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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 timidly putting forth new buds. Juliette loved, 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." His body 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 have sufficed, 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 she 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.' 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 clearly. He came toward me, a smile upon his lips. He made a gesture as if to say, 'Have patience: I am coming, and then I will awake, 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, surmounted 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 altar, 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 the who, by the power of thought, had made Mlle. de Vignes see the church at Torvechio, 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 do gave 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 when he departed, before Mlle. de Vignes's door, accompanied by the man whose presence was so arduous, Davidoff, his heart beat violently. He

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 Torvechio to return to see him was mentally renewed by her in the fullness of her heart. It 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; go, both of you and do 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 nude of the modern school, and a wit who still preserved the gay good-humor of his youth; Baron Tresorier, a stock-broker and one of the best swordsmen of Paris; Berneville a sportsman who rode like a professional jockey, and who had broken through 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 Solim Nuno, who had come to see his mother, and who had been riding steeplechases the day before. The women were Andrée de Faucigny, 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 at Clemence's they were to be driven on Nuno's coach to the racetrack. On their return, after making some changes in their toilettes, they were to meet at half-past seven at the Roches-Nues, 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 Nuno. "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 Chaudval pulled Le Bourrier's horse the other day at Caen."

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

"But, my dear Nuno," said Andrée de Faucigny, "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," will lay even odds on her against the field," cried Nuno seriously.

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 re-entered 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 in to 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 terrace, in the center 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 sandal 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 untroubled ease.

In the midst of the general excitement 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 none the less by the most lugubrious ideas. He looked at the brilliant table laden with flowers, silver and crystal; he observed those who were seated around it, and he saw that they were careless and happy. He alone felt the pang 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 untroubled gaiety, 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 court to the actress, and she was listening 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 as gay as we are now. And the stories that were told! Do you remember?"

And that reminds me, how is it that the Russian doctor who is traveling with Worselt is not here?" said Andrée de Faucigny.

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

At these words Jacques fancied he saw the pale and sorrowful image of Juliette rise before him. She was seated in the drawing-room where he 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 them, 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 those 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 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 with his astonishment. "The dinner at Monte Carlo was not so gay as this breakfast. I was dying then, for one thing, and to-day I am well—oh, very well, thanks to Davidoff, who has repudiated the transmigration of souls. You have not forgotten it, Patrizzi? Nor you, Tresorier? He told us a curious story, indeed! And what an amusing story-teller Davidoff is! No one among us took 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, ha!" cried Jacques, sarcastically, "did you see the gesture of the Prince? He wants to charm away the luck. He believes in the feticherie; 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!"

(To be continued.)

NO ALUM-MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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; hoed crops and late cereals have germinated evenly and are coming along well. Antigonish—Hay and pastures are excellent; early sown grain is doing well. 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 Harland states the condition of grain crops and grass is light; hoed crops, especially potatoes, are coming along fine. At Antigonish 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 headed 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. Fruit, 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 fell during the last half of the month, and 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, Lacombe, Kenderley and Jull. Large grain crops are reported as looking well or excellent. Late sown wheat, oats and barley showed less damage at Indian Head from frosts of the 7th and 15th than early sown wheat. Hoed crops promise well. At Kenderley oats and flax are well advanced, and at Gull Lake 50 per cent. is in shot 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 15th in southwestern Saskatchewan and from Swift Current north to Prelate all crops look excellent. From Prelate west to Emnora crops are patchy, due to outworn, weedy, and in a few instances to the sowing of poor seed. All hoed crops look well, though late. The report from Rosthern is less favorable. From this station it is reported that from the 15th killed corn, tomatoes and squash, retarded potatoes and injured small fruits; that there is no hay 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, Camoung, Pincher Creek, Medicine Hat, Hethridge and Foremost, reports grain and hay crops show vigorous growth. Crops in southwestern Alberta are suffering slightly from excessive rains and cold weather. In the north 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 tuber 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.

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 accomplishment, with the necessary practice, is added the strain is increased. 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 on a terrible 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 safely 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 cure it. Sold by all medicine stores, or by mail at 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dr. Williams—I regard my ailment as a gambling debt. Bugger! How do you figure that out? Mustangs—Well, marriage is a lottery. We know men as we know horses by their outside.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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