

Get Your Stiff Neck Away To-Day— GOOD OLD "NERVINE" WILL CURE

**Fifteen Minutes After Using
Nervine You Are Well.**

Cold, excessive strain and exertion are a common cause of stiff neck, soreness or inflammation. Generally the cause is so deeply seated that only a liniment as powerful and penetrating as Nervine will effect an immediate removal of pain. Nervine is powerful, yet penetrating, is the most rapid pain-exPELLING agent the world knows. Millions have proved its reliability, and millions will share the relief its

marvellous properties confer upon suffering people. Nervine is sold upon a positive guarantee that is more prompt, more powerful, penetrating and pain-exPELLING than any other remedy. If you have failed to obtain relief for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica or lumbago, try Nervine. Good for small pains, the surest to drive out the big ones. Nervine is guaranteed to quickly cure any pain or soreness in the joints, and is sold by druggists everywhere. Large size, 50 cents; trial size, 25 cents, or direct from The Catarthozona Co., Kingston, Canada.

A GIFT OF A SOUL

In the silence of the night, surrounded by the rocks, before him the immensity of the sky and sea, he gathered together all the strength of his will for a supreme invocation. He called to his aid all the invisible powers. "If I exist as has been affirmed," he said to himself, "around us, in the air, if palpable as the air, mysterious beings surround us. Let them reveal themselves to me by some sign which I can comprehend, and I shall be ready to obey them. I deliver myself up to them in self-sacrifice. A being of flesh and blood, I shall enter the realm of the spiritual and I shall leave existence with delight so that I be no longer myself, and, as a consequence, be in pain no longer, no longer groan and sigh. Let them speak to me in the whisper of the breeze, the murmur of the waves, the rustling of the leaves, and to reach them I will pass through the gate of death."

As he finished this incantation he shuddered, terrified at the solemnity which he found himself. He looked fearfully around him. The cliff, the sea, the sky were silent and solitary. Suddenly the moon showed herself between the clouds, and in the luminous space it seemed to Pierre that white spectres passed. He looked down at the expanse of waters before him, and will-o'-the-wisps appeared among the rocks on the shore. Hither and thither they passed, brilliant and light, vanishing and reappearing ceaselessly, like the souls of shipwrecked mariners haunting the breakers on which the bodies they had inhabited had perished.

Fascinated, Pierre was unable to take his eyes from these vaporous phantoms, these wandering lights, and a species of torpor took possession of him. Murmuring sounds filled his ears. At first confused, they gradually resolved themselves into these words, like a chant: "Come with us, where suffering no longer exists. Die in order to live again, reincarnated in a being of your choice. Come with us."

Pierre made an effort to rid himself of this hallucination but without success. He felt himself deprived of force, incapable of making a movement as if he were in a state of catalepsy. His gaze penetrated the depths of the sky, and supernatural accents vibrated in his ears. He thought to himself: "The revelation I demanded has been made. Spirits have manifested themselves to me. I believe in them. I will obey them—but let them cease to possess me."

As if he had pronounced a magic formula the vision disappeared, the chant ceased. He rose and walked along the deserted shore, and he might have thought that he had been dreaming. But he did not think so. He hoped the vision might be real; he saw in it the delightful end of all his ills.

Ascending to the summit of the cliffs, he stood there, took out his pocket-book, and wrote these words on a card: "My dear Jacques.—I am of no use to others and I am hurtful to myself. I wish to end this life and go to try the experiment which Davidic described to us. You are the being I love most on earth. I make you a present of my soul. Live happy through me, and for me."

He signed the card with his name, and taking his hat passed the folded paper between the felt and the silk band. He tranquilly divested himself of his overcoat and placed it at the side of the path together with his hat; then with quick steps went down again toward the sea. The coast curved at this point, forming a little bay, where the waves died away with a gentle murmur. A path, running up the side of the cliff, led to a little fishing village. The attention of Pierre was attracted by a barque coming slowly toward him, propelled by the breeze that swelled out its low sail. It seemed to be empty; but when it reached the strand sailors made their appearance everywhere. At the same time men sailed from behind the rock, and entering the water went toward the boat. Bales and casks encumbered the stern of the vessel.

The painter, interested, notwithstanding his depression, guessed that these were the smugglers of whom the custom-house officer had spoken. He sought this later with his glance among the brushwood behind which he had hidden himself. He had doubts quitted his post, for there was no sign of movement on the cliff. The men from the rocks had joined those on board the boat, which had already begun to unload, when the summit of the cliff interrupted the operation. The men on shore the beach. The sailors hastened to put out to sea. At the

same moment a shot was heard in the silence, and a red flame lighted up the rocks. It was the custom-house officer who thus made known his presence. At another point near by another shot was heard, and shadowy forms ran up the side of the rock. The men climbed up the path with their hats, the smugglers pushed their way through the brushwood. During this manoeuvre a sailor fell overboard. Signals were heard. It was the custom-house officers assembling. The boat reached the open sea, and the swimmer, left behind, cried out with all the strength of his lungs. His movements gradually became wilder and his voice more feeble. Pierre felt touched by the heartrending accents of this fellow creature. A moment before he had thought only of dying, now he wished to save life. He hurried toward the beach, leaping from rock to rock, narrowly missing several shots as he ran, reached the water, and throwing himself into the sea swam vigorously toward the drowning man. A few hundred yards away the boat had stopped. The smugglers had disappeared in the brush-wood at the summit of the cliff, and on the sea, polished as a mirror, the moon cast her cold and tranquil light.

CHAPTER II.

Near the seashore, on the charming road that leads from Monaco to Nice, between Eze and Villefranche, but nearer to the latter, in a little bay formed by an abrupt fissure of the cliff, stands a villa painted in red and white, its terrace covered with oranges and mimosas, stretching down into the water. Fir trees, with red trunks and large branches, unipolar trees with their blue-green foliage, black thuyas, grow together on the side of the hill, among fragments of rock, in the midst of briars, framing in with wild vegetation this tranquil valley, isolated and silent. A little harbor, protected by a natural jetty of reefs, against which the waves break in clouds of spray, contains two pleasure boats, motionless in the calm and transparent waters, to which the marine plants at the bottom give an emerald-green tinge. The red earth absorbs the rays of the sun and heats the atmosphere of this sheltered spot, where all day the temperature of a hothouse reigns. In the evening the air is exhilarating and laden with the exquisite odor exhaled by trees whose leaves never fall, of flowers that renew themselves ceaselessly. Little fishing boats, plying between Reauilleu and Monaco, sail across the open sea and give an air of life to the horizon as they slowly pass. The noise of the railroad that runs behind the villa is the only sound that disturbs the silence of this peaceful spot. Here it was that, two months before, Madame de Vignes came to establish herself with her son and daughter, far from the agitation of the Parisian world, in the sweet and salubrious repose of this enchanting country.

Left a widow at thirty, after a married life made stormy by a dissipated husband, Madame de Vignes had consecrated herself with exalted intelligence and profound wisdom to the education of her children. Jacques, a tall and handsome boy, of an impassioned soul and enthusiastic nature, in spite of prudent counsels daily received, soon gave signs of having inherited his father's faults. His sister Juliette, four years younger than he, had, by a happy contrast, inherited all her mother's serious wisdom. So that if the one was a source of grave anxiety to the mother, the other seemed made to console her for it. With these two, so different from each other, Madame de Vignes, up to the age of forty, lived a comparatively tranquil life. Jacques, extremely intelligent and tolerably industrious, had finished his studies with brilliant success. His health, delicate during his childhood, had become stronger as he grew up, and when he attained his majority, he was, with his tall stature, his long blonde moustache, and his blue eyes, one of the most charming young men one could see. He made no delay in abusing these advantages.

Put in possession of his father's fortune, he had freed himself from domestic restraints by installing himself in a handsome bachelor's apartment, and began to lead a gay life. He remembered, however, from time to time to ask an invitation to dinner from his mother. On these occasions he was often accompanied by one of the companions of his childhood, Pierre Laurier. On such evenings it was a festival at the villa, and Juliette lavished her tenderest attentions on her brother's friend, who, she imagined rightly or wrongly, had an influence in bringing about these returns to the prodigal son. The evening passed joyously, thanks to the original turn of mind of the painter.

And while these hours fled all too rapidly, the young girl, the Mademoiselle de Vignes was at that time only fourteen, was occasionally happy in the society of the two young men.

Pierre Laurier with his intelligent and mobile countenance, his piercing eyes, his sarcastic mouth, and thoughtful brow, had for a long time inspired her with fear. But she had soon discovered that his strange moods were only the consequence of his artistic preoccupations, and that his mocking accents served to mask the confiding goodness of his heart. In the midst of his fantastic discourse she could very well discern his love for his art, to which he was devotedly attached, and in his passionate sallies she saw flash forth a love for the true and the beautiful. She listened, with singular penetration, that the painter made every possible effort to restrain Jacques his dissipated life, and that the influence he exercised over him could not but prove favorable. This had made her like him all the more. And then his manner toward this child was like that of a brother. For her he softened the expression of his skepticism, and became innocent and playful to adapt himself to her.

In this he showed want of penetration, for Juliette, whose reasoning powers had been early developed, was quite capable of comprehending him. But Pierre persisted in seeing in her only a little girl, and it was always with astonishment that he heard her, when she allowed herself to be drawn into the conversation, put forth in a timid phrases judgment extraordinarily just. He did not give her credit for them indeed, he said to himself, "This little girl is surprising; she remembers what she hears and brings it in in the right place. In every woman there is something of the ape, to imitate, and of the parrot, to repeat!"

If Juliette, however, had, where art was concerned, a precious faculty of assimilating the knowledge of others, she was altogether herself in the tender effusions of love. Her heart, stowed on Laurier, she either imitated or repeated. It was the very heart of the child that spoke, and the painter, however absorbed he might be by preoccupations of which Mlle. de Vignes was singularly ignorant, could not avoid being struck by her emotion and her gratitude.

A little incident, of which he caught the true significance, had just occurred however, which completely opened his eyes. He had been in the habit of bringing this child, whom he had known since her infancy, a present on St. Juliette's day. When she was a child these presents had been dolls, extraordinarily attired in magnificent robes, made according to the taste and after the suggestions of the painter, as if they had been meant to pose for one of his pictures. Each time he came to partake of the family dinner, carrying in his arms his annual gift, there were exclamations of surprise and cries of joy. Laurier would take the child by the shoulders, imprint a sounding kiss upon each cheek, and say in his sarcastic accents: "This doll is beautiful, is it not? She is a Venetian—the time of Titian!"

Then he would begin to chat with Mme. de Vignes and Jacques, without taking any further heed of the little girl lost in ecstatic contemplation of the porcelain patrician dressed in silk and gold. When Juliette was fourteen, however, dolls, he began to think, were now out of place, and he set about finding a more sensible gift. He selected a little work-box of the eighteenth century, garnished with beautiful implements in silver gilt, of exquisite design, and, according to his habit, arrived with it at the dinner hour. On this particular evening only Jacques was in the salon. The two friends shook hands, and Laurier asking what Juliette had brought him, answered Jacques, "It is an important affair—her first long dress. Our friends have wished to celebrate the occasion. So, what do you think? Her hair also had to be arranged differently. It would not do, as formerly, to wear one's hair hanging loose over one's shoulders—a chignon was a necessity!"

He was still laughing when the door opened, and he saw the little girl Laurier expected to bring, a young girl, a little timid, a little awkward, altogether changed, but charming, entered the room. She did not run to the painter as usual with girlish curiosity. She extended to him her hand gracefully, and paused, silent and embarrassed, before the young men. Pierre observed her with a smile.

"You look very well so, Juliette," he said, with a slight criticism, I would say that I disapprove of the little curls over the forehead. You have a very beautifully shaped face, and the hair well set. Put them back then, uncompromisingly. It looks younger, and I am sure it will be very becoming to you."

Then, taking from his pocket the present he had bought—

"See," he said, "this is a useful article. I, also, treat you like a grown-up person to-day."

"Oh, how pretty!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with joy. "Look, Jacques!" "This is an object of art, my child. This painter has committed an extravagance. You should give him a kiss, at least."

This had been her habit. For many years past Pierre had kissed Juliette on this day, and yet they remained, for an instant, facing each other in embarrassment. Was it the long dress or the new mode of arranging her hair that caused them both this embarrassment? Or was it rather this sudden blooming of the child into the young girl like a rosebud opening in the sunshine? Be that as it may, the painter did not now feel, as on former occasions, the spontaneous impulse to give a brotherly kiss to Juliette.

It was necessary for Jacques, who observed them with some surprise, to say: "Well, what's the matter? Don't you know each other any longer?"

Then Mlle. de Vignes took a step forward, Pierre took two, and they found themselves in each other's arms. The young man bent his face down toward that of his little friend. She raised herself slightly on the tips of her toes, and, with strange emotion, Laurier saw that she trembled and turned pale at his kiss. All the

evening he remained preoccupied, speaking rarely, as if absorbed by some secret disquietude.

From this time on, in his intercourse with Juliette, he showed himself more circumspect, watching every word he said. At the same time his gaze returned continually to the young girl, whom a week before he had treated like a baby. And he could not but confess that a rapid transformation had taken place in her. Her figure had acquired a flexible roundness, her complexion a velvety brilliance, her movements had lost the vivacity of childhood and were more restrained than elegant. The commonplace chrysalis had opened, and a brilliant butterfly, which irritably attracted the attention, had emerged from it. This metamorphosis produced in the mind of Pierre an agitation which he found difficulty in mastering.

He began to dream of things altogether different from those which up till now had occupied his thoughts. Artistic triumphs, the free existence suited to them, the stimulus given to thought by variety of sensation, all that had constituted the programme of his life, in the past, was now regarded by him as ridiculous and contemptible. He thought now that the tranquility of domestic life, the peace of the hearth, the even course of days well employed might contribute as surely as those to the achievement of great works, and that there was more probability of inspiration in regularity of labor than in spasmodic efforts. Marriage seemed to him like a fresh source at which to acquire new vigor. He began to think of settling down, of giving proof of wisdom, and he allowed himself to regard Mlle. de Vignes with a tenderness which had nothing in common with the feeling he had entertained for her in other days.

No one perceived this, but Juliette herself. Neither her mother, too much occupied with the dissipation in which Jacques lived, nor Jacques, too much engaged with his own pleasures, suspected for an instant what was passing in the mind of the painter. Juliette, at first astonished at this rapid change in the sentiments of her friend, then happy in thinking herself loved by one whom she regarded as a superior being, was soon destined to experience the bitterness of disappointment. The flame thus kindled, which had promised to burn with ardor, was suddenly extinguished. Pierre, who of late had been a frequent visitor at the house of Mme. de Vignes, now came only occasionally, as before. And all the flattering hopes, cherished in secret by the young girl, vanished like a dream.

She did not easily resign herself to this change, however, but determined to discover, if possible, the cause of it. One evening, when Jacques came to the house, alone to spend a few moments with his mother, Juliette hazarded an expression of surprise at their no longer seeing Pierre Laurier.

"Is he not now in Paris?" she asked.

"He is," responded Jacques, "but he scarcely ever leaves his studio. He has a fever for work."

The young girl breathed again. Work was a rival she did not fear.

"And what is he painting," she asked.

"A portrait."
(To be Continued.)

Heroic Moustache.
Probably no dog has ever rendered such signal military service or been so honorably recognized as the celebrated poodle Moustache, who shared the victorious fortunes of the French army through most of the wars of the consulate and of the French empire. He won special honors at Marengo and was decorated on the battlefield of Austerlitz by Marshal Lannes as a reward for having rescued his regimental standard from an Austrian soldier when in the act of smothering it from the grasp of the standard bearer as he fell mortally wounded. The plucky poodle drove off the assailant, and then, seizing the tattered colors in his teeth, dragged them triumphantly till he reached his own company.

Uguary.
Artist—I've spent a dollar on fare toting that sketch around town, yet you only offer me \$2. Art Editor—Well, that's 100 per cent. on your money, isn't it?—Life.

THE CURE FOR COLIC.

An Old Farmer's Thought-Plan for Getting Rid of Them.

A son of the soil was an old farmer with a good education, hale and hearty, and a young man with a bad cold.

"Why do you have it?" he inquired, with every sign of sincerity.

"It is easy enough to get rid of if you take the right stuff, and stop violating the laws of nature. Nature won't accept excuses. She's a hard creditor, and you must pay her all that is named in the bond between you and her, even to many a pound of flesh."

Here the old man paused, and he almost made me wince as he fastened on me a pair of cold, gray eyes, which seemed to be gazing through the green foliage of the tree of knowledge, to begin to think of the particular law of nature that I had violated. It really was not my fault that, while seeing a young lady at her home, a chill rain had fallen and made it necessary for me to go back with wet clothing. True, if she and I had walked faster the storm might not have overtaken us, but we had not been thinking of the weather. And yet Nature is a hard creditor; the old man was right about that. And I said to him: "Can you tell me, Mr. Moss, in a very few sentences just what particular cure yours is?"

"Yes; I can tell you in one sentence. Have you ever noticed that when you take a cold and expectorate a great deal of salty matter seems to be given off? All of that salt has to be replenished; the system demands a certain quantity at all times, and especially when one has a cold."

"But you were going to tell me your cure in one sentence," I interrupted, "and my train is nearly due."

"Well, I didn't say that I would tell you in one sentence; I said that I could, and I can, too." The sentence is, "Drink salt water!"

"How much? How often?" I asked amid the roar of the approaching train.

"Glass! Half a teaspoonful of salt! Once or twice a day!" the old man shouted to me as I mounted the car steps. And I must say that the cold got well very quickly.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Use Harsh Purgatives—A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That is the way most people feel in the spring. Empty head, appetite flicks, sometimes headaches, and a feeling of depression. Flashes or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism of neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble.

Do not dose yourself with purgatives, as so many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What you need in spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this speedily, safely, and surely. Every dose of this medicine makes new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite and makes tired depressed men, women and children bright, active and strong. Mrs. S. E. Stephens, Ponoka, Alta., says: "I suffered severely from headaches, and was badly run down in health. I had tried several remedies, with no benefit, until I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; and these have fully restored my health, and I can recommend them with confidence to all weak women."

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.

LOOKING AT A PHOTOGRAPH.

Better Effects Are Obtained When Only One Eye is Used.

Photographs should be looked at with only one eye to appear best, says F. W. Marlow in an article on "How to Look at a Photograph" in the Photo Era.

"Most photographs, particularly small ones of landscapes, street scenes and interiors, fail to produce their true value because they are not looked at in the most effective way," the author says. "Take as an example a print resulting from a camera with a five-inch focus lens. Such a print is usually looked at with both eyes open and held at a distance of twelve inches or more. Now a camera is essentially a one-eyed instrument, or, at any rate, it views the object to be reproduced from a single point, the optical centre of the lens. The object must be looked at, therefore, with one eye only and from a point corresponding as nearly as possible to the optical centre of the lens if its characteristics as it is to be reproduced in the camera are to be appreciated.

"Let it be remembered that when a print is looked at with both eyes open binocular vision emphasizes the flatness of the card, and this tends to offset the illusion of great or less distance produced by the light and shade and perspective of the print. By using one eye the impression of flatness is greatly diminished. If at the same time the eye be placed at the right distance everything is seen under its natural angle or perspective, and the picture unfolds itself, the different objects receding to their proper relative distances, making details very obvious which may be unnoticed if looked at in the ordinary way.

"As a sort of corollary to the above use one eye along to decide whether a landscape or other scene is worth taking. If with one eye the scene looks flat it will not make a satisfactory photograph."

IF YOU ARE THIN---