

Be Sure  
the Grocer Sends  
**Redpath**  
EXTRA  
GRANULATED SUGAR  
with the fruit you order for  
preserving.  
Tell him, too, that you want it in  
the Packages originated for  
**Redpath Sugar**—2 or 5 lb.  
Sealed Cartons or 10, 20, 50 or  
100 lb. Cloth Bags.  
Then you will be sure to get  
the GENUINE REDPATH—  
Canada's favorite  
sugar for three  
generations—the sugar to  
whose preserving purity  
you can safely trust good  
fruit.  
CANADA SUGAR  
REFINING CO.,  
LIMITED,  
MONTREAL.  
135

## A GIFT OF A SOUL

When he found himself dressed again, after the unrestraint of so many months, in close fitting waistcoat and coat, he gave a sigh. It seemed to him that he ceased to be the free and active Pierre Laurier who had worked so joyfully ten hours a day in the open air, inhaling the invigorating odors of juniper and fir-tree, and that he became once more the Pierre Laurier of the past, who, cursing his art and despairing of the future, spent his hours between the boudoir of a coquette and the gambling saloon of the club.

He raised his eyes. Night was falling, but behind the chestnut groves, bathing in its pallid light the frowning rocks, the moon shone, and a silver crescent in the sky. The forest breeze, warm and fragrant, passed over the young man's brow, soft as the caressing touch of a wing. He looked at the sea, which rolled, profound and calm, at his feet, and murmured: "You may bear me away, I fear neither you nor those from whom you separate me." His transitory discontent passed away, and at that moment, when he was about to take the supreme step that was to decide his fate, he found himself master of his thoughts and of his feelings.

No emotion stirred his heart at the thought of the woman he had so passionately loved. He dared to evoke her image. He saw her with her low brow crowned with its raven tresses; her beautiful eyes with their long lashes, her intoxicating glance—but he remained indifferent and disdainful. He loved her no longer, all was over; the charm had ceased; the philtre was powerless. He had recovered possession of himself, and his heart, freed from its bondage, was once more worthy of a good woman's acceptance. And tears of emotion came to Laurier's eyes. His trembling lips murmured a confession of love, and his whole being reached through space toward the adored object.

On the following day at nine o'clock the boat sailed. Pierre again saw the dock beside which the Saint Laurent lay at anchor, while he was painting its figurehead of carved wood, the mole, the bastion of the Dragon, and, in succession, Cape Corso, Giraglia, and the Italian coast. On board the boat, which sailed rapidly, he retraced the route taken by the little smuggling vessel.

responding with Davidoff. He stretched out his hands toward the shore, as if the reassuring news he desired were there awaiting him. He envied the albatross its swift wings as it sailed in its melancholy flight through the blue air. He walked the deck nervously, as if his impatience could lend added speed to the motion of the vessel.

He could not sleep, and he remained on deck, his gaze fixed on the horizon. They passed in succession Genoa, Monaco, Nice, Antibes, and Toulon; sailing along this enchanting coast, bordered down to the water's edge with gardens on whose sands of gold the waves die languorously away. His heart beat quickly as he saw the Chateau d'If looming darkly in the distance, its lights gleaming through the night like eyes looking into immensity. He had but little baggage and on arriving at Marseilles he gave it to a street porter, and crossing the gangway, hastily took a carriage and drove to the railway station. He passed not an instant; his only thought was to reach his destination as soon as possible. The express was to leave at half-past eleven, and he had still an hour at his disposal. He went to the telegraph office and sent the following despatch to Davidoff: "Arrived in Marseilles; will be in Paris to-morrow evening at six."

When he saw the message pass from the hands of the clerk to those of the operator he felt a sense of relief, as if some part of himself had already gone on in advance. He went to the restaurant, where he breakfasted, though without an appetite, to kill time. The gates being at last opened and the train ready to start, he installed himself in a compartment and gave himself up with a new sense of delight to the pleasure of being rapidly borne through space. Buried in a corner of the carriage, his eyes closed although he was not asleep, he remained motionless, counting as they passed them the stations which still separated him from the end of his journey, as a prisoner counts on the calendar the days which still separate him from liberty.

Toward dawn, however, he grew exhausted and fell into a doze. For two days and nights he had not slept. When he awoke he saw with delight that he had embarked upon time during his sleep, for it was broad daylight, and the train was approaching Macon. Before him, bathed in sunshine, stretched on either hand the rich and smiling fields of Burgundy. Pierre felt as if he had almost reached his journey's end. He found himself again in the midst of scenery which, for a year, he had not seen. No longer reddish rocks and foaming torrents; no longer shepherd's arms with staves watching from some eminence with a proud and serious air their scanty flock or their unruly goats at pasture. Instead he saw peasants, at once stout and active, guiding the plow, drawn by large white oxen, yoked in pairs, along the brown furrows; fields covered with crops, vines bending under their load of grapes, forests of a vivid green traversed by grassy paths leading into cool, green glades. It was the sever, healthy of the central provinces of France, not the soft and radiant beauty of Provence or the wild grandeur of Corsica.

Space fled before him; the train passed swiftly by hillsides, valleys, and rivers, and Pierre gave himself up more and more to his own thoughts. He fell into an uneasy reverie, in which he asked himself with a vain persistence what it was that had caused Davidoff to recall him so suddenly, and a feverish agitation seized him as they approached Paris. He consulted his watch more than twenty times between the great city and Melun. Passing the fortifications he stood up preparing already to leave

the train. At last the engine, whistling shrilly, slowed up, the turntables sounded, and the train stopped at the station.

Pierre, standing on the platform ready to leave the train, leaped to the ground and was caught in the embrace of two strong arms. He raised his eyes, recognized Davidoff, uttered a cry of joy, and, pressing in his turn the hand of his faithful friend, drew him aside.

"Well?" he cried, putting all his eagerness into this one question.

"Calm yourself," said the Russian, who understood Laurier's anxiety. "Juliette is in no present danger."

Pierre breathed a profound sigh as if his heart had been relieved from a heavy weight.

"And Jacques?" he asked.

"Ah! Jacques!" responded Davidoff. "It is he, more than any one else, who gives me cause for uneasiness. But let us not remain here. We are attracting notice."

He put his arm through the painter's and drew him away through the crowd now hurrying out of the station.

"What luggage have you?" he asked.

"This valise and a box which is in the wagon."

"Come, we will have the trunk taken to the hotel. For you must accompany me. I shall not leave you. Instead of waiting for you as I had said I would in my despatch, I preferred coming to meet you. I feared some indiscretion on your part. Do you know that if Mlle. de Vignes were to see you appear suddenly before her she might prove fatal to her in her present condition?"

They drove along the boulevard conversing together, and Laurier was too confused to take in fully all there was to see and hear. The bustle of Paris, after leaving the train in which for twenty hours he had been shaken, succeeded his profound calm and retirement of his life at Torrevecchio, fevered his brain, dazzled his eyes, and deafened his ears. He was obliged to make an effort in order to listen to and understand Davidoff. He felt weary in body and over-excited in mind.

"My journey has tired me greatly," he said, "and yet I feel that I cannot rest."

"You have been living for the past three days on your nerves," returned the doctor. "I am going to set you right again. Trust to me. If I never had patients more difficult to cure than you—"

The carriage rolled into the courtyard of the Grand Hotel. They alighted, and followed by a boy carrying Laurier's valise ascended to Davidoff's apartment. Laurier's chamber was separated from the Russian's by a parlor. Left alone they examined each other silently for an instant; then the doctor, pointing out a seat to his friend, said:

"Sit down; we will dine here and talk at the same time, and if you are reasonable I may do something for you this very evening."

Pierre's eyes lighted up. "What?" he asked. "Will you permit me to see her?"

Davidoff laughed.

"You are at least frank," he said. "To see her! It seems, then, she is the only subject you and I have to talk about! Well, you are right, and it was of her I was going to speak. Since the beginning of the week I have been here, and I have gradually accustomed her to the thought of your reappearance. In the depths of her heart she has mourned you as dead for many months past. From the first words spoken by me, casting the shadow of a doubt on your death, she has revived, but in a manner to terrify her mother and myself. A violent fever has taken possession of her. Her weakness was so great! She has been fading slowly ever since your disappearance, growing paler and paler every day, until she has reached the heart. As to her brother—but it is better to speak only of her."

"Is the news you have to give me of Jacques, then, so painful?"

"Heart-breaking, morally and physically. This week, spurred on by an imperious need for money, he put for sale the property belonging jointly to his mother, his sister and himself. The remonstrances of the notary and the entreaties of Mme. de Vignes were alike useless. He desires to realize the money, no matter at what cost, without troubling himself about the loss that must result from this hasty sale. He is insane, and his insanity has taken a dangerous form."

"And who or what has been the cause of this insanity?" asked Pierre.

"Love. A woman has been the ruin of this unhappy man, whose moral nature was never strong."

"And is this woman so fascinating that he cannot be turned away from her?"

"She is the most fascinating, the most dangerous of women. If I were to name her to you—"

At these words Pierre turned pale; he looked eagerly at Davidoff, the name upon his lips which he divined the doctor was about to pronounce, when the latter, smiling bitterly and looking at the painter as if he would pierce the inmost recesses of his soul, said:

"Ah, you have understood me. Yes, it is into the hands of Clemence that Jacques has fallen. She loved him ardently, he loved her in return—well, as men love her. At the end of six months she has grown cold as marble, and she is more passionately in love than ever. But

Why should I seek to describe the condition of his mind to you? To understand it you have only to recall your own feelings."

Laurier remained silent and motionless, his head sunk upon his breast, and the Russian resumed with force:

"He adores her, do you understand, Pierre? He lives only for her."

The painter raised his head and exclaimed in compassionate accents:

"Unhappy man! For such a woman, to have given up everything, to have forgotten every duty! But he is to be pitied rather than blamed; she has such dangerous power."

At these words Davidoff's countenance cleared up; his eyes sparkled with joy; he went to his friend, and with affected irony, said:

"So, then, there is no feeling in your heart for Jacques but one of pity."

"And what other feeling should I have for him?" answered Pierre.

"Ought I to blame him after showing myself weaker and more culpable than he? No, I can only pity him!"

Davidoff took Pierre's hand in his and shook it vigorously.

"And you feel no thrill of emotion at the recollection of the old love, no return of your former tenderness, no feeling of anger against your friend?" he said.

"So this is what you feared?" said Laurier, a flush mounting to his pale face. "You doubted that I was completely cured of my insensate passion, and you wished to put me to the proof? Oh, do not be afraid; speak plainly. You doubted me?"

"Yes," returned Davidoff, with firmness. "I desired to know whether unconsciously—"

"Ah!" cried Pierre, "question me then, lock into the secret recesses of my heart. You will find there no other feeling than one of bitter regret for my folly and the ardent desire to atone for it. If I had not judged myself worthy of a pure affection and capable of responding to it by a constant love, you would never have seen me again. Fear nothing on my account, Davidoff. The Pierre Laurier you know is dead—killed on a tempestuous night, and the man you see before you, though he has the same features, fortunately has not the same heart!"

"That's right," cried Davidoff, gayly. "Ah, a heavy weight has been removed from my conscience. If I had not been able to count upon you with certainty I do not know how I could have carried through my undertaking. It is surrounded on all sides by difficulties and anxieties. It will be necessary for you to meet Clemence—"

"If it is absolutely necessary," returned Pierre, "I will make the effort, but I shall do it with great reluctance."

"No doubt it will be with greater reluctance than in former days," answered the Russian with a smile. "But we must try and save Jacques from your intervention will enable us to succeed. Let us leave that for the future, however, and occupy ourselves with the present. Let us speak of Mlle. de Vignes."

Pierre's brow cleared. At this moment dinner was served, and the two friends seated themselves at table and spent the next hour in exchanging confidence.

Pierre gave an account of his sojourn at Torrevecchio to the doctor, and then recounted to the painter all that had taken place during his absence. In this way they were able to arrive at the conviction, Davidoff and Laurier, as he affirmed, radically cured of his fatal passion, and Laurier that Davidoff, in recalling him as he had done, had acted with as much wisdom as decision. Toward nine o'clock they left the hotel and set out for the house of Mme. de Vignes, in the midst of the summer night. Pierre felt his heart swell with joy and hope, his raised his eyes to heaven with a feeling of repentance at having so feebly despaired of happiness.

During the past few days Mme. de Vignes, forewarned by Davidoff, had seen the future, which had appeared to her so dark, lighted up by a faint ray of hope. The certainty that Pierre Laurier lived, the positiveness with which Davidoff loved Juliette, and loved only her, had given the mother some little consolation. In the midst of the misfortunes which overwhelmed her, with everything to fear for her daughter, the possibility of seeing Juliette once more restored to health and tranquility was a source of sweet satisfaction to her. What were pecuniary cares compared to the anxieties caused by her daughter's increasing weakness and dejection? Davidoff had been welcomed as a savior. Communicating his news to Juliette with wise precaution, he had planted at first a seed of hope in her mind which had found fertile soil. By degrees the seed cast roots which spread vigorously; and now the flower, ready to bloom, awaited only a last ray of sunshine. Since the beginning of the week Juliette, without proof, without any further plausible reason than the ardent desire to see the miracle she hoped for wrought, had become convinced that Pierre was living.

"On dit" of Davidoff had been seized on with avidity by this young heart. Why should not Pierre have been rescued from the waves, as was said, and taken on board a passing trading vessel bound for Corsica, where he had been seen by persons who declared they had recognized him? What was there strange in his remaining all these months hidden from his friends, ashamed perhaps of not having carried into effect the suicidal purpose which he had announced? And was it not natural that he should leave the de Vignes in ignorance of his being alive? All this was admissible. And the young girl was so eager to believe it that she would

have thought still stranger things likely. (To be continued.)

### EAR DRUMS AND DROWNING. Why Good Swimmers May Meet Sudden Death in the Water.

Sudden death of swimmers has never been explained satisfactorily, but it is generally assumed that it is due to cramps that affect the respiratory muscles. The Medical Record says there is another theory that "has never received the attention which it merits. This is that cold water penetrating the ear sets up an irritation in the delicate passages of the inner ear. It cites an address delivered by Dr. Guettich before the Berlin Otolological Society, in which he revived this theory.

The irritation of the labyrinth of the inner ear by cold water might cause sudden paralysis, just as a shock to it through a sharp blow on the chin will cause a "knockout." The symptoms of the swimmer and the fighter are similar. They can make motions, but cannot direct them; they may become temporarily unconscious. In the case of the swimmer, of course, drowning follows unless some one helps him.

The Medical Record says that persons who have suffered from ear drums are chiefly menaced by this accident, although it may occur to others. And this in spite of the fact that children with large perforations of the ear drum often swim and dive with impunity.

### THE C. P. R. AND RUSSIA

The traffic arrangement by which the C. P. R. will represent the Russian Government in providing for through freight services from the Dominion to Russia by the Trans-Siberian Railway and the Russian Volunteer Fleet, which is an auxiliary of the railway, is an amplification of the connection which the company has sustained with the Trans-Siberian Railway, which is a state-owned system. The company has offices in Moscow and Petrograd in which it does business, the only railway on this continent to have such offices in Russia. If it would seem strange that the Company should do business in either city, it need only be mentioned that the C. P. R. is the only railway in America which is a member of the Round World Conference of which the executive of the Trans-Siberian Railway line, which the average Russian always calls the "Transcontinental" line—this being the notion the system conveys to his mind. On this line there are three types of engine. The wood engine is a special type, which is not used at all on this continent, but it serves the purpose in the physical circumstances of the system, which is differentiated in several ways from those on this continent.

### ENGLAND AS AN ISLAND. Changes a Channel Tunnel and Perfect Aviation Would Bring.

Great Britain is an island. Unless there is some great convulsion of nature to all time the Strait of Dover will separate it from the continent of Europe. Yet every now and then a renewal of the scheme for a channel tunnel is heard, and at this moment men are flying from England to France and France to England.

Suppose the channel tunnel to be made; suppose flying to be improved—and it is improving every day—what will become of the island? What will become of the sea? They will be there all human intents and purposes, but the geography will be changed. The sea will no longer be a barrier; it will no longer be the only highroad from England to France. There will be going to and from on or in dry land and going to and from neither on land nor sea. Suppose this science of aviation to make great strides and heavy loads to be carried in the air, what will become of the ports, and what will become of the seagoing peoples?

The ports will be there, appearing as now on the map, but Birmingham goods will be shipped at Birmingham for foreign parts and Lithgow will export mineral direct, saying goodbye to the Blus mountain and even to Sydney harbor—Sir Charles P. Lucas in Science.

### Fires in the Philippines.

The fighting of fires in the dry season is a grave problem in the cities and pueblos of the Philippine Islands. House construction is light, the roofs being made from nipa palm leaves, the framework of bamboo and the sides of either nipa or sawall—a woven product of certain species of bamboo. When this material has been exposed continuously to the sun for several months it becomes as inflammable as tinder. Fires that break out in the nipa districts always gain great headway before any kind of an alarm can be sent in even where there is a fire department. Fires in such districts spread with great rapidity. In thickly populated areas it is not uncommon for a fire to burn several hundred houses before it is stopped.

### Household Hints.

To prevent glass dishes from cracking when pouring in a hot mixture place the dish on a hot cloth.

A few drops of ammonia in the dish water will brighten the glass and silver.

Suet may be kept fresh by chopping roughly and sprinkling it with a little granulated sugar.

To prevent a tam-o'-shanter that has to be washed from shrinking, dry it over a dinner plate.

To restore faded silks of their natural color, immerse them in soap-suds to which a little pearl ash has been added.

Old Bags Like New.

Shabby leather bags, etc., may be improved in appearance by being rubbed over with well beaten white of egg and then polished with beeswax and turpentine, the final rubbing being given with a soft, clean brush.

### GERMAN GLEE OVER GASES

#### Ghoulish Delight of Officer at Success of Brutal Scheme.

#### Those Not Dead From Results Quickly Bayoneted.

An English paper just to hand has the following regarding the German delight over the effects of their gas warfare:

Liege, June 13.—Received via Rotterdam, Monday—I have had an instructive conversation here with a German soldier, who has returned from the Ypres front for a few days' rest. This man took part in the attacks made with the help of poisonous gases, and he told me several details concerning this new method of warfare.

"We lay in our positions for months," he said, "and could never push forward a hundred metres. The British machine guns were handled too well. We could not approach the enemy's lines. Then, on the first day the gases were used we gained two kilometres. This was the result of the gas. You should have seen how it worked. It was fine." My pleasant acquaintance smiled a broad smile. "Everywhere the bodies of asphyxiated soldiers. There was white foam on their mouths, and their faces were black. Those who were still able to resist were soon silenced by the bayonet. It was a ghastly sight, but it was the greatest victory our company has had in the whole war."

I asked him whether the gas was liberated from bombs. "No," he replied. "It is put up in cylinders, just like carbonic acid gas or oxygen. The cylinders—we call them bottles—were buried in front of our trenches, with only the outlet tap left above the ground. When the wind was favorable the taps were opened, and thick dark clouds rolled towards the trenches of the enemy. Then we received the order for the storm attack, and rushed for the enemy's lines. Of course we cannot use the gas always, because when the wind is not blowing direct towards the opposing trenches we stand a chance of getting some of it ourselves, and that would be less pleasant."

"We had some experience of this kind of thing the other day, when a British shell struck some of our concealed gas bottles, and they exploded. The gases came into our own trenches, and before safety measures could be taken, fifty of our men lay dead on the spot."

"Will you go on using them?" I asked. "I hardly think so," replied the soldier. "The last time we used them and ran up to the enemy trenches, instead of finding them empty, as we had anticipated, we were received with a terrible machine-gun fire and a rifle salvo, and we had to hurry back to our own lines. Apparently the man had respirators on and the gas did not seem to have effected them. So if this goes on the gases will be useless to us unless, of course, we find something else, for German science shrinks from no problem, however difficult it is."

In reply to my definite question what the Germans thought of the employment of gases he answered, "They are a splendid weapon. For what is the aim of all arms? To make the enemy unfit to fight. This the gas accomplished in the highest degree. It may be that it is a cruel weapon, but the whole war is cruel, and was it not the Englishmen who used it first?" Your correspondent, being a neutral, offered no reply to this last question.—Central News.

#### Not Her Quarrel.

The fact that corporal punishment is discouraged in public schools is this, note the lad's mother: "I regret very much to have to inform you that your son Harry idles away his time, is disobedient, quarrelsome and disturbs the pupils who are trying to study their lessons. He needs a good whipping and I strongly recommend that you give him one."

Whereupon Harry's mother responded as follows: "Dear Miss Jones—Lick him yourself; I ain't mad at him.—Yours truly, Mrs. Smith."

#### A Joint Concern.

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan was in distress, in early life, one of his resources was that of writing for the fugitive publications of the day, in which he was materially assisted by his wife, and many years after his entrance into the sphere of politics he was heard to say that "if he had stuck to the law he believed he should have done as much as his friend Tom Erskine; but," continued he, "I had no time for such studies. Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton; otherwise we should have had no dinner." One of his friends, to whom he confessed this, wittily replied: "Then I perceive it was a 'joint' concern."

#### Meat Loaf.

One pound and a half each of beef and lean pork. Remove the bones and gristle and run it through the meat chopper. Add one and one-half cups of bread crumbs, three well-beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, a rounded teaspoonful of salt, one of ground sage and half a tea-spoonful of pepper. Mix well together and place in a loaf tin. Cover with thin slices of fat pork and bake in a hot oven for one hour and a half, basting often.

Didn't Want 'Em.

"That beauty expert is a fake."

"Why?"

"Wanted to give me some wrinkles on how to look young."—Baltimore American.