60 years ago Grandfather got an *individual* sugar package—"Ye Olde Sugar Loafe" made by John Redpath, in what was then Canada's *only* Sugar Refinery.

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A GIFT OF A SOUL

He did not think of himself; he had resolved to die, and he felt a bitter joy in not sacrificing his life uselessly, by a foolish and cowardly suicide, but in the effort to rescue a fellow-being from death. An ardent desire to succeed restored to him his failing strength. He struggled forward with a more powerful effort with his inert burden, and once more rose to the surface. The boat was not more than twenty yards away. A choking cry escaped his lips, closed by the contraction of the muscles. He beat the water with his arm, while his paralyzed leg remained motionless. The breaking of a wave upon him turned him over, and the salt wated filling his throat strangled a last cry. He sank into the green depths, the moon shinging down upon him, with this idea clearly defined in his mind, that if he released his hold of his companion, lightened of his weight he would be saved.

But he rejected the selfish counsel of human weakness. He said to himself: "If I could save his life by the sacrifice of my own I would gladly do so. Courage, then; one last effort in order that he may not die with me." He rose to the surface of the water, gave a deep breath, saw once more the starry sky, and suddenly found himself released from the burden which was bringing him down. He heard voices saying in Italian, "Here he is; take hold of him." At the same moment a dark mass, which seemed to Pierre of enormous size, rose on the waves and fell heavily over upon him. He felt a sharp pain in the forehead. He seemed to see thousands of stars, then he lost consciousness. When he returned to himself he was stretched on a heap of sails in the forepart of a little vessel that swiftly cut the waters in the moonlight. The furled jib fluttered in the wind above his head. The waves roared, cut by the vessel's keel, and leaning over him were three men with swarthy faces who were anxiously awaiting his return to consciousness.

He tried to rise, but two arms held him down. One of the men, uncorking a wicker-covered flask, offered it to him to drink. He swallowed a mouthful of the strong brandy, which restored him fully to the consciousness of external things. A burning sensation in the forehead recalled to his mind the shock which had caused him to faint. He put his hand to his face and drew it away covered with blood. At the same time the night air, freshened by the movement of the vessel, made him shiver, and he perceived that he was soaked to the skin. Then, in a voice which had not yet regained its strength, he said to the men who surrounded him:

"My friends, if you take an interest in my fate, as it would seem you do, in the first place give me some dry clothing, for I am dying of cold."

"Hold, our comrade is a countryman," said one of the three sailors with a strong Provencal accent. "Let me then have the privilege of placing my wardrobe at his disposal."

The speaker disappeared through the hatchway, and reappeared in a moment with a pair of trousers, a pair of shoes, a woollen shirt and a heavy coat. He laid them down beside Pierre and said with an air of satisfaction:

"Agostino will get over it; he begins to breathe again. Ah, if he was not struck by the prow of the boat as you were, he swallowed a great deal more water."

Pierre, at these words, recalled to mind the enormous black mass that he had seen towering above him on the waters the instant before he lost consciousness. He comprehended that it was the boat, rising on the crest of the wave, which had fallen with all its weight over upon him. While he was making these reflections, his companions quickly exchanged his wet garments for dry ones. He found himself at last seated on a coil of ropes, very dizzy, but experiencing a profound sense of comfort from the soft wool which communicated its warmth to his numbed limbs.

"Who is Agostino," he asked, turning toward the three men, who were watching him with an air of satisfaction.

"Agostino," replied the Provencal, "is the comrade whom you rescued from the waves under the fire of the customs house officers."

"And you yourselves," asked Pierre with brusque authoritativeness, "who are you?"

The sailors consulted together before answering. "There is no reason," said one of them in a gutteral voice, in bad Italian, "why we should mistrust you. And any way, what can he do to injure us?"

"Nothing at all," interrupted Pierre, tranquilly. "And besides, even if I could injure you, I should certainly have no desire to do so."

"Ah, you understood what we were saying, then?" cried the Provencal, laughing.

"Almost entirely, but it seemed to me a patois your comrades spoke."

"Yes, it is the Sardinian dialect. We are poor sailors trying to pass, free of duty, and at the risk of our lives, the goods entrusted to us by the merchants of Leghorn and Genoa."

"You are smugglers, then?"

"Well, yes! That is what they call us. We were about the land some silks, brandy and cigars when we were interrupted, just in the midst of our work, by those dogs of customs house officers. The goods were all passed on shore except two bales of Virginias, that fell into the sea for the fishes to smoke."

"But you, monsieur, how was it that you chanced to be on the spot, just in time to get poor Agostino out of his fix?"

It was now Pierre's turn to be embarrassed. He did not think it necessary to confide to his hosts of a day the fatal project which had led him to the beach at the point in question, in order that he might there save another's life instead of throwing away his own. The delay he made in answering gave the sailor's reason to think that he had his own motives for not giving an explanation of his conduct. However, they were not the men to be astonished at this, and were by habit disposed to be discreet.

"Your affairs concern no one but yourself," said the Provencal, just as the painter was beginning to invent an explanation of his presence on the scene, at the time mentioned, "and we have nothing to do with them. Instead of making you talk it would be better for us to staunch the wound in your forehead. It has bled, that is good for wounds in the head. All it wants now is a linen bandage, and in a couple of days there will be no need to think any more about it. Do you wish to come downstairs with the comrades?"

"If you do not mind I should prefer to remain on deck. I am not very strong on my legs just yet and the air will do me good."

"As you choose."

A few moments later, Pierre, his head bound up, stood leaning against the side of the cutter, looking at the waves rolling past. Not a sail was in sight. In the distance a light shone through the mist, appearing and disappearing alternately. The young man inhaled with satisfaction the fresh sea-breeze. In the midst of these strangers he felt himself delivered from a crushing weight. It seemed to him that he was no longer the same person, and that the insane and sick Pierre Laurier slept now at the bottom of the sea, his pale and lifeless form rocked by the waves. He breathed a profound sigh which vibrated through the silence, and murmured softly:

"It is true, I am dead."

"Do you need anything?" asked the Provencal, who had remained with him to attend to his wants.

"My faith, my dear comrade, since you smuggle cigars, you have doubtless a little store of them on board. I confess that it would give me pleasure to smoke one."

"That is easily done."

The sailor leaned over the hatchway, and spoke a few words. He soon returned with a package of cigars tied with yellow ribbons, which he handed to Pierre.

"It is the captain who sends them to you," he said, "and he charges me to tell you that Agostino has entirely recovered consciousness. Poor boy, if we had left him behind us at the bottom of the sea there would have been many a tear shed in Torrevecchio."

"Where is Torrevecchio?" asked Pierre. The Provencal pointed toward the distant horizon.

"Down there," he said, "in Corsica."

He struck a light and handing the burning wood to Pierre,—

"Here is a light," he said.

Pierre chose a long, dark colored cigar, lighted it carefully, and taking a few quick puffs with keen delight,—

"Tell me," he said, "where is the vessel bound for now?"

The Provencal shook his head.

"No one but the captain knows that,'" he said. "We have rounded the point of the Island of Elba."

"But what port is the vessel bound for—Porto Ferraio or where?"

"That is what we shall know when we get there. We are in God's hands."

Pierre smiled and nodded his head approvingly. Walking slowly toward the heap of sails on which he had found himself lying when he returned to consciousness, he sat down upon it, drew his woolen coat around him, lowered the hood over his head, leaned against a coil of rope for a pillow, and with his eyes fixed on the resplendent sky, smoking slowly, his mind tranquil, and his heart free, for the first time in many years, he lost himself in a revery, which ended sweetly in sleep.

When he awoke the slanting rays of the sun, in which he was basking like a lizard in the crevice of a wall, fell warmly upon him. At first he could hardly remember where he was. The sails and rigging presented to his eyes a sight which they were not accustomed to see on opening in the morning. Suddenly the recollection of the events which had filled the short hours of the night came to his mind. His heart beat rapidly at the knowledge that his accustomed way of life was at an end, that nothing which he was accustomed to do was any longer possible to him. Between his past and his present yawned a gulf deeper than the blue sea which separated the vessel from the shore. And at the bottom a corpse, that of a mad painter, named Pierre Laurier, lay killed by a fatal fall.

Yes, killed! He repeated the word to himself that there might remain no possible doubt in his still confused mind on this point. He had announced his intention to kill himself; he had even written it to his friends. At this moment they must be plunged in astonishment or in sorrow. He could not reappear before them without danger of seeming ridiculous. Chance had placed him in the midst of new surroundings where he was absolutely unknown to his companions. All he had to do was to let himself drift along wherever chance might lead.

And then was it not silence, rest, peace that his spirit longed for? Ah, to emerge from the hell of a degrading intrigue, and find himself suddenly cast into the paradise of a primitive and altogether novel existence! To exchange the agitated atmosphere of a coquette's boudoir, the vitiated air of a gambling hall for the fresh and wholesome odors of this vessel cleaving the blue waters. His lungs expanded in the fresh breeze. It seemed to him that his chest broadened and a tremor of delight passed through his frame. He rose, and seeing the crew assembled on deck, he went with a tranquil step toward his new friends.

The Provencal advanced to meet him.

"Have you slept well?" he asked.

"As never before!"

"Ah, the sea knows how to lull one to sleep!"

"Where are we?" asked Pierre.

"Abreast of Leghorn—that line of white coast which you see there to the left is Viareggio. But here comes the captain with Agostino, who wishes to thank you.'

Hardly had Pierre time to turn round when a young man of about twenty, with brown hair and beard, an olive complexion, lighted up by large eyes, and a kindly smile, rushed to him and clasped him in his arms.

"It is you who saved my life!" he cried, with a strong Italian accent. "You may count on me in your turn; my life belongs to you."

"Well, well! comrade," answered the painter, gently disengaging himself.

He looked at Agostino, and placing his hand on his shoulder:

"You were indeed too young to die,' he said. "But it is your companion who saved you; as for me, I was drowning with you."

"That is precisely what makes me grateful to you," said Agostino. "You were sinking, yet you did not leave me to the mercy of the waters. Oh, you must come to our village, so that my mother and sister may thank you. But what is your name?"

'Pierre.'

In his turn Agostino examined his preserver.

"You are neither a fisherman, a sailor, nor a workman—you are a gentleman," he said

"Indeed, you are mistaken. I am a workman. I am a painter.'

"Ah, you paint pictures, then? Faces of men and women perhaps, looking out of windows in villas, or perhaps signs for ships. Perhaps Madonas at the corners of the streets."

"Precisely," said Pierre. "And if I could find work to do in your country I would settle down there for a time.'

"The Corsicans are not rich," said the captain, "but if you want to give a dash of paint to Saint Laurent there, at the stern of the vessel—"

"Certainly, when we arrive in port. It shall be the price of my passage, if you do not think it to little."

"Is is we who are your debtors," interrupted the smugglers. "Whatever you do to the vessel, we shall take as a mark of friendship; out as for ourselves, we shall still be in your debt."

"It is settled, then," cried Pierre, gayly. "And might one know where we are going at this pretty rate?"

"To Bastia."

'Be it Bastia, then," said the painter. "I have no choice, and provided we do not make the mainland, I shall be satisfied."

'Are you obliged to try change of climate, then? Does not the air of France agree with you?" asked the captain, with an inquisitive smile.

"Not at all."

"Have you got yourself into some scrape?"

"A very bad scrape. Yes, a love affair."

A scornful expression crossed the smuggler's face, and Pierre could see that he had fallen in his estimation. But although he had succeeded in making himself out culpable only, not criminal, he already felt himself more at ease with his companions. "Here I am," he said to himself, "like Salvator Rosa among the brigands. But is the occupation of the men who surround me any worse than that of the people to whom I gave my hand every day? The only difference is in station and in dress. Only that these are more open to generosity and gratitude than my former friends. These are more simple and upright by nature, than the others. These bad fellows, who have all perhaps done something to deserve imprisonment, even the galleys, it may be, are less corrupt, less thoroughly evil, than those with whom I associate habitually."

This bitter philosophy strengthened him, and he faced with tranquility, almost with satisfaction, his new situation. He no longer thought of dying. He no longer had any reason to curse life. It provided him with novel sensations which excited his active imagination. Capricious and impressionabe as easily exalted as depressed, his artistic temperament made him form in an instant the most flattering expectations which replaced all his former anxieties. This change of environment made him feel, not embarrassment nor annoyance, but contentment and tranquility. It seemed to him as if he had just escaped from a prison in which for long months he had dragged out a weary existence. He rejoiced in his independence, his freedom. His vision refreshed and sharpened, as it were, was struck by a thousand details which had passed unnoticed before. The green tint of the waves, fringed with silver foam, charmed his sight. He studied the gradations of color in the sky, of an intense blue at the zenith and of an opal-like gray at the horizon. The slender masts of the vessel, the rigging, the red sails, defined against the clear background, the profile of a sailor seated on the bowsprit, making fast a rope, these tableaux vivants, arranged without premeditation, attracted his attention, and afforded him delightful enjoyment. Scarcely was he released from the bondage of the woman who had held him in her toils, then he recovered his love for his art, and with extraordinary fickleness, he retained only a vague recollection, dimmer as if by distance, of her who had been his torment. His degrading passion had been dislodged from his heart by the violent moral shock he had sustained, as a rotten fruit falls from the bough after a storm.

He lighted one of the long Virginias which the Provencal had given him the night before, and leaning his elbow on the rail of the vessel moving slowly, and the steamers more rapidly, and leaving in their wake a trail of black smoke, on their way to Civita Vecchia or Naples. The wind filling the sails impelled the cutter swiftly on, and already in the mists in the distance could be seen the tall and purple mountains bathed in the warm sunshine.

Pierre called Agostino, and pointing to the horizon, "What is that country before us?" he asked.

"Corsica," said the sailor, in his gutteral voice. "Those mountains over there stretch from the point of Centuri to Bonifacio. The little island close to the mainland on the left is Giraghia. To-night we shall pass between her batteries and Cape Coroso to reach Bastia. If it were not for the seamist you could see the snow on Mount Calvo; but you shall see for yourself what a fine country it is. And there is no monopoly of tobacco there, the trade is free, not as in France, though its being illegal does not prevent its being carried on there all the same. But breakfast is ready. You must be hungry."

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, then, come along with me."

In the forepart of the vessel, on some empty casks, a very simple repast was spread—bread, ham, a Gorgonzola cheese, some apples and some bottles of white wine.

"Sit down, sir," said the captain, pointing out to Pierre a place beside him; "and help yourself."

The cheer was appetizing, and the painter did honor to it. While he ate, he observed that his companions remained silent.

"Is it on my account you are silent?" he asked, suddenly. "I should be sorry if it were."

The captain looked at him tranquilly.

"No," he said, "but we are always together, and we have little news to tell each other. And then the sea prevents one talking much. It talks always. It is a great babbler, and the sailor listens to it."

(To be Continued.)

Sisters Three.

Fttih, shackled and imprisoned, waits
The swinging wide of iron gates.
She sees the gloom, and feels the scorn
That fill the earth since sin was born.
She hears the tumult and the rage
Of men at war from age to age.
But patient, calm, her brow serene,
Unmoved by all that's low and mean,
Her eyes look on and on and on
To where the hill tops glimpse the dawn.

Hope, singing, leads on day by day
To where some sharp bend in the way
Will spread before her longing eyes
A vision clear of cloudless skies.
Though rough the road, the journey long,
She murmurs not, but sings her song,
And bears her burden up the hill
With resolute, unbending will.
If sometimes held by prison bars,
She gazes through on sun and stars.

Love walks along the dreary road,
And helps the weary bear their load.
She sits beside the couch of pain,
And seeks to lure health back again.
She feeds the poor, and calms the fears
Of those who lives are drenched with tears.
She goes where there is sin and care,
And plants the sweetest roses there,
No question asked she tolls away
To conquer grief, and pain allay.

Faith, Hope and Love, sweet sisters three,
Come share my humble home with me.
Sit by my hearth, and counsel give
As how 'tis best for me to live.
Let not blind Doubt, or sad Despair
Come in to occupy a chair.
Drive out the gloom, let in the light,
Heroic keep me in the fight,
And help me sing my cheerful song,
Despite the prevalence of wrong.
—Campbell Coyle, in Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

SHERMAN WAS RIGHT.

(Rochester Times)

It recently has been discovered by some of the fighting nations that their skilled mechanics are more needed at home than on the battlefield. Now we learn that the fathers and husbands cannot be spared. And when one tries to look at the matter dispassionately, he finds it difficult to figure out either the economic, moral or social advantage of war. The philosopher is quite as apt to think it is "hell" as was the fighter, General Sherman.

A COMPARISON.

(Buffalo Courier)

In the second battle of Ypres the Canadian loss alone exceeds the entire loss of the American army and navy in the Spanish-American war.

WOMEN'S WEAKNESS AND HEALTH PERILS

Anaemia Comes So Gradually That the Victim Scarcely Realizes the Hold the Trouble Has Upon Her Until Almost in a Decline.

Woman's work is more wearing than man's because it lasts almost every waking hour. There is no eight or nine hour day for the breadwinner's wife, and often she toils under the greatest difficulty because her strength is below what it should be. The woman who is indoors all day is very often careless about what she eats and does not keep her blood up to the mark. It becomes thin and poor, which makes her weak, headachy, tired, breathless and liable to pains in the back and sides, the scourge of her sex. New blood will do wonders for the woman who is tired out, who aches all over when she rises in the morning and feels unaccountably depressed. She can gain new blood now, and drive away the pains and aches and tiredness if she will take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have worked marvels for other women and will do the same for you if you are weak, tired, depressed or suffering from backaches or sideaches. Mrs. Elmer C. Taylor, Calgary, Alta., says: "I was so run down with anaemia that I could scarcely walk without aid. I was not able to leave the house. I had no color, no appetite, and was constantly troubled with headaches, dizzy spells and a general disinclination to move about or do anything. My friends did not think I would get better, and even the doctor was apprehensive. I was constantly taking medicine, but it did not do me a particle of good. One day a friend asked if I had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so almost as a forlorn hope. After I had used a few boxes there was a decided change for the better, and people began to ask what I was taking, the change was so noticeable. As I continued the Pills my color came back, I could eat my meals regularly, the headaches and dizzy spells ceased, I gained in weight and took a new interest in life, my cure being complete. I have told many sickly women and girls what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me and urged them to take them and shall continue to do so, knowing what a splendid medicine they are."

Every weak and ailing woman who will follow Mrs. Taylor's example and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial will find new health and strength through their use. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Minister—The best man at a wedding.

"Not guilty" isn't always an innocent remark.

Most lazy men consider themselves great politicians.

Most of us could start a brass band if hot air were music.

If a man has dyspepsia it is his wife who is troubled with it.

A lot of sympathy is wasted on under dogs and henpecked husbands.

A phonograph also talks a good deal, but one can change the records.

It would be tough on some men if they were to get what they deserve.

Many a man seeks a job as janitor so that his wife can do most of the work.

A young man may be slow before marriage, but in tying the knot he is made fast.

The lowly egg has the best of mankind in one respect: it can spread itself better after it is broke.—Chicago Daily News.

Not Like Him.

The Vicar—I'm surprised at you, Miggs. Why, look at me. I can go into the town without coming back intoxicated. Miggs—Yesh, zur. But Oi be so popular.—London Telegraph.

Says They Are The Very Best

Mr. J. A. Hill Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did For Him.

He Suffered For Four Months From Kidney Trouble, but Found Quick Relief When he Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sixty-Nine Corners, Ont., May 17.—(Special.)—"I know that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the very best of medicines." Such is the statement made by Mr. J. A. Hill, a well-known resident of this place.

"I was sick for six months," Mr. Hill continues. "My troubles started from a cold that seemed to settle in my back. My joints were stiff and I had cramps in my muscles, my appetite was fitful and I was heavy and sleepy after meals. I had a bitter taste in my mouth and I was always tired and nervous.

"I used four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the great benefit they did me is what makes me say. They are the best of medicines.'"

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure sick Kidneys, and Mr. Hill's symptoms are the symptoms of Kidney disease, consequently he found quick relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They always cure Kidney disease.

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WHEN you have a NEW PERFECTION Oil Cookstove to help you with the Cooking.

It lights at the touch of a match—like gas, adjusts instantly, high or low, by merely raising or lowering the wick. It means "gas stove comfort with kerosene oil."

NEW PERFECTION Oil Cookstoves are made in 1, 2, 3, and 4 burner sizes; if your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

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