

THIS SCHOOL GIRL HAD BAD FAINTING SPELLS

Was Weak and Run Down, But Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Made Complete Cure.

The most critical time in a girl's life comes during the school age, when she is impelled by rivalry to put forth her best efforts in studying for examinations. At the time she should have healthful outdoor exercise and abundance of fresh air, to keep the blood pure and rich, she is confined by her studies. Is it any wonder that she becomes run down in health and suffers from headaches, indigestion, loss of appetite and spells of weakness or fainting?

The case described in this letter is a good illustration, and you can read here the splendid results of using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, to help through this critical period.

Mrs. H. Houston, Highland Grove, Ont., writes:

"While attending school my daughter became weak and very run down. She was subsequently troubled with bad fainting spells, and nothing we tried seemed to do her any good. We were advised to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and did so with most satisfactory results. I am pleased to tell you that after using five boxes of the Nerve Food she was completely cured and has no return of the fainting spells."

This statement is certified to by Mr. Hamilton Houston, Justice of the Peace.

The reason Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so effective in cases of this kind is because of its extraordinary nourishing influence. By creating an abundance of rich, red blood it strengthens the action of the heart, revitalizes the exhausted nerves and builds up the system in every way.

The appetite is restored, digestion improves, you rest and sleep well, and the new vigor and energy is felt in every organ of the human body. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is doing wonders for men, women and children, whose systems have become weak and run down. Fifty cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

A GIFT OF A SOUL

"What is his name?"

"I do not know."

"Ah," said the doctor, "it is not known who the artist is, then."

"But he lives in the village," replied the cure, "and—"

A look of surprise crossed the doctor's face and he said quickly:

"He has lived here about two months, is it not so?"

The traveller, reflecting for a moment, said to himself in a low voice: "Can it be possible?" Then aloud: "Do you know even his Christian name?"

"Yes, Monsieur, he is called Pierre."

"And he has chestnut hair, blue eyes, a blonde mustache, and is of medium height," said the traveller quickly.

"A blonde mustache? No," said the priest, "but his eyes are blue, and he is not above medium height."

"It is he, it must be he," cried the doctor. "And then there is no one but himself who could paint this Resurrection."

"You know this young man, then?" said the priest. "Ah, if you would be so good as to inform us—"

"Who he is? I cannot do that, since it is his wish to remain unknown. But I may at least tell you that the artist who has done these paintings for you is one of the most promising of the younger painters of the French school—But I must see him; where is he?"

"He is away for a few days."

"Away? And we are going to-morrow! No matter. I must leave a sign of my presence here for him."

He took a pencil from his pocket-book, and proceeded to write on the whitewashed wall, first saying to the priest:

"Will you permit me, Monsieur le Cure?"

"Go on," answered the latter.

Then the stranger wrote these words below the "Resurrection" painted by Pierre:

"Et idem resurrexit Petrus," and underneath, "Davidoff."

Then turning to the cure: "When he returns," he said, "show him these words. He will know what they mean."

He then took leave of the priest, and returning to the inn, said to his companion:

"My dear count, you made a mistake in not coming out with me; you have missed something very curious."

"What is that?"

"I will tell you when we are on

"Monsieur le Cure, I thank you for having taken this trouble. What you have told me has a profound interest for me. Au revoir, Monsieur le Cure."

And with a slow step and eyes bent upon the ground, he returned to the house of Agostino's mother.

On the following day one of the acolytes brought him a letter which had been posted at Ajaccio, bearing this address:

"Monsieur Pierre, care of Monsieur le Cure de Torrevicchia."

He opened the letter with emotion. It contained these lines:

"My Dear Friend:—You are still among the living;—a more agreeable surprise could not have awaited me. It was I who perished! The painful task of taking down your fatal relic in which you announced your death, along with the formation of a miracle, your soul, whether by a miracle or through the power of imagination, suddenly felt a renewal of life and is now almost restored to health. But one who is closely connected with him came near losing his life in consequence of the news of your death. In the depths of your retreat, know that I passed close to happiness without perceiving it, but that it is still in your power to obtain it."

"Your sincere friend,"

"Davidoff."

Having read the letter, Pierre folded it, put it into his pocket and left the house. He walked thoughtfully along the road to Bastia, pausing when he reached the shore. The calm blue sea sparkled in the sunshine, far as the eye could reach. The vessels in the distance, their sails shining in the sunlight, glided along so slowly as to seem almost motionless. The young man sat down on a rock, and as on the evening when he had contemplated suicide, he fell into a reverie. Slowly the image of Jacques rose before him, his face no longer pale and gloomy, but radiant with health and youth. He walked with buoyant step on the verdant terrace of the house at Beauvillier. All nature springing, and Jacques, like the plants and the flowers, seemed animated with new life. Suddenly Juliette appeared beside him, and now it was she who was ill and sad. Under her beautiful eyes were black rings, her cheeks were hollow, and in her smile there was the heart-rending sweetness of a last farewell.

A shudder passed through Pierre. It seemed to him as if the gaze of the young girl, fixed upon the sea, sought vainly in its blue waters for something that was not there. He saw this girl whose affection, reciprocated for a moment, he had afterward disdained, dying slowly of grief for his. He heard a voice murmur beside him: "It is you who are the cause of her tears. You have just heard it—she is dying because she believes that you are dead. You had but to utter a word, and this innocent heart, filled with your image, would have opened to receive you. You had happiness and peace in your grasp, but you flung them recklessly away. Why delay longer in trying to regain them? Will you let her whom you love perish? You have only to go to her and she will revive again. Come, begin life anew. The future is yours, since you are loved."

He heaved a sigh and tears sprang to his eyes—the first he had shed since the tears of rage and shame of that day when he had longed to give cause. But he did not long give way to his emotion. He wished to examine to his own heart, and judge himself with impartial severity. He was purified and regenerated by this voluntary withdrawal from all he had held dear. If temptation came in his way would he have the strength to resist it? He trembled. A pale, dark face gleamed eyes rose before him. From his lips came a sardonic burst of laughter, and he said to himself: "What was he laughing at, showing her white teeth and the dimples at the corners of her mouth? Was it at him? Was she then so sure of her power to bring him to her feet, the day she should take it into her head to do so? Was he, then, her slave?"

Gradually his thoughts grew clearer, and he, who had not prayed since his childhood, seeing himself so solitary, so sad and so forsaken, raised his eyes to heaven in prayer. He asked nothing for himself. However hard and wretched his own lot might be, he accepted it without a murmur. But this pure and gentle creature, was she not innocent of blame, and did she not deserve to be spared from suffering. For he had the happiness to be loved by her, let her at least be endowed with the strength to live until his heart should be washed free from its stains. Could Divine Justice refuse her this peace? In the midst of the solitude surrounding him he allowed himself to utter a few words of prayer.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by an occurrence which symbolized in an instant his fears and hopes.

From a point of rock jutting out into the sea at his feet a dove had just flown in terror. An eagle followed close behind trying to capture her. She made desperate efforts to escape, but the bird of prey gained upon her steadily, uttering a shrill cry at every stroke of his powerful wings. Pierre, struck by the sight, said to himself: "Let this be a sign. If the eagle captures his prey, all is over with Juliette and me. If the dove succeeds in escaping, then I may hope to appear before her again, worthy of happiness."

From the moment in which he thus succintly formulated the problem of his destiny Pierre, in breathless suspense, followed with his eyes the conflict between the two birds. The eagle had lowered his flight, and was now



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close to the dove and almost directly above her, menacing her with his sharp beak and livid claws. Terrified, the poor bird directed its flight toward a clump of oaks, hoping to take refuge there. But her ferocious enemy, diving in her intention, hastened his flight toward her. Pierre, his heart oppressed, his hands trembling, longed to give some of his strength to the dove: he saw the moment approach in which she must succumb to her pursuer. Just as the rapacious bird was about to seize his victim, a shot was heard. The eagle turned over in the air mortally wounded, and fell to the ground, and the dove, saved from his clutches, disappeared among the trees.

Pierre uttered a cry of joy. The response to his question had been decisive and immediate. Destiny had interposed in his favor in an undeniable manner. The invisible marksmen whose intervention had thus settled the question, had he not been guided to the spot in order to put an end to Pierre's anguish? But by a sudden return of his former mocking humor he began to laugh at the thought that a shot fired at a bird should thus be the arbiter of his fate. He shook his head.

"Work, that is the true panacea," he said. "The day I abandoned it, I was lost. I have returned to it, it will save me."

The sun sank into the sea, red as fire. Pierre rose and returned to the village with a more tranquil heart.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the first Sunday of the Carnival, and the Casino at Nice, splendidly illuminated, was thrown open for the grand reglement. In the Place Massena a crowd of curious spectators were watching the masqueraders enter the building, grouped around the burlesque throne on which King Carnival, in his spangled robes, had been sitting solemnly for two days past. The strains of the band filled the air, and the gay measures of waltz and quadrille, drowned by the buzzing of the crowd that ceaselessly surged through the vast edifice given up to bursts from time to time.

A COMPLETE WRECK

From the After Effects of Pneumonia Followed by Diphtheria.

Frequently the after effects of illness are more serious than the original trouble. This was the case with Mrs. James B. Moir, Mutana, Sask. Mrs. Moir says: "Some years ago, while we were still living in Nova Scotia, I was taken down with a severe attack of pneumonia. I had sufficient recovery to be around, but had not been able to go out when I was attacked with diphtheria. In my weak state it took a terrible hold on me, and neither my friends nor neighbors thought I would recover. I did, however, pull through, but was a physical wreck. The muscles of my throat were paralyzed, so that even a cup of water would flow back through my nostrils unless they were held closed. My voice was almost inaudible, and my eyes so badly affected that I feared I was going to lose my eyesight. I could only walk with assistance, and it looked as though I would be a helpless cripple. Medicine after medicine was used, but did not help me. Then a neighbor advised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking them, but had the utmost difficulty in swallowing them owing to the condition of my throat. However, after a couple of boxes had been used I found it easier to take them, which was a sign they were helping me, and I felt greatly cheered. I do not know how many boxes I took, but I continued their use until I was as well as ever, much to the surprise of all who knew me, as all thought I could not get better. Since then I have several times taken the Pills when run down and have always been greatly benefited by them."

For the after effects of fevers and all wasting diseases there is no medicine equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood, build up the nerves, restore the appetite and bring back complete health and strength. 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.

in the gayeties of the night under cover of their masks. He had already succeeded in guessing several, when suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise:

"Why, there is Jacques de Vignes!" he cried.

It was indeed Jacques, animated and erect, his complexion fresh, his eyes clear. His blue domino floated behind him, giving him the air of a gallant cavalier of the Renaissance. He came forward to meet them half-way, his hand extended, smiling and happy, as he had been before his illness; not haggard and weary looking, as he was on the evening, some months before, on which Dr. Davidoff had related his fantastic stories after a gay dinner. The transformation was complete. Triumphant, almost insolent, he seemed in the splendor of his youth and health so miraculously regained.

"You are entirely recovered, Jacques?" asked the Prince.

"Entirely," said the young man, "as you see."

"All honor be to the climate that has restored you to yourself and us, for you were a jolly fellow, and you will be one again."

The young man leaned against the column beside Patrizzi, and letting his eyes wander over the motley crowd, that streamed by noisily,—

"And I enjoy life, my dear Prince," he said, with ardor, "like a man who knows what it is to have almost lost it. You have never been seriously ill; you do not know the melancholy languor that takes possession of the spirit as the strength of the body decreases. It seems as if a black veil covered all nature, so sombre and desolate does everything appear. The moments in which one might be happy are poisoned by the thought that they may perhaps be the last we shall enjoy, and the more beautiful and peaceful one's surroundings are the more does one exacerate them. You may believe what I say, for I have experienced it. There can be nothing more cruel or more melancholy. So that now, after the hell through which I have passed, I am in paradise. Everything pleases, captivates, enchants me. I have learned the value of happiness, and I know how to enjoy it. The sun seems to me milder, the flowers more fragrant, the women more charming than before. I war on the brink of the grave, and thence springs my love for life."

"That's right," said Patrizzi; "it is pleasant to hear you. But your recovery is truly miraculous. Now that I come to think of it—what wonderful story is that we heard about it? Did some one make you a present of it?"

Davidoff pretended that it was not you who are alive, but your friend Laurier, and he adds that you are very lucky in the change, for Pierre was of the stuff that centenarians are made of."

The prince gave a burst of laughter which made Jacques turn pale, and called the moisture to his brow.

"I beg of you," said the young man, "not to speak of that again; it is very painful to me. Laurier was the friend of my childhood, and his loss will be long and deeply felt by me. If the case had been reversed and it were I who had given my life to him, the world would have gained by the change, for Pierre was an artist of indubitable genius, and I shall never be worth anything."

As he uttered these words, feverishly and in a trembling voice, Jacques' pallor increased. His gaze was clouded, and his features suddenly seemed to contract, giving greater prominence to the cheekbones and the teeth.

He was seized with a sort of trembling as if he had a fever. He bit his lips, which had become livid, and tried to smile. But for a moment, as if in a vision of death, he presented to his friends, instead of the ghostly appearance of a dying man.

A moment later the blood returned to his cheeks, his look brightened, and Jacques was once more what he had been before, brilliant and haughty. He seemed to wish to shake off a painful impression, and taking a turn in the room he cried, with a gaiety that was somewhat forced:

"What a lovely evening, made indeed for pleasure! In the street all is noise and gaiety, and here everything is lovely and seductive."

As he ceased speaking, a white domino, emerging from a group, approached him, and said in a disguised voice:

"Lovely and seductive! Let us see if your acts will accord with your words."

Through her mask, the domino fixed upon Jacques a brilliant glance. The young man felt a supple arm slip through his own, and he asked gaily: "Are you in the humor for an adventure?"

"I will be your slave; the one no doubt will be as easy as the other."

The domino gave him a slight tap on the cheek with her fan and answered:

"I forgive you the impertinence for the sake of the compliment."

Jacques looked at his friends with a malicious smile, and slipped through the crowd with his conquest leaning on his arm.

"Well, Patrizzi, you who have guessed the names of so many women, tell us that of the woman who has carried away de Vignes."

"Parbleu! May the devil fly away with me if it is not Clemence Villa!"

"She has been forgotten that poor Laurier," said one of the group surrounding the prince.

(To be Continued.)

Easily Accomplished.

Judge Hanington, when leader of the opposition in the New Brunswick Legislature, representing the County of Westmorland, was once delivering a vigorous address in the House against some measure of the Government, then led by Mr. Blair.

"Oh, that my constituents in Westmorland could hear me now," exclaimed the opposition leader, in violent tones. Mr. Blair motioned to an attendant to open the window, he said—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I understand that prohibition is making great headway in Grimson Gulch," said the stranger. "Yes," answered Plute Pete; "nearly everybody in the place has signed the pledge. You see, we had a powerful warning. When Three Finger Sam got so nervous he shot at three men and missed every one of them, we thought it was time to do something radical."—Washington Star.

First Long Step Towards Recovery

IS TO FIND IF YOUR SYMPTOMS ARE OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

Kent County Lady Did This—Then She Used Dodd's Kidney Pills and Was Cured.

Upper Boutouche, Kent Co., N. B., May 31st.—(Special)—Miss Genevieve Bastarache, an estimable lady, living near here, is telling her friends of the benefit she has received from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I am indeed happy to be able to state that I have been cured of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills," Miss Bastarache says in an interview.

"I was often so feeble I could not work. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I had headaches and cramps in the muscles."

"I suffered from Rheumatism and Backache and was always tired and nervous."

"I was in this miserable condition when I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I had not taken two boxes till I felt better and three boxes cured me."

Miss Bastarache made a long stop towards recovery when she discovered that her symptoms were of Kidney Disease. She then had only to use the old reliable Kidney remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, to find a cure. She did it and was cured. Are your symptoms those of Kidney Disease?



The Housekeeper

Carbonate of soda will remove the most obstinate of mud stains. Rub off with a cloth or flannel dipped in the soda, then press well on the wrong side of the material with a warm iron.

To clean a vinegar cruet put a teaspoonful of lye in it and then fill it with water. Let it remain in it for a few days, and then rinse the cruet out thoroughly. It will be perfectly clean.

Putting a coat of varnish on the linoleum yearly will make it last for years and look bright and new.

To remove a fresh ink stain, saturate with kerosene oil and let it remain for 20 minutes, then wash out. Liquid bluing, which never settles, is made by dissolving one ounce of Prussian blue and one-half ounce of oxalic acid in a quart of cold water. Be careful of the acid—it is deadly poison.

To remove black grease rub patiently with ether. It will not leave a ring, like gasoline, and will remove every trace of the stain.

A silver spoon in a glass will temper it so that hot liquids may be turned in without danger of breaking the glass.

When boiling clothes place an unpeeled lemon cut in slices in the boiler with the clothes to boil. This will remove the stains and make the clothes beautifully white.

A good way to cook green peas is to add a lettuce leaf and a teaspoonful of sugar when putting on to boil. They will retain their color and have a much better flavor.

If a cake sticks to the pan, turn the pan upside down and lay on the bottom of it a cloth wet with cold water. After about five minutes the cake can usually be removed quite easily.

If the clothes are yellow, a tablespoonful of peroxide of hydrogen put in the water in which they are soaked will bleach them.

Brown sugar frosting which will not crack is made of one tablespoonful vinegar, brown sugar enough to mix and the beaten white of half an egg. Beat all well together and add sugar enough to spread.

Before frying the breakfast bacon, cut off the rind and dip in flour; then fry or grill quickly. This prevents the fat from running and give the bacon a better flavor.

THE "MADE-IN-CANADA" SAFETY STEERING DEVICE

W. L. McCracken, of Winnipeg, patentee of the "Made-in-Canada" Safety steering device for Ford cars, will occupy a very lasting place with the legions of Ford car owners all over Canada. His device places the Ford car on a par with all other cars as far as the steering is concerned. The McCracken device does away with the nerve racking necessity of having to grip the wheel firmly. This, in a large measure, taken away the pleasures of motoring in a Ford car. With the device attached to a car, the driver can sit back comfortably and enjoy to the full pleasures of country driving. The device is very simple, and can be easily and quickly attached, and weighs but five pounds. It is well and strongly built, and is thoroughly guaranteed. The Ford car has always been a popular car, and the "made-in-Canada" device has added immeasurably to the value of this car.

Tests made in Winnipeg, under almost impossible conditions, proved beyond any doubt that the McCracken device is one of the great boons of the age. The demand for the device in Western Canada has been enormous, and is growing constantly. Eastern Canada is now being taken up, and Ford owners should investigate for themselves the splendid worth of this device.

This is the only steering device made in Canada, and this in itself is a big incentive for Canadians to get hold of an invention purely Canadian.

"What is in the mail from daughter?" asked mother eagerly. "A thousand kisses," answered father, grimly, "and 16 handkerchiefs, two waists and four batches of ribbons for you to wash and mend."—Kansas City Journal.

Perfect Heat For Any Kind of Cooking

STRIKE a match—in less than a minute the NEW PERFECTION Oil Cookstove is giving full, easily regulated heat for any kind of cooking.

The NEW PERFECTION gives you, too, a cool, comfortable kitchen. No smoke, no odor, no coal, ashes or kindlings. Let your hardware dealer show you the NEW PERFECTION today, in the 1, 2, 3 and 4 burner sizes. If he can't supply you, write us direct.

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