

BLOOD THIN AND WEAK TOO NERVOUS TO SLEEP

Here is Another Case in Which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Proved Its Great Reconstructive Influence.

This blood and exhausted nerves usually go together. A considerable portion of the blood is constantly consumed in keeping up the vitality of the nervous system. Once the blood is deficient, either in quantity or quality, the nerves suffer and bodily pains result.

A GIFT OF A SOUL

The two women were thus left entirely alone and the days passed in silence and sadness. Meantime Jacques lived under the influence of the spell that had sapped the strength, intellectual and moral, of Pierre Laurier, that had degraded his character and changed the brilliant artist into the helpless being who had resolved to seek relief from his misery in death.

Clemence, all the more dangerous from the sincerity of her passion, loved now as she had never loved before. In the fair and somewhat effeminate beauty of this young man she found the charm she had needed to captivate her stronger nature.

In the midst of this intoxication the time fixed upon for the departure of the de Vignes arrived, and Clemence, unable to support the thought of separating from Jacques, prepared to return to Paris. They left with regret this enchanting country which seemed made for love. But they consoled themselves by thinking that in the city they should have greater facilities for enjoying each other's society without restraint than here.

Their return to Paris produced a very different effect upon Jacques from that which it produced upon Clemence. Jacques experienced an intense joy in being once more in the city he had thought at one time during his illness that he should never see again.

The bustle and animation of Paris captivated him. The intoxication of Parisian life had taken possession of him. He had left a delightful climate, he was fresh from scenes that enchanted the eye, yet the cloudy sky of Paris, the stone pavements of the streets had a charm for him he had not found in them, and he said to himself that there was nothing in the world more beautiful. He installed himself again joyfully in his bachelor apartments, and felt delightfully at home in them.

Clemence established once more in her magnificent house in the Avenue Hoche, returned to the luxury and the cares of her former existence. In Monte Carlo she had lived like any bourgeoisie. In Paris she was once more the celebrated actress, whose establishment cost three hundred thousand francs to support. She no longer seemed the same person to Jacques. A sudden transformation had taken place in her. Her appearance, her manner, her walk had entirely changed.

She spoke abruptly, her glance was imperious. Everything about her revealed the woman armed for the battle of life always on her guard. She should be taken at a disadvantage and conquered. She showed the liveliest tenderness for Jacques and repeatedly assured him of her affection, but the fact of her joining so showed already a diminution of his influence, which gave the young man food for thought. Clemence observed this feeling and tried to dissipate it. She grew gentle and caressing, and for a time was fond and amiable as before.

But the feeling of security in her affection which Jacques had entertained was at an end. In the little villa at Monte Carlo he might have cherished the illusion that she had never loved any one else who loved him. In her sumptuous house in Paris, everything spoke too plainly of her past for this to be the case. A feeling of disquietude took possession of him. He became sombre and irritable. He was no longer sure of her affection for him, and his love for her increased in consequence.

They had said they would never separate, and they saw less of each other than before. Not by the wish of Clemence, but her existence was no longer the same, and the exigencies of her establishment took up her time at the expense of her affection. Jacques acquired the habit of visiting her only at stated times, and gradually learned to get bored to the state of his feet. She had learned long ago that gentleness soon engenders indifference, and that the shortest spur to love is

to it. His sister, although the malady which was sapping her life had developed no recognizable symptoms, drooped more and more every day—grew every day paler and more fragile. But by an effort of her will she succeeded in appearing cheerful, in order to keep up his mother's spirits. But Mme de Vignes was not deceived, and the two women, each trying to appear cheerful to the other, lived in secret anguish.

The doctors had decided that the malady of Juliette was anaemia. They found no organic trouble, either of the heart or the lungs. They saw, however, that her strength visibly declined. It almost seemed as if Jacques had drawn from his sister all her vitality, and given her his own weakness in exchange. It was a matter of no slight astonishment to the physicians who had attended the brother the year before, to see him now leading the dissipated life he led, while Juliette, radiant in health last spring, had grown sickly and feeble. And Jacques, who these two women had surrounded with so much care and tenderness, wearied by his mother's sadness, chilled by the sorrowful smile of his sister, made his visits rarer and rarer, throwing himself with desperate ardor into his old life.

The month of June had arrived, and Clemence wished, according to her custom, to install herself at Deauville. Selim Nuno, for some years past, had placed his splendid villa every summer at the actress's disposal. Jacques, who viewed with displeasure the visits of the old financier to Clemence, opposed the project as soon as she mentioned it to him. To go to the sea-shore, good; to choose Deauville, very good, also. But to accept the hospitality of Nuno, what for? To this question Clemence responded without hesitation.

"For ten years past, my dear Jacques, Selim has been my true and constant friend. Men are changeable. You love me to-day; to-morrow you may forget me. The friends on whom one may depend under any circumstances are rare; their affection is not to be thrown away. And then, to speak frankly, Jacques, you cannot be jealous of this old man? He is like a father to me. And you know very well besides you have no reason to be afraid of anyone."

She tried to coax him out of his opposition, but the young man's objections were based on a solid foundation. He shook his head as he listened to her, without being convinced by her arguments. "I should not like to be a visitor at M. Nuno's house," he said, "for although he will not reside in the villa, you will be none the less his guest. Let us go back to Monte Carlo, to the delightful solitude of the country, where you will be free to devote all your time to me. Here you are so taken up with your occupations and your friends, that I enjoy scarcely any of your society. There I should have you all to myself, and no one could take you away from me."

He spoke with passion, and Clemence listened to him with a curious sensation. His voice, formerly so sweet to her ears, now seemed commonplace and failed to awaken any emotion within her. His hands, which clasped hers, no longer sent a thrill through her. She saw in him only a fair, handsome young man, whose actions began to weary her. To his

uncertainty. Seeing Jacques thus uneasy and on the point of becoming a jealous lover, she took a malicious pleasure in holding him in suspense, letting him hope and fear by turns. Taciturn when he was not with Clemence, Jacques caused his mother grave anxiety by the languor and apathy of his manner. He would spend hours stretched on the sofa in his smoking-room, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, smoking opium cigarettes, which dulled his brain, without moving, without uttering a word, and seemingly lost in this species of rascisch dream. His health still remained good, although the fresh color he had brought with him from the south had disappeared. He grew thin, but his nervous force sustained him in the life of pleasure he still continued to lead.

He went to his club every day at five, and later on in the evening when he was not with Clemence. He played heavily, and in the beginning had extraordinary luck. He won large sums at cards. He thought nothing of winning five hundred louis before dinner, and this money, so easily obtained, he squandered with superb indifference. It gave him pleasure to add to the luxuries that surrounded Clemence. He desired to heap princely gifts upon her instead of the roses and violets he had brought to her at Monte Carlo, and from this forth his life became a hell.

His gains at cards no longer sufficed to supply his wants, and baccarat seemed to offer him a wider field. Play, which had at first been an abstraction, then a means to obtain money, now became a passion. He loved it not only for the money, with which it supplied him, but also for its excitement. He cut the cards with a sublime impassiveness that masked devouring anxiety. He would lose on a card 10,000 francs without a change in his countenance or a tremor in his voice. But he boiled inwardly, and the strain on his nerves was all the greater for the efforts he made to conceal it. When, after a couple of hours of alternate successes and reverses, fortune finally took his side, the tension of his mind, excited by the desire to triumph, relaxed and he fell into a delicious state of beatitude. He experienced an instant of indescribable intoxication, during which he forgot everything that was not play.

Clemence was not long in discovering that she did not reign alone in the heart of Jacques, but she did not take umbrage at the presence there of this victorious rival, to whom she owed so large a share of her luxuries. Besides, a modification had taken place in her own sentiments. The feeling which she had yielded herself completely in the solitude of the country was not strong enough to resist the distractions of Paris. She resumed her former mode of life. Seeing once more her friends and acquaintances, the daily round of pleasures in which she engaged left her less time than before to devote to Jacques.

And then Jacques himself, whose resistance to her power at first had added to the intensity of her passion for him, now, yielding to all her caprices, began to weary her. From the moment in which she saw that he was her slave he ceased to possess attractions for her. And in this the actress was no worse than the generality of women, and the blame for what must soon take place lay with Jacques. He had modified, of his own accord, the conditions of his intimacy with Clemence. He had ignored the fundamental axiom of the philosophy of love that the affection of a woman is in direct proportion to the sacrifices it exacts from her. Secure as she was in the possession of his love, his hold upon her affections had weakened. But because she no longer loved him no reason that she should give him back his liberty. It was not in her nature to show such generosity. She had held Laurier in her toils a full year after she had ceased to care for him, and it was during this time that the artist, degraded, humiliated and tortured, had resolved to put an end to an existence which had become intolerable to him. Jacques as yet suspected nothing. Practised in the arts of deceit, Clemence charmed him as before, by the grace of her smile, the sweetness of her words, the tenderness of her endearments.

He now scarcely ever went to visit his mother. The atmosphere of the house was too gloomy for him, and inspired him with no wish to return

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Importunities she responded with a smile which Jacques took as a presage of victory, and a proof of her affection. She, however, knew that the flame was extinguished and that nothing could rekindle it. Scarcely four months had passed and the sentiment with which he had inspired her was dead forever. Her thoughts went back to the night of the vigil when they had first met. How vivid the emotion she had experienced then! And now how weary and indifferent she felt. He was still under the influence of his passion, but as for her, her indignation for him was at an end.

While he clasped her hands she was saying to herself: "No, no, it is over. He adores me and I am weary of him. Am I never to find a man who will refuse to acknowledge my power, or to whom I could prove constant?"

She rose from the sofa where she had been sitting beside Jacques, and leaning against the chimney-piece with a thoughtful air, said: "Very well, then, he it is you wish. Any other house will do as well, provided only it be large, well situated, and have good stables for the horse, for I shall take all my establishment with me. But I must tell you beforehand that Nuno shall visit me there with as much freedom as anywhere else, for I have no intention of breaking off with my friends, nor of living in seclusion."

"And has such an idea ever occurred to me?" protested Jacques. "Have I not confidence in you?" Clemence looked at him in silence for a moment, and a fugitive smile crossed her lips; then she said slowly: "You are right to have confidence in me: if you mistrusted me it would not make the slightest difference!"

The evening was warm and fine. They went together to dine at the "Ambassadors." At eleven, Clemence, who was cross and complained of not feeling well, sent Jacques away, irritated, he went to his club, and as a game at baccarat was going on, he took the bank and proceeded to deal the cards. Curious contradiction: fortunate at cards so long as he had been fortunate in love, the very hour in which Clemence discovered that she no longer loved him seemed to be the turning point in his luck also. For the time suddenly withdrew her favor, and when he left the club he was a loser

to the amount of three thousand louis. He had won so much during the past few months that he attached but little importance to these reverses, which he looked upon as accidental. He was only all the more eager to have his revenge; but he lost more heavily than before, he could not believe that his ill-luck was going to continue, and he obstinately persisted in his efforts to retrieve his ill-fortune, but with ever worse results.

The house at Trouville was hired, and as Clemence was ready to leave Paris he determined at last to cut short this continued run of ill-luck, and they set out for the Norman coast. There they continued the same life as at Paris, only seeing more of each other, which augmented the coldness of Clemence, forced as she was to make the effort to appear agreeable to a man who now wearied her. She revenged herself by employing her ingenuity in devising ways to make him spend money. At this time Jacques, his means of supply being cut off, was obliged to draw upon the fund he had in reserve. The difficulties of the situation seemed to excite him, and he now, when she was beginning to tire of him.

The establishment of Clemence was maintained on a large scale and the excursions she was daily getting up were the talk of the place. Parties, composed of the young people of Trouville, were constantly to be seen dashing along the Honfleur or Villers road. The house on such days was empty, and there was not a horse to be had in the whole place. The women of the party went in carriages, and they all stopped to breakfast at one of the pretty and excellent inns on the road. Amid clouds of dust raised by the horses' feet, and under the brilliant sunshine, the cavaliers in their brilliant uniforms, the women in descending from the coaches, in the midst of joyful cries and bursts of laughter, the villagers standing motionless in their doorways in open-mouthed wonder at the vision of gay costumes and little feet that flew rapidly past.

At other times they would take the steam yacht of Baron Tresorier and sail along a placid sea to Pevanap or Cherbourg; in the evening all the gay party would assemble in the Casino of Trouville and dance till midnight. Then they would return home, weary of the pleasures of the day, and an hour later, the men of the party would meet again at the club and spend the rest of the night, till day dawned, at cards. Jacques, with stern, but impassive countenance, played with persistent ill-luck, and saw the last remnant of his ill-fortune disappearing in degrees. He was not discouraged, however, and with uncomprehending faith in his luck awaited its return. Fortune he said to himself, could not always prove faithless to him, and a few nights' winnings would retrieve his losses. A method of reasoning common with all gamblers; a course seldom justified by the event.

One evening when he had been playing for some time, he had been playing the bank being put open for him, he heard a voice which he recognized after the sacred words: "The bank is open for play." He raised his eyes, and separated from him only by the length of the table, he saw Patrizzi before him. His glance encountered that of the Prince, who gave him a friendly smile. At the same moment a man who had been standing behind the Neapolitan emerged from the group, and Jacques, feeling a horrible tightening of the heart, recognized Dr. Davidoff.

The young man stood rooted to the spot. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he heard a buzzing sound in his ears. It seemed to him as if the ghastly image of death had risen up before him. He was still motionless, without the power to advance or retreat, fascinated by the mocking glance of the Russian, when Patrizzi coming behind him laid his hand upon his shoulder. Jacques turned round with an effort, and with a haggard look gave his attention to the Prince, who was speaking to him. He hardly understood what the Neapolitan was saying, but the thought that he was being observed, and that his manner must awaken surprise, restored to him his strength in a measure; he pined his hand over his forehead and made the effort to say to Patrizzi: "Have you been here long?"

"About a quarter of an hour," the Prince answered. "Davidoff and I came in just as your bank was being vigorously attacked. Those Englishmen have made some rude assaults upon you, my dear friend."

"I am not very lucky just now," stammered Jacques. "That is what those gentlemen were just saying. But excuse me, they are waiting for me to deal. I am going to try to avenge you. Stay, here is Davidoff."

(To be continued.)

Coffee Beans.

Coffee grains are only the seed of a fruit which is very much like a cherry. It is very sweet and has a good taste. When the fruit is dried it shrivels up around the coffee grains, of which there are two in each one of the round balls placed with the flat sides together. Sometimes in the cheaper kinds of coffee these little dried balls are found with the two coffee grains snugly held inside.

THE DEGREE OF D. T. T. (Philadelphia Record.)

The University of Alrea Calientes, which may not be found in the United States, but whose graduates are not uncommon among us, has decided to confer the degree of Doctor of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, "cum summa laude," upon William Jennings Bryan, who, it may still be remembered, was once Secretary of State.

In the fineness of his intellectual scales, in his amazing capacity to differentiate tweedledum from tweedledee, Mr. Bryan stands easily at the head of the writing and talking world. The University of Hot Air has honored itself in recognizing the supreme merit of the man who has the whole world of apostles bent on to a frazzle in his ability to draw a distinction without a difference.

"How does Fatboy stand the heat?" "He sits under a tree and reads French mystery stories till his blood runs cold."—Boston Globe.

They were snuggled in the hammock. "Ah, love is blind," she cooed.

ST. VITUS DANCE IN YOUNG CHILDREN

Can Only Be Cured by Enriching the Blood and Toning Up the Blood.

One of the commonest forms of nervous troubles that afflicts young children is St. Vitus Dance. This is because of the great demand made on the body by growth and development, together with the added strain caused by study. It is when these demands become so great that they impoverish the blood, and the nerves fail to receive their full supply of nourishment that St. Vitus Dance develops. The remarkable success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing St. Vitus Dance in young children is due to the fact that these pills lead parents to give this great blood-building medicine to their children at the first signs of the approach of the trouble. Pallor, listlessness, inattention, restlessness and irritability are all symptoms, which early show that the blood and nerves are failing to meet the demand upon them. Here is proof of the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. Mrs. Alfred Sochner, R. R. No. 5, Dunnville, Ont., says: "Our ten-year-old daughter, Violet, suffered very severely from St. Vitus Dance. The trouble came on so gradually that we were not alarmed until it affected her legs and arms, which would twitch and jerk to such an extent that she could scarcely walk and could not hold anything in her hands steadily. She suffered for about five months before we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but she had not taken these long before we found that they were the right medicine, and after she had taken nine boxes she had fully recovered her former health and strength. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every parent having a child suffering from St. Vitus Dance or any form of nervousness."

In troubles of this kind no other medicine has met with such success as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get these Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

When you buy strawberries, which kind do you choose—the big handsome red colored ones that please the eye or those smaller in size? When you purchase the box of large berries you pay for considerable waste room between the berries which should have been filled with the fruit. A box of smaller berries is nearer a solid mass of fruit and in serving makes more dishes than the box of larger berries.

Fancy berries bring fancy prices, while those of less size often are much cheaper and far richer in flavor. Jellies and preserves are better if made of the small fruit, and have the advantage of requiring less sugar.

The large berries often have a pulpy centre that is not desirable and in many varieties they are lacking in flavor and are not sweet. Use the small, firm berry that fills the box and get berries for your money in place of air.

STRAWBERRY PIES. Bake small individual pies by putting a rich crust over the bottom of each little muffin pan—bake crust to golden brown. Wash and stem berries; to each pint of berries add 1 cup of sugar, mash a little and set aside for 2 hours. When ready to serve fill crusts with berries, dot top with a little whipped cream, top with a big red berry and serve.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE. Make a rich biscuit dough of 1 cup of flour, 1 even teaspoon of salt, 1 heaping teaspoon of lard and 2 heaping teaspoons of baking powder. Mix these all together with a knife, then make a well in centre and add half cup of milk. Fold all together and turn out on board, cut in biscuit shape and bake in fast oven.

Wash and stem berries, add a cup of sugar to each 2 cups of fruit, mash slightly and allow to stand 2 hours. Have biscuits warm, split open, butter and add a little sugar, add a few whole berries, put on top and add more of the mashed berries, tip the top with a little whipped cream and serve.

STRAWBERRY SPONGE. Soak 1-4 package of gelatine in 1-4 cup of cold water. Add one cup of sugar and stir, then stir in 4 cups of boiling water and stir until all is thoroughly dissolved. Strain into dish and allow to cool; when cool add 1 cup of mashed strawberries and 1 1/2 cups of sugar; beat all until very light and foamy, then beat in gradually the beaten whites of 3 eggs and beat until the mixture will hold its shape. Chill a mold, line the side with large berries (cut each berry in half and dip into the gelatine and they will adhere to the mold), turn in the sponge and set in cool place for an hour. When ready to serve turn from mold and serve with whipped cream and whole berries.

STEAMED SHORTCAKE. Cream 1 tablespoonful of butter with 4 of sugar; add pinch of salt and 1 egg and beat till all is light and foamy. Stir 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder into 2 cups of flour. Add 1 cup of milk to the egg mixture and then fold in the flour. Turn batter into well greased cups, filling cup only half full; put over in steamer and steam 40 minutes. Turn out while warm and put a little butter over top and then turn "strawberry dope" over and dot top with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY "DOPE". Mash 1 pint of ripe strawberries, add 1-2 cups of sugar, stir and set in cool place for an hour. When ready to serve steam cake, add 1 pint of whole berries and turn over individual cakes.



Pure Ice Cream in the Home

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