

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

EW. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG-MONTREAL

PLOTS THAT FAILED

He saw Clarence Neville stop abruptly, and turn white as death as he gazed at a handsome victoria among the crush of carriages which he had to permit to pass before he could reach the other pavement.

Following the direction of his gaze, the actor saw that the vehicle contained a beautiful, fair-haired young girl. It needed but this one rapid glance to disclose her identity to him. From her marked resemblance to his actress wife, Clarence knew that she must be Barbara Haven, the girl who had been so adroitly separated by law from the young husband who idolized her so madly, and whom the treacherous cousin who had planned such a desperate scheme and had carried it through to a successful finish was soon to win.

The actor thanked his stars that he was on the ground to see what would occur, thinking it might mean more money in his pocket.

Clarence Neville had stopped short, his handsome face pale as marble, gazing straight into the approaching vehicle.

It was the first time that he had beheld her since the night he had saved her life at the opera house fire, though she knew not of his heroic deed or his presence there.

A longing, strong as the life that pulsed in his veins, seemed to urge him to try to attract her attention toward himself.

"If I could but speak only one word to her," he breathed, hoarsely—"only one word, I would go on with the desolate life ahead of me with less bitter heart pangs.

"Bab loved me once; she will not refuse me one little word, even though she is soon to marry Rupert Downing. God pity me; I must speak to her, here and now!"

CHAPTER LVII.

As the carriage containing Bab drew up abreast of him, Clarence Neville sprang forward with a thrilling cry. But, alas! how true are the words of the old proverb: "Man proposes, but God disposes."

At that instant a hoarse cry from a dozen throats drowned his voice. Ere any one could take a leap forward to prevent the catastrophe, a fractious horse in the midst of the crowd of vehicles suddenly reared toward the backward, crushing heavily into the victoria containing the beautiful, golden-haired young girl.

In an instant a veritable pandemonium reigned, and in the midst of it a young man, fighting his way through the crowd like a demon, gained the spot where the ruins of the vehicle lay, in the midst of which was the slender form of the young girl.

The man was Clarence Neville. No one else would have dared brave death from the heels of the terrified horses that had been attached to the carriage.

Whether Barbara was dead or dying Clarence knew not as he caught her unconscious form up in his strong arms and bore her through the struggling crowd to the pavement.

At that moment he caught sight of the face of the "doctor," whom he had but just left in India's home.

"Attend to this lady, quickly, doctor, for the love of Heaven!" he cried. "Tell me quickly, is she—she alive—or—"

He could not utter the last terrible word. It seemed to stick in his throat and choke him.

In an instant every eye in the throng was directed toward the man whom he indicated, and who seemed to be doing his utmost to break through the crowd and get away.

This fact was clearly obvious to a tall man who stood on the outskirts of the gathering, looking interestedly on. His keen eyes swept over the "doctor" casually, then an exclamation of intense surprise broke from his lips, and he muttered, slowly:

"The fellow is in disguise. There is something evidently suspicious here. And as to being a doctor, as this young man has called him, to my certain knowledge he is nothing of the kind; at least he is not a Boston physician. I will investigate him as a suspicious person."

The gentleman was one of Boston's noted detectives, and stepping forward, he laid a heavy hand on the "doctor's" shoulder.

"This is the first time that I ever saw a doctor flee from an emergency call like this, my friend," he said. "Why are you trying to get away? Don't you see the lady is either dead or dying—at least, in a very bad way. See what you can do for her, as you seem to be the only physician in the crowd. That is my advice."

"Keep your advice to yourself," retorted the other, angrily. "Every man is supposed to know his own affairs best. I must catch a train; a dying patient is awaiting me elsewhere."

"And a dying one awaiting your immediate attention here," responded the other, sternly, adding, "I have advised you courteously to come and attend to her. Now I put my request in the shape of a demand. Refuse at your peril, sir."

The other's teeth rattled, and his eyes almost bulged from their sockets in terror, a fact which did not escape the keen gaze of the detective, who added, slowly, and in a significant whisper, in the other's ear: "It is my opinion—privately expressed—that you are no more of a doctor than I am, my friend."

With a terrible impatience on his lips the "doctor" attempted to wrench himself free from the other's hold, but the steel-like grip of the detective closed down upon him the more firmly.

"Will you attend the lady?" he asked, sharply.

"I don't know what to do for her, curse you!" returned the other. "You were right, I'm no doctor. The young fellow over there, as do you yourself, simply took me for one. I'm not responsible for that, am I?"

"What about the patient who was awaiting you?" queried the detective, grimly.

"I was merely carrying out my impression," replied the man, trying to laugh lightly.

Meanwhile, Clarence Neville was calling on the "doctor" in the greatest of agony to come to the young girl at once, as each instant might be her last, for her heart beat faintly.

Another physician—this one a well-known Boston doctor, who was passing, and attracted by the crowd, had stopped—instinctively proffered his services.

Thus the attention of the crowd was instantly directed away from the former "doctor," or they would have seen that he was quietly marched away by the heavy-set man, whose grip had never left the other's shoulder. Nor did they hear the detective remark:

"We will investigate as to who and what you are at police headquarters, my friend. Raise a fuss or come along quietly, just as you choose."

The next instant the two men were lost to sight around the nearest corner.

Meanwhile, Dr. Bowdoin, who had recognized Barbara at once as being the daughter of his very old friend, Karl Haven, was doing everything that was in his power for the girl, who had by his direction been carried into the nearest drug store.

"I assure you the young lady has sustained no injury whatever, save a severe fright, which caused her to faint," he declared, smiling into the young man's anxious, perturbed face. "An hour from now she will be as good as new. I promise you. My brougham is close at hand," he added, "and I offer my services to convey her home. It would be much better, and cause her less of a shock to return to consciousness amid familiar home surroundings, than in the midst of this curious, gaping throng, Mr. Neville."

"You know me?" exclaimed Clarence, wonderingly.

"I think I ought to," laughed the old doctor, "for it was upon my face your eyes first rested when you made your advent into this pleasant world."

Clarence shook hands with the doctor with much agitation.

"From the edge of the immense crowd I saw your heroic rescue of this young girl," continued Dr. Bowdoin, "and I say: Bravo! my lad, it was bravely done. But for your timely rescue this fair young lady would have been killed outright; she has you to thank for her life."

In the excitement of the moment Clarence quite forgot to pledge the doctor to secrecy in the matter.

He saw the doctor lift Bab's slender form in his ragged arms, and he followed to the coach door, seeing her safely

FOR A BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL KITCHEN

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

A PASTE No WASTE No DUST No RUST



deposited therein, his lips trembling with the intense emotion which was almost mastering him, realizing as he did that, though he loved her better than his own life, he had not the right to kiss her pale lips nor touch one of the little white hands, though one of them had, for one brief hour, borne his wedding ring.

That episode seemed almost more like a dream now than a reality.

As the coach rolled away, Clarence Neville turned back among the throng, which was quickly dispersing, now that there was nothing more to be seen, and at that moment he discovered that he had lost his watch; it had been wrenched from the chain. His grief over this episode was great, for it was the timepiece that his father had presented to him on the day he became of age; his monogram was on the cover, with the date it had been given. An inside case contained the portrait of his father and mother, and because of this he prized the timepiece beyond rubies.

His first step was to hurry to the police station, in the vicinity of which he had met with his loss, to acquaint them of the fact, and his willingness to pay a large sum for its recovery.

Arriving there a few minutes in advance of him, dear reader, we learn that the "doctor," whom the detective had just brought in, had asked permission that certain people might be made acquainted with his plight, and both telephoned for to come to his assistance quickly.

This request was granted, and the sergeant was no little surprised to hear him call for two well-known society people—Mr. Rupert Downing and Mrs. India Neville—also Clorinda, a favorite variety actress, demanding imperatively that they should come to him at once.

He would make no statement when a jimmie and three gold watches were found in his possession, together with a bunch of skeleton keys.

"The friends whom I have sent for will answer you," he declared, doggedly. "Until then, I propose to remain silent."

At the self-same moment when Rupert Downing received the telephone message that a friend at the police station, who was in trouble, required his presence there, he was raging like a tiger over a letter he had just received from the Princess Enlalie, declining his offer of marriage with thanks.

"And to think that I threw Bab Haven, the heiress, over for her," he groaned. "That Spanish girl was only making a fool of me in leading me on. By George! the next best move is to make up with Bab, and marry her at once. Delays are dangerous."

CHAPTER LVIII.

"Yes," reiterated Rupert Downing, "I might have known that the beautiful Spanish princess, the peerless Enlalie, was leading me on to break with the girl to whom I was to be married in order to get the chance of refusing me. Any one could see that from the cutting sarcasm of her brief note. She need not have added injury to insult, however, by concluding with the sentence: 'Do not make any attempt to see me; should you do so, I will promptly invoke the aid of the police against you!'"

Bearing the note up into a thousand shards, he cast them from him, muttering:

"It will not be so easy to win Barbara Haven's consent a second time; for she dislikes me so intensely as it is, India must help me in my dilemma. I can do nothing without her aid. Her relations with Bab and her father are a little strained on account of her recent sensational marriage with the feeble old banker, but for all that, she can regain the old, hypnotic influence over Bab, if she chooses."

Drawing a sheet of paper toward him, he took the time, ere he answered his friend's urgent call at the police station, to write and send the following note to India by special messenger:

My Dear Mrs. Neville.—Some few days ago you expressed amazing surprise at the abrupt termination of my betrothal to Barbara, brought about by himself, declaring it seemed to you little short of the act of a madman, considering all the trouble you and I had undergone to bring it about.

"Your surprise is quite correct, it was a madman's act, and now I'm regretting it heart and soul."

"It does not matter why I did it—all that will interest you is that I must, as my first duty, establish myself upon the same footing with Bab; that is, a new engagement must be entered into. She must become my wife. I am desperately in need of her fortune—I must have it."

"You must aid me in bringing it about, and pave the way for me to call upon Bab, and talk the situation over with her. I know you will not refuse, that would be bringing down the sword which hangs suspended by but a single thread upon your pretty head."

"Moreover, I wish to ask a loan of you, of not less than a hundred thousand dollars in cash, which you must send me to-day."

"Refuse, and the next edition of every paper in Boston will contain the following: 'An advertisement brought to justice as a caution.'"

"The column which will follow will be the story of the life of the beautiful French girl who figures as the widow of the late millionaire banker, Mr. Neville. It will contain the full account of the life you have led from childhood to womanhood—having the dupes around the gaming tables in Paris where I first met you; of how you wedded an old nobleman for his fortune; and how he died mysteriously less than a fortnight after. Again and again you wedded aged men of fortune, until at last I Paris was aroused by the feeling against you, whom they called the most beautiful as well as the most dangerous fiend in all Paris, the wickedest city on earth, where crime preys boldly abroad under the dim, flickering light of the stars. Your wealth came easily and went as easily. You lived like a queen—nay, a goddess—while it lasted."

"Your last matrimonial adventure did not turn out so luckily; you married a young man this time, supposing he was possessed of a fortune. When you found he was but a poor poet, you tried to dispose of him in the same way, and it is your belief that you succeeded, though you shook the dust of France from your pretty feet ere you could know."

"Let me inform you, clever India, that

FACE COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Spread on Limbs, Red and Inflamed, Became Sores, Had to Tie Hands While He Slept, Well, Thanks to Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

St. Ceaire, Quebec.—"My child was scarcely two months and a half old when his face and arms became covered with little red pimples which a little later spread on his limbs. The pimples were very red and inflamed. They were known as 'milk spots' and soon became a little larger and raised up. There were four or five together. These pimples caused him to scratch so that we had to tie his hands while he slept. The itching made him suffer so much that he cried part of the night, waking up most of the people in the house. The pimples became sores and were very painful."

"I used without success several remedies which were recommended to me. I then used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, giving him a bath every morning with the Cuticura Soap, and then applied a thin layer of Cuticura Ointment on the parts affected. They gave great relief with the first application. After using one box of Cuticura Soap and a little more than one cake of Cuticura Soap my child was completely cured. The Cuticura Soap and Ointment my baby is perfectly well, and I shall always have them at hand." (Signed) Mrs. N. Jobin, Jan. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A single set is often sufficient. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card to Dept. of Chem. Corp., Dept. 37D, Boston, U. S. A.

your last attempt was a failure; your victim lived, and invoked the aid of the French police to trace you. It may interest you to know that he is on this side of the Atlantic, and, furthermore, still suffering from the injuries you inflicted upon him. He was in New York Hospital at the same time Clarence Neville was there, and, in fact, occupied the very next cot to him. I have learned—and while there they became the greatest friends.

"His presence will prevent your obtaining possession of the Neville millions, as the deceased banker's wife, for you are not his lawfully wedded wife, you are the wife of the young Frenchman who is hunting you down."

"I saw him only yesterday on the street, and remembering having seen me in Paris, he was only too glad to renew the acquaintance. He told me of his troubles—what had brought him to America—and asked me if I had ever come across you on this side, ending by saying, if he could not trace you by the time the next steamer sailed, he would remain over, and put his case into the hands of the Boston police."

"My advice to you is not to appear in public on any account; secure that money for me, and Barbara's promise that she will marry me, and I will be as silent as the grave concerning your affairs."

"You can wed Clarence Neville (if he can be induced to have you), and sail for Australia at once. Your French husband will have a nice time looking for you all over the world, especially with no money in his pocket."

"Awaiting the money from you, and Bab's promise to marry me, gained through your influence over her, I remain, yours very truly,

"Rupert Downing."


India was deep in her preparation for her coming wedding with Clarence Neville on the morrow, when this letter was handed her. She recognized Downing's hand-writing at once, and her arched brows lowered into an ugly frown.

"Now, what can he have to say to me?" she muttered, flinging herself down into a spacious velvet armchair, and tearing open the envelope in annoyance.

"Head Feels Fine Breathe Freely Now"

Improved My Voice, Strengthened My Throat, Cured Me of Hawking and Spitting.

Miss Emma E. Lorton Gives Great Praise to "Catarhizone."



"I just wish I had known years ago about the wonderful effect of CATARRHIZONE," writes Miss Norton, from her home in Georgetown. "My nose and throat were continually stopped up, and I was seldom free from a gag in the throat. I coughed and hawked and often at night couldn't sleep. Just a few breaths from a Catarhizone inhaler and my head was cleared right up. My throat trouble is well and I haven't a single vestige of catarrh. Catarhizone made a perfect cure."

As the only way to reach catarrh is by inhaling medicated air, it follows that the healing balsam of Catarhizone can't fail to cure. It is purely vegetable, catarrhic—soothing and heals wherever it goes.

The germ-killing vapor is inhaled at the mouth and instantly spreads through all the breathing organs. Easy ease of bronchitis and catarrh is rooted out, and such health and strength is imparted that these troubles never again return.

Complete outfit, sufficient for two months' use, price \$1.00, including the inhaler and liquid for filling, smaller trial sizes 25c and 50c. All druggists and storekeepers, or The Catarhizone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

As she read on and on, her beautiful face grew ashy pale, her hands trembled like aspen leaves, and her eyes nearly bulged from their sockets.

PEPPER RECIPES.

They're Coming More Into Use Every Year Now.

It would seem at first glance to some readers that "peppers are peppers," but they are not any more than "an egg is an egg."

The housekeeper is unusual these days who is found without one or more varieties in her refrigerator. The sweet green pepper has become almost a fad, and the fresh red sweet pepper should be just as universally used, but it is not.

Stuffed Baked Peppers.—Eight red of green sweet peppers, 1 cup of tomato pulp, 1/2 cup of white bread crumbs, 1 cup of meat stock, 2 tablespoons of flour, the same of butter, 1 tablespoon of onion juice, salt and paprika.

Cut the top from the peppers and remove the seeds and coarse veins. Cover with boiling water and let stand 5 minutes. Stand them in a well greased baking pan and fill with a mixture made from materials given. Rub butter and flour together and add to the hot stock, cook until it thickens, then add the remaining ingredients and stuff with peppers. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven 1/2 hour.

Chicken Stuffing.—Prepare the filling for the peppers as given in the above recipe, substituting the chicken in place of the tomato, or any other cold meat may be used, and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Pimento Salad.—French dressing; pimentos, Philadelphia cream cheese: 1/2 cup of chopped nuts, cream, lettuce. Wash pimentos and dry on a towel or use fresh red or green ones. Fill with the cheese, which has been slightly salted and has in it the finely chopped nuts and just enough cream to blend all together. Put the filled pimentos on ice and let get very cold. Just before serving slice with a very sharp knife and place carefully on lettuce. Season all with French dressing. Serve with ribbon or brown bread and sandwiches. When used with red peppers, pistachio nuts make a good contrast.

THE RELIEF OF NEWARK, A. D. 1644.

Showing How Rupert's Advance Was Made Known to the Garrison By Chas. Cote Grant (Royalist)

Like hungry wolves, stirred for blood, the Roundhead army lay outside the walls, where famine soon will have cut them off from food. A wary and a watchful foe, already has described a messenger whose sash betrays the name, Dragons of pride. A curse upon his liver, what tidings does he bring? Little that boots much good, I fear, to Newark or the king.

How fare our friends who are not near to "Fieldings" you belong? Both Gideon's arm prevail, or are the Piousness too strong? Then, poohsily, the canting knave looked up toward the sky, As "Good-fort-the-Lord" awaits a fit reply.

A prick of spur—the charger bounds through the astonished ring, While then rings out the exulting cheer, "A Rupert for the King!"

"Tis 'Lancelot,' the voice we know, from angry rebels broke; "Down goes 'the Ironsides' in front, beneath the sabre stroke. He flings aside the shattered blade, which serves him in his need, A truer friend be thou to me, my gallant son steed. He pats the noble charger's neck; nay, follow all who will. You'll bear me safely, as you bore the standard at Edgehill. He flings away the orange badge, as bride-rein he drew And waves 'the Royal Crimson Sash'—the gates wide open flew. I guessed aright, exclaimed the knight, the holdest cavalier, 'That rode with 'Rupert of the Rhine' the day of Worcester.' He! Will still in the old disguise, what horrid news you bring, God! How I long to strike to-day a blow for Crown and King."

Note—"A Rupert for the King" was the war-cry of the Royal Horse, commanded by the Prince.

Note—The Roundheads wore an orange sash, the Royalists a crimson one. The royal standard was re-taken at Edgehill by a few cavaliers, who boldly rode into the Puritan ranks, disguised, the scarfs taken from dead Roundheads. "Good-fort-the-Lord," a name not uncommon in Puritan circles.

Might Match Them.

Contrary to popular opinion pennies do not exclusively figure in the contribution box. At least the conclusion might be gathered from a story recently told by Merritt O. Chance, chief clerk in the Postoffice Department at Washington.

Some time ago, according to Mr. Chance, a woman stopped at the postoffice to see the minister's wife on her way downtown to do some shopping.

"I have only a minute to stay," said the caller, as she was ushered into the parlor, "I am on my way downtown to match some buttons."

"Why go all the way downtown?" queried the minister's wife, sweetly. "I may be able to match them for you."

"Do you really think you can?" responded the caller. "I didn't know you kept such a supply on hand."

"I have tons of them," said the minister's wife. "My husband gets them out of the contribution box. I can match most any button in the congregation."

—Exchange.

Of Course.

"What is it which a cat and no other animal has?" inquired the teacher.

One pupil answered immediately: "Fur!"

"Haw-haw," guffawed another pupil. "Rabbits and moles have fur!"

"I know, teacher!" exclaimed No. 3. "Whiskers!"

"Haw-haw!" this from No. 2 again. "Father has whiskers!"

"My pa ain't,"

"Course he hasn't," retorted No. 2. "Haw-haw. Your father's no good. Now, my father—"

"Silence," cried the teacher. "Can't you one tell me what a cat has which no other animal can have?"

A little girl timidly held up her hand. "Well, Eva?" smiled the teacher encouragingly.

"Kittens," replied Eva.

And the little girl went to the top of the class.

What men call treasure and the gods call cross.—Lowell.

Laughs With Joy! No More Indigestion

Montreal Man So Ill Thought He Would Die of Stomach Trouble.

Found a Simple Remedy That Has Kept Him Well Ever Since.



The experience of Mr. Larose is one very common to-day:

"I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for five years. I suffered so much that I could hardly attend to my work. I was weak and lost all courage. I enjoyed no rest until I decided to follow your treatment. To my great surprise I immediately began to feel better. I am now using the second box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I feel so well that I want to tell you that I owe this great change to your famous pills. I recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills to every person who is suffering from dyspepsia. Your grateful servant, D. R. Larose, 338 Joliette street, Montreal, P. Q."

All who have weak stomachs, and those who suffer with indigestion, headaches, biliousness, can be perfectly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box, at druggists and storekeepers, or the Catarhizone Co., Kingston, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y.

THIBET STUDENTS.

Party of Youths to Study in Great Britain.

The people of Thibet are the least traveled people in the world. For the first time in history a party of Thibetans has left the native county for a visit in England.

The visit received the sanction of the lalal lama. The party consists of six persons—four Thibetan boys, whose ages range from 11 to 17 years, and a Thibetan army officer and his wife. The travelers are attired in their native costumes, but have adopted the English shoes, finding them more comfortable for travel than those of Thibet.

The boys will attend school at Aldershot, England. None of the party has ever traveled before. They always have lived in an altitude of 10,000 feet. It has taken them a month to travel 300 miles across the mountains of Thibet. They saw a railway train for the first time when arriving at Darjeeling. At Marseilles they saw an aeroplane and had their pictures taken.

They have taken with them to England a small, square, red box which contains a portable shrine, images, and cloth blessed by the dala lama.

THE TORTURES OF RHEUMATISM

Driven From the System by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The sufferer from rheumatism who has not gone about curing himself in the right way must expect a return of the torture with every change in the weather that causes the rheumatism, but it does start a deep-seated disorder of the blood. You cannot possibly cure it with outward applications or hot fomentations as so many people in their ignorance of the real cause of the trouble try to do.

Rheumatism can only be driven out of the system by driving out the poisonous acid in the blood. This can only be done by making the blood supply rich, red and pure. It is in this way that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism, even after other remedies have failed. These Pills make rich, red blood; they go right to the root of the trouble, and the pains and aches are driven from the system and will not return if the food supply is kept pure. That is the whole secret of curing rheumatism, and if you are a sufferer begin to cure yourself to-day by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Among the many sufferers from rheumatism who have been cured by this medicine is Miss Mary D. Kelly, South Dumfries, Ont. Miss Kelly says: "Some time ago I had a very bad attack of rheumatism. At times I would be confined to bed for a couple of days and would seem almost paralysed with the intense pain in my back and legs. At such times I could not walk, and my joints were stiff and swollen. I consulted different doctors and took their medicine, but could not get more than temporary relief. At this time a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a supply. After taking a few boxes I found they were greatly helping me, and I continued their use until the trouble completely disappeared. Can you recommend this medicine to others who suffer as I did from the pains and tortures of rheumatism?"

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STRIKES BREED POVERTY.

(Chicago Tribune)

This tendency toward communiting haphazard and uncalled-for strikes should be encouraged. For while it is true that poverty breeds strikers, it is equally true that strikes, especially those called for trivial reasons, breed poverty. It often requires months for the family of a workman to recover from the loss of a single week's wages.