Fifteen Minutes After Using Nerviline You Are Well.

Cold, excessive strain and exertion are a common cause of stiff neck, sore-ness or inflammation.

Generally the cause is so deeply seated that only a liniment as powerand penetrating as Nerviline will effect an immediate removal of pain. Nerviline is powerful, yet penetrat-

ing, is the most rapid pain-expelling agent the world knows.

Millions have proved its reliability.

Millions have proved its reliability, or direct from Th and millions will share the relief its Kingston, Canada.

marvellous properties confer upon sufering people.

Nerviline 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 Nerviline. Good for small pains, the surest to drive out the big

Nerviline 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 Catarrhozone Co.,

A GIFT OF A SOUL

ed by the rocks, before nim the immensity of the sky and sea, he gathered together all the strength of his for a supreme invocation He called to his aid all the invisible pow-"If they exist as has been at-d," he said to himself, "around us, in the air; if, impalpable as the air, onysterious beings surround us, let them reveal themselves to me by some which I can comprehend, and 1 shall be ready to obey them. I de-liver myself up to them in self-sacri-fice. A being of flesh and blood, I shall enter the realm of the spiritual and 1 shall leave existence with delight so that I be no longer myself, and, as a consequence, be in pair 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 solitude in 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 brush-wood at the summit of the cliff, space it seemed to blow the sum of the cliff, and on the sea preliable or the cliff. tween the clouds, and in the luminous space it seemed to Pierre that white spectres passed. He locked 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 marinhaunting the breakers on which the bodies they had inhabited had per-

Fascinated, Pierre was unable to take his eyes from these vaporous phantoms, these wandering lights, and species of torpor took possession of im. Murmuring sounds filled his ars. At first confused, they graduolly 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

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

dreaming. But he did not think so. He hoped the vision might be real; he saw in it the delightful end of all

Ascending to the summit of the he stood there, took out his pocket-book, and wrote these words on a card:

cear Jacques .- I am of no use to others and I am hurtful to myself. I wish to end this. I am going to try the experiment which Davidoff detry the experiment which Davidoff 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."

made their appearance everywhere. At the same time men sallied from be-hind the rock, and entering the water went toward the boat. Bales and casks encumbered the stern of the

painter interested, notwithstanding his depression, guessed that these were the smugglers of whom the custom-house officer had spoken

In the silence of the night, surround- same moment a shot was heard in 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 bales, the smugglers pushed their boat out into deep water. During this manoeuvre a sailor fell overthis manoeuvre a sailor fell Signals were heard.

board. ocard. 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 bec wilder and his voice more feeble. erre felt touched by the heartrending accents of this fellow creature. A moment before he had thought only 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 and on the sea, polished as a mirror, the moon cast her cold and tranqui

CHAPTER II. Near the seashore, on the charming

light

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, uniper trees with their blue-green foliage, black thuyas, grow together on the side of the hill, among fragments side of the hill, among fragments of rock, in the midst of briars, framing in with wild vegetation this tranquit 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 vegetations have a maticalless in the cells. pleasure boats, motionless in the 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 leaves never fall, of flowers that re-new themselves ceaselessly. Little fishing boats, plying between Beaulieu 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 railroad than 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 can 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. this enchanting country.

Left a widow at thirty, after a married life made stormy by a dissipated husband, Madame de Vignes had con-secreted 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 scribed 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 tranguilly divested himself of his evereout 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 eliff, 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 sallied from behind the rock, and entering the water. ing young men one could see. He made no delay in abusing these advan-

Put in possession of his father's fortune, he had freet himself from do-mestic restraints by installing himself in a handsome bachelor's apartment, and begun to lead a gay life. He remembered, however, from thme to time to ask an invitation to dinner from his mother. On these occasions the custom-house officer had spoken. He abought this later with his glance among the brushwood behind which he had hidden himself. He had doubtless 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 they had already begun to unload, when a hidden from the summit of the cliff interrupted the operation. The men from the sailors along the beach. The sailors along the beach. The sailors along the beach. The sailors are madong the beach. The sailors are more time to ask an invitation to dinner to dinner to dinner to ask an invitation to dinner to dinner to dinner to ask an invitation to dinner to dinner to ask an invitation to dinner to make an invitation to dinner to ask an invitation to dinner the cliff.

The med from the substitute his post, for there was no sign of movement on the cliff. The men from the rocks had joined the was often accompanied by one of the companions of his childhood. Know each other any longer?"

Then Mile de Vignes took a step forward. Pierre took two, and they lavished her tentlered colors in his forward. Pierre took two, and they forward themselves in each other's arms. The young men bent his face down toward that of his little friend. She raised herself slightly on the tips of her toes, and, with strange emitted and the plucky poole are took two, and they love the companions of his fell mortally wounded. The plucky poole to ask an invitation to ask a

And while these hours fled all too rapidly, the young girl, for Mademoi-selle de Vignes was at that time only fourteen, was ecstatically happy in the

and mobile countenance, his piercing eyes, his sarcastic mouth, and thought-ful brow, had for a long time inspire. her with fear. But she had soon dis-covered 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 divined, 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 penetra-tion, 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 few 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 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

If Juliette, however, had, where art If Juliette, however, had, where art was concerned, a precious faculty of assimilating the knowledge of others, she was altogether herself in the tender effusiveness of the thanks she bestowed on Laurier for his protecting care of her brother. Here she neither imitated nor 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 occur-red, however, which completely open-ed his eyes. He had been in the habit of bringing this child, whom he had known since her infancy, a present on St. Julette's day. When she was a child these presents had been dolls, extra-ordinarily attired in magnificent robes, nade 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—of the time of Titian!"
Then he would begin to chat with Mmc. de Vignes and Jacques, with-out 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 ask-

ing where Juliette was,—
"My mother is dressing her, answered Jacques. "It is an important affair—her first long dress. Our affair—her first long dress. Our friends have wished to celebrate the occasion. So, what do you think! Her hair also had to be arrang Little ently. It would not do, as formerly, to eaulieu wear one's hair hanging loose over one's shoulders—a chignon was a necessity!

Cessity!

He was still laughing when the door opened, and instead of the little girl Laurier expected to see, a young girl, a little timid, a little awkward, alterative above the control of the control together changed, but charming, entered the room. She did not run to the painter as usual with girlish cur-iosity. She extended to him her hand gracefully, and paused, silent and embarrassed, before the young men. Pierre observed her with a smile.

Pierre observed her with a smile.

"You look very well so, Juliette," he said. "If I might be allowed to make 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 pecket the present he had bought—
"See," he said, "this is a useful ar-I, also, treat you like a grown-

p 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 sadden blooming of the child into the young girl. like a rosebud opening in the sun-shine? Be that as it may, the painter did not now feel, as on former ceca-sions, the spontaneous impulse to give

a brotherly kiss to Juliette, It was necessary for Jacques, who observed them with some surprise, to

GILLETTS PERFLIMED society of the two young men.

Fierre Laurier with his intelligent CLEANS AND

DISINFECTS THE CLEANLINESS OF SINKS, CLOSETS,
BATHS, DRAINS, ETC.
IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE
TO HEALTH.

evening he remained speaking rarely, as it some secret disquietude.

From this time on, in his inter-ourse 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 treat-ed 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 ecoplexion a velvety brilliance. Her movements had lost the vivacity of childhood and were more restrained than elegant. The commonplace chrysalis had opened, and a trilliant but-terfly, which irristibly 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 instituted the programme of his life in the past, was now regarded by him as ridiculous and contemptible. thought now that the tranquility demestic life, the peace of the heart, the even course of days well employed might contribute as surely as these to

the achievement of great works, and that there was more probability of inspiration in regularity of labor than in pasmodic 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 wislom, and he allowed himself to regard Mile, de Vignes with a tenderness which had nothing in common with the feeling he had entertained for her it 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, Julicite, 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 super ier being, was soon destined to experience the bitterness of disappointment. The flame thus kindled, which had The flame thus kindle! which had protaised to burn with ardor, was an suderny extinguished. Pierre, who of late had been a frequent visitor at the house of Mne. de Vignes, now came only occasionally, as before. And all the flattering house, cherished in secret by the young girl, vanished like

alone to spend a few moments with his mother, Juliette hazarded an ex-pression of surprise at their no longer seeing Pierre Laurier.
"Is he not now in Paris?" she

"He is," responded Jacques, "but h

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," s asked. "A portrait."

(To be Continued.)

Heroic Mustache.

Probably no dog has ever rendered such signal military service or been so honorably recognized as the celebrated poodle Mustache, who shared the vic torious fortunes of the French 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 regimen-tal standard from an Austrian soldier when in the act of snatching it from

HIS CURE FOR COLDS.

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

A son of the soil was he, an old farmer with a good education, hale and hearty, and I a young man with a

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 hond between your state. is named in the bond between you and mer, even to many a pound of fresh." Here the old man paused, and he dimost made me wince as he fastened on me a pair of cold, gray eyes, which

on me a pair of cold, gray eyes, which seemed to be gazing through the series foliage of the tree of knowledge. I begar to think of the particular law of nature that I had violated. It really was not my rault that, while seeing a young lady at her home, a chill rain had tallen and madd it received. young lady at her home, a chill rain had iallen 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 narticular cure tences just what particular cure yours is?"

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

"But you were going to tell me your cure in one care the seems to be given.

cure in one sentence," I interrupted, "and my train is nearly due."

"Well, I didn't say that I would tell

"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 niow much? How often?" I asked and 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 stone. And I was any that the cold And I must say that the cold get well very quickly.

Suffered For More Than Two Years

Then Joseph Gagne Found a Cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Quebec Man Took His Wife's Advice And is Now Enjoying a New Lease of Health.

Ste Marguerite Bay Mills, Saguenav Co., Que., April 26.—(Special). "Yes, you can tell the public of the great relief I got from Dodd's Kidney Pills." The speaker was Mr. Joseph Gagne, a well-known resident of this place, and he has every reason to be enthusiastic

over the great Canadian remedy. "For more than two years I suffered from Kidney Disease," Mr. Gagne "It finally developed into continued. deurisy and I was a very sick man

Dodd's Kidney Pills make their users enthusiastic because they not only cure the particular ailment aimed at but they spread good health all over the body. They do this by curing the Kidneys, Cured kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. That means pure blood and new health all over the body

A GOOD MEDICING 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. Easily tired, appetite fickle, sometimes headaches, and a feeling of depression. Pimples 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. elop into more serious trouble

Do not dose yourself with purgatives, as so many people do, in the here that you can put your blood right. Furgatives 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 and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams Pink Pills is the orly medicine that can do this speedily, safely and sure-ly. 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. 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 ! was advised to
try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and these
have fully restored my health. 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 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 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 ap-

"Let it be remembered that when a rint is looked at with both eyes open pinotis looked at with both eyes open binocular vision emphasizes the flai-ness of the card, and this tends to offwhen my wife persuaded me to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial.
"I took just three boxes and they made me well."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make their produced by the light and snade and perspective of the print. By using one eye the impression of flatness is greatly diminisher. If at the same time the eye be placed at the right distance everything is seen under its set the illusion of great or less dis-stance produced by the light and shade 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.

Sillicus—Do you think it is possible for one woman to make another woman perfectly happy? Cynicus—Oh, lat it will not make a satisfactory

IF YOU ARE-THIN---



Dont wear a dress like this -But wear a dress like this.