



Pimples, Skin, Acne, etc.

WHITE

is Paper

ARTS

ETS.

Table with prices for various items like soap, paper, etc.

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ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY BEST FRIEND

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E.W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO

# A GIFT OF A SOUL

CHAPTER I

Dr. Davidoff, an inspired look lighting up his rugged and strongly marked countenance, turned toward the guests of Prince Patrizzi and let fall in the midst of the discussion the following remarkable words:

"Do you believe, then, in the power of suggestion, urged with the sharpness of persistence of a gladiator's point, to make a thought enter your mind? Do you believe that this thought can influence your moral conditions to such a degree as to alter your physical condition? You concede, do you not, that the moral nature exercises a potent, an irresistible influence over the physical?"

"We do," tranquilly responded the Neapolitan. "And for this reason—and here is the ground on which I propose to base you—it would be necessary to conclude—"

This response to the Russian doctor's question, which seemed to promise a lengthy discussion, was succeeded among the men and women who had just finished dining in the salon of the Hotel de Paris, on the terrace at Monte Carlo, by a moment of stupefied silence. Around the table, sumptuously laid, and on which the flowers were dying, asphyxiated in the heat of the lights and the smoke of the cigarettes, glances of astonishment and enmity were interchanged. Then a storm of remonstrances and exclamations—the indignant protest of these worldly people, compelled to abandon for a moment the habitual frivolity of their discourse to listen to the dry details of a scientific discussion, broke forth.

"We have had enough of physiology!"

"We are here to drink, to smoke, to laugh."

"Bah! The doctor is crazy!"

"Listen, gentlemen, I beg of you; it is very curious!"

"These ladies are getting bored," "Open the windows, this smells of science."

"For my part I would rather be at the Casino. I dreamed last night that red turned up thirteen times—"

"That was a suggestion of the croupers."

"Don't you want to come and dance?"

"Oh, Laura, come to the piano and play for us."

"Well, my children, go where you will, but let us have peace."

"How rude you all are!"

Several of the guests arose noisily and asked their wraps from the matrons of the hotel, who hastened to get them. Patrizzi remained seated, looking with a smile at the beautiful women, who with coquettish gestures shook out their skirts, and gave a few touches to their bodices. He extended his hand nonchalantly to his friends, saying:

"Let every one follow his own inclination. Go on before us. In an hour we will join you."

Then turning toward the painter, Pierre Laurier, his friend Jacques de Vignes and Dr. Davidoff, who had not moved—

"Go on, my dear fellow," he said to the doctor, "you interest me amazingly."

The Russian doctor threw away the cigarette he was smoking, lighted another, and looking at his three listeners with an authoritative air, he continued the recital that had been abruptly cut short by the interruptions of those who had just withdrawn.

"I confess that the story I had begun to tell our friends is strange enough, and that to skeptical minds it may seem improbable, although in our Slav countries, where the atmosphere

and suggests things connected to his own. He felt himself transported into the bounding realm of light, and his brow was suffused by delightful breezes. Little by little he lost the consciousness of terrestrial things, and in the midst of a divine transport, an ecstatic beatitude, he saw advancing toward him a celestial shape, a shining and wondrous apparition, which in a voice, sweet as the song of angels, thus addressed him:

"Do you wish to purchase the life of her you love? Then give your own in exchange for it. Your soul is her body, and your body in the cold earth you will have nothing to regret, since you will dwell in her; and in her happiness will be your joy."

The celestial phantom vanished in a luminous mist, and Vladimir Alexievitch regained consciousness. He found himself in the hut of the Tongouze near a fire of spruce wood. The old woman was muttering confused words, without seeming to take any notice of her guest of an hour. Terrified by what had been revealed to him, the young man tried to collect his thoughts, and get some clear idea of his strange adventure.

He saw before him only a commonplace and filthy hag, who had placed him in rapport with the spirits, as the doorkeeper of a temple opens to the worshiper the sanctuary of the shining gods. He laid his hand on the old woman's shoulder. She turned toward him with dull glance, and in sardonic accents asked him:

"Well, have you learned what you desired to know?"

"By what means did you deprive me of consciousness of the external world?" he asked. "What was it you gave me to drink?"

"What does it matter to you? Did you behold the spirits?"

"By what sorcery did you make them visible to me?"

"Ask that of them! They are here—all around you. Do you doubt it? Remain there, without hope. Trust in them, and supreme delight awaits you!"

The sorceress seemed to grow in stature. Her countenance was ennobled with a rude dignity, and pointing to the door she said to Vladimir:

"Do not tempt Heaven. Go! And believe; believe!"

He dropped on the floor in a purling, which the old woman pushed disdainfully toward the hearth with her foot. She advanced her arms as if about to make a final invocation, and her countenance glowing, as if inspired, she repeated in accents that vibrated in the breast of Vladimir Alexievitch:

"Believe! poor child! In that is safety. Believe!"

He left the hut, returned to his house, wrote far into the night, and on the following day was found dead in his room.

And did his betrothed recover her health?"

"She recovered her health," replied Davidoff, "but although she was beautiful and adored, she would give her hand to none of her suitors, and remained married, as if she had desired to remain faithful to a mysterious and secret love."

"And do you believe in this miracle?" asked Jacques de Vignes, with an effort.

Davidoff, shock his head, and answered in a tone of raillery:

"Doctors do not believe in much in the age in which we live. Materialism has many advocates among my colleagues. Yet magnetism has, in these latter days, taken on strange forms and opened new horizons to our gaze. We walk side by side with spiritualism, which testifies to the existence of the soul. And, to admit the influence of mental suggestion over subjects in the hypnotic sleep, is not this superior principle which directs and, as a consequence, governs matter?"

"You philosophize, my dear fellow," responded the prince, "but you do not answer."

"Oh, as for you, Patrizzi," said Pierre Laurier, laughing, "you believe in Saint Januarius, and in serious cases you invoke the aid of the Madonna; you carry branches of coral as a protection against the evil eye, and you turn pale when you see a knife and fork laid crosswise on the tablecloth; you are consequently, already a convert to the juggles of Davidoff. But Jacques and I are tougher, and we need some proofs to convince us."

"Yet it would be pleasant to believe in a mysterious influence that could restore me to health," murmured the sick man. "Ah, to be able to cling to some supreme hope! would not that itself be health? Has not confidence half the merit in effecting a cure?"

"Parbleu! those are the most reasonable words that have been uttered for the last two hours," cried Pierre Laurier. "To the devil with your witches, your Swedenborgians, your lezar apparitions, and your souls that pass from body to body, like the ferret of Bois-Joli. To give a sick person the assurance that he will recover, is almost sure to cure him; that is the truth! So, take my friend Jacques de Vignes here present, who has had himself ordered south because he has taken cold, make him understand that his malady is purely imaginary, that his lungs are not affected, that he commits a great mistake in thinking that they are—in a word, prove to him that he has only a slight ailment, of no consequence whatever, and doing away with the cause you do away with the effect. The aforesaid Jacques de Vignes will be obliged to renounce his languid speech, his languishing airs, his Wertherian glances. He will return to a love for life, for a beefsteak, a cigar, a pretty woman."

"Alas!" murmured Jacques, a severe fit of coughing shaking his frame. "It is not only possible for me to hope! I love life, and every day I hold upon it growing weaker."

The painter laid his hand on the shoulder of the sick man, and in a friendly voice said:

"You do not believe me when I tell you that you are not seriously ill; you do not believe Davidoff, who has examined you. You desire, in spite of everything, to nurse your uneasiness, and to torture yourself, as if for wretchedness. You make your mother your sister to shed tears. Is there nothing there that will convince you? Must I do for you what Vladimir Alexievitch did, and give you a soul

When Long Breaths Hurt Your Side  
The Soreness Away With "Nerviline"

Prompt Action Often Prevents Pleurisy or Pneumonia.

Do long breaths hurt you? Try it, and see. If you notice a wheeze or a catch in your side, then be sure trouble exists.

Proper action consists in a vigorous rubbing of the back, chest and sore side with "Nerviline." This wonderful liniment sinks into the tissues where the pain is seated—gives instant relief. That catch disappears, all sense of soreness goes, and you then know that Nerviline has probably saved you from pleurisy.

Just try Nerviline for chest tightness, coughs, aches and soreness—a wonderful liniment, and when kept in the home saves the family from lots of ill and suffering. A large bottle on hand makes the doctor's bill mighty small, and can be depended on as a reliable and mighty prompt cure for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, sore muscles and enlarged joints.

Get the large 50c family size bottle. It is far more economical than the 25c trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere, or direct from the Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

## A REAL BURGLAR ALARM; HERE'S HOW ANY OF YOU BOYS CAN MAKE IT

The above diagram shows how simply the open-door alarm is constructed. In fastening the strips of tin, the use of screws would be preferable to nails.

(By an expert electrician.)

"Burglars! Somebody's breaking in through the back door!"

That's the alarm which will ring out to your ears, boys, if you equip your door with the automatic bell, and

If a burglar ever does attempt to break into your house thereafter. Or, if you don't think your house needs a burglar alarm, there are several other uses for the device here described. You can put it on your father's office door or on the kitchen door so your mother can leave it unlocked and yet be warned when the delivery boys come in.

It will cost you only about 70 cents for a bell and a dry battery. You'll need also two strips of tin, 1-inch wide by 5 long, which you can probably get for nothing at the tinmer's or the hardware store, and a little bit of copper wire.

The two pieces of tin (A and C) are fastened by nails or screws to the door frame and under each is secured the bare end of a bell wire which connects, as shown, to a bell and battery. Brass may be used in place of tin if desired.

By shaping the strips as indicated, the top of the door strikes the lower part, closing the circuit for only a moment. As the door opens farther, the strips spring apart, breaking the circuit automatically.

**BRUCE'S SPECIAL "BIG FOUR" FIELD ROOTS**

BRUCE'S GIANT WHITE FEEDING BEET—The most valuable Field Root on the market combines the rich qualities of the Sugar Beet with the long-stemmed, large size, easy harvesting and heavy-cropping qualities of the Mangel. 4 1/2 lb. 10c, 4 1/2 lb. 11.3c, 4 1/2 lb. 12.6c, 4 1/2 lb. 14.0c, 4 1/2 lb. 15.3c. The best of all Field Carrots.

BRUCE'S GIANT YELLOW INTERMEDIATE MANGEL—Very close second to our Giant White Feeding Beet, and equally easy to harvest. 4 1/2 lb. 10c, 4 1/2 lb. 11.3c, 4 1/2 lb. 12.6c.

BRUCE'S NEW CENTURY SWEET TURNIP—The best shipping variety, as well as the best for cooking; handsome shape, uniform growth, purple top. 4 1/2 lb. 12c, 4 1/2 lb. 13.3c. Each additional pound 10c. Where there are Express Offices this is cheapest way to send all orders of 5 pounds and up.

**FREE**—Our handsomely illustrated 12-page catalogue of Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., for 1914. Send for it.

**John A. Bruce & Co., Ltd., HAMILTON, ONTARIO** Established Sixty-five Years.

and elegant. They left the town, and to their right at the base of the rocks along the shore they would see the sea, shining like a silver mirror. The night was so bright that the lights of the vessels in the distance shone red and tremulous. They descended the acclivity in silence. They passed a moment near a clump of mastic and cactus bushes, their glances piercing into space, and oppressed, as it were, by the expanse before them. A sudden noise, as of an animal rising abruptly from a thicket, arrested their attention and a moment later they saw running up the path on the side of the acclivity a man carrying a gun that glittered in the moonlight.

"Aha! is that?" asked Davidoff, in surprise.

Pierre Laurier looked at the man attentively, and then answered:

"A custom house officer."

They paused. The man continued to ascend the hill. Arrived on the flat, he looked at the two pedestrians suspiciously. The spot was deserted, although they had left the last house not more than two miles behind them. But the whole coast is a wild one and favorable to the enterprise of smugglers.

"Do you take us for contrabandists?" asked the artist.

"No, sir," replied the officer, "not now that I see you near by; but below there, when I saw you stand motionless, I thought you had just given some signal."

"Are there smugglers in the country, then?"

(To be Continued.)

## SPRING REMINDERS OF RHEUMATISM

Raw, Damp Weather Starts the Pain, But the Trouble Lies in the Blood.

Spring weather is bad for rheumatic sufferers. The changes from mild to cold, the raw, damp winds start the aches and twinges, or in the more extreme cases, the tortures of the trouble going. But it must be borne in mind that it is not the weather that causes rheumatism. The trouble is rooted in the blood—the changeable weather merely starts the trouble and to cure it is through the blood. The poisonous rheumatic acids must be driven out. Liniments and rubbing may give temporary relief, but cannot possibly cure the trouble. The sufferer is only wasting time and money with this kind of treatment and all the time the trouble is becoming more deeply rooted—harder to cure. There is just one speedy cure for rheumatism—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the impure, acid-tainted blood. They purify and strengthen it and thus root out the cause of the rheumatism. Here is strong proof of the above statements. Mr. J. Routley, Sydney, Man., says: "I was so badly crippled with rheumatism in my hips and knees that I could hardly go about. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I took steadily for a couple of months, by which time all traces of the trouble had disappeared. I can most strongly recommend the Pills to all rheumatic sufferers."

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.

## COUNT TEN! BAD COLD RELIEVED FIGURE THREE HOURS--COLD CURED

Never a Failure With Catarthozone; It Cures Completely.

Don't sniffle and sneeze with a nasty cold. Kill it at once with "Catarthozone." It's the surest thing on colds ever known; simply knocks them out in no time. The medicated vapor of CATARTHOSONE spreads through all parts of the breathing organs, and its beneficial action is felt instantly. Does not matter whether the cold is in the head, chest or lungs. Catarthozone will reach it and cure it quickly.

Easy to use—you bet it is—not a single drug to take because you sneeze!

breathe in the most healing and soothing of piney vapors that come from the wonderful Catarthozone inhaler.

"I can cheerfully testify that Catarthozone is simply a magical cure for colds," writes P. F. Clement, of Augusta. "For days last winter my head was completely filled up with cold. My eyes ran water. I sneezed and coughed constantly. I took many medicines. I was sick of the sight of them. Finally, I tried Catarthozone. Its effect was magical. It soothed the inflamed membranes, stopped the sneezing, and cured in no time. I never met anything to kill a cold like Catarthozone."

Get a complete \$1.00 outfit; it does the work quick. Small size, 50c; trial size, 25c, at dealers everywhere.

## Doing Wonders For Rheumatism

WHAT PETER F. PATTERSON SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Gaspe Co. Man Gives Advice to all Who Want to be Cured of Kidney Troubles.

Haldimand, Gaspe Co., Que., April 12 (Special)—"I have just opened the third box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and find they are doing me splendid work for the kidneys and rheumatism," so says Mr. Peter F. Patterson, a well known resident of this place.

"My troubles came through a cold and strain," Mr. Patterson writes, "and I suffered for many years. I had headache, backache and rheumatism. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I had a bitter taste in my mouth in the morning and I perspired freely with the slightest exertion. I was often dizzy; I was troubled with heart flutterings; I was nervous and my skin itched and burned at night.

"After using Dodd's Kidney Pills I recommend them to everyone who wants to be cured."

Everyone of Mr. Patterson's ailments was a symptom of Kidney disease. That's why he found such prompt relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They only cure Kidney disease.