

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement. To guard against alum in Baking Powder see that all ingredients are plainly printed on the label. The words "No Alum" without the ingredients is not sufficient. Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Full weight one pound cans 25c. E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

PLOTS THAT FAILED

CHAPTER III. At the same moment that this young girl was communing with herself, Mr. Karl Haven, the well-known millionaire philanthropist, was sitting in his study, his head bent on his hand, with an open paper before him. He had received this copy of the Paris Figaro by the last mail, and had just concluded the column which had been marked by a blue pencil. In it he had learned, for the first time, of the death of his wild stepbrother and his wife in the brawl of a gilded gambling palace, and that a child survived—a girl, who was penniless. That was the first time he had heard of Roland Haven for upward of five-and-twenty years. The end he was not surprised at; such a life as he and the beautiful Parisienne he had wedded led usually ended thus. Karl Haven felt sorry from the bottom of his heart that they had left a child and especially that their offspring was a girl. She must needs have been brought up amid the most pernicious of surroundings and influences, and, inheriting the nature of a corrupt mother and father, her future, if she were beautiful and gay like her mother, would be surely the most desperate in all Paris. "I ought to do something for her if she is penniless," he murmured, "without letter her know from whose hand assistance came, for I would not have her brought into contact with my tender little girl, my daughter, Barbara—dear, sweet, little, golden-haired madcap Bab, the pride of my life, the delight of my heart, the idol of my home. God forgive me, I almost think it is wrong sometimes to worship the child so. Child! Dear me, dear me, she will be sixteen to-morrow. That's why I'm letting her give the garden party. I shouldn't have given in to it and let her have her way. There's nothing like keeping her a—"

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS advertisement. In the Spring Most People Need a Tonic Medicine. One of the surest signs that the blood is out of order is the pimple, unsightly eruptions and eczema that come frequently with the change from winter to spring. These prove that the long indoor life of winter has had its effect upon the blood, and that a tonic medicine is needed to put it right. Indeed there are few people who do not need a tonic at this season. But blood does not merely show itself in disgusting eruptions. To this same condition is due the sharp stabbing pains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite and a desire to avoid exertion. You cannot cure these troubles by the use of purgative medicines, you need a tonic, and a tonic only, and among all medicines there is none so good as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic giving nerve-strengthening powers. Every dose of this medicine makes new rich blood which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired, ailing men, women and children. If you are out of sorts give this medicine a trial and see how quickly it will restore the appetite, revive drooping spirits, and fill your veins with new, health-giving blood. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PIMPLES ON FACE ARMS AND LEGS

Scatched So Made Red Sore. Trouble Grew Worse All the Time. A Cake of Cuticura Soap and a Box of Cuticura Ointment Completely Cured. Ville Jollette, Que.—"My little girl, aged four years, had so many pimples on her face, arms and legs that I did not know what to do. They lasted for a year. She commenced to scratch and this made pimples, clear, not red. She scratched so much that the blood ran and it made a red sore. The sores were worse on her arms and legs and on her face, and they were ugly looking with the blood. I was told what to do to stop her suffering, and I used the treatment but other pimples came out all the time. I tried all sorts of remedies but the trouble grew worse all the time. It was always the same story, until I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I began to apply the Cuticura Ointment on her, also hot water and Cuticura Soap. Immediately I began to see that they were curing her, and after having used a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment she was completely cured. She has just as fine a skin as before. My husband also used Cuticura Ointment for cracks in his hands. After three applications of the Cuticura Ointment he was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Alfred Corrier, Jan. 10, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 33D, Boston, U. S. A.



white, baby-faced, petted, idolized child of fortune has gotten into a love entanglement, has she? Ha! ha! ha! I will drive every detail of the story from her mind, and ever after she will hold it as a sword against her to bend her to my will. "Go on, Bab, dear," she murmured; "there is nothing that will give your poor little heart such great relief as to tell some one who is sure to sympathize deeply with you—all about it, from beginning to end." "How awfully sweet and good of you, India, to say so," murmured Bab, throwing herself impulsively into her new friend's arms, and holding her fast. "I haven't met this young man whom I shall have to marry yet," sobbed Bab; "he is to come to my party to-morrow." Young as Barbara Haven was, she could not have helped reading aright the look of intense chagrin on India's face had she but lifted her eyes at that moment. India's hope of some great mischief which she would make medley with, suddenly in thin air, and she could scarcely help showing her deep chagrin and disappointment. "Here is the whole story," went on Bab; "papa consented to allow me to give this party which I am to give to-morrow on one condition, and that was, that Miss Kendall, who was my governess up to a few weeks ago, should make out the list of invitations."

"Of course I did not care, so long as I could give the party," I hurried into the library one afternoon, whether Miss Kendall had gone to get my papa's approval to the list, when this is what I heard, scattering the thought that I had gone to ask papa about to the four winds: "I have but one earnest object in permitting Bab to give this affair," he was saying earnestly to the governess, "and that is that she may become acquainted with young Clarence Neville, the son of my oldest and dearest friend. He is bright, handsome, well-colleged, bred, and a thorough gentleman to the core, besides being sole heir to the Neville fortune, one of the largest in this country. It is my ardent desire that she shall marry him—not yet, of course; Babby is only a child yet—but when the time comes for her to think about love and marriage, as all maidens are sure to do some time."

"I think that there is little doubt but that he will fall desperately in love with the little witch, from a little incident that happened a couple of years ago, and which, in fact, put this very idea of these two young folks marrying in the heads of both his father and myself. It came about in this way: "One day a well-known artist came to my friend's office and begged Banker Neville to permit him to paint his picture, for he was in desperate straits for money. Mr. Neville told him that he could not paint his portrait, but something else for him—the portrait of a very lovely young girl. As he spoke he produced a portrait of Bab, which I had been showing him, and quite by accident had been lying on his desk. The order was quickly executed, and all in due time the painted portrait was finished and sent to him. Mr. Neville had been thinking as to what she should send me for my birthday; the picture was the outcome of it. While the father was critically examining it, in walked his son Clarence. The young man was enthusiastic over the picture and said that if he ever met a young girl with a face like that he would be tempted to fall in love with her straightaway, he said, for he was in desperate straits for money. "When Banker Neville presented the portrait to me he told me of the occurrence, and then there we put our heads together and concluded that an opportunity should be given these two young people to meet at a party Bab should give when she was sixteen, providing Clarence was heart whole and fancy free by that time."

"Now you know why my consent was so readily given to this affair. I shall have the pleasure of presenting to Bab the young man whom she must marry. In such matters parents are wiser than their children, and know what is best for them to secure them a happy future."

"I waited to hear no more," continued Bab, tearfully, "but slipped away unnoticed. What I had heard has just spoiled the prospect of the party for me. I shall be sure to hate this Clarence Neville with all my heart. Tell me, India, do you not think that the awful secret which I have unfolded to you is enough to drive me to distraction? Oh, do sympathize with me," sobbed Bab, wildly. India was staring down at her with a face as white as it would ever be in death; she had listened carelessly enough until the name of the lover in question fell upon her ear, then, as though an electric shock had passed suddenly through her heart, she sat bolt upright, looking into Babe's face. Clarence Neville, the hero who had saved her life scarcely an hour before, the brown-eyed, handsome, debonaire young man to whom her fiery French heart had gone out in a mad, idolatrous love at first sight, it was he whom they intended for this pink and white-faced India. India Haven clutched her hands tightly together. Such a marriage should never take place if she could prevent it, she told herself, for Clarence Neville must be hers, though she walked through seas of blood to accomplish it. "I shall nip the scheme of those two dotting parents in the bud," she thought excitedly. "Heaven pity the human being who comes between me and my plans! He might as well bring his own death warrant in his hands." India aroused herself quickly from her mad, scheming thoughts, realizing that Bab was looking eagerly into her face for an answer. (To be Continued.)

AT BREAK OF DAY.

Fly, little song, in the wide, wide world, Farther than I may roam; Fly to the place where the blinds are drawn— Fly to the darkened home. Fly to the heart that bleeds, and say: Thou shalt be happy at break of day— After the night comes day.

Fly, little song, where the watcher sits Watching a vacant chair; Fly where a white face bends above That one dear lock of hair. Fly as an angel, my song, and say: Thou shalt be happy at break of day— After the night comes day.

Fly, little song, in the wide, wide world— Somewhere is need of thee; Offer the weary a singer's love, Take them his sympathy. Voices I hear, and I know they say: Thou shalt be happy at break of day— After the night comes day.— Howard V. Southerland, in Boston Transcript.

Old Winter Coughs Now Easily Cured. A New Remedy Now Cures Without the Use of Cough Syrups or Drugs. Just think of it—you can clear away that hard, racking cough, drive it completely out of the system, make yourself perfectly well by the new breathing cure that employs no medicine at all. You wonder how; very simple, indeed; you simply breathe in through a Catarrhoxone Inhaler rich balsamic essences that heal and soothe away the cough in a few hours' time. In using Catarrhoxone you bathe the lining of the nose and throat with that powerful antiseptic of the Blue Gum Tree of Australia, which is probably the sweetest cold and cough cure in the world to-day. Clarence E. Cromwell, writing from Medicine Hat, says: "To cure a sneezing cold in about ten minutes the one thing I know of to do it is Catarrhoxone. To relieve an irritated throat quickly, nothing can excel Catarrhoxone. It simply eats up a cough or cold of any kind. I know of colds that have hung on for months that Catarrhoxone cured quickly. Nearly every man I know carries a Catarrhoxone Inhaler with him day and night, and in this country it makes a wonderful protection against all winter ills." Get the dollar outfit, including the hard rubber inhaler, and medication to last two months; medium size 50c, sample size 25c, at all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhoxone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

Aching Lumbago Backs Are Quickly Helped And Permanently Cured

Release, Yes, and a Cure for Lumbago is Now Known. YOU CAN EASILY PROVE THIS. To cure Lumbago—surely it's a good thing to know how. This information meant to Jno. E. Neave the difference between invalidism and robust health. Writing from his home near Cornwall, he says: "A severe and prolonged attack of Lumbago in my youth rendered me at all times liable to aches in the back and loins. So established became the predisposition, and so frequent the attacks, I confess I accepted the condition as my particular weakness, to be borne with as much composure as any will circumstances might permit. One day an unusually bad attack developed, and unfortunately there was no medicine of any kind in the house. I sent to a neighbor for help and received with a strong recommendation a bottle of Ner-viline. My friend was surprised we didn't use Ner-viline, saying that they found use for it in their family almost every day. So quickly did Ner-viline check the attack, and so grateful was the relief, that I was in a day on the high road to recovery. I have cured my tendency to Lumbago with Ner-viline, and consider it the most powerful pain-subduing liniment ever made."

For curing colds, hoarseness, tight chest and winter influenza, Ner-viline is a marvel; as for Lumbago, Sciatica and Rheumatism, Ner-viline is considered to be without a peer. In the home it is especially valuable, because it cures cramps in half a minute, stops nausea, controls vomiting and upset stomach. For internal and external use, wherever there is pain, apply Ner-viline. Get the 50c. family size bottle; trial size, 25c. at all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhoxone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FILIPINO SORROW. When I went down to breakfast the other morning at my hotel I found the attentive and unusually intelligent Filipino waiter who has served me ever since I attached myself to the hostelry squad. His eyes were bleared with salty tears and he looked down at the floor to avoid my glance of inquiry. "I am a few minutes late," I said to the waiter. And then: "You have been crying. What troubles you?" Again he burst into tears, and sobbed as if his heart would break. "What on earth ails you?" I asked, rather sympathetically. "Azy of your relatives dead?" "No, no, no, no, no," and the waiter boohooed again. "Then what ails it, boy?" I exclaimed, rather impatiently. "out with it!" "O, no, no," he stammered, "the pancakes are cold!" Noble muchacho, that, isn't he?—Philippines Monthly.

RATHER PESSIMISTIC. (St. John, N. B., Telegram) The world is by no means a perfect world. Taking it by and large, it is a hard and cruel world, in which it is to be got except by toil and anguish and that little not all can be kept by any degree of care and pain. There are, indeed, regions where the earth brings forth spontaneously and freely, but these are not regions where man has arrived at any promising degree of maturity or strength. Even there, in the midst of tropical plenty, the serpent stings, the earthquake and tornado work their frightful misdeeds, cholera and malaria kill, and gout and rheumatism, at irregular intervals, covers the land with the dead. It is only a fraction of human misery that can be charged upon society.

THE IMPORTANT ELEPHANT. The white elephant is an important individual of the Siamese Court, taking precedence after the sovereign and ahead of the heir apparent. "I'd rather see you chew than smoke."

MUNICIPAL OPERATION. (Buffalo Courier) The Los Angeles Municipal News was excited by a referendum on the city people. It has been recalled by another referendum vote. Loss \$36,000.

AN OLD SETTLER FINDS QUICK RELIEF. CHAS. MARSHALL CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Mrs. Marshall Tells How Her Husband Suffered, and of His Speedy Recovery When He Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

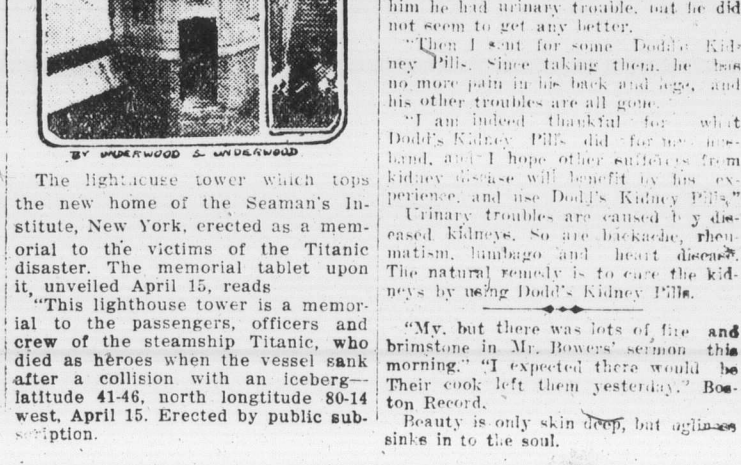
Parkinson, Algoma, Ont., May 5.—(Special)—Living far from town and with doctors not within easy reach, many of the settlers have found Dodd's Kidney Pills an irrefragable blessing. One of these is Mr. Charles Marshall, Sen., whose recovery from a severe case of kidney disease has recently been the cause of much satisfaction to his family and friends.

"My husband was suffering very much with his back and legs," Mrs. Marshall says, speaking of her husband's cure. "He went to see the doctor, and he told him he had urinary trouble, but he did not seem to get any better. "Then I got some Dodd's Kidney Pills. Since taking them, he has no more pain in his back and legs, and his other troubles are all gone. "I am indeed thankful for what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for my husband, and I hope other sufferers from kidney disease will benefit by his experience, and use Dodd's Kidney Pills. "Urinary troubles are caused by diseased kidneys. So are headache, rheumatism, lumbago and liver disease. The natural remedy is to cure the kidneys by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My, but there was lots of fire and brimstone in Mr. Bowers' sermon this morning." "I expected there would be their work left them yesterday." Boston Record.

Beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness sinks in to the soul.

Titanic Beacon U. S. Memorial to the Brave Men



The lighthouse tower which tops the new home of the Seaman's Institute, New York, erected as a memorial to the victims of the Titanic disaster. The memorial tablet upon it, unveiled April 15, reads: "This lighthouse tower is a memorial to the passengers, officers and crew of the steamship Titanic, who died as heroes when the vessel sank after a collision with an iceberg—latitude 41-46, north longitude 80-14 west, April 15. Erected by public subscription.