The Congestion from a Bad Cold Loosened Up in One Hour

Nerviline Rubbed On At Night—You're Well Next Morning.

Nerviline Never Fails

When that cold comes, how is it to be cured?

This method is simplicity itself; rub the chest and throat vigorously with "Nerviline," rub it in good and deep; lots of rubbing can't do any harm. Then put some Nerviline in the water and use it as a gargle; this will ease the cough, cut out the phlegm, assist in breaking up the cold quickly. There is no telling how quickly Nerviline breaks up a hard racking cough, eases a tight chest, relieves a pleuritic pain. Why, there isn't any liniment with half the power, the penetrative qualities, the honest merit that has made Nerviline the most popular American household liniment.

A large 50 cent bottle of Nerviline cures ills of the whole family, and makes the doctor's bills small. Get it to-day. The large size is more economical than the small 25 cent size. Sold by dealers everywhere, or direct from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

A GIFT OF A SOUL

At these words uttered carelessly by her brother, Juliette trembled. She felt as if they contained a menace to her peace. This portrait could not be an ordinary one. And this work, to which Pierre devoted himself with such ardor, was destined to have an influence over the destiny of them all. She saw everything grow dark around her, as if the sun had suddenly hidden himself behind a cloud. Sorrowful presentiments oppressed her heart.

"And this portrait is that of some one he knows?" she resumed.

"Oh, of some one he knows very well."

"Of whom, then?"

"An actress."

"What is her name?"

Jacques began to laugh; and looking at his sister in surprise, he said:

"How inquisitive you are to-night! I should like to know how it can possibly interest you to learn whether the original of Pierre's portrait be called Mlle. This or Mlle. That."

"It interests me, however."

"Well, then the lady of the portrait is Mlle. Clemence Villa. She is small, dark, has black eyes, beautiful teeth, an execrable reputation and very little talent. Notwithstanding, she has been talked about as a great success. Do you wish to know what her age is? Twenty-four or thereabouts. Her country? Beautiful Italy, the land of vermouth and sausages. Her belief? She advocates the community of goods, if not where money is concerned, at least where the heart is. But you are making me say stupid things. This is what comes of talking to children. Let it suffice you to know that the portrait is good, and that Pierre's reputation will not suffer through it."

The conversation turned on other things, but the painful impression received by Juliette remained. Her thoughts dwelt, in spite of herself, on this woman whom she could not avoid thinking ill of, and she had a jealous fear that she was loved by the artist who was painting her picture. "It is she who has taken him away from me," she thought. It is since he has known her that he has ceased to visit us. He is ashamed to come."

In her naive deductions Juliette was not far from the truth. Pierre experienced now, when at Mme de Vignes' house, a feeling of embarrassment. He felt that he was observed by the sister of his friend. His conscience was not at rest, and he reproached himself withh having drawn back too suddenly after advancing with too little consideration. He deemed himself blamable, and divined that he was blamed. This inspired him with a feeling of dissatisfaction which kept him away from the girl he respected too much to dream now of loving. "You have behaved, my boy," he said to himself, "like a veritable scoundrel. You have risked endangering the peace of mind of this child, in order to satisfy a nascent caprice, and then you have changed in your feelings and your thoughts at the will of the first worthless woman you chance to meet. Keep now to your jades; you are fit only for them, you are made to understand each other. Aspire no more to the purity, the sweetness, the joy of a chaste and holy affection; look no longer for the innocence, the freshness of a young girl. The snow that has not been trodden on is not for you; you have chosen instead the mud which has been trampled upon by every passing foot."

And in order to conform to the rule of conduct imposed upon him by his bitter cynicism, the painter threw himself into pleasure more ardently than before, seeking the less to curb the excesses of Jacques now that he himself had participated in them.

Laurier seemed made of iron; he carried both pleasure and work to excess. After the wildest nights he was to be found in his studio, palette in hand, as if he had left his bed refreshed after eight hours' sleep. A more metallic vibration than ordinary in his voice, a more pronounced feverishness in his movements, alone betrayed his fatigue. And when evening came, he was ready to begin the same thing over again.

Jacques, on the contrary, his form more bent, his chest more and more hollow, and his glance more and more dull, bore in his whole person the fearful traces of a physical exhaustion every day more complete. His mother tried to draw him back to her, to snatch him from his killing mode of life. He promised to remain with her, to take the rest he needed, to break from his habits, his friendships, his train of pleasures. He could not do so, and Mme. de Vignes saw, with profound despair, the son journey on the father had done, on the road of which each stage, so familiar to her, was marked by anguish, and whose end was swift and certain death.

The opening of the Exposition had meanwhile taken place, and, secretly impelled by a sharp feeling of curiosity, Juliette asked her mother to take her to it. Modern paintings interested her only slightly. What attracted her with irresistible power was the portrait of Clemence Villa, the sitting for which had coincided so fatally with the change in the sentiments of Pierre Laurier. Accompanied by her mother, who had no suspicions of her feelings, Mademoiselle de Vignes passed rapidly and with indifference through the halls where thousands of usles canvases were displayed to view in their cold mediocrity. Suddenly she stopped; before her, at the end of the hall, not twenty steps away, the portrait in a black frame of a woman, small, dark and pale, had caught her eye. Instantly, without ever having seen her, she had recognized whose it was. It was she. There was no possibility of a doubt. No other woman would have possessed this beauty, fatal and almost evil, which strikes a chill to the heart. Juliette, with an effort, broke through the circle of admirers standing before the picture, and approached it.

Her mothre, following her, looked at the portrait tranquilly, and said in a tone of satisfaction:

"Stay, it is the picture of Pierre Laurier. Ah, it is indeed a remarkable portrait."

Juliette turned slightly pale. That which her mother had just said, she herself had thought at the same instant with a profound pang. Yes, the picture was a remarkable one, and the genius of the painter had never before reached so high a point. In the fine lights of the head covered with a hat adorned with plumes, in the play of light and shade, in the coloring of the shoulders, draped in a ravishing costume of the time of Louis XVI., in the coquettish pose of the hand resting on a walking-stick, in the brilliance of the eyes and in the charm of the smile, the inspiration of love was betrayed. He who had seen so much beauty in this woman, and who had reproduced it with so much passion, was madly in love with her. And her voluptuous grace made this comprehensible, if not excusable.

Tears came to the eyes of the young girl and her heart beat to suffocation. Surrounded by the admiring crowd, who repeated aloud the names of the painter and of the model, Mademoiselle de Vignes suffered horribly. Two young men who had taken up their stand before the portrait, beside her, and who did not care whether they were heard or not, ended their eulogies by these words:

"Besides, he is her lover."

Juliette blushed as if she had received an insult, and, trembling at the thought that she might hear other words which should enlighten her still more cruelly regarding the mystery which she was at once eager and unwilling to know, she drew her mother into the next hall.

From this day forth she became more grave, wicth a gravity that had in it a shade of melancholy, which did not, however, attract the attention of Madame de Vignes. The two women had only too many reasons for sorrow, and Juliette would have astonished her mother more by a display of gaiety than of sadness. The summer passed in the solitude of the country, Jacques continuing at the watering places, Trouville and Dieppe, his life of pleasure, and presenting himself at longer and longer intervals at his mother's house; Pierre had altogether disappeared, devoting himself completely to work, as they saw by the frequent appearance of canvases which bore his name in the picture shops. Never did time appear longer or more sad to the two women than did the months from June to October. They had leisure to think of all the anxieties the future had in store for them.

The weather was magnificent, the sky was without a cloud, and a delicious warmth pervaded the atmosphere. In the evening the mother and daughter walked in the garden, watching the stars appearing one by one in the clear heavens. And the calmness of nature formed a painful contrast to the agitation of their minds. They walked beside each other without speaking, for each wished to hide her sorrow from the other, choosing the darkest walks so that the expression on their faces might not be seen. They felt as if surrounded by a void. The two beings who for them were all the world were far away, and everything else had become indifferent to them. The charms of nature were unnoticed by them. The sweetness of the breeze laden with the aromas arising from the earth, the clearness of the mysterious depths of the heavens, the rustling of the leaves shaken by the breeze overhead, all that would have charmed them if they had had beside them, to share their feelings, the dear ones who were absent, left them cold and unmoved. And every day, every evening, the same sense of weariness weighed heavily upon them.

Juliette was developing rapidly; she had grown in stature and her face had become charming. She was now seventeen, and her gravity gave her a womanly air. Her mother took delight in dressing her. The partiality she had always had for her son did not blind her co completely as to prevent her observing the budding charms of her daughter. She said to the latter one day, after having looked at her for a long time in silence:

"You are really growing pretty."

A smile flitted across Juliette's face, and she shook her head without speaking. Of what use was her beauty? He whom she wished to admire it was not here.

The autumn had just set in, when an alarming piece of news summoned Madame de Vignes unexpectedly to Paris. Her son, after having struggled foolishly with a weakness that gave him no respite, had fallen suddenly ill. He had been seized with a hemorrhage, and, in a dying condition, they had transported him to his mother's house. The anguish of this blow cut short the reveries of the young girl. She adored her brother, and hastening to his side with her mother, she had been terrified by the had scarcely the strength to lift his head when they entered the room. Of the handsome Jacques there remained nothing but a shadow. A consultation of physicians, summoned at once, ordered his immediate departure for the state in which she had found him. He south, and since the last of November the De Vignes had been installed in the villa washed by the waters of the blue sea, and sheltered by pine and juniper trees, among the red rocks.

Here Jacques had grown better. Youth has exhaustless resources. The warmth, the light, the regularity of the life he led, had exercised their salutary influence upon him, and if the invalid was not completely cured, he had at least regained so much strength as to leave room for hope. He went about, pale, stooped, with trembling steps, shaken by fits of violent coughing, but he lived, and with great care he might continue to live for a long time. It was not enough, however, for Jacques to have obtained this result, and the alleviation he had experienced in his sufferings did not satisfy him. With strength his old desires had returned, and the impossibility of gratifying them produced in him an irritation which betrayed itself in bitter words and violent recriminations. He was ceaselessly contrasting, in his embittered mind, what he had been with what he now was. His present state of debility seemed insupportable when he compared it with his past activity, and he made use of his recovered strength only to give utterance to complaints and curses. He accepted his fate, not with resignation or sweetness, but with lamentation and bitterness.

The arrival of Pierre Laurier, however, had made a happy diversion in his sufferings. He felt more courageous and less hopeless in the society of his friend. All that he had lately looked on with indifference or disgust had again begun to have an attraction for him. He no longer remained the entire day stretched in his chaise longue, or buried in his willow invalid chair, on the terrace. He walked and drove during the warm hours of the day, and the diversion had a favorable influence on his health. He was less gloomy, he consented to receive visitors, and he had not repulsed the offer made him by the painter, to bring to the villa a Russian physician, a strange character, regarded as a charlatan by his colleagues, but celebrated for the extrardinary cures he had made.

Dr. Davidoff, installed at Monaco with his friend Count Woreseff, was the only son of a grain merchant of Odessa, who had left a fortune of ten millions at his death. He had therefore been able to follow the dictates of his fancy, and, disdaining a regular practice, devote himself to the study of humanity in its physical ills and moral sufferings. He had very soon succeeded in acquiring an influence over the imagination of Jacques. His system was to inspire those he treated with confidence, assuring them that immediate well-being would be the result of this feeling.

"Have the conviction that you will get well," he said to Jacques, "and you are already half-way on the road to recovery. Nature will take care of the rest. She only asks to be helped in her efforts to bring about a cure. Above all things it is necessary that the sick should not abandon hope. I have seen miracles wrought by the power of the will and by faith. The effects of the waters of Salette and of Lourdes, in your country are due to no other cause .The virtue of the beverage is in the soul of him who drinks. Having the certainty that the holy water will produce its effect upon him, he already feels the expected benefit. This is why it is useless to send the incredulous on those pilgrimages in search of health, just as skeptics should not assist at spiritual seances. They have within them forces which react against the efforts of the adepts and which neutralize the fluids. Never, in such circumstances, will experiments succeed. In the same way the mysterious efforts of nature to effect a cure will never produce a favorable result in an organization weakened by fear and depressed by doubt. Jesus, who was one of the greatest thaumaturgists of antiquity, said to those who asked him to cure them: 'Believe; in faith is everything.'"

These curious theories of the Russian doctor had begun by interesting Jacques; then the seed sown had insensibly taken root in his mind and rapidly borne fruit. There were hours during which the sick man hoped once more, and said to himself, "Why, indeed, should I not recover?" He called to mind examples of wonderful cures from maladies further advanced than his, and from which the patients had so completely recovered that not a trace of their illness had remained. And the subjects of these cures were now leading free and joyous lives, like the healthiest and most vigorous of men. Oh, to live, to go, to come, without restraint, without uneasiness, to be able to follow his inclinations, without fearing the result. To be delivered from nurses and doctors, to afford to despise precautions, and not to have to think continually of his health; to be able to commit imprudences at his pleasure. What a dream! Should he ever be able to realize it? In so ardently desiring health, he had but one aim in view—to begin again the life of dissipation which had brought him to this miserable condition. When he gave vent in the presence of Pierre to his regrets and his aspirations, his friend would shake his head with a melancholy air, and say with profound bitterness:

"And is pleasure, then, worth longing so ardently for? Could there be anything vainer or more deceitful? Ah! to long for success and fame—that I can understand, to put forth all one's energies in the struggle to conquer them—that is worthy of a man. But to spend one's days and nights in playing cards or courting women—could anything more senseless or more deplorable be conceived? Yet I, who criticise so severely this manner of life, lead it myself. But I am a stupid and contemptible fool, who have no longer the energy to earn the money by work which I expect from chance."

He laughed drearily. Then he resumed more calmly:

"After all, I am wrong to judge others by myself. You are loved, you are happy, and life has pleasures for you still. I am mocked and scorned, and the only joys I experience are so bitter that their remembrance weighs more heavily upon me than do my sorrows. What is there for me to regret leaving? Nothing. By whom should I be mourned? By no one. Your life, on the contrary, is necessary to those who love you, to your mother, to your sister. It is for their sakes that you must get well. It is of them only that you must think. Ah, if I had beside me always a sweet and charming companion, whose affection would console me for all my sufferings, I should have the courage to make the effort to elevate my moral nature and to become another man. In the hours of my most profound dejection I have often thought that if I had some one to whom to devote my life I might show myself to be as good a man as the best. But I am alone! To the devil with wisdom! When I shall have committed follies enough, I shall dash my brains out against one of those beautiful red rocks at the foot of the cliff, and the waves will lull me to rest in my last sleep, like a faithful friend."

Pierre Laurier did not give way to these fits of melancholy when alone with his friend only. Sometimes, in the presence of Madame de Vignes and of Juliette, he had allowed his irritation of mind to break forth in bitter words. If, at such moments, he had chanced to look at the young girl he would have discovered, in the pained and distressed expression of her countenance, one of those incentives for reforming which he had desired of fate. But he did not trouble himself about the effect his words might produce. He thought only of giving sincere expression to his despondent feelings. Fool! The boon he so ardently longed for shone like a luminous star in the darkness of his sky. He wished for a sweet and charming being to whom he might make the sacrifice of his evil passions, and she was close beside him, pitying his sorrows, and suffering with his anguish.

(To be Continued.)

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

CANADA AND FLAX INDUSTRY

Millions of Money Will be Saved Before Long.

Great Quantities of Straw Burned in the Past.

In Western Canada they burn one million tons of flax straw a year. Why is thus? You might ask why they burn many millions of tons of wheat straw a year. The answer is that nature is so prodigal, they can afford to do so, as long as they continue to raise the greatest wheat crop in the world. The reason they burn the flax straw, however, is because there has been no market for it as it is grown at present, but the flax plant with its valuable fibre can and will be raised in a marketable form in the near future. The climatic conditions and the soil of the western provinces are ideal for the growing of this plant, from the fibre or which the world's linen is made.

In 1913, the area in flax in the west amounted to one million and a half acres, properly grown this would have yielded, at least two million tons of fine flax straw, worth on the basis of the lowest prices for the European product five hundred million dollars.

In Europe there is not much science employed in the methods of flax cultivation, and harvesting methods are simple, yet Irish flax fibre during the last five years has brought $325 a ton, and Belgian flax has averaged over $400 a ton.

The war in Europe has practically cut off the supply of this commodity, and it is stated that the existence of the Irish and Scotch industries are threatened by the scarcity of the crude product. This presents an opportunity for the Western Provinces to grow flax at great profit because there will be a great demand in all linen centres for high-grade fibre. Proper methods, of course, will have to be adopted, but these do not necessitate disorganization of present farming operations.

A larger quantity of seed will have to be sown for fibre than for seed production, from two and one-half to three bushels to the acre, according to the quality of the straw to be produced, and this will yield from one and one-half to two tons of fine flax straw. Owing to this close method of sowing, aeration in a great measure is prevented, and the plant in its efforts to reach the air and sun grows up in long, straight stalks; thus a long, thin fibre is secured. This method has the advantage of preventing branching on the single root. The straw is harvested by pulling the plants straight up by the root, the object of this being to secure every bit of the fibre. The ripeness of the plant is judged by its color; when it reaches a yellow tinge two-thirds of its length from the root up it is ready for harvest.

While it can be seen that there is a good deal of variation between the Irish price and the high price paid for the Belgian product, special grades of flax command still higher prices. Fine courtai fibre, for example, is harvested when the plant is in flower, the fibre is used for point lace, etc., and is worth from 85 cents to $1.10 per pound. The straw is stacked and remains exposed to the weather ten or fifteen days before it is put under cover. The threshing is done in such a manner that the straw remains whole and unbroken.

Experts appointed by the Dominion Government and others who have investigated the conditions in Western Ontario agree that there is much land open for homesteading along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway that is ideal for flax growing, and that there is no reason why the finest flax straw in the world should not be raised in these districts. From the first breaking flax can be grown, although it could not be expected that fine flax straw could be raised the first year, but the flax seed will yield sufficient to put the homesteader on his feet One advantage in planting flax the first year is that it is one of the best crops to break up the soil, and to free certain natural fertilizers that remained latent in virgin soil, which is too rich at the first to grow wheat. It is necessary, of course, that those who are going in for flax growing should be careful about the rotation of crops and the same seed must never be sown on the same ground for more than two consecutive years, if a really high grade fibre is desired.

C. P. G.

TRAIN THE GIRLS.

(Montreal Evening News)

Parents are neglecting a serious duty when they fail to train their daughters to make a living for themselves. Every women should be trained to do some useful thing to support herself by it if necessary. The exigency often occurs where least expected, and the helplessness of many a woman of education and refinement under such circumstances is painful to contemplate. The disparity between men's and women's wages is not always an arbitrary discrimination against woman because she is a woman: it is very often due to difference in the grade of work.

The Ubiquitous Purist.

Vicar—I'm sorry to hear you've been so poorly. You must pray for a good heart, Thomas.

Thomas—Ya-as, zur. But it's my liver wot be wrong, ye know, zur.—London Telegraph.

Musical Note.

"Say, Hiram, what do they mean by a Stradevar'us?"

"Oh, a Stradevar'us is the Latin name for a fiddle."—Musical Courier.

WHY NOT FOR KEEPS?

(Guelph Mercury)

When all these high and mighty personages swear off drinking, why do they always include the phrase "till after the war?"

More than half of the locomotives inspected by the U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission last year were found defective in some particular.

NEW STRENGTH IN THE SPRING

Nature Needs Aid in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

In the spring the system needs a tonic. To be healthy you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap to renew their vitality. Nature demands it, and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism or the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disfiguring pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has lessened your vitality. What you need in spring is a tonic medicine to put you right, and in all the world of medicine there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new blood drives out the seeds of disease, and makes easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong. Miss Edith Brousseau, Savona, B. C., says: "I was as pale as a ghost, suffered from headaces, severe palpitation of the heart, at the slightest exertion. I had little or no appetite and seemed to be drifting into a decline. I was attending High School in Vancouver at the time, and the doctor advised me to stop. I did so, and took his treatment for some time, but it did not help me in the least. Upon the advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a very short time they gave me back complete health, and enabled me to resume my studies. I have enjoyed the best of health since, and owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or can be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ALWAYS UP STREAM.

Brook Fish Never Go Down With the Water.

If you watch a school of minnows in some stream that has a strong and swift current you will see that they always head upstream. The reason is plain. Only by constantly swimming against the current can the brook fish remain a brook fish and not finally be carried out to sea, as the brook empties into a river, and the river empties into the ocean. But ye cannot suppost that the brok fish knows that this will happen if it weakly allows the stream to carry it along. The young minnow is born with the instinct to resits the flow of the brook.

The most natural supposition would be that the instinct amounts to a tendency to push against the pressure of the water, but experiments have shown that it is not the sense of touch, but the sense of sight that plays the important part. The instinct of the brook fish is not to swim against the current, but to keep near the same "scenery" on the banks or bottom of the stream.

The experiments that proved this were performed some years ago by Professor E. P. Lyon. He put some little fish into a bottle filled with water, and corked the bottle which he then placed in an aquarium whose sides had seaweed upon them. When he moved the bottle along by the wall all the fish crowded to the hinder end of the bottle. Of course there was no current in the bottle. The fish were trying to keep alongside that part of the seaweed covered wall that was opposite them before the bottle was moved.

In another experiment the professor reversed the conditions. He made a wooden box with wire netting at each end. Its bottom he covered with sand in its inner sides with seaweed. Then he put the fish into this box and placed it in a stream. As long as the box was kept still the fish headed against the current, but as soon as the box was allowed to float away in the stream the fish inside it swam in any direction. While the box was still the fish, unless they made head against the stream, were carried along past their landmarks on the sides and bottom of the box. But when the box floated along with them they carried their landmarks with them, and so they made no opposition to being swept along by the stream.—Youth's Companion

They Helped Him and His Friend

That is Why H. A. Clark Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Western Man Tells Why Dodd's Kidney Pills are so Popular on the Prairies.

Homeglen, Alberta, May 3.—(Special).—Just why Dodd's Kidney Pills are so popular on the prairies is shown by the statement of Mr. H. A. Clark, a well known resident of this place.

"Since I came west," Mr. Clark states, "I was often troubled with my stomach and back. Finally I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and before I had taken more than half a box I was so much benefitted that I recommended them to a friend. He also found them a benefit. I am still taking Dodd's Kidney Pills. I would not be without them."

In new countries bad water is one of the difficulties settlers have to fight and bad water makes its first attack on the kidneys. To resist this attack the Kidneys must be stimulated and strengthened. In other words the Kidneys needs Dodd's Kidney Pills. By giving the Kidneys the help they need people get new health, and Dodd's Kidney Pills add to their popularity.