THE STRANGE STORY OF A CAMEO

Whoso cravenly flies mere discomfort oftentimes runs into danger. John Hardy proved the fast when, in an effort to escape the bustle of preparations for his aunt's (Mrs. Graham's) big party, he took a tempting wood path and came all unawares upon two very pretty girls. One stood, the moral and pattern of impatience; the other, half bent, was eagerly searching through the grass and tangle of the pathway, now parting its greenery with slim white hands, now letting the hands fall at her side, while she stooped lower, peering at some small, bare space.

"I can't come, Betty!" he heard the searcher say, plaintively. "You know the bracelet's my mascot—Aunt Helen said so when she gave it to me—"

"A mighty poor mascot," Betty retorted. "I'd throw it away rather than wear it—rubbish thing. It's ten years since you got it, and we are just the same—poor as church mice—yet bound to live up to the Morris name. Besides nothing but bad luck could hang about that little old ugly cameo."

Hardy drew back embarrassed. Evidently he was hearing things not meant for strangers' ears. He was on the point of running away when a cry of triumph, turning quickly to terror, arrested him. Instantly he darted forward—to see the mascot's owner upright and rigid, staring at a twig where her bracelet hung just above the head of a coiled and hissing snake.

"How ever shall I get it?" the girl demanded, laying her hand appealingly on his arms, while Betty looked on aghast. Hardy smiled down at her, made a stroke or two with his stout cane, flung away the writhing reptile, then picked the bracelet out of its green ambush and held it towards its owner, saying easily, "There Miss Morris. Now I claim a reward. You are to give me the first three waltzes tonight."

"Why! How do you know?" Milicent Morris began, amazed.

Hardy looked at her with twinkling eyes. "You forget there is a speaking likeness of you over Billy Graham's mantel at Yale," he said. "That reminds me—Billy's my cousin—I'm John Hardy at your service—and just now seeking asylum from my natural or unnatural protectors."

"Then come home with us. Ask him Betty—Betty's head of the house," Milly returned promptly. Hardy looked entreaty at Betty, who answered it hospitably enough. Thus five minutes later he found himself walking between the two into an adorable old garden, and on to a big white silent house, the very picture of restfulness.

"Yes, it is nice. I love it all—every stick and stone and blade of grass," Milly said when he exclaimed over the charm of everything.

"That's the trouble," she went on. "I want to live here always, and Billy says when we are married and settled down it will have to be over there. He ought to have Betty, not me. She likes things new and gorgeous and well kept. If I had my fortune I wouldn't change much here—only put sound posts to the gates and plant orchards and—yes, and have a brand-new rose garden that shouldn't put our old flowers out of countenance—"

"Don't talk so, Milly. Mr. Hardy will think you're out of your head. She does get a little that way when you start her on her fortune," Betty said, half severely, half apologetically, the last words, of course, to Hardy. For a minute he did not answer—he was staring intently at the cameo in the recovered bracelet. "Let me look at that, please," he said, holding out his hand for it. "The carving is—peculiar—still I seem to have seen it before."

"No, you haven't," Milly said confidently, but handing over the bauble. "There is just one more like it, and Aunt Helen had that. Her ship went down, with all on board—that's why I haven't got my fortune. It's somewhere, all in gold and jewels, but just where nobody knows or can find out. I'm named for her daughter that died. The bracelets were carved for poor Cousin Milly. She made the design herself. See, it's a star, and a new moon, with flower dropping down. To think of having everything you want and dying at twenty."

"It is rather tragic," Hardy admitted. Then for five minutes he studied the cameo closely, and at last gave it back with a face pale and preoccupied. Rallying gallantly, he talked brightly through half an hour. But once again in the woodpath he sat down for a sturdy wrestle with his soul. He lived over again the day when the sea had cast up treasures at his feet. He was alone—it was seven years back, after a phenomenal storm. He had stood at the very edge of the hungry breakers, watching them rave and roar, when it swept tumbling in—the brass-bound oaken chest, full of gold and bank notes and precious stones, unset, many uncut. There had been no name, no mark anywhere—only at the very bottom of all, wrapped in silk, a bracelet, a slender hoop of gold set with a fanciful cameo. He had half smiled over the pattern of it, even though he knew some heart tragedy lay back of it.

He had not told of his find—search for owners of such treasure-trove seemed so hopeless. He had meant to ask his uncle's advice, and be governed by it. Then that very night came the dispatch—the good uncle was dead, and Hardy his sole heir. Altogether Fate seemed bent on forcing him to keep what he had found. He had kept it, accounting for his change of estate by a true story of inheritance greater than he had had the right to expect.

Now, he knew where the bulk of his fortune belonged.

Almost he persuaded himself to hurry back to the city, take out the accusing graven stone and pound it to powder. Suddenly, somewhere high above his head, a robin sang clear and gay. The sound brought back to him a country church—himself a restless little boy, sitting at his mother's side, and suddenly growing calm as together they got to their feet and repeated in unison with the rest the Lord's Prayer.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." It rang in his ears like the voice of a friend. He had flung himself face down upon mossy turf. Instantly he was up, and racing back toward the Morris house fast as his feet could go. There he burst in upon Milly and Betty, wild-eyed and white faced but joyous indeed, told them everything—making no reserve even over his temptation and how he had been saved from it, and wound up with: "Now my soul is at peace; I can dance and be happy. Let things stand until tomorrow, please! It would be cruel, almost inhuman, to spring a sensation such as this, and eclipse Aunt Harriet's party."

"We would never, never do that," Milly said joyously. "She hates me enough as it is—because Billy likes me. She thinks, as I do, he is quite wasted on me. Indeed, she said to him when he told her we were engaged: "Oh, you idiot! Why didn't you take Betty?"

Billy asked himself that question before the party was over. He got home an hour before the guests assembled. Betty was easily far and away the star of them. All in filmy white, with strands of dull red coral at her throat and twined in her golden hair, she was so ravishing it is small wonder Billy's callow heart wavered. In the third waltz he capitulated—lost his head entirely, and was only saved from making himself a pretty spectacle by Betty's superior poise. Betty was shrewdly observant—she had read Hardy's face like an open book while he waltzed with Milly. So she managed it that the four of them should meet in a shrubby nook outside the dancing tent. There things straightened themselves, with hardly a word spoken. But next day, with the great news of Milly's fortune, the world heard that she had lost a lover and gained a brother in Billy Graham.—Martha M. Williams, in San Francisco Call.

ROBIN'S NEST ON CHAIR SEAT.

A robins nest in a rocking chair on a porch used every day by the family has been a curiosity for several days at the home of Mr. M. Gillett Gill at Roland Park, near the Baltimore Country Club. The nest has been the home of a family of the birds, and in it eggs were hatched out and three little birdlies first saw the light. Yesterday the new members of the usually wild robin tribe took flight for the first time.

The nest was first noticed some weeks ago by Mr. Gill.

It was nicely built between the seat and back of a rustic rocking chair, the center one of several on the porch. Members of Mr. Gill's family and their guests use the porch almost continually, and the robin was interrupted many times, it is thought, when it was looking for a building site. The nest is a beautiful piece of a bird's building work, and the edges were plastered down to the chair with mud.

Mr. Gill determined to let the home of Mr. Robin remain for a time at least. He was warned that cats might disturb the serenity of Mr. and Mrs. Robin's nest, and the rocking chair was lifted on cords until it was out of the way of feline prowlers. A few days ago he watching of the Gill family was rewarded by the appearance of three tiny birds, which, as related, ventured from home yesterday for the first time.

The suspended rocking chair has become an object of wonder for the residents, who are delighted when they learn that suburban life at Roland Park is so quiet and rural that robins build nests on the same sights as human folk.—Baltimore Sun.

PULLING POWER.

Interesting tests were made recently in the Madison Square gardens, New York, to determine the respective pulling power of horse, man and elephants. Two horses, weighing 1,000 pounds each together pelled 3,750 pounds or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing 12,600 pounds, pulled 8,750 pounds or 3,250 pounds less than his weight. Fifty men aggregated about 7,500 in weight, pulled 8,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant. But, like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.

BEECHER CHANGED HIS MIND.

General James McLeer, awhile postmaster of Brooklyn, in 1880, has refused $100 for a letter from Henry Ward Beecher which he never even published until recently says the Peoria (Ill.) Star A note of Mr. Beecher's containing a check for $50 was returned from the Dead Letter Office in Washington, and when he received the usual notice he sent this to the postmaster:

"Oct. 28, 1880.—Colonel McLeer—Dear Sir: Your notice that a letter of mine was dead and subject to my order is before me.

"We must all die! And though the premature decease of my letter should excite a proper sympathy (and I hope it does), yet I am greatly sustained under the affliction.

"What was the date of its death? Of what did it die of? Had it in its last hours proper attention and such consolation as benefits the melancholy occasion? Did it have any effects?

"Will you kindly see to its funeral? I am strongly inclined to cremation.

"May I ask if any other letters of mine are sick? If any depart this life hereafter don't notify me until after the funeral. Affectionately, "Henry Ward Beecher."

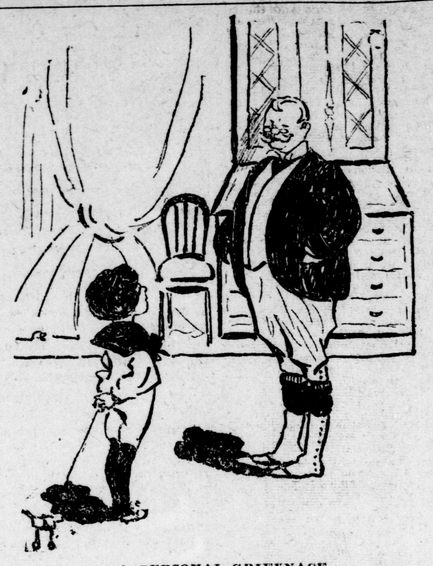
On learnig that the letter confained a check Mr. Beecher called at the office end withdrew the request for its cremation.

A CURE FOR COSTIVENESS.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes, usually disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels, so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

The school teachers at Carterville, Ill., went on a strike because of the discharge of one of their number. This, it is said, is the first strike since the organization of the teachers' union.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The gold dollar of the United States is the monetary standard of Canada, British Honduras and Columbia, and it is anticipated that Mexico will attain the gold standard, with the American dollar as its unit, at an early date.



A PERSONAL GRIEVNACE.

"I say, won't they let you go into into long trousers?"

GREAT ABUSES IN THE CONGO

FORTUNE OF NATIVES—A HEART-RENDING STORY — LONG LIST OF WRONGS.

Alleged Results Are Attributed to Belgian Mismanagement—U. S. Congress May Investigate.

In the next session of Congress a proposition for American interference in the Free Congo State will be agitated.

In the last days of the session which closed in April, Senator Morgan presented to the Senate a memorial of the chairman and members of the conferences of missionary societies, representatives of American organizations conducting missionary and philanthropic work in the independent state of Congo, praying that Congress investigate existing conditions in the Congo State, and take steps to ameliorate and correct the evils from which that state is suffering.

This memorial and accompaning correspondence of missionaries covers 136 pages of printed matter. It is now being widely circulated throughout the country, and there is a determination on the part of men representing missionary interests in favor of bringing such influences to bear on Congress next winter as to insure this matter receiving the attention of the national legislature.

CONGO STATE ORGANIZATION.

"You will recall that the government known as the Independent State of the Congo was unique in its origin," the memorial states. "It came into being by act of an assembly representing all the nations of the western world. In the origional movement looking toward the creation of this government, Leopold, the King of Belgium, bore a leading part, and invited the assemblage of the conference at Berlin in 1855. A company of geographers, travelers and philanthropists, representing a number of European countries, had been called together by him in September, 1876. By this conference an organization known as the International African Association was constituted. A few years later a society was organized for a purpose described by one of its members as that of 'studying what might be made of the Congo River and its basin.' This society, including at first representatives of several European countries of prominence in the commercial and monetary world, soon came almost exclusively under Belgian control. Having the same officers with the original International Association, it soon practically superseded that organization and, though in no true sense international, it remained itself the International Association of the Congo.

"The enterprise of King Leopold found favor because it was supposed to represent two noble ideals—a generous philanthropy and impartial freedom of commerce for all the world. The announcement made by promoters of the enterprise was definite and reiterated. The proposed state was not to exist for exploitation of the resources of the country with a view to gain to accrue to those establishing it; it was to exist for the benefit of the native people. Indeed, at one stage the secretary of the association had written declaring that the movement had in contemplation 'the establishment of a republican confederation of free negroes, the king simply reserving the right to name the president of the confederation.' "

THE ALLEGED ABUSES.

The memorial recites a catalogue of wrongs that are alleged to exist in the Free Congo State, which will be urged on Congress as a reason to interfere in the affairs of that state, as follows:

"The fact to which our information concerning conditions in the Independent State of the Congo makes it our painful duty to ask your attention in that the anticipated realization of these humane, liberal and just ideals has not been reached by the government of the Congo State, but has been and is now directly thwarted by the methods of administration which the government has adopted. Fidelity to the facts known to us compels the statement that the country today, throughout great sections, is suffering from a grievous oppression characterized by well-nigh incredible abuses of the people.

A HEART-RENDING STORY.

"The story of personal sufferings is a heart-rending one. Among the wrongs alleged in the documents accompanying our memorial are forced labor; the forced contributions of foodstuffs and other supplies for the state stations and the stations of monopolist companies licensed by the state and for the 30,000 men of he regular and irregular militia; forced military service under conditions unjust alike to the soldiers and the people; direct imposts dependent upon the arbitrary will of subordinate officials or commanders of detachments of the militia, and the exactions throughout the rubber-producing districts of a heavy toll of this product; all this without respect to the consent or desire and with slight regard to the ability of the people. The requirements become more and more burdensome as the population diminishes and the supplies obtainable in the territories adjoining native villages are exhausted. In many instances the people are required to make contributions to the state of articles which they do not possess and which they must purchase at a cost greatly in excess of the price allowed them for supplying it. Remuneration for the contributions made is slight. The right to remuneration, indeed, has been Belgian parliament that whatever remuneration is given is a gratuity.

"It is—so the testimony presented by us indicates—in connection with the enforcement of these demands made by the state upon the people that the cruelties by which the land is scourged have developed. The native is driven to his task by a remorseless physical compulsion. For evasion of the task, or for failure to perform it to the full on account of whatever inability, punishments of most shocking character are appointed. They include the seizure of women, who, chained neck to neck, are forced away from their homes and held as socalled hostages; the burning of villages; the indiscriminate slaughter of the people, pursued and hunted in the forests to which they flee; the multilation of the living and the dead.

A DREADFUL CATALOGUE.

"Horror is added to horror in the dreadful catalogue of reported wrongs. It would be difficult to name a form of atrocity belonging to any history of shameless conquest or of primitive savagery which fails to find a place in this record. The impressing of recruits for the army and for the forces of laborers is accomplished by use of the methods made familiar by the slave raids which it was thought to be the high mission of the government of this state to abolish. Slavery practically is restored throughout the state by the exaction of long terms of service for those professedly free from bondage, and in certain sections the slave market is wide open under government protection. Gruesome stories are told of the custom of leaders of scattered bands of the militia of bringing in the hands of the dead as proof that the retribution required from them has been inflicted, and of orgies of cannibals systematically permitted to prey upon the bodies of their victims as reward for their work of slaughter."—Washington Star.

TO KNOW IS TO PREVENT.—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

Kerosene or gasoline blazes can readily be extinguished by the milk which is convenient in almost every kitchen. While water only quickens the flame of petroleum or gasoline, saye Le Journal du Petrol, milk immediately extinguishes it, and prevents all danger.

WERE CAN I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy, and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

Mrs. M. J. Warden, of Colorado, killed recently a wildcat weighing 100 pounds. The beast had attacked her brother, and she dispatched it with two shots from a revolver.

GAMBLER'S FATE; CAN'T STAY RICH

THE GAMING SPIRIT DISSOLVES THE LARGEST ROLL OF BANK BILLS.

Experience of a Man Once Known an "The King of the Gamblers" —Pat Sheedy's Statement.

"A rich gambler? For a time, perhaps. But not a rich gambler always. It can't be done."

A man who some years ago retired from business in a western city and who sought the seclusion of a quiet though elegant home in Kenwood thus answered the question, "Does gambling pay?" It had been brought up in connection with Pat Sheedy's recent declaration that gambling is a delusion so far as ultimate benefits go. The Kenwood man was in a position to speak. It is reputed that he made a great fortune, when the west was new by gambling. In one mining camp he was known as the "king of gamblers." From a youth, when he started behind the table as a dealer of faro, to the time when, in middle age, he was known as the proprietor of various resorts throughout Colorado, his name has been associated with games of chance. The immense profits from these resorts has enabled him, it is said, to retire. He sought Chicago because he had narried the daughter of a south side family of some distinction.

But it is a different story this man tells of the "profits" of gambling.

"I don't know of a case where a gambler has retired on his earnings," he said. "Of course, you read a lot about it, and fortunes have been made in gambling enterprises. But the basis of the thing, you will discover, is that the gambler has been shrewd enough to put some of his money, when he has made a stake, in something that is looked upon asligitimate, and that his revenue comes, in the end, from that. My own case, for example: I had the unpleasant notoriety for years of being a winning gambler. It is true in the early days of the west that was—if you may call it so—my profession. It is true that for a time I was fortunate. But, as a matter of fact, gambling was always a side issue. The first free thousand dollars I had went into a mining proposition. Mining investments followed as fast as I was able to take advantage of them. Mining is itself a sort of gamble, however, and I realized that. Little by little, I took up real estate. Of course, my connection with real estate transactions did not appear on the surface. If it had, there would not have been the gambler. You put the wealthy real estate operator beside the wealthy gambler and sensational interest lies with the man of chance. Thus you get a notoriety that is more or less deplorable if you are a person of conscience—and particularly if you want to get away from gambling.

"But this is incidental. I saw the ups and downs of gambling for 20 years and I want to say that it is about the most insecure way of trying to get along that I know of. I suppose the glamor of chance lures most every man. The idea of getting a great amount of money from a small amount is strongly appealing. This is a notion of speculators. The only successful man in this line is the man who knows when to stop speculating. And it is the same with mere gambling—let us say card playing. I can check off a list of 20 men who were, 20 years ago, considered successful gamblers in that part of the west where I was located. These men made their living by gambling. That is, they had no other means of support. Of these 20 men 18 died poor. Two pulled out fairly well to do, but it was not through earnings at games of chance.

"All the men in this list were no desultory gamblers. They looked upon gambling as a means of livelihood, and they did not throw money away when they won—I am not referring to the spectacular gambler of the western novel type. These beautiful beings never last verry long anyhow. They are mere sports. They would come to no good in anything, let alone gambling. They live on the painted side of it. You get a reflection of that in Chicago in some race track type. But you pick a man—sane, not particularly addicted to vice—and give him three years to make a fortune, or even come out ahead, on the racing proposition, and ne will land just where the ordinary gambler lands.

"The best type of this man I recall is Jim Chandler. Here was a fellow who, if he had settled down to some ordinary business would have made a success of it. When I knew him he was dealing his own game in a mining camp. He was married, had two children, and I never saw him take a drink so long as I knew him. Jim Chandler had an idea there was a fortune in gambling if it was conducted systematically. I think his game was honest. At any rate, the capital he put into it, $10,000, was come by honestly. After six months of varying luck Jim was $50,000 to the good. He said it only went to prove that gambling was a business. The whole sum was swept away in two days' play once when he came across a miner with a pile who determined to stick the game out. Jim borrowed some money—his word was always good—and went after it again. I do not know how many times that story was repeated. He would pay back and start over. He would be much to the good and then he would go broke. At the end of five years he gave it up as a bad job. He was in no way ahead. I don't think any of the people that ever broke his game are ahead to this day for that matter."

On this subject Pat Sheedy has declared that gambling ends nowhere. "I have been a gambler all my life," he says, "and I've climbed the ladder, rung by rung, and when I reached the top I found written, 'You have been a fool!'

"Now, what does a gambler get after a whole life of it? Nothing! In the eyes of the public I have been a lawbreaker all my life, and yet I have never been raided, never arrested, and have never taken an oath. What have I got to show for it all? Except for a few pictures I have collected I am a poor man, and my word is my biggest asset. That's the only thing a gambler has that is worth a rap—his word.

"I can see why gambling will catch the young men," he went on. "Ninety per cent of the sports are raised to their calling. Look at the 300 or so young men who pose as sports and who frequent the race tracks, and while they dress like dudes, you'll find that half of them have been restaurant waiters. They were raised to their calling; I was raised to mine.

"The drunkard sees nothing but misery in his cup and can look ahead at the finish—the gambler has the glare and the glitter. He is in a crowd where somebody is winning, and he says to himself:

"'Maybe I will win next time.'

"So he goes on. At first there is excitement for him, but after a while this excitement disappears.

"I have been frequently asked for a system," he went on, "but I have always replied that there is only one successful system. That is the O. P. M. system—other people's money. It's the system used by Morgan and Schwab.

"You will always win if you play with other people's money. You will find, though, that success comes by chance and cheating.

"Gambling life is a deceptive life. I believe in the old Donnybrook saying, 'Whenever you see a head up hit it.' That's the way with gamblers—they are after the successful man. Why, you have never seen gamblers after an unsuccessful man. They know their game too well.

"I have never associated with gamblers. Not that I have ever thought that I was better than they are—not a bit of it; out I could never make any money out of gamblers. Whenever you see a crowd of gamblers flocking by themselves you can put it down that they are all broke.

"There is one thing I can say: Although I have done as many men as have done me, I have never cheated myself.

"I will amend that by saying that a gambler unconsciously cheats himself all his life. He cheats himself out of real life.

"My contention is that gambling is the worst disease in the world. The microbe is the most deadly, and instead of establishing system for consumption cures and for other epidemics, people ought to go in to get a cure for gambling. I wish I knew some pahacea for it. I would give it to all the young men who want to gamble."

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD, admirably adapted to the Wants of Infants."

SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., *Professor of Chemistry, R.C.S.I., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

Neave's Food

For Infants, Invalids, And The Aged.

GOLD MEDAL, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, London, 1900.

DR. BARNARDO says:—

"We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1901.

USED IN THE Russian Imperial Nursery.

Manufacturers:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, England.

Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., Ltd., Toronto and Montreal.

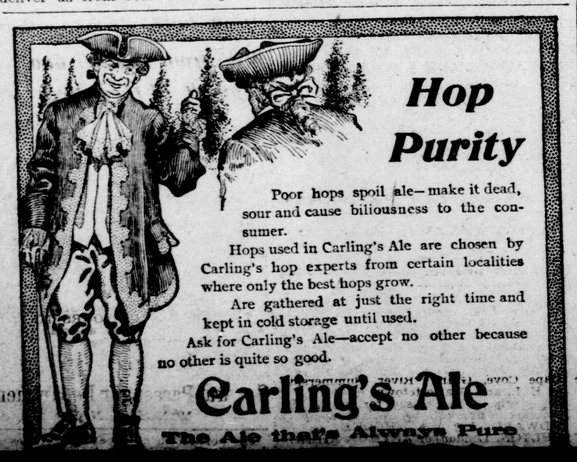
DRESS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

The sort of clothes worn by a person when posing for a photograph has a great deal to do with the success or failure of the photographer in securing a good picture. Take a waist of silk, with a glistening or polished surface. Such a garment cannot be made to look well in a photograph, and will give a peculiar effect to it that nine out of ten women will not like; yet, when the fact is pointed out to them, they may refuse to believe it. Another thing that does not lend itself well to photographic purposes when made up into garments is goods of a positive pattern, such as large plaids, with stripes, and so forth. Dresses of these goods may look well on the wearer, and perhaps in a few cases not detract from the effect in a photograph, but as a general proposition they ought to be tabooed by women when having their pictures taken by any photographic process. Sharp contrasts in pronounced colors ought also to be strictly avoided, and jet or other glistening or glittering jewelry should not be worn, for the light is reflected from them in such away as to spoil almost completely the picture.

Stiff materials in dresses are also apt to act as a contributing cause to an unsatisfactory photograph. Goods that will fall into soft and graceful folds is the best for a dress to be photographed in, for the artistic possibilities in its arrangement are well-nigh limitless. Sharp, harsh lines at the neck and wrist are bad as well. Did you ever notice that when a woman wears some soft chiffon or something of that sort about her neck, the photograph is always more pleasing than when she wears a stiff collar or stock? All of these things help to give a photograph that quality which causes a woman to say it isn't satisfactory, even though the features may be excellent. Skilled photographers know these things, and try to have their customers avoid them, but oftentimes persuasion is useless, and then come the "kick" when proofs are shown that "there is something about it I don't like."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The man in Thomaston, Me., who sent the Treasury Department a half cent of 1826 a week or so ago has had his coin returned to him "with many thanks" by the Secretary. The letter accompanying the piece of money informs him that the department has several such coins in its collections, and, therefore, has no use for it. The sender of the half cent forwarded it to the department under the belief that the United States had none of them.

Some men court, then marry, then go to court again.



Hop Purity

Poor hops spoil ale—make it dead, sour and cause biliousness to the consumer.

Hops used in Carling's Ale are chosen by Carling's hop experts from certain localities where only the best hops grow.

Are gathered at just the right time and kept in cold storage until used.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

NERVES GAVE OUT.

For Months Mrs. Myles Lay a Helpless Sufferer From Nervous Prostration—Her Stomach Failed Her and She Could Not Sleep and Gradually Grew Weaker and Weaker.

Mrs. John Myles, Sr., of South Woodslee, Essex Co., Ont., is well known throughout the surrounding country because of her work among the sick and suffering, and it was on account of over-exertion in this regard that her health broke down and she lay weak and helpless, a victim of nervous prostration. Doctors could not help her and she resolved to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As a result she has been thoroughly restored and by recommending this treatment to others has been the means of bringing back health and happiness to many a weakened and discouraged sufferer from diseases of the nerves.

MRS. JOHN MYLES SR.

MRS. MYLES writes:—"When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was confined to my bed with what the doctors said was nervous prostration. My stomach was very weak and I could not sleep at all for any length of time. Nervous chills and trembling would come over me at times and I seemed to be getting weaker and weaker all the time. There were also pains on top of the head which caused me much suffering and anxiety.

After using half a dozen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I began to gain in weight and to feel stronger. Since then I have been gradually restored to health, and in looking back can say that the improvement has been something wonderful. I used in all forty boxes of this preparation and feel it a duty as well as a privilege to recommend it to all who are suffering from nervous disorders. Several persons to whom I have described my case have used it and been cured, and I am sure that I owe my present good health, if not life itself, to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

There is no guesswork about the action of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is composed of the most potent reconstructive agents known to science, and by its direct and natural influence on the blood and nerves is certain to prove beneficial to the person using it. In nearly every community in Canada there are cases similar to that of Mrs. Myles, in which pale, weak, suffering women have been restored to health and vigor by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. If your blood is thin, if your nerves are weak, if the organs of your body are imperfectly performing their functions, you can be certain that the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will benefit you. You can prove this by noting your increase in weight while using it.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.