PLOTS THAT FAILED AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

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

Thank for it, of course."

Neville smiled.

"You do me an injustice there, Downing," he said: "this young lady's party has little enough attraction for me. Had ovely young girl who greeted every one with such a sweet "good-morning" was the same vicious creature whom she left but a few moments since.

Although India Haven was young— but seventeen—the life she had led had told even 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. young 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 cer-tainly extremely tired after her long urney across sea and land.
Mr. Haven greeted India cordially,

and Bab nearly smothered her with kiss and Bab nearly smothered her with kisses, whispering in her ear that, lively as she had seemed the evening befor thought her a thousand times pret-

tier 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."

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

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

The French girl made no reply, though her color heightened a little, for

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 of foul. CHAPTER VII.

On the afternoon of the day which On the afternoon of the dry 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—thack baired black eyed, black mousblack haired, black eyed, black mous-tached. 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

Those brown eyes, and the deep, laugh could belong to no one else

hearty laugh could belong to no one cise 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 weatther in the country staring you in the face. But, by the way, I don't take so much credit to myself, after all, as be-

is been anywhere else but here, where you live, and the prospect of running up to see you, thereby killing two birds with one stone, as it were, I should have undoubtedly sent my regrets, even though the father of Miss Haven is such

a very old friend of my family."
"What!" cried Rupert Downing,
with a low, incredulous whistle; "do
you mean to say that a hundred or ore pretty girls rosebuds, at thathave no attraction for you?

"That is precisely what I mean," returned Neville. "All the young girls in the country put together have no interest for me; they want to be admired flirted and danced with, and made love to, and you know that isn't in my line We have both friends enough who think that there is nothing more delightful than whispering soft nothings in the ears of these foolish maidens, but I could find no pleasure in it; it would bore me to be expected to do this soft

"Strange as it may be," said Downing I have not as yet met this charming little Miss Haven. You know I have just returned from Europe, so I own am a trifle anxious to see her. They say she is very young—that this affair is given in honor of her sixteenth bigth-

"Well, well.' exclaimed Neville, stop ping short; "what you tell me is indeed news to me. I had no idea the girl was is young as that or I should not have bothered my head about coming. She wil lhave young boys, and bread-and-butter school misses about her. A young man like myself, of two-and-twenty, but who feels much older, will be quite out of place among them."

"I like the buds of sweet sixteen." laughed Downing. "At that age they are sweet and innocent and not designing

are sweet and innocent and not designing in this country, at least. In Europe—in Paris, for instance—they are adept i intrigues and folly. Some time you must remind me to fell you of one little experience I had in "Gay Parce," as they experience I had in year raree, 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, by it's thrilling, and it would ows 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 n the blue sky Downing announced that t was time to turn their faces homeward, if the expected to get a warm supper, which both f do ample justice to. both felt that they could

That evening they sat up late over face. But, by the way, I don't take 30 much credit to myself, after all, as being the magnet that drew you here. I have Miss Haven's coming party to declared that he had enjoyed the even-

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 at-tention to it when they were smoking their cigars on the porch after dinner and the dusk was deepening into dark

"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 to ask his friend to point out the Haven mansion during his two days' so-journ in the village. His surprise, therefore, was great to find that their des tination was the grand mansion on the brow of the hill, which he had been admiring as he passed it the day be-

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 pre-sented to his daughter and India.

sented 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 raine showed a true, hearty spirit. I hope Bab will like him and that he will

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

A little accident had happened to In dia'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. he murmured, "and "Bal, my dear," ow 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 bonquet of white rose-buds so tightly it would have fallen to

where was India that she was Ah, where was India that she was not with her, as she promised she would be, when this terrible moment arrived when she was brought face to face with Mr. Clarence Neville?

She tried to welcome him, realizing hat her father was watching her keen-

that her lather was watching her keenly, but the words died away on her lips,
leaving no sound; she could only look
up into the quizzical brown eyes in a
dazed sort of way.

Clarence Neville, easy, graceful, level
of head, calm of demeanor, up to that
moment heart whole and fancy, free, had
stepped farward with a low bow, but
with the first glance into that levely,
upturned face, framed in a mass of upturned face, framed in a mass of curling golden hair, he knew that he had met the fate that all men must meet sooner or later in their lives. He was standing face to face with a girl who had taken the citadel of his heart at the first shot from her blue eyes. He was quite as dazed as Bab herself. When his senses began to gather themselves together he realized as he looked at her that this was the loveliest girl he had

The twinkling lights of the grand chandelier fell upon a round, dimpled face; on a white forehead, eyes bright as stars; on exquisite features clear-cut and dainty, a mouth with perfect curves and lines; on soft cheeks and white chin. with sweet baby dimples. There was brightness, a piquant loveliness about her that would have made any man's

Her father was looking on, and Bab knew that she must offer the tips of her little fingers to this young man. panion a moment before. She extended her hand, half timidly, wishing from the bottom of her heart India would but come. Her pulses beat, an indignant flush covered her face to the roots of her curly, golden hair, as she saw the smile on his lips and in his wine-brown eyes.

"If-if he were any one else but who he is -1 would think him very nice," she thought, "but 1-1-hate him."

gone out to the little beauty at sight. From that instant he made up his mind that she should be his bride; he had travelled the wide world over, but he had never seen a face like Bar-bara Haven's. Both young men were obliged to make way for new comers. As they turned each told bimself:

"I have met the girl whom I shall make my wife!" A moment later India Haven entered the drawingroom. She had made all haste to return, because of her anxiety to be present at the meeting of Bab and Mr. Neville, and when she was told breathlessly that the presentation had just taken place her inward rage knew no bounds

controlled her intense emotion sufficiently to inquire hoarsely and eag-

"What did you think of him. Bab?"

The answer came straight from Bab's innocent young heart:
"I should have thought him ever so nice, if I had not known just what I do about him."

India Haven bit her crimson lip sav agely, saying to herself that she would have a hard battle to fight with Bab to keep her from actually falling in love with Clarence Neville, despite her eager assurance of last night that she knew she would hate him at sight. She had no time to ponder over this, however, now, for the beyy of young

folks who son surrounded her gave her no opportunity to think of self.

Then suddenly the crowd seemed to make way for some one. She saw Mr. said. "I did not expect to know hardly said." I did not expect to know hardly

ing room seemed to fade away, and she aw but one person standing there. A strange sense of unreality possessed her. Show in the draw of the great throng in the gr

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 dan druff

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 Cuti-

water and Cutt-cura Soap, dried it, and very carefully ap-plied the Cuticura Ointment and in about an hour took a very fine little comb and the dandruff would litt off in sheets and some of the hair would come too. Then I would put 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. F. Keast, May 20,

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. 32D, Boston, U. S. A.

She could have believed herself in the She could have believed nerself 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 electron her.

sky for her.

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

well, broke the spell, calling her back from heaven to earth.

'H' 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 underhas come! has come! at last! and oh, has come! has come! at last! and oh, how I love him! love him! love him!"
Mr. Haven looked surprisedly at his

companion, and young Mr. Neville plained how their first meeting had place, concluding with remark: "But I should not recall such a thrilling episcode amid such a scene as this, for happily all's well that ends well, you know,"

Mr. Haven left his young friend chat-ting 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.

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 Ne ville talked gayly enough to the tiful dark-eyed girl who seemed to de sire to keep him by her side. He was always in high spirits, always full of charm a girl like India by his manner and his bright, unflagging wit.

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

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

thought, "but I—I—hate him."

Mr. Neville's companion and chum was quite as much taken with Bab as his friend was.

Like Neville, his heart, too, had the offered her his arm at once, saying carelessly: "Shall we walk out the porch or down on the lawn? "Shall we walk out ont

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 bril

liancy in conversation, her dazzling wit. the readiness of her replies, but to night ah what was the strange wondrou -an, what was the strange, wondrous spell cast upon her? 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

Despite the gayety with which she had been surrounded in the past, ay, and in the present, the sense of chill and lumeliness, of unrealized wishes and unsatisfied desires had never left her. She thought of the poet's beautifu

"She never knew she had a heart

Suddenly Clarence Neville's conversa tion veered around to the subject upper-most in his thoughts- her Cousin Bar-

"I shall tell Miss Haven that this first Haven, and beside him the hero of her heart—Clarence Neville.

"My dear India, permit me to present to you Mr. Neville," said her uncle.

What else he said she never knew. Inschool children?" queried India quizzi-

majority of her guests. By the way," he added, enthusiastically. "what a charming bit of dainty girlhood your little Miss Barbara is, to be sure—an artless child of nature."
"Do you admire her?" murmured the French girl in a constrained voice, despite her desperate attempt to speak carelessiv.

"Admire her! Indeed I do-even more than the words express," he cried enthusiastically. "She is the loveliest girl that I have ever beheld!"

girl that I have ever beheld!"

If he had but glanced at his companion he would have seen her turn white as death in the moonlight, and her dark eyes grow stormy with sudden passion, and her little hands clinch themselves tightly together.

"Barbara is not so much of a child as you seem to imagine," she murmured, her voice very husky and strained. "A girl who is deeply in love has left much of her childhood behind her."

"In—love!" echoed Clarence Neville, in a tone of "keen disappoir ment.

of her childhood behind her."

"In—love!" echoed Clarence Neville, in a tone of "keen disappoir nent, though he could hardly have to a why the very thought was so keenly distasteful to him. "I quite fancied she had had no experience with love or lovers—I add this much—fortunate indeed is the man who wins her."

ers—I add this much—fortunate indeed is the man who wins her."

He spoke with such warmth, such earnestness, that the girl by his side grew whiter still and most ghastly, even her lips lost their color.

At that moment he turned to her, noticed it and exclaimed in alarm:

"Are you ill, Miss Haven? You look as though you were about to swoon.

"Are you ill, Miss Haven? You look as though you were about to swoon. The change from the heated drawing-room to these cool grounds has been too much for you. Let me seat you on this garden bench and fetch you an ice. There!" he exclaimed, drawing her scarf about her shoulders, "I shall be back directly."

back directly."

He was gone in a trice, and India was left alone with her own warring, turbulent thoughts. "They both fell in love with each other at first sight," she groaned, burying her white face in her cold, trembling hands, "and I—oh, Heaven!—I love him so. I would die

she should win him.
"But she shall not!" she cried, beating the air fiercely with her clinched hands "I will separate them. No one shall come between India Haven and the man No one shall upon whom she has set her heart. swear it. The girl is beautiful to-night ay, as beautiful as a poet's dream, and when I looked into her dimpled baby face I feared for myself. I had a terrible presentiment of it. I shall—" The sentence was never finished; a shadow stole across the moonlit path.

She glanced up. Surely Mr. Neville and could not have returned so soon.

A man, young, dark and nandsome, and in full evening dress, stood hefore her, staring down into her face with eyes fairly bulging from their sockets.

"India, the beautiful Parisienne!" he wild "Creat Coll and Lind."

eried. "Great God! am I mad or am I dreaming? What are you, of all women, doing here?" and glancing up in terror at the tone, she found herself standing face to face with—Rupert Downing.

(To be Continued.)

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 Canada, and this little place can show blows were struck upon the victime a splendid cure of its own, Mrs. Orastus tongue, which was then inspected. ce, the mother of a large family, was a sufferer from those aches and pains the hot iron had fallen.

states. "I had headache all the time. My heart was weak, and at times a pain surface. According to the rules of the around it added to my fears. Some days ordeal that proved his guilt, and he was was hardly able to walk. I read of lead away to durance vile 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

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mrs. Pag because her troubles came from dis-eased 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 bave come to be known as suffering woman's best friend.

OUR EXACT ARTIST



Chiffon.

Now we use it for perriy everything. It is used extensively for headgear. Blouses of chiffon are now aimost

Evening dresses are largely made of The heavier chiffons are seen in day

dress to some extent.

Truth forgives no insult and endures

STRENGTH FOR WEAK STOMACH

Can Only Be Had Through Rich Red Blood.

When the blood is poor and thin and the stomach in consequence is imperfectly supplied with oxidized blood and nerve force, the digestive process becomes slow and fermentations of the comes 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; some-times 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 burn-ing sensations in the throat and stoming sensations in the throat and stomach are caused by acid fermentations. There are plenty of things to neutralize these acids or to "sweeten the stom ach," 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' Pinks Pills make new, rich, red bloodthat is why they cure even the most ob-stinate caues of indigestion. The follow-ing 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 causes a feeling of loathing. There were days when I could not even hold milk on my stomach, and my head would ache that I could hardly keep from scream ing. 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."

kinds of food."

If you are suffering from indigestion or any other trouble due to poor, watery blood, begin to cure yourself today by 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 Redhot Knife.

The ordeal of the redbot knife is thus described by Abdullah Mansur (G. Wy-man Bury) as he saw it in "The Land of Uz." The case was one of theft from a carayan. Two young men were implia carayan. Two young men were impricated, one a palace slave, the other a young Arab, a native of the casis. Each accused the other, with many oaths and much mutual villification. 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 light to administer the ordeal. The knife seemed a very ordinary piece of hoop iron, shaped roughly into a sort of blade about eight teen inches long. The name and attri-butes of Allah were engraved upon it, and it was fitted with a plain wooden haft.

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, out his tongue, which was seized at tip by the owner of the knife. The in-strument, growing dull red, was drawn from the brazier, and with it three light merely showed slight white marks where

The slave's turn then came, and wheonly women know. To-day she is a strong, healthy woman. Dodd's Kidney bill did it.

The slave's turn then came, and there he flinched at the contact of the hot iron or had failed to keep his tongue hot iron or had failed to keep his tongue. "I had a pain in my left side and down through my hips." Mrs. Pace heat of the blade picked off a small

Epigrams.

You can't limit politeness by tying it down to the truth. After all, many a gentleman is a man

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 rows to be merely a forceful negative. How little the iron-bound individualon of the former generation blends into 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 inspira-

Inanity is often adequate intelligence

A man who can wear a cane and yet seem none the less mainly is almost a paradox these days. If (riendship is love wanting his wings, then what a tot of upsoaring restless-ness there is in the world!—Life.

NEWSPAPER EXPENSES HIGH. (Guelph Mercury.)

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 being reduced in number each year. Galt with a population of 12,000, now has only one newspaper, and Learnington, a town of circle half final population, can now only support the one sieet. Elmira's two papers united at New Year's; Hillsburg's "Heaver" totis 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.

(Judge) Maid-Thieves got into a house in this street last night and stole all the silver.

Mistress-What stunid people to leave things unlocked. Whose house was 17 Maid-It was number 7.

Mistress-Why, that is our house.

Maid-Yes, ma'am, but 1 did not want to frighten you.



Bakes Bread

to Perfection

New Perfection

Cleaner than coal or wood. Cheaper

than gas.

Oil Cook-stove