TONSILITIS, SORE THROAT, CHEST COLDS, CAN BE CURED OVER I

They Vanish Quickly if Nerviline is Well Rubbed in.

When the throat tickles, when it side, it's time to draw out the con- acles in just such cases. gestion that will soon become pneu-

An ordinary cough syrup has no chance at all—you require a powerful, penetrating liniment.

Nothing is known that possesses more merit in such cases than Nervi-

Rub it liberally over the sides and chest-rub it in hard.

line will be apparent in five minutes. | Canada.

Nothing like it for quick relieftakes soreness out of the throat, in one rutbing-breaks up the cheat cold, draws out the inflammation, stops the

cough quickly.

Rub it on for rheumatism—it de hurts to draw a long breath, when you stroys the pain-drives it right away. feel as if a knife were stuck in your Try it for stiff muscles—it works mir-

Give Nerviline a chance on your neuraigia, prove it out for lembago, see what it can do for sciatica.

No pain-relieving remedy compares in power to cure with Nerviline. Large est sale in Canada of any liniment for nearly forty years. The reason is plain,

It satisfies every time. The large 50-cent family size bottle is more economical than the 25-cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere, The warm, soothing effect of Nervi- or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston,

> A GIFT OF A SOUL

"Ch, there always are. It is between | ed her on the eves. Monaco and Vintimille that smuggliag is most generally carried on. There is not a week in which some smuggler is not caught. And for the past four days we have been watching a vessel which is waiting the fince to escape us. But the scoundrels -ill pay for the sleepless nights they have made us pass, and if they make any resistance they will be answered with musket-shots Good-night, gentlemen. Do not remain here. The place is a had one.

He raised his hand in a military salute to his kepl, and then disappeared among the bushes which served nim for his post of observation.

Pierro Laurier and Davidoff resumed their walk, turning their steps to-

ward the town. "I envy the adventurous lot of the men who are the object of the threats of the salon, and with a gesture of of this fine soldier. They are sailing displeasure turned over on the sofa on the water at this moment, vigilant and circumspect, ready for business or for battle. Their affair finished, they depart on a new expedition to brave unknown dangers. They have no thought but for their hard and uncertain occupation. I should like to be in

"So! Count Woreseff, whom I shail accompany in his yacht, leaves Villenotice the day after to-morrow. He to say to him that he dislikes me." soing to Egypt; we touch at Alexmaria, sail up the Nile as far as the cond cataract, visit Thebes, the desert, and the Pyramids. It is an expedition that will take two months, with the planks of a magnificent vessel under foot and the splendors of an eastern sky overhead. You know how happy the Count would be to take you with him. You would be occupied; you would hunt. And above all, you

"No. I should be too tranquil, too much spoiled, too happy, in your company I should have to have none of those dangers that absorb all one's faculties. I should have no crushing the painter with a despondent gesture. thronging to his memory? After hardships to endure. Everything around me would savor too much of civilization. What I need is to lead the life of a savage. If you could promise to have me captured by the Touaregs, who should take me a pris-In my case that would be a salva-

"I can promise you no such adventures," replied Davidoff, laughing. "I must therefore abandon you to your

They had stopped before a beautiful villa, painted rose color, whose winthe thick foliage.

"It is settled-you will go in," said the doctor. "Good-by, then, for I do not know if I shall see you to-morrow -and good fortune attend you."

They shook hands, and while the Rustian quietly took his way toward the city the artist crossed the garden and rang the door bell. lackey opened the door for him and led him into a vestibule resembling a Moorish patio, with a basin in the middle, on the blue bosom of which floated cyprians with scales of gold. Around the columns which adorned this court roses twined. At the further end a white marble staircase led

to the first storey. 'Is Madame at home?' 'asked Pierre Leurier.

"She is in the little salon," respond-

ed the domestic. The young man pushed the

open and softly entered. On a large sofa, rectining among silken cushions, Clemence Villa was turning over the leaves of a book. She

raised her head, stretched out her arms, and then remained motionless. Pierre approached her, and bending

"How late you are!" said the actress with a tranquil indifference that formed a contrast to the reproach conveyed in her words.

"Prince Patrizzi's dinner lasted longer than I had supposed it would," he answered.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" "Less than if you had been with

"I have a horror of Patrizzi." Why?

"I feel that he hates me,"

"Why, he does not hate you; but he

"Well, can he not love you without hating me?" "He would like you if you did not make me unhappy."

"Ah, the old story!" The young woman snapped her fingers, threw her book to the further end

with her face toward the wall. 'Come, Clemence, let us be at peace," said the artist, "let us talk of something else."

The actress, however, her face buried among the cushions, replied in a sharp voice, without turning around: "Your Patrizzi has been making advances to me, as you already know,

The countenance of Laurier was con tracted with pain, and he asked ironically:

"And why did you make so unflattering an exception in his case?" Clemence Villa sprang to her feet at a bound, and red with anger, her eyes sparkling her brow contracted in a Clemence lest he should be tempted

trembling hand, saying: "My dear fellow, if you have come here to treat me with insolence, you can take yourself off again."

tween abusing me to your friends and are an ingrate. I was very fond of you-oh, you know it very well! For before you became crazy, you were an agreeable and charming fellow. But the fact is that, for the past three mouths, you have completely lost your dows shone in the moonlight through head, so, good-night. As for me, I don't know how to take care of mad

people; go to a lunatic asylum." She leaned against the chimneypiece as she spoke, and, set off by her loose robe of ruby-colored plush, her dark skin gleamed like ivory. Her small head covered with curis, set on a rather long neck, was of an exquisite grace, and her bosom, enclosed, like a jewel in its setting, in costly Malines lace, heaved with her haughty

"Forgive me," he said. "I am unhappy, because I love you, and I am iealous.

She looked at him sternly and in a cutting voice said:

"So much the worse. Because I am jealousy than with your brutality.

trouble of returning." The artist grew a shade paler. "You are dismissing me?" he said. "Yes, I am dismissing you."

He remained silent for an instant, as if he hesitated to put his thought over her delicately modeled face hiss into words. Then in a low voice, as if

"What does that matter to you? I night. But, as if to put his reso love you no longer; that is all it con- to the test, the face of Clem erns you to kno A flush mounted to the face of the

young man; his hands trembled, and he bit the ends of his mustache, but "Tell me, at least," he said, "if you so often: have given me a worthy successor. One

must have a little pride. "Make yourself easy on that score, interrupted Clemence sharply; I shall lose nothing by the change. He is young, he is rich, he is handsome. And then he has interested me for a long past. Besides, you know him, he is a friend of yours.

And while the artist, thunderstruck at such audacity, asked himself whether he was dreaming or awake, the young woman continued, with relentless cruelty and dropping her words one by one like drops of poison:

"You have just left him; you dined together this evening."

"Davidoff?" exclaimed Pierre.
"Imbecile!" sneered Clemence. "That Russian cynic who despises women and who would rule them with the knout! Do you think me so stupid? No, the man who has captivated my fancy is a charming fellow, gentle, melancholy, rather delicate in health, but who believes in love and surrenders himself to it without reserve."

Pierre started to his feet at these words, and seizing the actress by the wrists, forced her to listen to him, notwithstanding her resistance. Their faces were close together, their glances met for an instant. They remained thus far a few moments, breathing hatred and rage. At last the painter said in a trembling voice: "You mean Jacques de Vignes."

"I do." "Do you know that his lungs are

seriously affected?" Even so; he pleases me. I will nurse him. A disinterested affection has always had a charm for me."

"It is in order to torture me that you have invented this story. Confess that there is not a word of truth in all you have said."

"You shall see whether there is or not." "Clemence, take care."

The young woman's eyes flashed with anger. She turned to pull the bell but in her haste her feet caught in the folds of her gown. Pierre was just in time to seize her arm and prevent her from falling.

"You threaten me in my own house?" she cried. "Well, then, I certainly shall accept him. Yes, shall accept him; and it will be all your fault.'

The painter, with a gesture of disgust, pushed her from him so abruptly that she fell backward on the soft. He took his hat and in a choking voice, said:

"Infamous creature! I had rather die now than return to you. I shall never see you again!"

He nushed the door violently open with his cienched hand, as if to vent in some jealous transport, a senseless on inert matter the anger he could and degrading suicide, that would not vent on the woman who had called drag his name into the newspapers, it forth, and with rapid steps went inflicting suffering on the few and it is because I would have nothing out into the garden. He heard the friends who should still remain to electric beil ring behind him under the him. Would it not be better to end steps of the servant sounding on the pavement of the vestibule, and the sharp tones of Clemence issuing her orders. He did not stay to hear further. He felt in a rage that gave him a desire to kill some one. He had left frown, pointed to the door with a to strike her. But here under the starry sky, his brow fanned by the cool seabreeze laden with the perfume of the orange blossoms, he began to feet a bitter sense of shame. Was "Oh. I know how little you care for it possible that for this woman's sake me; you have never allowed me to re- he had during the past year committed main in ignorance on this point," said all the miserable follies that now came "Then why do you not leave me? If spending all his fortune in order to you were good-tempered, even, I could supply the extravagance of Clemence. understand your obstinacy on that he had borrowed for the same purpose point. But you divide your time be- from his friends. His genius dissinated by a life of pleasure, had proinsulting me here. And all because I duced no fruit, and he had spent whole oner to Timbuctoo, I would follow you. will not yield to your caprices, days in his studio dreaming of picand shut myself up. What an tures which he had never had the enchanting prospect! In short, you courage to undertake. And all for this inde who had deceived him. It was in truth too stupid; she was right to despise him fully, for it was an undeserved piece of good fortune for him that she had taken it into her head to dismiss him.

He felt nimself, at this moment, once more master of his destiny. He was delivered from the ghoul who had sapped his mental strength at the same time that she had tortured his heart. He was himself again, and he was determined to prove by his works that he was not, as people had

begun to say, a wreck. "Yes, she shall see what I am capable of, now that I am free from her," he cried. "Before a month is past she shall wish me back from vanity

if not from love!" While these thoughts were passing through his mind he was walking along the seashore on the road that led to Vintimille, In his emotion he had walked a great distance without no more disposed to put up with your being aware of it. The lights of Monaco had disappeared in the distance. For some time past I have had to and he found himself alone at the foot make an effort not to tell you so. But of a rugged cliff. At his feet stretched I have had enough of it now. It is the rocky shore, on which the waves over! You may spare yourself the broke with a monotonous sound. Occasionally a stray cloud passing across the sky blotted out the light, plunging everything into darkness Pierre sat down on a sandy hillock by the roadside, and lulled by the profound peace surrounding him, he fell

into a revery. He had now become calmer: his anger had abated, and he tried to form a clear idea of the situation. He had made excellent resolutions, but would be have sufficient strength of will to carry them out? He knew how little confidence he could place on his see the woman who had wrecked his life, and each time he had returned to her, weaker than the last, and as a ce was more ill-treated than before. But he had borne everything in order to obtain a caress from her. madness, which, reducing him to this state of bondage, left him

cried sloud in the of its brilliant and seductive eyes appear ed before him. He could see it dis tinetly, smiling with a defiant air, and it seemed to him he could hear from her lips the words he had heard

"You leave me; you have not the strength to do so. I might dismiss you and you would come back to me again, like a beaten dog, faithful to its master. Do you think you could live without me? Am I not neces sary to your existence? Without me, the world for you is a void, where you can find only ennui, disgust, weariness and regrets. Come back to me, then! Pretend no silly pride. I send you away to-day, but I expect you back to-morrow. These are the quarrels of lovers, who fall out, and then kiss each other all the more passtonately for their momentary an-

The temptress evoked by his feverish imagination smiled at him, and with her white arm beckoned him on. He could see her distinctly, with the light falling upon her in her room. His heart beat to suffocation, and with a sigh he rose to his feet to go and rejoin her.

A cool breeze blowing across his forehead recalled him from his dream, and he found himself once more at the foot of the cliff, the sea stretching before him, far away from the town, and the image of the woman who had so completely subjugated him, vanished in the moonlight. He trembled to find himself so completely in her power. If he had been in front of her villa instead | deriy? of on the sea-shore, in an instant more, without giving himself time for reflection, he would have been at her feet. A paroxyism of rage seized him. She spoke truly, then; the apparition of a moment since had dared him to break his chain. What should he do then, so that he might never again fall into the power of this fatal woman? Would space suffice to separate him from her? How could he say that in some moment of madness he would not again return to her? Calm as he was now, completely in possession of his senses, strong in the hatred which had revived within him, he did not dare to question himself lest he should be obliged to con-

A feeling of despair and profound discouragement came over him. Yet he comprehended all the unworthiness of his life, all the baseness of his conduct, all the ignominy of his complasance. She deceived him and he knew it. yet he had not sufficient pride to resolve to see her no more. And what anguish, what regrets did this existence contain, that would become more miserable, the weaker he showed himself to be! And what would be the end of it? An unworthy death

fess that there was no power strong

enough to keep him away from her.

to cause sincere tears to flow? He remained wrapped in meditation, bathed in the tranquil light of the moon, surrounded by fragrant od-And little by little his thoughts were turned away from the

deep blue sky, the sea stretching be-

fore him, while he was still worthy

vervining

woman who was his evil genius. A peaceful and smiling dwelling, hidden among trees, now appeared before his mind. It was that in which his friend Jacques de Vignes lived, with his mother and sister. Life would have smiled upon them had not illness, alarming and rapid in its pro-

SPRING BLOOD IS WATERY BLOOD

How to Get New Health and New Strength at This Season.

Spring ailments are not imaginary. Even the most robust find the winter months most trying to their health. Confinement indoors, often in overheated and nearly always badly ventilated 100ms-in the home, the office, the shop and the school-taxes the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes thir and watery and is elogged with impurities. Some people have headaches and a feeling of lan- Brown in such a flimsy, whimsy dress guor. Others are low-spirited and nervous. Still others are troubled them and I simply had to have a with disfiguring pumples and skin eruptions; while some get up in the morting feeling just as tired as when they went to hed. There are all spring symptoms that the blood is out of order and that a medicine is needed Mary people take pargative medi- of the same soft shade make the coltines in the spring. This is a serious mistake. You cannot cure vourself with a medicine that gallops through your system and leaves you weaker That is all that a purgative still. What you need to give you health and strength in the spring is a tonic medicine that will enrich the blood and soothe the jangled nerves. And the one always reflable tonic and blood builder is Dr. Williams' l'ink pills. These pills do not only banish spring weakness, but guard you

against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anaemia, nervous debility, indigestion, rheumatism and other diseases due to bad blood. proof of this, Mrs. D. E. Hughes. Hazenmore, Sask., says: "About a vear ago I was badly run down, my nerves were all unstrung, and I could not go ready he had sworn never again to up stairs without stopping to rest. As cided to take Dr. Williams Plak Pills and in the course of a few days I felt like a new person. As an all plants, you would hardly think that the treatment was successful. Dodd's round restorative I can heartily rethey, long before the illustrious geo- Kidney Pills have done me a great commend this medicina"

If you are ailing this spring you council afford, in your own interest, not to the raising of liquids, but to that he was tro
to overlook so valuable a medicine as aviation, the astonishing properties disease. That's ment of the woman who held him in Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Sold by all of the power of Archimetes. medicine dealers or by mail at 50 place their seeds in light spir her evil dominion. cents a bex or six boxes for \$2.50 velopes, with three of four turns ing so violently that I from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., admirably constructed, when figur-



READ THE LABEL

COR THE PROTECTION OF THE COM SUMER THE INCREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IT E THE ONLY WELL-HOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN ANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM AND WHICH HAS ALL THE GREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

> MAGIC BAKING POWDER CONTAINS NO ALUM

ALUM IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS SUL-PHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE. THE PUBLIC SHOULD NOT BE MISLED BY THESE TECHNICAL NAMES.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

gress, attacked the handsome and picked up by the wind, to be whirled once robust young man so ardently attached to life. What did they lack in order to be happy: Health, for the son and brother so passionately loved, health only. But irony of fate, each day Jacques grew more sad, more weak, more bent, as if to draw nearer to the earth which must soon hide him from view. And he was in despair about it, while Pierre would so gladly have given up his life at this moment when, overwhelmed with vexations, he reckoned it of so little worth. If he had been able to make a compact with his friend, and to cede him his own superabundance of strength, would not this be sufficient healtn for the sad and suffering young man whom he loved so ten-

At this moment the story of Dr. Davidoff came back to his mind, and a bitter smile crossed his lips. If this strange resurrection of which the doctor had told were possible, if the spell could be made to work, and if it were granted to him to make his soul pass, miserable and tortured as was, into the languishing body of his friend, in whom the force to live was so completely wanting, would it not be a blessed miracle? He bowed down his head with sud-

den grief. He said to himself: "She told me she loved him. If I were to become he, I should then be beloved Ly her! I should enjoy her beauty and her grace. For me should be all her smiles and all her kisges." trembled. It was so long since there nad been tenderness in the caresses of her he still adored. He felt this new, without illusion or self-deceit, and yet he could not resolve to leave her. (To be Continued.)

BETTY BROWN'S **DANCE FROCK**



Did you ever expect to see Betty as this? All the girls are wearing transparent dancing frock.

It's made of heliotrope striped voile and light tan daphne silk embroidered with gold thread is used in the bodice. The band around the bottom of the skirt is purple voile and ribbon lar and girdle.—Betty Brown.

PLANT INTELLIGENCE.

Maurice Maeterlinck Justifies Belief in Their Wisdom.

Gather, if you will, from the side of the path, in the very first tuft that kidney trouble Mr. George K. Macyou see, a blade of any grass, and Donald a well known resident of this you will find a work a little independent, untiring, unexpected intelligence. Here are two poor little creeping plants that you have seen and a cold," Mr. Macdonald states. a thousand times on your walks, for "I was troubled with stiffness of the they are found everywhere, even in joints and cramps in the muscles. My the tiniest crannies into which a bit seep was broken and unreireshing, of dust has been blown. They are my limbs were heavy and I had a two varieties of wild lucern, two bad dragging sensation across the loins. weeds in the most modest sense of the word

One bears a red blossom, the other a yellow crest the size of a pea. Pills. When you see them among other metrician and physician of Syracuse had discovered and tried to apply not to the raising of liquids, but to that he was troubled They place their seeds in light spiral ening upon their falling and

long distance in the air. One of these, the vellow one, has

even improved upon the apparatus of the red one, by furnishing the edges of the spiral with a double row of points, with the plain intention of attaching itself to any passer-by, by the clothing of hamans, or the hair and wool of animals. It is clear that it goes to enjoy the advaniages of the aeronaut—that "is. to scatter its seeds by aid of the sheep, rabbits, etc., thus going even further than those taken up by the

The most touching part of all this great effort is that it is useless. The por red and yellow lucerus have deceived themselves. Their remarkable power will do them no good. They canot act unless they fall from a certain distance, from the height of a tail tree: but dropping amid the grass, they fail to germinate. Here we have a curious inctance of tha errors, disappointments, experiments and little mishaps, occurring so often in nature, for we need study very little to know that nature never makes a mistake.

It is not only in the seed, or the blossom, but in the whole plant, twigs, leaves, roots, that we may find, if we will turn cur attention to their humble work for a while, real traces of calculating and lively inteiligenca

Just recollest the magnificent Cfforts towards the light of those branches turned the other way, or the ingenious and courageous efforts made by trees when in danger.

Among the plants which effer the most striking proofs of initiative, plants which we can really call animated or sensitive claim the right to a detailed study. Other plants, capable of spontaneous movements, are less well known, notably the hedysarum gyrans, or waving fenugreek, which moves in a most surprising manner.

This little plant, originating in Bengal, but often cultivated in our gardens, does a kind of perpetual complicated dance in honor of light -Maurice Maeterlinck.

BABIES IN ASHANTI.

They Go Through a Trying Ordeal in Getting a Name.

When children are born in Ashanti they are at once rubbed all over with a mixture of or land red oears, this being repeated every two days. Their mouths were washed with a flery concoction in which red pepper is the main ingredient, and a crier goes through the town proclaiming the new arrival and claiming for it a name and a place among the living.

Some one else in a distant part of the village acknowledges the fact and promises, on the part of the people, that the newborn babe shall be received into the community. The townspeople then assemble in the streets. and the baby is brought out and exposed to view.

Next a basin of water is provided. and the head man, or chief of the town, sprinkles water upon it, leaving it a name and invoking a blessing upon it, such as, for instance, that it may have health, grow up to manhood or womanhood, have a numerous progeny and possess riches.

Most of those present follow the example of the head men, and the poor child is thoroughly drenched before the ceremony is ended. Everyone who participates in the ceremony pledges himself to be a friend to the child,-London Standard.

It All Came From Strain and Cold

But G. K. MacDonald Found Relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Nova Scotia Man, After Fifteen Years Suffering, Found a Cure Through Reading an Advertisement.

Harrigan Cove, Halifax Co., N. S., April 18 .- (Special) .- After suffering for fifteen years from lame back and place is telling his neighbors of the great benefit he has received from using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My trouble started from a strain "My back ached and I suffered form

rheumatism, when reading an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney "I am only too pleased to say that

deal of good." Mr. MacDonald's sym

Pills cured him.