May 12—(Special)—From Vancouver to Halifax come daily reports of the splendid work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for the suffering women of Canada, and this little place can show a splendid cure of its own, Mrs. Orastus Pace, the mother of a large family, was a sufferer from those aches and pains only women know. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it.

"I had a pain in my left side and down through my hips," Mrs. Pace states, "I had headache all the time, my heart was weak, and at times a pain around it added to my fears. Some days I was hardly able to walk. I read of a number of cures of cases like mine by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and sent for three boxes. To-day I am a well woman, and can do as much work as ever I could."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mrs. Pace because her troubles came from diseased kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diseased kidneys, and as ninety per cent of women's troubles come from kidney trouble, Dodd's Kidney Pills have come to be known as suffering woman's best friend.

OUR EXACT ARTIST



Chiffon.

How did we do about it? Finey the day when there was none! Now we use it for nearly everything. It is used extensively for headgear. Blessings of chiffon are now almost classes.

Evening dresses are largely made of chiffons.

"The heavier chiffons are seen in day dress to some extent."

Truth forgives no insult and endures no stain.—Ruskin.

Epigrams.

You can't limit politeness by tying it down to the truth.

After all, many a gentleman is a man in disguise.

The art of silence and the art of helplessness are two essentials in a woman's flirting equipment.

It is joy to feel the liberty of cherishing one's superstitions.

A pudgy man dreads getting shaped like an orange in a stocking.

An active man who lacks perception grows to be merely a forceful negative.

How little the iron-bound individualism of the former generation blends in to the epicureanism of the present.

An inspiring wife is the hub to the wheel of her husband's ambitions.

Having your hair equally divided is no sign of being level headed.

The old motto was "Love means sacrifice;" the new one is "Love is inspiration."

Timidity is often adequate intelligence perverted.

A man who can wear a cane and yet seem none the less manly is almost a paradox these days.

If friendship is love wanting his wings, then what a lot of unpoising restlessness there is in the world!—Life.

NEWSPAPER EXPENSES HIGH.

(Guelph Mercury.)

An exchange draws attention to a fact often overlooked, when it refers to the rapid increase in the cost of running a newspaper office. Newspapers are no longer reduced in number each year. Galt with a population of 12,000, now has only one newspaper, and Leamington, a town of only half that population, can now only support the one sheet. Elmira's two papers united at New Year's; Hillsburg's "Herald" tells no more. No sphere of activity in recent years has been "harder hit" by the advanced cost of running business than the newspaper office.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

(Gauge)

Maid—There's got into a house in this street last night and stole all the silver.

Mistress—What stoned people are you things unloved. Where's your are 15?

Maid—It was number 7.

Mistress—Why, that is our house.

Maid—Yes, ma'am, but I did not want to frighten you.

Bakes Bread to Perfection

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

Cleaner than coal or wood. Cheaper than gas.

For best results use ROYALITE OIL. Stock carried at all chief points.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY Limited

Winnipeg Toronto Halifax
Montreal Vancouver St. John