

Few products in household use to-day have bridged the gap from the primitive things of sixty years ago as has



Reebath Sugar

Canada's first refined sugar, "Ye Old Sugar Loaf" of 1854, was REDPATH; so was the first Canadian granulated sugar, in 1880, and the first Sugar Cartons in 1912.

The leader in every advance, Reebath Sugar stands to-day first in the estimation of tens of thousands of Canadian families. 131

Ask for "REDPATH" in Individual Packages, 2 and 5 lb. Cartons. 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

A GIFT OF A SOUL

Each day Davidoff, pursuing the same course, gave Juliette an account of the results of the investigations he told her he was making. And each day he saw this benumbed and frozen heart slowly reawakening to life. It was a delightful spectacle to the doctor to see it thickly putting forth new buds. Juliette hoped, but with fear and trembling, and at times she would stop short suddenly on the road whither her imagination would lead her. What if, after indulging in these dreams, she should have to fall back again into her former state of despair? What if the reports they had heard should prove untrue, and Pierre had not been rescued?

Her heart was tortured by these conflicting hopes and fears. It seemed to her impossible that death should have snatched away in an instant this young man so full of life and vigor. She recalled to mind what her brother had said to her at Beaulieu. "His body has not been recovered." She had not at the time accepted these words as a ground for hope. But now was it not evident that if the sea had not cast his body back upon the shore it was because he had been saved from its treacherous waves, and that he still lived? The hope was now so deeply rooted in her heart that to tear it thence would be to tear the very proof of his life. For her, who loved him, it would be necessary to see Pierre dead in order to believe that he no longer lived.

This very morning Davidoff had ventured to say to Juliette: "I dined yesterday with some people who met our friend in Italy and spoke to him. We may expect to see him make his appearance one of these days."

She looked fixedly at the doctor for a few moments, and then said: "Why do you not tell me everything? Are you afraid of the effect my joy would have upon me? You are wrong. I am certain now that he lives. I saw him last night in my dreams. He was in a church, a poor village church, and he was painting a sacred picture. His face was sad—sad, and from time to time a tear rolled down his cheek. I had a conviction that he was thinking of me. I wished to cry out, 'Pierre, enough of sorrow, enough of separation. Come back; we are waiting for you, and it would make us so happy to welcome you.' But a sort of mist arose between us, and I could only see him faintly, in vague outline, and I could hear distinctly the noise of the waves, like the surf beating against the rocks at Beaulieu. Then this mist disappeared, like a veil which is torn away, and I saw him once more in his true colors. He made a gesture as if to say, 'Have patience; I am coming,' and then I awoke, trembling and exhausted. But I have faith. He is near us—in Paris, perhaps?"

"Can you describe to me the church of which you speak?" asked Davidoff, greatly surprised.

"Yes," returned Juliette. "It stood facing a square of a village. The gateway to it was of red sandstone, surrounded by a sloping roof of brick. The walls were whitewashed and everything in it was of the humblest description—a few wooden benches, a plain chair, and a very simple altar."

"And the picture Pierre was painting?" asked the doctor, "did you see it?"

"Can you remember what it was like?"

"Yes, there was an open grave in it—from which a dead man was rising. I saw in this an omen."

Davidoff shook his head in silence, greatly impressed by this extraordinary revelation. It was evidently he who, by the power of thought, had made Mlle. de Vignes see the church at Torrevecchio, and the picture of the Resurrection; but the noise of the waves striking the ear of the young girl, at the very hour in which Pierre was on the sea, how explain this?

He remained silent, and despite all Juliette could not give her no further information. But his attitude, his words, all had announced a coming event. The doctor left the young girl in a state of agitation which he thought favorable to his plans, and took his departure. In the evening when he stopped before Mme. de Vignes's door, accompanied by the man whose presence was so ardently desired, his heart beat violently. He

pressed his friend's arm with force, and pointed to the last window of the entresol he said: "Remain here and keep your eyes fixed on that window. When you see me appear at it, come in, but not before. I am going to prepare the way for you. I am more uneasy than I can tell you."

He entered the house, leaving the painter on the sidewalk below. Laurier, left thus alone, was seized by an emotion similar to that which he had experienced standing on the rocky point at Torrevecchio, the sea rolling at his feet, when, after receiving Davidoff's letter, he had questioned his own heart to know if he were worthy of Juliette. A solemn emotion took possession of him while he thus waited the moment to present himself to the young girl. He was grave and thoughtful with the sense that he was making an act of reparation. He had none of the impatience, the joyful peace of a convert who is about to abjure his errors, obtain pardon for his sins, and live henceforward in peace with God and man.

He stood leaning against the wall, his eyes fixed on the window, thinking of the scene that was taking place in the darkened apartment within. There was no sign of life; everything was silent. A great calm absorbed every other within him—his love for Juliette. He recalled to mind the timid and innocent love of the young girl, he remembered the sorrows he had made her suffer, and face to face with himself in the silence of the night, he swore to make her forget them.

At this moment the window was faintly illuminated, and Dr. Davidoff gave the signal for his friend to enter. Laurier hurried forward and with beating heart mounted the steps. The door was open, he crossed the hall, entered the drawing-room, and standing by his mother's side in front of the chimney-piece he saw Juliette. He paused motionless, his limbs trembling, gazing at her with an unsteady glance.

She seemed to him taller than he before, perhaps because she had grown thinner and had lost her color. Her white hands showed delicate and transparent against her black robe. Her eyes, filled with tears, shone with a soft brightness. She smiled, and examined Pierre as Pierre was examining her. She thought he had grown handsomer, with his sunburned face framed by the brown beard he had allowed to grow. She read on his brow traces of what he had suffered, and this compensated her for something of her own suffering. Her smile ended in tears, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes she sank into an arm-chair and burst into tears.

Pierre uttered a cry, and rushing toward her threw himself at her feet, entreating her forgiveness. Mme. de Vignes in much alarm hastened to her side. But Davidoff remained with a glance. Then the mother and the daughter, seeing that the two young people had forgotten everything, but themselves, left them to enjoy in freedom the first moments of their happiness.

When they returned they found Pierre and the young girl seated beside each other, having shared her with Juliette was talking him of her past sorrows. She smiled at the recollection of them now, but Pierre could not hear of them without emotion.

"My friends," said Davidoff to the lovers, "we have kept our promise to you, and you are now happy. This is very well, but even of the best things it is possible to have too much. Mlle. de Vignes is man enough strong enough to allow of her enjoying anything, even happiness, in excess. She has had enough now for one occasion. Besides, you will have plenty of time to see each other in the future."

But Juliette pleaded with her mother for a quarter of an hour's grace, and Mme. de Vignes had not the courage to cloud a refusal. The lovely face which was now radiant with joy for the first time in so many months. She felt that the victory was already gained, and that youth and love had triumphed over death. The feeling of bitterness which she had cherished against Laurier as the cause of so much unhappiness vanished when she saw the transformation his presence had effected in Juliette. They sat, then, oblivious of time, listening to the account Pierre gave

of his life in the little Corsican hamlet. Juliette already loved Agostino, Marietta, the old mother and the good cure. And the promise made by Pierre to his friends at Torrevecchio to return to see her was mentally renewed by her in the fullness of her heart. He struck midnight before they separated.

"You will not see us to-morrow," said Davidoff to his patient with a smile.

And as her face suddenly clouded—"We must not think of you alone, dear child," he said, gently. "We have still to perform another cure, more difficult than yours. We start for Trouville to-morrow morning to see your brother."

In an instant the momentary selfishness, which had caused her to forget everything but her own happiness, disappeared. She remembered the painful position in which she and her mother were placed, and all the clearness of her judgment at once returned to her. She pressed Davidoff's hand, and said to Pierre: "You are right; so, both of you do go for my brother what you have done for me. If you succeed you cannot indeed make me more grateful, but you can make me more happy."

Then, taking her lover by the hand, she led him to her mother. Mme. de Vignes opened her arms to the prodigal son, and as Pierre received her kiss, he felt that now indeed he was absolved.

CHAPTER VII.

There was to be a grand breakfast at the house of Clemence on this day, which was the first day of the races. A number of her friends had arrived from Paris the evening before, and the actress, who had met them at the Casino, had then invited them. Among them were Prince Patrizzi, Duverney, a painter of the mode of the modern school, and a wit who still preserved the gay good-humor of his youthful days; Baron Tresorier, a stockbroker and one of the best swordsmen of Paris; Berneville a sportsman who rode like a professional jockey, and who had broken his collarbone seven times riding steeplechases; the Duke de Faucigny, the youngest member of the Chamber of Deputies, an uncompromising legitimist who had strenuously advocated the claims of Don Carlos; Burat, the theatrical lawyer, the possessor of the most biting tongue of any member of the profession, a regular attendant at first nights, and an ardent collector of paintings; and Selim Nuno, who had come to see his mare run for the Agricultural sweepstakes, and who concealed his anxiety as to the result under an affected gaiety. The women were Andrée de Taillebourg, Mariette de Fontenay, Laure d'Evreux, and Sophie Viroflay, all beautiful women, dressed to perfection. The party was arranged for the entire day. After breakfast, as Clemence's friends were to be driven on Nuno's coach to the races, on their return, after making some changes in their toilettes, they were to meet at half-past seven at the Roches-Notres, where Tresorier had invited them to dine. Afterwards they were all to go to the Casino for a dance. Jacques took a turn through the gardens with Patrizzi, while Clemence chatted with Nuno, who had seated himself beside her.

"Do you know that Jacques offers ten to one against Mandragora?" said Selim. "He has won so much at play during the last few days that he thinks everything is going to succeed with him."

Nuno reddened with anger, and rising to his feet with an effort,—"I'll take his bet, and for more than he would be willing to stake," he said, "I am sure of my mare."

"But are you sure of your jockey?" asked Berneville. "You know that Chadval pulled La Bouvierie's horse the other day at Caen."

"I am not uneasy; Peterson cannot get as much from any one else for lessing as he can get from me for winning."

"But, my dear Nuno," said Andrée de Taillebourg, "what you have promised to Peterson will not give legs to Mandragora."

"The mare is a first-rate animal," retorted the banker.

"Bah, she is not worth a straw."

"I'll lay even odds on her against the field," cried Nuno furiously.

Nuno, you will make yourself ill," said Sophie Viroflay. "There is nothing so dangerous as to fly into a passion before eating."

At this moment the doors leading into the dining-room were thrown open, and the maître d'hôtel announced breakfast. Clemence took the arm of Faucigny; Jacques, who had reentered with Patrizzi, offered his to Sophie Viroflay, and the guests proceeded to the dining-room.

This was a magnificent apartment hung with Chinese silk, with furniture of carved wood, which opened into the conservatory on the one side and into the garden on the other. Three large bay-windows of stained glass representing strange flowers and fantastic birds, looked on a

race, in the centre of which was an imposing flight of steps leading to a lawn bordered with flowers. Through these windows, open to the breeze, the sunlight streamed in. The turf of the lawn was of an emerald green, and the sanded walks shone dazzling white in the sunshine. The blue sky faded in the distance into a violet hue. The heat and silence tended to produce a feeling of well-being, and the guests of Clemence, yielding unconsciously to the influence of the day, gave themselves up to the general merriment. Jacques alone remained grave, as if some secret remorse preyed upon his mind. Delivered for the time being from his pecuniary anxieties, his thoughts reverted to those whom he had so cruelly wronged in order to procure this last supply of money. In the midst of this gay company he was possessed by the most lugubrious ideas. He looked at the brilliant table laden with flowers, and the crystal; he observed those who were seated around it, and he saw that they were careless and happy: He alone felt the pangs of remorse for an ill-spent life. None of the others were troubled either in mind or heart. He heard their bursts of laughter and their jests; and thus it was with them every day; the same round of amusement, the same round of pleasure.

For him, too, every day was the same, embittered by anguish which he could not subdue. His eyes were fastened on Clemence and Faucigny, who were talking together in a low voice opposite him. He could not hear their words, but he divined what they were saying. The duke in his soft and insinuating voice was paying tribute to him with a smile. Jacques' brow contracted with a look of pain. "It is because I am growing morose that she is getting tired of me," he said to himself. He emptied one after another the glasses that stood beside his plate, and this mingling of the different wines brought a flush to his cheeks.

Suddenly he heard Patrizzi calling to him across the table.

"Tell me, Jacques," he said, "does not this breakfast remind you of our dinner at Monte Carlo? Some of the men and most of the women here today were present on that occasion. We were not so gay as we are now. And the stories that were told! Do you remember?"

"And that reminds me, how is it for a Russian doctor who is traveling with Woreff is not here?" said Andrée de Taillebourg.

"He has been in Paris for the last five days," said Patrizzi.

At these words Jacques flinched he saw the pale and sorrowful face of Juliette rise before him. She had had spent so many evenings while he was still an obedient son and affectionate brother. Madame de Vignes was bending anxiously over her daughter, and Davidoff, standing beside her, was looking at them with pitying eyes. It seemed to the young man that his mother had uttered his name, and that the doctor had answered her by shaking his head sadly. Was it not he who ought to be at the side of these two women? Why should he be left to this stranger to console his mother and his sister? A voice murmured in his ear: "It is because you have refused to fulfill your duty; because you have sacrificed your mother to your passion for gambling and your sister to your love for a coquette; because you are a coward and an ingrate."

He burst into a sudden fit of laughter, inexorable and terrible to those who heard him, which drew upon him the attention of all the guests. His face was pale, his lips were tightly drawn, and his eyes were gleaming.

"Yes, yes," he cried, without heeding their astonishment. "The dinner at Monte Carlo was not so gay as this breakfast. I was dining then, for one thing, and to-day I am well, and very well, thanks to Davidoff, who has propounded an admirable theory respecting the transmigration of souls. You have not forgotten it Patrizzi? Nor you, Tresorier?" He told us a story about a young Russian girl—a curious story, indeed! And what an amusing story-teller Davidoff is! No one here has taken his story seriously, not even you Patrizzi, although you are a Neapolitan, and consequently superstitious. For you believe in the evil eye, do you not, Prince?"

"Do not jest about those things," responded Patrizzi, who became suddenly grave, and made with the two fingers of his left hand a quick gesture behind his back.

"Ah," cried Jacques, sarcastically, "did you see the gesture of the Prince? He wants to charm away evil luck. He believes in the jettatura; yet he did not believe in the theories of Davidoff. No one believed in them, no one except Pierre Laurier. But every one knows the poor fellow was mad!"

"Be continued."

NO ALUM MAGIC READ THE LABEL

BAKING POWDER

CROP OUTLOOK OF DOMINION

Grain in the West Looks Good On the Whole.

Ontario Reports Are Also Quite Favorable.

A special press bulletin issued by the Census and Statistics Office gives the following report on the condition of field crops throughout Canada on July 1, as summarized from telegrams despatched from the Dominion Experimental Farms and Stations and illustrated in accordance with arrangements made between the Department of Trade and Commerce and Agriculture.

Prince Edward Island—The planting season was very late, but beneficial rains fell frequently from the 9th to the 25th, assisting an excellent hay crop and a full crop of all early sown cereals. Hoed crops and late grains have germinated well and are growing splendidly; fruit prospects are good, as no frost occurred.

Nova Scotia—Kentville—Grain crops are growing well; grass and clover are excellent; potatoes and corn on dry land are making a fine start, but on wet land are doing poorly. The condition of the grain crops is excellent; head crops and late cereals have germinated evenly and are coming along well. Antigonish—Hay and pastures are excellent; early sown grain is good, the late sown grain is germinating fairly evenly.

New Brunswick—From Fredericton it is reported that June has been excessively wet throughout central and southern New Brunswick, preventing the planting of crops on wet lands. In northern New Brunswick conditions are nearly normal and crops on well-drained lands are progressing rapidly. The hay crop outlook indicates a yield above average. A report from Harlowe states the condition of grain crops and grass is light; hoed crops, especially potatoes, are coming along fine. At Onanague hay is excellent, grain crops are fair; hoed crops have germinated evenly.

Quebec—At Shawville grain crops are looking well, hay is very short. Corn was retarded by heavy frosts. The report from Cap Rouge states hay will be poor, the condition of grain crops and silage corn is excellent, root crops have not germinated evenly. At Lennoxville the weather has been favorable for grain and hay. At Ste. Anne de la Pocatière grain crops started well, but the hay crop is about one-third less than the average.

Ontario—A report from Essex County states fall wheat is heading, and shows a heavy crop on a large area, the heading of barley is uneven; oats are good, peas excellent and corn a little backward, turnips are germinating evenly, the hay crop is very light. Ontario County—The condition of grain crops is excellent and hoed crops are looking well, early tomatoes and peaches give promise of an excellent crop. The hay crop is good and is mostly harvested. From Ottawa, covering the districts of Eastern Ontario, the grain crops are reported as looking well, but the hay crop is light and uneven. Hoed crops have germinated evenly, excepting corn, which is backward and uneven, and badly in need of rain.

Manitoba—From Brandon it is reported that crop growth has been retarded by dry weather early in June, and by cold later. Good rains during the last half of the present month, there is ample moisture for the present needs. Warm weather had occasional showers would insure a good crop. Hay is light and corn backward.

Saskatchewan—At Indian Head, Lloydminster, Kindersley and Jull Lake grain crops are reported as looking well or excellent. Late sown crops are retarded by frost, showing less damage at Indian Head from frosts of the 7th and 15th than early sown wheat. Hoed crops promise well. At Kindersley oats and flax are well advanced, and at Jull Lake 50 per cent is in short blade. Scott Station reports an abundant supply of moisture, with wheat in the shot blade, and a few fields headed out. Other grain crops are coming along equally well; hoed crops are retarded by cool weather and some districts report injury from frost of the 14th in southwestern Saskatchewan and from Swift Current north to "Pratte all crops look excellent. From Pratte west to Emmeross crops are largely due to outworn, wire-worm, and in a few instances to the sowing of poor seed. All hoed crops look well, though late. The report from Estherville is less favorable. From this station it is reported that frost squashed, retarded potatoes and small fruits; that there is no hay crop through lack of rain; and that all grain crops, except those on very well prepared land, are suffering from drought. Unless heavy rains come soon the grain crops will be almost a total failure.

Alberta—Edmonton, Lacombe, Camrose, Pincher Creek, Macleod, Lethbridge and Foremost, reports vaned. Crops in southwestern Alberta and root crops are well advanced, but are suffering slightly from excessive rains and cold weather; in south and southeastern Alberta all crops are fine, though patchy in a few cases.

British Columbia—The report from Agassiz states that June has been an excellent month for crop growth. Root and fodder crops are above the average; hay is well under way, and the clover crop is harvested. Invermere copious rains have fallen, creating extremely favorable conditions, clover and alfalfa are exceptionally heavy; wheat is good; oats are only fair; hoed crops promise well.

AIDS IN BATTLE.

Most Unique Ships Accompany Fleet, But Do Not Fight.

One of the largest ships in the British navy does not fight, but it always accompanies the fleet in actual warfare. This ship is the Ark Royal and the most unique in the world. She is the last word in special units, and is at the present time located off the Dardanelles. She is a floating aeroplane factory, and carries spare propellers, wings, floats and every conceivable part of a hydroplane or seaplane. Great Britain is the first navy in the world to possess such a ship. These flying machines accompanying the fleet can be repaired and practically rebuilt right on the ground, by means of this mother ship.

Another famous ship, and which does not fight, attached to the navy, is H. M. S. Cyclops. She is nothing more than a huge dockyard afloat, employing three hundred skilled mechanics, in addition to the crew necessary to sail the ship. She does not carry a gun, because every inch of room is required for machinery. Every battleship has a small work shop, but it cannot do big repairs or casting, but the Cyclops can. She carries a complete foundry, where as large a casting as a battleship's propeller can be made. In the ship are huge cupolas or domes for smelting and casting, stretched away above the deck like huge mushroom.

Over the bow of this ship hangs a huge anchor, made of wood. This is a template for casting a complete anchor, should one of the warships lose one. In addition to her huge repairing plant, the Cyclops carries a vast distilling apparatus to supply fresh water to all the ships in the fleet. She is fitted up with ice-making machines and refrigeration rooms, in which fresh meat is stored for the crews of those small craft, like submarines, torpedo boats and destroyers and small cruisers, which cannot be so fitted. The Cyclops is 500 feet long, and at the time she was built was the first of her type and size in the world.

There is also another ship of the same class, called the Assistance, but she is not so large. There is still another called the Vulcan, of 7,000 tons displacement, which has ability to cruise 10,000 miles without re-coaling. This latter ship has two huge cranes, worked by hydraulic, which are large enough to lift a small vessel clean out of the water on to the deck within half a minute. These cranes are fastened to the keel of the repair ship, to prevent her tipping over when lifting a large vessel. These facts, possibly, throw light for the general reader up on many matters connected with the royal navy, which must have suggested thought at times.

NERVOUS CHILDREN

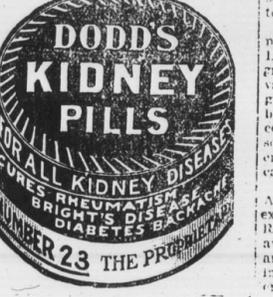
Hard Study and Too Little Exercise Leads to St. Vitus Dance.

There is much criticism of modern educational methods that require too much work of school children, allowing them too little time for play and preventing sufficient out-of-door exercise. When the study of music or any other practical subject, with the necessary increase of work, is added the strain is increased, and under these conditions the blood becomes impoverished and fails to nourish the nerves. The child becomes restless, and twitching of the muscles follows. Sometimes the child stumbles in walking and drops what it tries to hold. Pallor, listlessness and irritability are symptoms that early show that the blood and nerves are failing to meet the demands made upon them, and then St. Vitus' dance has fastened its hold upon the child.

In this condition there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build up the blood, strengthen the nerves, and safely help to meet the demands of the growing child. Out-of-door exercise, nourishing food, plenty of sleep with these tonic pills will cure even the most severe cases of St. Vitus' dance. We offer the following proof: "Up to the age of ten years," says Mrs. Johnson, of Hemford, N. S., "my son Calvin was as healthy and rugged as any child could be. Then he began to complain that his eyes hurt him, and of pains in the head, and began to fall back in his studies at school. Then I noticed a twitching of the muscles of his face and arms, and later his whole body seemed to be in constant motion. Our family physician was called in and pronounced the trouble a severe attack of St. Vitus' dance. He was under the doctor's treatment for some three months, but did not seem to improve. We had taken him from school, and were careful that nothing should excite him, but notwithstanding he grew worse, and the least start would bring an attack of hysteria. This went on for some months until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention, and we decided to give him that medicine. After using a few boxes there was a noticeable improvement, and by the time he had taken nine or ten boxes he had recovered his former good health. There has been no sign of a return of the trouble, and I can scarcely say how thankful we feel for the complete restoration of our son's health."

Parents who find their growing boys or girls becoming nervous should lose no time in giving them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You may ward off an attack of St. Vitus' dance, or if the trouble has reached that stage the Pills will effect a cure. 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.

Muggins—I regard my money as a gambling debt. Muggins—How do you figure that out? Muggins—Well, marriage is a lottery. We know men as we know houses—by their outside.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BACCHIC

MADE IN U.S.A. THE PRINCIPAL