LETTERS FROM A RUSSIAN SOLDIER TO HIS WIFE.

Rabbi Rabinowitz Tells How the Officers Enriched Themselves at the Expense of the Men in The Ranks---How Snap Was Made Known

(Written for the Sun by Dr Rabinowitz.)

Novagarod, Tuesday, December 2nd.

Dearest Anna:—Yesterday evening we arrived at Novagarod where our company of new recruits is to be stationed for the present. We were at once taken to a large barn-like building and were told to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. We tried hard to comply with these, our first, orders, but did not succeed very well, as there is no other furniture in the place than a number of bare board cots fixed to the walls, and no bedding at all other than the clothes we have on ourselves. Nevertheless we did not allow the blues to take hold of us, but on the contrary many of us were in such good spirits that the building soon echoed and re-echoed with strains of hearty song. Our supper consisted of a reddish kind of rye bread, which was dealt out to us in half loaves, and a greyish mess of pulp which was neither porridge nor pudding. Maxim Serchoff christened our supper at once "red brick and mortar." Before bedtime a red-nosed officer entered and recited with us a prayer for the life of the tsar. No word was said for our own lives, and Maxim whispered in my ear that this is as it ought to be, since the poor tsar needs our prayers most. . . .

Novagarod, December 15th.

Dearest Anna:—Today we have been taken out for the first time to the drilling grounds. As all new recruits are supposed to be fitted out with their first uniforms at their own expense, the great majority of our company are still wearing the clothes which they had on when they left home, and a speckled and spotted herd of animals they appeared indeed. There were some Lithuanians with sheep-shin coats and huge red shawls on their necks; there were Poles in tight fitting little jackets, which made them look for all the world like those German acrobats that visited our town last fall; there were some Russians whose fingers seemed to be all thumbs, and who resembled closely the figures on the tablets dug from Assyrian ruins; there were also some Jews who kept on mumbling the psalms of David between orders, and some diminutive Finns, who looked like tin soldiers on the shelves of a toy shop. Maxim Serchoff laughed so much that he could hardly keep himself in line. But the climax was yet to come when the drilling part was begun. Every ten of us were given in charge of a "Dyadky" (father), whose distinction consisted in the fact that he entered the army a couple of years previous to the new recruits. We were told to honor and obey this new father with the same reverence that is due to the genuine kind, and if silence means consent it seems that our company readily assented. Next came the distribution of rifles, which was well worth witnessing. When a rifle was handed to a Lithuonian he took hold of it by the muzzle with butt resting on the ground in front of him in the fashion of a plow; the Jews touched it first with their little fingers to see if it would not explode; the white Russians held it aloft, butt forward, as if preparing to cleave wood; while the Poles held it close to their breasts as a mother does her baby. I will not weary you with a description of our drill exercises on that day, suffice it to say that there were only twenty-five casualties in our company that day, mostly eyes gouged out by the next man's muskets, and ankles sprained by falling over one another; but the Dyadkies said that we did remarkably well (I suppose that we came back alive).

Novagarod, January 5th.

Dearest Anna:—Today we donned our new uniforms for the first time and we felt in them more like a polar expedition party than soldiers of the tsar. In pictures and illustrations I was always used to admire the military outfits of the Russian infantry as superior to those of any other nation, by the full, ankle-length of the great-coats, high-peaked tam-o'-shanters, and large sized arms, but when I was harnessed in one of these myself I felt like little David when Saul put upon him his own coat of mail and helmet of brass. Some Russian historians make a boast that Russian soldiers have never turned their backs on the enemy, well, with this monster uniform on I am inclined to believe that there is a great deal of truth in their assertion. I found it hard myself to stir, not to speak of turning my back and running. We were told by the Dyadky that the great-coats must be worn summer and winter, but that on very hot days we are privileged to omit the under-shirt from our dressing equipment. Didn't Maxim Serchoff laugh? "Why," said he poking me in the ribs, "this is like starting out peeling an apple from the core."

Novagarod, June 13th.

Dearest Anna:—Yesterday I was appointed one of the "Kashovars" (the porridge cooking squad) with the result that my appetite for "kasha" (a kind of thick porridge which constitutes the chief menu in Russian military camps) has vanished, I am afraid, for all time. I tell you the sight was enough to turn the stomach of an elephant. First of all, a monster copper cauldron was suspended from an iron bar, which was supported by two heavy posts driven into the open ground of the court-yard adjoining our barracks. Next several hogsheads of water and as many sacks of coarse meal, which had a striking resemblance to common bran, were turned into the cauldron. When these preliminaries were completed, about two dozen bare arms set to work mixing the flour and water together. This was not all yet. Before the decoction was ready a heavy rain began to fall and in order to save the paste from becoming too thin several of the kasha-cooking company threw their great-coats over the cauldron. This was enough for my dinner that day. But you need not worry for me, my dearest. I found out lately that a few kopecks put in the hand of the Dyadky will do wonders in the culinary line and thanks to this discovery I have the pick of the military larders. Today I dined on the very same good things that were served to the colonel of our regiment, and I came to the conclusion that not all military rations are made up of "red brick and mortar."

Novagarod, July 22nd.

Dearest Anna:—I have just finished a two hours' salute to our colonel, and my right hand is almost palsied from being held to my cap for that length of time. "How has this happened?" Why, very simple. I was walking along Petrovsky street, when I noticed the colonel advancing on the other sidewalk from an opposite direction. I immediately wheeled round, presented arms and saluted, awaiting him to motion me away by word or nod in accordance with our military code. But alas! he passed on without as much as noticing me. Whether this was done by malice or oversight I cannot tell, but one thing I knew, and that was that I must not budge until he, or some other officer of equal rank, shall happen to pass by and absolve me from this undeserved penance. I gained this bitter experience by the mishap of one of our comrades, who was given a twenty-four hours' vacation in the dark room for just such a slip as I was now anxious to avoid. Well, there I stood for two hours glued to the spot like the bronze statue of Yermak on our market place until a drunken colonel of dragoons happened to shuffle by and I had to kick him before he motioned me away. Whew! it was a terrible ordeal, worse than the March manoeuvres when the new commander made us wade in our long uniforms almost to the neck in the ice-cold water of a creek. He said it was to test our discipline, and when he was told afterward that some of us had developed pneumonia, he said coolly that it is better that some should die of pneumonia at home than that they should refuse to wade a river at a critical moment and die of an enemy's bullets on the battle-field. This is what I call a disciplinarian! You ought to see him. He holds himself so stiff that Maxim Serchoff says he is sure there is an iron spike running from the nape of his neck through his spine way down to his boots.

Novagarod, August 1st.

Dearest Anna:—You may congratulate me, I have meen elevated to the dignity of instructor for one of the classes in our military school (instituted for the education of the rank and file.) However, if I am not mistaken my usefulness in this capacity will be short lived. Today I was about to take charge of my class, and so I went up to the superintendent's office to ask for some text-books and writing material, but when that personage listened to my errand, he burst out in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Text-books indeed!" he said, after he recovered his self-possession, "Do you intend to start out teaching the Lithuanian farmers how to spell 'cat?' Ha, ha, ha. Well, John, you ought to know better than that. All we want them to learn is to be able to recite the list of the royal family, and to address the officers of the various grades by their proper titles." "I beg your pardon, your honor," said I, with some vehemence, "If this is all the education you wish to give them you will permit me to resign my office of instructor before I commence to discharge its duties." "Resign your office?" he shouted, opening his eyes wide with astonishment, "Where did you learn that phrase? Was it at some nihilistic meeting? There are no 'offices' and no 'resignations' here! There is only duty and obedience in this place. You have been appointed to teach class F. and teach you shall until you are relieved." I said nothing more to him, but I sent in my resignation in writing to our colonel. Whether he shall give the same answer as the superintendent or not, I am fully determined to have nothing to do with this school-teaching mummery.

Novagarod, September 12.

Dearest Anna:—For the first time during my military service I am in real trouble, and I want your sympathy. Not on account of the teaching business which I referred to in my last letter; this has ended in a complete victory for myself, i. e., I have been relieved from my undesirable office without much ado. But there is another trouble much more serious than this. Last week our regiment was reviewed by the general of division. A couple of days before his coming our colonel paid us a visit at the barracks in the company of two "denchiks" (Every officer from the highest to the lowest has a right to employ one or more soldiers, according to rank, as valets or personal attendants:. These are called "Denchiks." Owing to the double superiority of the employer as both master and officer, the position of a "denchik" is really that of a slave of the most dependent type. Each of these denchiks was bending under the burden of two heavily loaded baskets which proved to be well stocked with tempting rolls of white bread. (White bread is considered quite a delicacy among the provincial people of Russia, rye-bread forming the staple food because of its comparative cheapness), a number of bottles of vodka and dozens of raw-herring (a Russian national dish). "John!" said Maxim pulling my sleeve, "there is a storm ahead, or our colonel would not be taking all this trouble to send his bread upon the water." Well, Maxim was right this time. After the rolls had been passed round to all hands, and the spirits of the boys rose, in proportion as the spirits of the bottles fell, the colonel announced to us with a bland smile that the general of division was about to hold a review of our regiment in a few days. This bit of information looked to us quite colorless and we began to wonder why the colonel was making such a fuss about it. But we did not have long to wonder. After a little artificial coughing, the colonel delivered himself of the following little piece of advice: "Boys! what I want to say to you is this. I suppose you have heard before that these officers of high rank are generally quite eccentric fellows. They will sometimes stop in the middle of a maneuvre and ask the regiment some altogether irrelevant question, such, for instance, as whether you are satisfied with the food; how many times a week you are served with meat and white bread, etc. Now, I am not afraid of the truth, as I am carrying out the orders of my superiors to the letter, but it is always best to humor these fellows, and give them a bit of colored information. Thus, for instance, it will be no harm if you tell him that meat is served to you every day of the week, and white bread every Sunday. It will only make matters a little smoother both for you and me. I hope you understand me, boys!" "We do, we do! We understand you perfectly!" was the answer from all sides and the colonel left us with an easy mind. At last the great day dawned; after a breakfast of real white bread and a mud-colored brew which was supposed to be coffee, we were all marched out to the drilling grounds, and drawn up in long files, with orders not to stir until the arrival of the general. Many times did we have to shift the weight of our bodies from one leg to the other before the long expected general made his appearance, but at last he hove in sight, mounted on a white charger, and repaid our long wait with a hearty greeting. He was an old man with a kindly expression on his countenance and I took a special liking to him at first sight. "Izdrava rebyata!" (I wish you health, children) he called out in a high pitched tone. Instantly all hands went up to the caps and like a peal of thunder broke forth from a thousand throats the words "Izdrayva zhelayem vassy vissoko preschoditelstvo!" (health we wish your exalted highness). After we went through the customary manoeuvres in a creditable manner the general made a short speech in which he commended our neatness and efficiency, and then, contrary to all precedent, he dismounted and began a personal inquiry as to the treatment we were receiving in the barracks. Unfortunately I was the first man he addressed, and when I looked into his mild eyes and honest face, I found it impossible to lie. "What do you get for breakfast?" was his first question. "Bread and sauerkraut, your highness," I answered. "And for dinner?" "Bread and kasha, your highness." "And for supper?" "Bread and kasha, your highness." At this the general's face was over-spread as with a cloud, the colonel was sent for at once, he looked as white as a sheet, but he denied my report unflinchingly, looking me straight in the eye like a born liar. "If it please your highness," he said to the general, "I shall put the question to the entire regiment and let them deny or confirm his charges." The genral consented and the next moment the colonel called out in a nervous voice: "Boys! Is it not true that you are served meat for every dinner and white bread every Sunday?" There was a momentary silence at his audacity, and my heart beat violently. But my hope soon gave place to despair, as the entire regiment called out like one mat, "It is true, your highness!" Well the upshot of all this is that I am branded as a liar in the eyes of the general, and my headquarters for the present is the military guard-house. If this letter will reach you, it will be thanks to the good offices of my guard, who has his own opinions about our colonel.

Novagarod, October 1st.

Dearest Anna:—You complain that you did not hear from me for a long time. Well, I wrote you a long letter about a fortnight ago, but fortunately you have not received it. I say "fortunately" because if you had received it I would still be in the military guard-house, where I was quartered at the time I wrote that letter. I am sure this will be a puzzle to you, because you are not acquainted with the contents of that missing letter, but I am too busy just now to make a repetition of it. Suffice it to say here that I brought some charges before the general of division regarding the coarseness of the food which is dealt out to us by our colonel in the barracks. My charges were denied to my face by the entire regiment, for the sake of currying favor with the colonel, and I was arrested at once on the grave charge of making false accusations against a superior officer. When I found myself in prison for no other crime than telling the truth, my heart was full to overflowing, and I tried to find relief in unburdening my trouble to you. I wrote you a long letter, and sent it through the guard whom I knew to sympathize with me. Well, that letter has never reached you, but fell into the hands of the general of the division instead. I found out afterward that it was the work of the faithful guard, who guessed at the contents of that letter, and conjectured rightly that it would open his eyes to see the truth of the affair, and thus would be a means of saving me. Thanks to this shrewd move of his, I am today a free man. After reading my letter, the general sent a special aide-de-camp to make a strict investigation of the affair, and the truth was easily brought to light. It was found that our colonel together with a number of minor officers were in league with the commissary of the regiment for the purpose of fattening their bank-books by constant peculations from our daily allowances. Well, the entire gang of them are now behind the bars, having time and leisure enough to reflect upon their unblemished past and the ingratitude of the world. At the same time the general is racking his brain over the question how to prevent such abuses in the future. And a hard task he will find it; for if he gives his subordinates cash for the commissariat they will steal it, and if he gives them ready-bought provision they will sell it. I think Maxim Serchoff put it well when he said that "It is hard to keep a cat chasing her tail when the cream-bowl is in front of her."

26 KILLED BY EXPLOSION.

CARDIFF, Wales, March 11.—Twenty-six lives were lost as a result of the explosion which occurred yesterday in the Cambrian colliery at Clydachvale in the Phondda valley.

MUKDEN CAPTURED BY JAPS.

Thousands of Prisoners With Guns and Stores Taken---Kuropatkin Surrounded---Russians Hopeless and Grief-stricken---Bloody Battle Around Fushun.

Tokio, March. 10.—The Japanese troops occupied Mukden at 10 o'clock this (Friday) morning.

Yinkow, March 10.—Mukden fell at 10 o'clock this (Friday) morning. The Russians are panic stricken. Thousands of prisoners and enormous quantities of stores and guns have been captured.

ST. PETERSBURG, Mar. 10.—2.10 p. m.—The extent of the disaster to Gen. Kuropatkin's army is as yet unknown here, but the most sinister reports receive credence, and the public believes that Field Marshal Oyama has succeeded in closing the iron ring around at least a large portion of the army. Communication with Mukden is apparently cut, as no word has arrived, dated later than yesterday at five in the afternoon, when the situation of General Bilderling, who commands the rear guard, and the thousands who were fighting off the Japanese assault almost at the walls of the city west and north of Mukden, was desperate. Even from the east General Kuroki pushed through until Fu Pass, less than eight miles east where the Hun bends sharpely to the northward, was under the Japanese guns. The opening in the net was then only twelve miles wide, and nothing but a miracle, in the opinion of many experts, could then have saved the situation. To make matters worse, General Nogi's left was west of the railroad, and Gen. Kawamura's army on the east, were reported, by forced marching, to be ready to throw themselves across the Russian line of retreat.

All accounts argree that the battle yesterday must have been fought under dreadful conditions. A dust storm of hurricane violence was blowing, concealing friend and foe, while through the opaque yellow veil, the streams of wounded and camp followers plodded northward.

The war office this morning had little consolation to offer to the pitiful inquiries for news. The newspapers are filled with long lists of those killed in the earlier days of the fighting and the churches are crowded with wives, mothers and sisters, praying that their loved ones be spared. At last all classes seem to have joined in the common grief. All hope of Kuropatkin waiting for an opportune moment to strike and convert defeat into victory has gone.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 10—The only consolation that they find is that the Russian troops have been conquered by a wonderful foe, declaring there is something uncanny about the desperate expedient which the Japanese successfully employed at Diushantun, when during the storm the Japanese lines actually faced about apparently firing into their own reserves, deceiving the Russians and backing into the Russian wire entanglements before the ruse was discovered. History, military men say, does not parallel such desperate fanatical valor. The papers at the same time are filled with recrimination. Russian diplomacy is blamed for not including in the theatre of operations the territory west to the Sinmintin road, which Field Marshal Oyama used to accomplish his bold turning movement, and criticism is heaped upon Kuropatkin.

JAPS IN HOT PURSUIT.

TOKIO March 10, 11 a. m.—The following telegram has been received from the Manchurian headquarters in the field:

"In the direction of Singching for some days our force has been attacking the enemy, who is making an obstinate resistance in strong positions. Finally, in the neighborhood of Tieta, our force at three o'clock Thursday morning completely dislodged the enemy, whom they are now pursuing.

"Our force in the vicinity of Machuntan continues in hot pursuit of the enemy toward Fushun.

"In the direction of the Shakhe and east and south of Mukden, we entirely pressed the enemy to the basin of the Hun River.

"We stopped on the left bank, attacking the enemy's strong fortifications west and north of Mukden.

"Our attack against the enemy, who is obstinately resisting, is being pushed vigorously.

"A heavy dust storm obscured the sun Thursday and as a consequence the darkness precluded seeing any distance."

MUKDEN, Thursday, Mar. 9.—Midnight, filed at 5 a. m. March 10.—Nature today raised her hand against the frightful slaughter west and northwest of Mukden, the hurricane of wind which has been raging since morning having raised a blinding dust storm upon the broad, flat Liao River valley in which it was impossible at times to see at a distance of two hundred paces. Unable to distinguish objects both armies necessarily ceased to a large extent their artillery and rifle fire and the strange boding quiet reigned along the western and northern fronts. There is strong reason to believe, however, that the Japanese column spent the day in an unintermittent movement northward to occupy positions for a still more vigorous attack on the railroad as soon as the storm clears. The situation is to extremely serious to discuss and owing to this the censorship details cannot be given. But in general the lines held by the Japanese yesterday west and north were as follows: "Beginning at the village of Supetun on the Hun River and running north through the village of Lifuyantun six miles west of the Mukden railroad station to Tatchekiao thence turning northeast along the valley of the Pu River to the village of Tauditung nine miles north northeast of Mukden and six miles west of the railorad and thence continuing generally northward toward the Tie Pass. In places the Japanese bent their lines sharply inward as at the imperial tombs which their shells are reaching and where their turns eastward. One small body of Japanese crossed the railroad to the east of the line.

Behind this screen colums of Japanese with artillery were moving north one after another and the evacuation of Mukden became imperative. All day long military trains were departing northward and the line was closed to civilian and passenger traffic. Both the railroad and the telegraph lines were several times damaged by the Japanese, whose shell raked them. The Red Cross nurses and surgeons, distinguished themselves by working under fire and a regiment of the Imperial Rifles fought with indescribable valor. The double eagle on top of the standard of this regiment was carried away by a shell and it is claimed here, replaced by a St. George cross, which every survivor earned. The commissiat arrangements were better than could be expected in the face of such a battle, the troops receiving hot victuals.

RUSSIANS MAY ESCAPE.

BERLIN, March 10.—Military writers here, discussing General Kuropatkin's situation, admit its extreme seriousness, but do not believe a new Sedan will follow. They argue that the Japanese army is not strong enough in numbers to compel a surrender. Unstinted praise is given Field Marshal Oyama's military achievement in the present battle, but it is believed that the territory over which the fighting has been going on is too enormous to expect that the Japanese seriously plan to surround the Russians.

ROJESTVENSKY QUITTING.

LONDON, March 10.—According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Telegraph a telegram from Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky, not yet published, states that four of his warships are incapacitated for firing, because they are too heavily armed and that the problem of coaling has become so difficult that he feared he would be unable to proceed to the Far East.

No further news has reached London concerning Rojestvensky's squadron, but reports are current at Dover that all the ships of the Baltic fleet have been ordered to return to the English channel, pending further instructions.

TOKIO, Mar. 10.—(Noon)—It is unofficially reported that the Russian strength west of Mukden consits of two corps. The Japanese, who destroyed the railroad, are pressing the Russians northward and the portion of the Japanese centre following the Russians along the Mukden road is now engaged six miles north of the Hun river. The extrme Japanese right is within five miles of Fushun. Nearly all the Russian heavy guns and many field guns have been captured. The Russians seem to be moving eastward toward Fushun, with the object of retiring north.

The above reference to the fighting north of the Hun river conflicts with the official reports, but possibly is later news.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 10.—The Japanese legation today received the following cablegram from Tokio: "Our troops occupied Mukden 10 a. m. Friday. Our enveloping movement since some days proved successful and the bloodiest battle is now proceeding in various places near Mukden."

Bulletin.

TOKIO, Mar. 10.—Fushan was occupied by the Japanese last night. The fighting continues on the heights north of Fushun.

Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 10.— Fushun has been captured by the Japanese forces according to the following cablegram received by the Japanese legation from Tokio under today's date. "Our detachment occupied Fushun on the night of March 9th and now are attacking the enemy who is posted at the angle of the heights north of Fushun.

Bulletin.

NEW CHWANG, Mar. 10.—According to reliable information received here the Russians having been driven out of Mukden and Fushun are retreating in a demoralized condition to the hill country towards the northwest.

Detached bodies of Russians are strongly entrenched with a view to checking the pursuit but no great rear guard action is being fought. It will be impossible for the Russians to keep up any sort of resistance for many days as there are now no means of provisioning in the rough country through which they are retreating. It is believed that the Russians may attempt to reach Kirin, 225 miles northeast of Mukden through the valleys, but a special Japanese corps from the direction of the Yalu river (probably Gen. Kamamura's force) threatens to head them off. Gen. Kuroki is advancing northwest and is forcing the Russians against Gen. Nogi's army.

The casualities on both sides have been enormous. The Russian sixteenth army corps was practically annihilated at Tatchekiao. Eight thousand Russians fell at Leukuanpeo.

MR. SIMMS FILES PETITION

Against Return of Solicitor General Jones—Mrs Lowell's Operation Successful.

FREDERICTON, N. B., March 10.—A petition was filed this morning by Mr. Simms against the return of Solicitor General Jones. Mr. Connell is acting for the petitioner. The ground of protest is that the returning officer exceeded his authority in refusing to accept Mr. Simms' nomination papers.

A despatch today from Boston announces that Mrs. Lowell, who is visiting there, had undergone a successful operation for appendicitis.

A party of eight recruits arrived this morning from Nova Scotia for the R. C. R. The full strength of the company is now 131, the largest in its history.

HOPEWELL HILL, March 10—The upper portion of the Harvey and Salisbury railway, between Hillsboro and Salisbury, was cleared today and the train will get through tomorrow. The like of this season has never been known, and the mails have been carried with great difficulty.

Paralysis Foretold By Bodily Weakness

Not Weakness of the Arms and Legs Merely, But Also Weakness of Such Vital Organs as the Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.

Every movement of every muscle in the body is accomplished by the expenditure of nerve force.

The breathing of air into the lungs, the throb of the heart as it pumps the blood through the body, the churning motion of the stomach, and, in short, the whole working of the human system, is the result of muscular contraction, which is only possible by the influence of nerve force.

Once the nerve force runs low and is consumed by overwork, worry or disease more rapidly than it is being created, there comes weakness and ultimately paralysis of some part or of the whole body.

Paralysis can usually be cured, and it can always be prevented, by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which restores health and strength by actually forming new, rich blood and creating new nerve force.

In women weakness of the nerves frequently takes the form of derangements of the peculiarly feminine organs. In men nervous exhaustion is often manifested by headache, brain fag and indigestion.

Symptoms:

- Brain Fag or Headache
- Irregular Sleep
- Unnecessary Anxiety
- Twitching of the Nerves or Muscles
- Sparks Before the Eyes
- Irritability
- Noises in the Ears
- Sudden Starting from Sleep
- Pains described as Rheumatic, Sciatic, Neuralgic
- Restlessness of Movement
- Numbness of Any Part
- Loss of Memory
- Inability to Concentrate the Mind
- Weakness of Bodily Organs

The time to begin the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when the symptoms mentioned here are first noticed. Then only can you be sure of preventing paralysis.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the most powerful nerve and blood restoratives that are to be found in nature, and, acting as it does according to nature's laws, cannot fail to be of benefit to you.

By this treatment the depleted and shrivelled nerve cells are filled with the vital nerve force which runs the machinery of the body, and strength and vigor take the place of weakness and disease.

Through the medium of the blood and nerves Dr. Chase's Nerve Food reaches every nook and corner of the human body, and strengthens and invigorates every organ of the human system.

You can feel yourself getting strong and healthy when the new nerve force is sent tingling along the delicate nerve fibres by this great food cure, and by noting your increase in weight you can prove that new flesh and tissue are being added.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine prevents pneumonia and consumption by curing coughs and colds.