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is *the* Sugar for Jams and Jellies.

When you pay for good fruit, and spend a lot of time over it, you naturally want to be *sure* that your jellies and preserves will turn out just right. You can be, if you use Redpath Sugar.

Absolutely pure, and always the same, REDPATH Sugar has for sixty years proved most dependable for preserving, canning and jelly-making.

It is just as easy to get the best—and well worth while. So tell your grocer it must be REDPATH Sugar, in one of the packages originated for REDPATH—

2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons.
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Cloth Bags.

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CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

"Why, Azuma, we are both coming in a few months, we are going to spend Christmas there. What shall I bring you from London for Christmas, Azuma?"

He spoke brightly, trying to make what he told her of no importance, ignorant of the storm which raged within her, the hate, the grief, the impotent wrath and hate, and the realization of prediction, fulfilling itself, filling her with dreary, dumb despair.

She had seen it in the sand, and the pebbles that day, in the bright stars that night, which for all the lamplight and electric flashes across the sky from the roofs of shops and buildings, yet twinkled mysteriously, secretly communicative, above, that she and the Baas were going to part, that they would never see each other again, and that with her departure his fortunes would change.

She had seen it, and yet she attributed her departure to the jealousy of the beautiful white woman who treated her, Azuma, the daughter too, of a great chief, as if she were dirt, or at least a servant, a common woman, and they would never have been rich, never, if she, Azuma, had not known the secret of the mine.

And that morning when Lady Judith had come to fasten on the bracelet it was because she was afraid, afraid that she would tell the Baas dreadful things which the pebbles and the sand had told her, and which she had read in the stars, things about the past of the beautiful white woman, which if he knew would make him hate her.

And in her silence he read something ominous. Then gradually something of the old feeling for her had returned, the pity which had been almost love in the old days when she was the only woman near him, and he had not known Lady Judith nor thought of marriage. And he took her silence for stony grief.

"Don't you want to help me, Azuma, don't you want to go?"

"If I go, trouble," she said stretching out her hand into the night.

It was as if she were uttering a curse.

For one instant her manner, her utterance alarmed him, he had been so long accustomed to take her seriously, and she had proven herself so often right, that her words sent a cold shiver down his back. This matter was going to be more difficult to deal with than he had anticipated. He felt inclined to be stern, while something else made him feel that the supreme sorrow of Azuma's life had come to her, that he must deal gently with this girl who, because her skin was black, yet had a heart like other women, perhaps a tenderer one than many.

But he laughed at her suggestion, it seemed the only thing to do, while he told himself that she, of course, did not know how he had protected his fortune, placing funds in this bank and that, in this country, and the other, in schemes all over the world, and he held the concession of every available mine in South Africa. He might not make all he expected to, but he was already the richest man in Europe, and if he lost some money he could never lose all, unless the world itself came to an end. To-night he told himself with new gladness, that even if all failed, the love of Judith, her new gentleness and meekness were the most valuable things he possessed, that with it he could even meet reverses, that without it life would not be worth living.

"You mustn't let trouble come, Azuma," he said lightly, "you must prevent it."

But she shook her head.

"What can Azuma do?" she asked, and he noted the sadness in her voice.

"Well, there's no hurry, of course, if you don't want to do it, I'll have to find somebody else."

There was a little note or irritation in his speech.

"If the Baas tells me to go, I go," she said, presently. "When I go?"

"Oh, well, we can talk it over by and by, to-morrow we'll see."

And because the whole scene was distasteful, because he wanted to be kind, he spoke of this and that, of his business, of a hundred things.

When he left, she stood there gazing after him for a few seconds, while a hundred thoughts coursed through her brain.

It was not the Baas who wanted her to go, it was the white woman, Lady Judy, and she hated her.

When Adolphe told Judith what he had done, she was silent for a few moments, then she said, with something of dread in her manner.

"Somehow, Adolphe, I feel as if perhaps we oughtn't to send her away, not if she says all that. You know that somehow I feel as if she were really wrapped up in our fate, indivisible from it, and she has brought me luck, too, you know."

CHAPTER XXII.

The next time Azuma and Judith met, Judith was in Adolphe's arms, seated by his side, on the wide divan in the little room where they had tea the day he proposed. She was feeling tired lately, and had not gone out so much. London had grown very hot, and in a few days they would be leaving London, going abroad for a few weeks and then returning to take up their abode in the exquisite country home which Adolphe had been busy adding to, and embellishing whenever he could run away from town.

To-night she had persuaded him to go to a party without her at which he wanted to meet someone on business, but for which he did not like to desert her. Now and then lately she had said:

"I feel so lost in this big house when you are away, although there are so many servants, I always feel that it is so huge, that something dreadful might happen at one end of it while no one would hear at the other."

Adolphe had laughed at the idea, a detective was always on watch guarding the beautiful things, and the invaluable jewels he had heaped upon his bride, while at night a watchman walked about the house from roof to cellar, while every modern device against burglary and fire had found its way to the palace in Park Lane, putting aside the fact that outside burly policemen patrolled the streets, and that a small side door opened straight on to Park Lane itself.

"Why, little woman, you are as safe as if you were in an iron safe yourself," he had told her, ascribing her morbid timidity to her state of health. And this evening she felt particularly loth to let him go, while she knew the necessity for his doing so.

To-night she looked particularly lovely, dressed in a tea gown of some yellow shimmering stuff with a girdle of amber round her waist, and he had never known her so caressing.

"Hulloa, Azuma." He had stooped to kiss Judith's lips, as she lay with her head so close to him, and as he raised his head Azuma stood in front of him holding out a letter.

He looked at the direction while she held it, because one arm was around Judith, and the hand of the other held a cigar. Judith had not moved when Azuma entered, treating her with a sort of lazy indifference, as the white races generally treat the dark ones.

"From Elliott, perhaps I needn't go to-night, read it to me, Azuma, will you, there's a good girl."

"Oh, let me see what he says." Judith had meant nothing by her words, nor by the gesture with which she caught hold of Azuma's hand, and took the letter gently from her.

"Azuma, how pretty you look in this room. I always think of you when I am here, do you remember the day when you gave us tea?"

She was opening the letter as she spoke, talking with easy familiarity to Azuma, whom she was trying to win over in these days.

Yes, it was true that Azuma seemed to belong to this room, and to-night lit up, it was twice as pretty, the electric light bringing out a little more vividly the golden tracery in the dark slashed grey and black and brown of the violet wood, and where she was standing the rich dull red brocade curtains made an exquisite background to Azuma's shapely dark head.

For an instant, Judith without any repugnance to the feeling of the dark cool skin held Azuma's fingers with her soft white ones while she scanned the letter, but Adolphe looking up at Azuma caught a look he had never seen there, not, at all events, so plainly visible.

"Let her read the letter," he half whispered, and Judith did as he told her, looking up suddenly a little surprised at his tone.

"I can't read a word, the light somehow doesn't fall properly. Yes, Azuma, do read it to us and the two lay back on the big satin cushions with their arms around each other, while Azuma read.

"Isn't she wonderful the way she can read English?" Judith said half aloud.

"What time does he say?"

He glanced at the clock.

"By George, it's late, he says that he must see me to-night, you say? Azuma."

"Eleven," Azuma repeated, "at eleven he must see the Baas."

"Then the Baas must go. I shan't be long, my darling. He stooped and kissed Judith again, and she sat up on the divan and rearranged her disordered hair, while he sprang up the stairs to change his coat.

In a few seconds he returned, and found Judith chatting with Azuma.

"She's telling me all about the mine that night when you both went out in the night together, very improper I call it," she said with a mischievous laugh.

"Oh, we've done dreadful things, haven't we, Azuma?"

He laughed, and Judith got up and followed him across the big hall to the front door and let him out herself.

"What an exquisite night, if I had thought about it, I would have slipped on something and driven with you."

"Will you? I'll wait."

"No, it would make you late, you have only just time, and I'm tired." She yawned a little. "I'll go straight to bed."

"Well, I shan't be long. She watched him get into the carriage and drive off, then she stood still for two or three moments drinking in the night. Then she pushed too the door and the sound rang out through the house like a final doom pronounced.

Then she stepped leisurely across the well-lighted hall.

"Azuma!"

At the foot of the stairs Azuma was standing watching her with a strange expression, an expression which made Lady Judith feel uncomfortable.

"Take care, Azuma, I am coming upstairs."

These words, addressed to the girl because she did not move out of her way, with a slight, very slight return of the autocratic tones of former days, with just a shade of impatient annoyance at the fact that her progress was impeded, and she was weary, anxious to get to her room to lie down, and to be undressed.

"Ah!"

A terrible cry rang out across space and seemed to lose itself behind the porphyry pillars, and to vibrate across the pavement of the hall.

When, two hours later, Adolphe returned full of all sorts of little bits of gossip and news for Judith, and opened the front door with his latchkey, he found the body of Judith lying dead at the foot of the stairs, and a little streak of crimson reaching from her side to the door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

London was convulsed when it heard the first thing the next morning of the murder of Lady Judith, but it reached the fever pitch of excitement the same evening, when a late edition, and little newspaper boys shouting in the street, announced the further tragedy that Adolphe Lieb, the South African millionaire, had committed suicide. The following morning there was a sudden panic on the Stock Exchange, and all African bonds and mining shares went down. There was evidently going to be some dreadful revelation. If Adolphe himself could have come to life again, it would have been difficult for him to explain exactly what his motives had been for taking his life. Yet the lawyers said that he had seemed to do it with method.

Papers still wet upon the writing-table in the room, where only two hours ago he had held her in his arms, gave evidence to the world of changes in his will by a revoking codicil, while a few brief lines stated that he had taken his own life, that no one was to be blamed. It would have been impossible for anyone to guess at what his motive had been, for only he knew two things, one that all his millions, all his wealth, all his schemes and dreams of ambition and power had turned to dead sea fruit, become valueless without Judith to share them with him. Judith, whose love he had always been sure of, and who loved much because so much had been forgiven her. Judith who had climbed the third wave, and who must not be left alone on the other side. The other that the next day he would have to be the one on whose evidence depended the fate of Azuma, the woman from whom his whole being now recoiled, yet to whom he owed so much, even indirectly Judith.

Azuma would be hung, and something seemed to whisper that without these two women, life contained nothing; that his life had come to an end to-day, together with his luck, that he had known what life so rarely gives together, great colossal wealth and deep, deep love, the love, the surrender, complete, entire, unreserved of a proud and beautiful woman. If he lived, how would it be with him, what would he live for? To make money, for whom? To love again, never, never; then why live?

He did not want to set eyes again on Azuma, he did not want to hear why she had done this thing, for he knew. Love, jealousy, hate, these had been the instincts which had prompted her, and Judith had said truly when she had pronounced the words:

"I feel that our life is irrevocably mixed up with her."

And as if in death he defied Golling, defied the English government, all those who had striven to check and thwart his gigantic plans, after providing for his family in Frankfort, he divided his fortune into two halves. One to build a Cape to Cairo railway, the other for the civilization of South Africa.

Madame Dufour had said rightly when she called Judith "Cette pauvre enfant."

THE END.

ALEXANDER OF SERBIA.

Formerly Crown Prince, Is Preventing a Balkan Agreement.

It is one of the little jokes of fate that the young man, Crown Prince Alexander of Serba, who was treated with such contemptuous condescension by the exalted personages assembled at London in June, 1911, for the coronation of George V.—that he Prince Alexander, should be, in June, 1915, the arbiter of the immediate destinies of Europe.

Bulgaria's entrance into the war on the side of England, France, Russia, and Italy would, it is quite openly stated in each of their capitals, help to bring about an early termination of the war. It would release Rumania, now fearful of a Bulgarian attack on her flank if she flung herself at Austria's throat in Transylvania. It would furnish the allies with a veteran Bulgarian army to march upon Turkey through Thrace, and it would give the allies the Bulgarian port of Dedeagatch, on the Aegean Sea, for the landing of their own troops to co-operate with the allied navies at Constantinople.

Prince Alexander of Serbia

Bulgaria's Demands.

Bulgaria makes no secret of her willingness to be bought for such assistance. But she has only one price. The Crown Prince of Serbia. Regent in his country, can alone pay it in full. This he persistently refuses to do.

Bulgaria demands, above all else, that part of Macedonia which is inhabited by Bulgarians and which is in the possession of Serbia. To reclaim Macedonia from Turkey, and in pursuance of the ideal of nationality. Czar Ferdinand began the first Balkan War, fortified by a solemn agreement with Greece and Serbia that, in the spoils, Macedonia was to go to Bulgaria. The blood of thousands of Bulgarian patriots was shed in the victorious campaigns of Ferdinand. Greece and Serbia became fearful of Ferdinand's ambitions to dominate in the Balkans. They preferred to entrap and betray him.

Prince Alexander of Serbia.

Alexander, the twenty-four-year-old commander-in-chief of the Serbian army, captured Monastir from Turkey, thus bringing about the fall of the whole of Macedonia, and from Monastir the Bulgarians were barred by the sword as from Salonika.

Prince Stands Firm.

Rumania is to-day feverishly eager to restore the Dobrudja if thereby she can quiet the dogs of war upon her flank and rush her force of a million men into Transylvania. It comprises thousands of acres of territory and millions of inhabitants, Rumanian in blood, to the thousands of the Dobrudja, Austria-Hungary, at the present moment, could not defend Transylvania. Greece will not give up Thrace to Bulgaria, but England, France and Russia have offered compensation elsewhere which is acceptable. It is only Serbia which is the stumbling block, because it is Macedonia which Bulgaria demands first and last, and for which she will not be compensated elsewhere.

June 24 of last year King Peter a man of seventy-three and weak in health, left his capital and the Crown Prince was appointed Regent. Alexander has coldly rejected every compromise which included the giving up of a foot of territory now held by Serbia. His father is ensconced at some watering place away from Belgrade. His elder brother, Prince George, has been dancing and dining in the hotels of the Riviera.

Canaries sing best in the subdued light.

Perfect Tea

must be used for a perfectly satisfactory infusion.

"SALADA"

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Tea is the acme of perfection, being all pure, delicious tea. Black, Mixed or Green.

PRACTICAL FARMING

Hints for the Farmer.

There is big difference between economy and stinginess.

We have seen a man treat a $150 horse as though he was worth only $1.50.

The telephone cannot take the place of a hired man, but it helps wonderfully.

Crows eat ants, beetles, caterpillars, bugs, grubs,, etc., which do much damage.

Charcoal in a granulated form should always be kept before fowls of all ages.

To get white cauliflower tie the leaves over the head as soon as the head is formed.

A hog in a good pasture or one that is fed regularly seldom does much damage by rooting.

Scald the drinking vessels in the poultry yard often so they will not harbor disease germs.

Countries adapted to sheep raising become large consumers of mutton as they increase in size.

A garden is more bother than it is worth unless you get fruits and vegetables that are really better than those you can buy.

Make it a point to have some choice male lambs to sell to your neighbors who would like something better than they now have.

When setting any of the bush fruits the top should be pruned to correspond to the root pruning the plant gets in transplanting.

It is about as profitable to try to do two things at once as it is to try to raise two crops on the same piece of ground at the same time.

The wise dairyman will keep his best cows, and not let the buyer tempt him even with a good price. The better the cows the better the profits.

If the onions are not growing well, a little nitrate of soda or hen manure sown broadcast, before or during a rain, often helps them to fill out.

The cow's udder should be well washed and dried with a coarse cloth before milking, and the milker's hands should be washed after every cow.

Warm weather is the time to make growth in the hogs. Push the shoats along, giving them good pasture range and feeding all they will eat up clean.

There are many rough hillsides and pastures which are now bringing no returns that could be made profitable, were they planted to nut trees, especially walnuts.

Celery, cabbage, and other plants of this sort do much better if transplanted once or twice before going into the field. They will form a much heavier root system, which is desirable in all plants.

A good many farmers who neglected to plant an orchard and shade trees while they were young waste more time now wishing they had them than it would take to plant them in the beginning.

Use the spray pump to whitewash your poultry house. Make a good whitewash, adding a little carbolic acid, and spray the building thoroughly, covering every bit of the surface, and the house will be wonderfully sweetened.

In choosing a breed of cattle or any other class of live stock due consideration should be given to the question of environment. Where one breed would be a failure another would perhaps be a success.

The silo is not the only way of preventing the usual loss from the corn fields, but it is the only way and the best way for preserving the feeding elements of the corn plant. The silo adds nothing to the feeding nutriments. On the other hand, there is a slight loss through fermentation, but it does increase the palatability greatly.

Fine Grain — Medium Grain — Coarse Grain

St Lawrence Sugar

FOR YOUR NEXT BATCH OF PRESERVES

Buy good Fruit which must not be over-ripe, and what is equally important, use good Sugar.

The slightest impurity (organic matter) in the Sugar will start fermentation in the jam, and preserves which were well cooked and carefully bottled, become acid and uneatable after a few months.

You are absolutely safe with the ***ST. LAWRENCE EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR*** *which is made from Cane and tests over 99.99 per cent pure.*

If you prefer a very fine grain—a medium one or one quite large, your grocer can suit your taste in St. Lawrence which is offered in the three grades in 2 lb. and 5 lb. Cartons, and bags of 10, 20, 25 and 100 lbs.

Buy in Refinery sealed packages to avoid mistakes and assure absolute cleanliness and correct weights.

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