

# TONSILLITIS, SORE THROAT, CHEST COLDS, CAN BE CURED OVER NIGHT

They Vanish Quickly if Nervine is Well Rubbed in.

When the throat tickles, when it hurts to draw a long breath, when you feel as if a knife were stuck in your side, it's time to draw out the congestion that will soon become pneumonia.

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

The warm, soothing effect of Nervine will be apparent in five minutes.

Nothing like it for quick relief—takes soreness out of the throat in one rubbing—breaks up the chest cold, draws out the inflammation, stops the cough quickly.

Rub it on for rheumatism—it destroys the pain—drives it right away. Try it for stiff muscles—it works miracles in just such cases.

Give Nervine a chance on your neuralgia, prove it out for lumbago, see what it can do for sciatica.

No pain-relieving remedy compares in power to cure with Nervine. Largest 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, or the Catarrozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

## A GIFT OF A SOUL

"Oh, there always are. It is between Monaco and Vintimille that smuggling 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 waiting a vessel which is waiting the chance to escape us. But the scoundrels will 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 bad one."

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

Pierre Laurier and Davidoff resumed their walk, turning their steps toward the town.

"I envy the adventurous lot of the men who are the object of the threats of this fine soldier. They are sailing 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 their place."

"Of Count Woreseff, whom I shall accompany in his yacht, leaves Villefranche the day after to-morrow. He is going to Egypt; we touch at Alexandria, sail up the Nile as far as the second 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 would forget."

"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 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 prisoner to Timbuctoo, I would follow you. In my case that would be a salvation."

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

They had stopped before a beautiful villa, painted rose color, whose windows shone in the moonlight through the 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 Russian quietly took his way toward the city the artist crossed the garden and rang the door bell. A 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 cyprins 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 story.

"Is Madame at home?" asked Pierre Laurier.

"She is in the little salon," responded the domestic.

The young man pushed the door open and softly entered.

On a large sofa, reclining 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 over her delicately modeled face his-

ed her on the eyes. "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 us."

"I have a horror of Patrizzi."

"Why?"

"I feel that he hates me."

"Why, he does not hate you; but he loves me."

"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 of the salon, and with a gesture of displeasure turned over on the sofa, 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, and it is because I would have nothing to say to him that he dislikes me."

The countenance of Laurier was contracted with pain, and he asked ironically: "And why did you make so unfavorable an exception in his case?"

Clemence Villa sprang to her feet at the question, and with a gesture of sparkling anger, her eyes contracted in a frown, pointed to the door with a trembling hand, saying: "My dear fellow, if you have come here to treat me with insolence, you can take yourself off again."

"Oh, I know how little you care for me; you have never allowed me to remain in ignorance on this point," said the painter with a despondent gesture.

"Then why do you not leave me? If you were good-tempered, even, I could understand your obstinacy on that point. But you divide your time between abusing me to your friends and insulting me here. And all because I will not yield to your caprices, and shut myself up. What an enchanting prospect! In short, you 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 months, you have completely lost your 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 chimney-piece 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 curls, 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 anger.

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

She looked at him sternly and in a cutting voice said: "So much the worse. Because I am no more disposed to put up with your jealousy than with your brutality. For some time past I have had to make an effort not to tell you so. But I have had enough of it now. It is over! You may spare yourself the 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 into words. Then in a low voice, as if

he feared to provoke the answer he should be obliged to receive— "Do you love another, then?" he asked.

"What does that matter to you? I love you no longer; that is all it concerns you to know."

A flush mounted to the face of the young man; his hands trembled; and he bit the ends of his moustaches, but affecting a smiling indifference, he said: "Tell me, at least," he said, "if you 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 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 for 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 out 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 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 sofa. 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 pushed the door violently open with his clenched hand, as if to vent on inert matter the anger he could not vent on the woman he had called his friend. But here another door opened into the garden. He heard the electric bell ring behind him under the quick pressure of an angry touch, the 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 Clemence lest he should be tempted to strike her. But here another door opened into the garden. He heard the electric bell ring behind him under the quick pressure of an angry touch, the 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 Clemence lest he should be tempted to strike her. 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