Board Works Jan 1 01

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agriculture pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges, etc.
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75 Kegs Wire Nails.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
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Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.
Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy Churns,
Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire, Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.
Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions Violins, Bows and Fixings.
Farming Tools, All Kinds.
Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guardes Rivets, Oilers.
Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.
The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

A FEARFUL JOY.

Lord Russell of Killowen, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, was very brusque in manner and to call upon him was sometimes "a fearful joy.." A visitor, a Mr. Wilkins, once appeared in Lord Russell's office to ask a favor. The conversation which ensued would be regarded anywhere as sufficient evidence of Lord Russell's eccentricity, to use a mild term.

"How do you do, Sir Charles?" said Wilkins. "I think I had the honor of meeting you with Lord—"

"What do you want?" interrupted Lord Russell.

"Well, Sir Charles, I have endeavored to state in my letter—"

"Yes, I have your letter," said Lord Russell, brusquely, "and you write a very slovenly hand."

"The fact is, Sir Charles, I wrote that letter in a hurry in your waiting-room."

"Not at all, not at all. You had plenty of time to write a legible note. No, you are careless. Go on!"

"Well, a vacancy has occurred in —" began the visitor.

"You are very untidy in your appearance," broke in Sir Charles.

"I was travelling all night. I only—"

"Nonsense!" again interrupted Lord Russell. You had plenty of time to make yourself tidy. No; you are naturally careless about your appearance. Go on!"

"Well, Sir Charles, this vacancy has occurred in—"

"And you are very fat," interrupted the chief justice, irritably.

"That is hereditary, I am afraid," said the visitor, not a little disconcerted by the criticisms of Sir Charles. "My father was very fat—"

"Not at all," said the chief justice. "I knew your father well. He wasn't fat. It's laziness."

But Lord Russell helped the man to the position he desired. His bark was often worse than his bite.

RUSSIAN CITIES.

According to the last census, the returns of which have occupied two years in compilation, there are only three cities in the Russian empire containing a population of over half a million souls, viz.: St. Petersburg, 1,267,000; Moscow, 988,000, and Warsaw, 614,800. Odessa comes next with 402,000; Lodz, 314,900; Riga, 283,000, and Kieff, 249,000. There are 35 towns containing between 50,000 and 100,000 inhabitants, and 82 towns with populations varying from 10,000 to 50,000 souls. In 19 only of the 139 cities and towns enumerated is the female population slightly in excess of that of the males; in all the rest the male is largely in excess of the female population, says London Standard. In many instances the females constitute only 70 per cent. of the total population. Among those Russian towns whose populations have most rapidly increased the Polish centre of Lodz is conspicuously the first. Fifteen years ago the so-called Russian Manchester was a place of some 25,000 inhabitants; it now contains an industrial population of 315,000 souls.

The world has now 3,320 lighthouses. Of these the United States owns 635 and Britain 559.

The Journey Of Mehitable.

"Do you mean that I can't have a horse to-day, Cy, after plannin' for it and speakin' for it so long ago?"

The plain, gaunt woman put down the creaking handle of the pump deliberately and faced around to the man carelessly whipping off the heads of the daisies that grew about him.

"Can't let you have one. We've got to use all the teams to-day in the north field."

Mehitable Shailer gazed after her brother as he strode off to the barn. Her face was set and pale. "I'm goin'," she said determinedly; "i'm goin' if I have to go to the Corners and get a team."

She sat down under one of the great trees that fringed the side of the garden. The birds sang sweetly overhead. The rustling leaves murmured an accompaniment. The sun came out from under a cloud and flooded the land with June sunshine. But she saw none of the gladness of the earth. For her the light had gone out of the day.

"It's always been this way," she thought. "When did I ever 'lot on goin' anywhere without being disappointed. And it was just so with mother. All her life she worked away on this stony old farm and never went anywhere or saw anybody. And what was it all when all was done? She died, and father never realized but he'd made it as easy for her as a woman need have it. And now Cy is exactly the same. He don't think women folks ever need any change or pleasure." The tears started to her eyes. She rose and went slowly up the path to the house.

Entering the "lean-to" she passed into an adjoining room and charged her calico wrapper for her best black dress. Then she put on her bonnet. Never before had she openly revolted. To go to the length of hiring a conveyance purely for her own pleasure and convenience seemed to her little less than a crime.

"I'll tell Cy that I've gone and that he'll find enough on the swinging shelf and in the cupboard cooked up for his dinner and supper," she murmured. She had just taken the pencil down from its place on the old black clock and begun her note to her brother when the rumble of wheels in the lane caught her ears. She glanced out of the window apprehensively. A little weazen' faced man and a fat woman, surrounded by a brood of children, were driving up the stile.

"Aunt Louisa and Uncle Amasa come to spend the day!" she ejaculated. Quick as a flash her resolve was taken. She flew to the back door and locked it. "I can't talk to them and do for them today," she said. "Cy can get in the cellar." Footsteps were approaching; there was no time to lose. She ran to the front door. "I am a wicked woman," she said, stepping out on the porch and locking the door behind her. "I am a wicked woman," she repeated as she sped toward a locust grove a few steps away. She felt wholly iniquitous. Nevertheless she was conscious of a curious sense of exhilaration. It was as if one who had been repressed and browbeaten by the world since birth had suddenly gained a chance for freedom.

She called to the birds as she sped through the thickly wooded grove. She threw out her arms from sheer happiness. She sang snatches of half-forgotten songs. She even found herself declaiming some of her old-time school pieces.

When she reached the road she walked along sedately; but her pulse was still quickening, her heart still beat unwontedly. To be daring just once,—to run away from duty, to brave the wrath of her brother and the surprise and indignation of her aunt and uncle and their devoted family,—all this gave the erstwhile conscientious woman a positive thrill of pleasure.

"This is my day—mine!" she murmured.

The proprietor of the stable looked up in surprise as she asked for a horse and buggy and requested that it be charged to her brother.

"Certainly, Miss Shailer, certainly," he said, rising. "The Shailer family ken have anything they want in my outfit on credit; I only wish they'd come oftener. This is the first time, I believe?" tentatively. "Goin' far. Will I put in feed, or air you goin' to be back before long?"

"You had better put in feed," Mehitable replied.

The man called a boy who was playing "jacks" by the stable door. "Bring out the roan an' the best buggy," he said promptly. "Miss Shailer wants the best, don't you, Miss Shailer?"

Mehitable inclined her head, but frightened at her own temerity, looked away to discourage further conversation. A few minutes later the reins were handed to her and she started out on her drive down the quiet country road.

The horse jogged along at a snail's pace; but she did not care. She had a feeling that the duration of her joy was proportional to the slowness of his gait. Up hill and down, through little coverts of wood, around winding stone walls, they went. Not until the suburbs of the city were reached did the revulsion of feeling come. Then suddenly she began to feel timid and unhappy. The pretentious villas seemed to stare at her with unfriendly eyes. The very children looked at her estrangedly. Her best dress seemed all at once to have grown rusty and old. The buggy creaked mournfully beneath its coating of dust. Even the horse hung his head dejectedly as smart equipages and high-stepping steeds flashed by.

As she pushed on farther the bustling electric cars bewildered her. The wheelmen darting to left and right swam dizzily before her. She almost wished she had not come. She was no part of this dazzling pageant.

A flaming billboard caught her eye. She drove nearer and gazed at it eagerly. "That's it!" she exclaimed. "What if I hadn't got to come when I've 'lotted on it so long?"

She felt in her pocket mechanically. It was empty. She had left her purse at home. In the hurried departure there was no thought of the hoarded money that she had put aside, little by little, for this day Well, she could see part of what she had come to see, she told herself.

It began to rain. The drops came down faster and faster. She reined in the old horse to the curbing. "Can you tell me where to go and see the procession?" she asked a freckled faced urchin timidly.

"Right here, grandma," he replied, winking at his companions. "Did you come in from the farm this morning to see it?"

A dull red flamed into Mehitable's cheeks. Even this ragged street gamin could tell that she was from the country.

"She's a comin'!" called out from one. Mehitable leaned out and peered down the street. There was a blast of trumpets. The long-looked-for hour had come. In a moment Buffalo Bill, handsome, dashing, reckless, would gallop by. She leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes. Yes, she was glad she had come. It was worth remorse. It was worth a revolt. It was the one radiant event in her life.

There was a tramping of horses. She sat up straight and looked out. The crowd surged about her shouting hoarsely. "Buffalo Bill!" they cried. She strained her eyes that she might see through the drifting rain. An old man, with thin, gray hair drove past. He looked querulous and ill. A few Indians, forlorn, dejected with the rain beating down upon their drooping feathers, jogged after him. Mehitable gazed after them blankly.

Was this her hero? Her face grew hot. For the first time she acknowledged to herself that a vision of him, a youthful, idealized vision had filled her soul. This plain woman, from whom life had withheld its choicest flower, had extracted from the barrenness of her existence this one romance—and, realized, the vision, the dream, had turned to dust and ashes.

The end of the procession was in sight. She was unspeakably glad. She scarcely looked at the "Representatives of Nations." To get away from it all into the open country again was her one desire and thought.

The horse obeyed the slap of the reins and started off at a good pace as the street was cleared of the waiting vehicles about. Soon the smart suburban villas began to appear in sight. When they had disappeared, she breathed more freely.

"And to think that I thought this was liberty and freedom, and ran up a hill to get it," she said to herself, "and ran away from my own blood relations, and spoiled my best dress, and left Cy to get his own dinner." She gave a little half-sob, half-laugh. What would her brother say? Oh, she must get home soon. She urged the horse forward. Suddenly she straightened up.

"There's never any great loss without some small gain," she thought. "If I hadn't come and seen Buffalo Bill who knows but I'd gone on making a fool of myself!"

After this she felt better. If only things could be made all right at home; the dear, old home. She could see the rosebuds unfolding after the rain; the bed of growing things under the kitchen window; the young garden which she had tended with such care.

She began to feel hungry, and then she remembered that she had had nothing to eat since four o'clock that morning. And she had forgotten to feed the horse. She decided to stop at the country store just ahead and give him something to eat while she went in for a drink of water and perhaps buy some crackers.

"I came in to see if I could get a drink here," she said to the clerk, "and—" The sentence was not finished. The man interrupted her, looking stonily at her bedraggled dress and travel-stained features.

"We do not sell drinks here, madam," he said.

Mehitable nearly sank to the floor with mortification. She thought of two poor creatures she had seen that day in the city entering a saloon.

"He thinks I am like those women!" she said to herself, rushing from the store. "Oh, if she could only get home where people knew her and cared something about her. She thought of her kindly neighbors and their esteem and of the standing which her brother had in the community.

She untied the horse and started off again. At a fork in the road a little farther on she stopped perplexed. Which way should she go? She could not remember. Finally she let the horse choose.

She traveled on and on, but still no familiar landmarks appeared. She grew frightened. Where was she going? A farmer drove around a bend in the road. She appealed to him in her dilemma.

"You're going out of your way every minute," he replied. "Go back till you come to that little ivy-covered church—you mind you passed it when you came along, but anyhow you can't miss it—and then turn on the next left hand road. That will bring you out where you want to go."

Mehitable retraced her way through the lengthening shadows but no church appeared in view as the miles went by. "Is there any ivy-covered church around here?" she finally asked a little boy whom she met.

"There ain't none now,' he replied, "but there used to be one about a quarter of a mile up," jerking his thumb indefinitely, "but it was burned down long ago."

Mehitable began to feel not unlike Rip Van Winkle. Was she crazy, she asked herself, or had everyone else gone crazy? Evidently the only thing to do was to go back to the fork in the road and start again.

She urged the old horse forward at the top of his speed, and at last entered upon the road that she should have taken two hours before. Soon things began to look familiar. Before long she reached the stable, and leaving the horse and buggy, sped homeward across the field.

Would Cy be home she asked herself. What would he say? How could she make him understand how she regretted that day's work.

She had reached the gate. The June roses leaned over the fence as if to welcome her with their glad fragrance. She passed swiftly up the path, into the house.

Cleanliness and thrift smiled on her from every side. The stove, newly blackened that morning, glistened in the sunlight. The spotless floor lay barred in links of golden light. The bird looking down from his rustic cage burst into joyous melody. Her heart thrilled.

But what was this? Before her, unconscious of her entrance, was her brother, his head bowed upon his hands. By the side of the table lay the note that she had begun that morning, "I am going away." As she glanced at it mechanically, a light broke in upon her.

"Brother Cy," she said softly. The man started to his feet. He looked at her bewilderedly.

"I have come back, Cy," she said, "and I don't believe I will ever want to go away again."

She felt her hands grasped. There was a look in her brother's rugged face that she had never seen there before. "You ken go after this just whenever you're a-mind to," he exclaimed brokenly. "The farm work ken wait. The horse'll be ready whenever you say!"

CANADA'S NATIONALITIES.

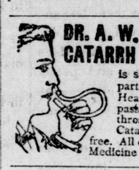
BULLETIN GIVING POPULATION BY ORIGINS.

French at Head of List, Next in Turn Come English, Irish, and Scotch.

The census of Canada by origins and nationalities, is presented in a new bulletin grouped by provinces and territories. Among the whites the racial or tribal origin is traced through the father, and among Indians through the mother. A person whose father is English and whose mother is Scotch, Irish or French, is therefore classed as English in origin; but a person of mixed white and red blood, commonly known as a "breed," is classed as Indian, with a sub-description of his white origin to denote the breed.

Nationality applies by right of established usage to the citizens of Canada, and in this bulletin the term "Canada" is used as descriptive of every person whose home is in the country, and who has acquired rights of citizenship in it. A person who was born in the United States or France or Germany, or other foreign country, but whose home is in Canada, and who is a naturalized citizen, is classed as a Canadian; so also is every person born in the United Kingdom, or any of its colonies, whose residence in Canada is not merely temporary. Aliens living in the country are classified by nationalities, according to the country of their birth, or to the country to which they profess to owe allegiance.

Referring to the second table it is to be understood as relating to aliens who have taken the oaths of aliens who have taken the oaths of residence and allegiance, and applied for certificates to that effect,


DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanantly cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

but who had not at the date of the census taken every step required to make them naturalized British subjects, and as the naturalization of a man who is the head of a family implies the naturalization of his wife and all children under 21 years of age, not naturalized by birth, the table embraces all such persons.

POPULATION BY ORIGINS.

The population by origins for Ontario and the definitions, are as follows:—

	Ontario.	Dominion
Totals...	2,182,947	5,371,051
Arabian...	33	145
Armenian...	17	34
Austrian...	1,040	1,021
Belgian...	184	2,578
Bohemian...	138	870
British—		
English...	701,532	1,263,575
Irish...	424,847	828,686
Manx...	179	286
Scotch...	399,534	798,986
Welsh...	6,664	13,094
Bulgarian...	nil	9
Chinese...	732	17,299
Dutch...	23,291	33,839
Egyptian...	3	11
Finnic...	1,225	2,502
Flemish...	32	334
French...	158,698	1,649,352
Galician	33	5,682
German...	203,964	309,741
Grecian...	65	291
Hawaiian...	nil	30
Hungarian...	94	1,549
Indian...	19,696	93,319
Indian (English)	527	4,557
Indian (French).	2,506	17,012
Indian (Irish) ...	175	989
Indian (Scotch).	720	6,300
Indian (other) ...	1,074	4,716
Italian...	5,241	10,892
Japanese...	29	4,738
Jewish...	2,122	9,123
Lutnuanian, Russian...	nil	24
Maltese...	27	37
Negro...	8,937	17,427
Persian...	3	15
Polish...	3,200	6,255
Polish, Austrian	nil	3
Polish, German..	nil	27
Portuguese...	47	467
Roumanian...	38	345
Russian...	1,877	23,586
Scandinavian	265	1,929
Danish...	947	3,945
Icelandic...	146	9,292
Norwegian...	621	5,341
Swedish...	1,932	10,597
Slavic...	156	768
Servian...	3	24
Sicilian...	9	9
Spanish	297	902
Swiss...	1,761	3,863
Syrian...	458	1,641
Turkish...	20	40
Unspecified...	8,295	32,629
Various origins.	4	13

NATURALIZATION FIGURES.

The figures of naturalization read:

	Ontario.	Dominion
Totals...	707	4,243
American...	146	623
Arabian...	1	1
Austro-Hungary	40	1,244
Belgian...	nil	27
Chinese...	4	9
Dutch...	nil	12
Danish...	1	150
French...	7	94
German...	107	273
Italian...	261	327
Japanese...	nil	13
Norwegian...	4	89
Portuguese...	nil	1
Roumanian...	7	37
Russian...	44	1,032
Spanish...	nil	1
Swedish...	26	218
Swiss...	14	18
Turkish...	19	25
Unspecified...	26	49

50,000 RECRUITS A YEAR.

FIGURES OF BRODRICK'S NEW ARMY SYSTEM.

Permanent Arrangement to Be Made for Canada to Supply Horses.

Mr. Brodrick, in introducing the army estimates in the House of Commons, mentioned circumstances showing how immense has been the task of providing for the campaign in South Africa. But the most important feature is the increased pay of the soldier. The recruit joining after the beginning of April will receive 1s a day instead of 9d. as at present. If, after two years' service, he elects to stay for eight years longer, he gets, being an efficient shot, 6d. a day more, or, if an inefficient shot, he gets 4d. while he is improving, says the London Daily Telegraph.

During the last six years recruiting had gone up from 26,000 to 45,000 per annum, but that had been attained by a lowering of the standard, which had the effect of increasing the waste from 3,480 in 1899 to 8,822 in 1901. Mr. Brodrick believes we have reached the limit of real recruiting, and we cannot look forward to any reduction in our army.

To keep the army at its present level 50,000 recruits would be required annually under the new system, and then they would be able to keep a reserve of 150,000 or 170,000 men. The cost of this proposal would be £1,048,000 to Great Britain and £786,000 to India, per annum.

In the concentration camps there is a population of 150,000 human beings, whom we house, shelter, clothe and feed.

Our scheme at an early stage of the war provided for sending out 70,000 men, and suddenly we found we had to despatch four times that number.

150,000 HORSES A YEAR.

Before the war we provided for 2,500 remounts annually. Since the outbreak we are sending out 150,000 horses a year. In the first six months of 1900 we landed 80,000 horses in South Africa.

There was no justification for Lord Rosebery's comparison of the Crimean War—in which 50,000 of the best troops were allowed to dwindle to 20,000, practically without food, clothes, shelter, or horses—with the present campaign, with its 230,000 men, well provided in every respect.

The Duke of Wellington had never more than 60,000 or 70,000 men, and in the Crimea there were never more than 52,000 men, whereas from the time the first great body of reinforcements was sent to South Africa under Lord Roberts we had never less than 150,000 regular troops there, exclusive of colonials, militia, Yeomanry, and volunteers, and in less than a year and a half we landed there 290,000 horses, 126,000 mules, purchasing, in addition, 126,000 horses in South Africa. Thus in thirty months we supplied the army in South Africa with 550,000 animals, which is at the rate of 600 a day. The remount department in South Africa is now well manned and well conducted. At present Lord Kitchener has 16,500 horses at the depots ready to be issued, and we are not only meeting existing demands, but preparing for the future.

Under the new scheme of purchase buyers will be placed here and in Ireland more in touch with breeders and less with the dealers, and through the Board of Agriculture prizes are to be given for the best type of army horses.

SUPPLY FROM CANADA.

A permanent arrangement will be made with Canada for the supply of horses.

Now we are feeding 300,000 men, including fighting men and attendants, and 243,000 horses and mules in South Africa.

At home the Army Corps scheme is being pushed forward, barracks and training grounds are being prepared, and the great scheme of decentralization has been begun.

A committee has been appointed to consider whether the Engineers should be relieved of the duty of building barracks, that work to pass to civilians.

Audit departments are to be established at Aldershot, Salisbury, and Dublin.

The Army Board now takes up any question without reference to the Secretary of State, the object being, as Mr. Brodrick tersely put it, "writing as little as possible, and deciding as rapidly as possible."

OFFICIALS IN WAR OFFICE.

On the military side of the War Office military officials are to take the place of civilians, and there are 32 places for officers, for which there have been 182 applications; and 364 for non-commissioned officers, for which 2,000 applications have been received.

Of 21 new regiments of Yeomanry 14 are already formed.

Five garrison regiments, of the ages of the Old Guard of Napoleon, are now in existence, and man for man they are, said Mr. Brodrick, a great deal better in health than the members of the House of Commons.

Volunteer force will be smaller and more efficient, and a reserve will be formed for men over 40.

Five thousand Yeomen will be offered £5 each annually to serve abroad in case of mobilization.

At the coronation, when colonial statesmen will be in London, an effort will be made to see how far the colonies are willing to share the responsibilities of the empire.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Clerical Customer (arousing himself from nap in barber's chair)—"Finished, eh?"

Barber—"Yes, sir, quite some time ago."

Clerical Customer—"Indeed! Then I must have been indulging in a quiet nap."

Barber—"You surely have, sir."

Clerical Customer—"It was certainly very kind of you not to awaken me; the rest has done me good, and I am very thankful to you for what was really a very refreshing sleep."

Barber—"Don't mention it, sir. It's only a fair return. I attended your church last Sunday."

MORE USE THERE.

An English youth who had just finished a very tedious journey in a very slow-going train in South America, said to one of the railway officials: "Does this company allow passengers to give it advice if they do so in a respectful manner?" The official replied in gruff tones that he thought it did. "Well," the youth went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and fasten it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not likely to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling into the car and biting a passenger?"

Papa—"Yes, my son, you will realize some time, when you are old, that your school days have been your happiest ones." Tommy—"Oh papa, why can't I wait until I grow up before I go to school, so that I can appreciate it?"

Rich Blood, Strong Nerves
Are Necessary to Good Health—Both Result From the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
"About one-fifth of all the blood used in the human body is sent direct to the brain, and out of this is created the nerve force, which controls and regulates the action of the various organs.
When the blood gets thin and watery, as it usually does at this time of year, the nerves are first to suffer; they are starved and exhausted. Headache, dizzy spells, indigestion, weak action of the heart, languid, depressing feelings, weakness and functional derangements of the bodily organs are the result.
You can feel Dr. Chase's Nerve Food doing you good day by day, as it strikes at the root of trouble and creates new, rich blood. You can prove that it builds up new tissues and adds flesh if you weigh yourself each week while using it.
Mr. J. McFaul, carpenter, 315 Manning avenue, Toronto, states:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for acute indigestion, nervousness and inability to sleep, and now, after a thorough test, I am pleased to say that my nervous system has been built up, and I rest and sleep well. I can speak very highly of this preparation, knowing it to possess curative properties which I have failed to find in other remedies."
Mrs. M. Colwell, 538 Ossington avenue, Toronto, states:—"I think Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a splendid medicine. I was very much run down in health, had dizzy spells, was quite nervous, and was troubled a great deal from indigestion. The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has greatly improved my health generally. My nerves are steadier, my digestion is good, and I have not been troubled with dizziness of late."
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is for the blood, as well as the nerves. It cures each and every ailment resulting from thin, weak, watery blood. Its cures are permanent, because it restores and revitalizes the wasted and depleted cells. 50 cts. a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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