

## Believes She Was Saved From Stroke of Paralysis

All One Side Was Cold and Powerless When She Began Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

A dead nerve cell can never be replaced. In this way it is different to other cells of the human body. But feeble, wasted nerve cells can be restored, and herein lies hope.

In this fact is also a warning to take note of such symptoms as sleeplessness and loss of energy and ambition, and restore the vitality to the nervous system before some form of helplessness results.

Nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis are the natural results of neglecting to keep the nerves in healthful condition. The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, when you suspect there is something wrong, will soon restore vitality to the nervous system, and thereby prevent serious developments.

Mrs. Merritt Nichols, R. R. No. 3, Dundalk, Ont., writes: "I take pleasure in writing to tell you the great benefit I

have derived from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was so nervous I could not sleep, and found it hard to get my work done at all, but, having no help at the time, had to do the best I could. Finally my left arm became powerless and cold, and this continued to get worse until my whole side was affected, head and all. I decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and the first box helped me so much that I used several, and believe that this treatment saved me from having a paralytic stroke. It has built me up wonderfully, and I can recommend it most heartily, believing that if more Nerve Food were used there would be much less sickness."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures in nature's way by nourishing the feeble wasted nerves back to health and vigor. Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"Astonishing how my

## Strength and Fitness

came back," says Mr. Inman, a Winnipeg business man, cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

"It was astonishing how my strength and fitness came back," says Mr. G. C. Inman, of 330, HARCOURT STREET.

**STURGEON CREEK, WINNIPEG,** for many years a well-known man in the business life of Canada. Mr. Inman continues: "It is about three years now since I first used Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I was terribly run-down and weak. Sometimes I felt I should have to leave off altogether, my work was such an effort to me, I ate little, I had no appetite, and I suffered if I forced myself to eat.

"My nerves of course were in a bad way, and my sleep very disturbed.

fact, pointed to a nervous breakdown. It was then a friend told me about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I got some to try. The first result was that I could sleep at nights, and then my health rapidly improved. It was really astonishing how my strength and fitness came back.

"I may add that some time ago my mother was very ill with pernicious anemia. I urged her to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, but she would not, so I crushed them down and gave them in food without her knowing. She was confined to bed before she had the Tablets, and now is about again well and bright."



Mr. G. C. Inman.

Mr. Inman is now in England, having had to return there some little time ago to take control of the well-known firm of A. W. Inman and Son, Printers and Publishers, Leeds. Letters will reach him there.

## Dr. Cassell's Tablets

### FREE SAMPLE.

On receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing and packing, a generous free sample will be sent at once. Address: Harold F. Pilsbry & Co., Ltd., 10, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C. 4.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and the recognised remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Infantile Weakness	Kidney Trouble	Palpitation
Neurasthenia	Dyspepsia	Vital Exhaustion

Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the Critical Periods of life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Prices: One tube, 50 cents; six tubes for the price of five. War tax, 2 cents per tube extra.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

## Sunday Reading

### Will Ye Also Go Away?

By the Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer

Text: The whole of John vi.

The synagogue was crowded when Jesus began to speak. It was empty when He had finished.

Every effort had been made on the part of His enemies to bring His ministry to an end. He had selected twelve men to be a kind of break-water around Him, and to carry on the tidings of the Gospel after He had gone. He was absolutely certain that His light would be extinguished, and that other tapers lit from His torch would burn and shine when He had passed home to the Father. As He had itinerated from parish to parish, town to town, multitudes had received new impulse to their spiritual life. Indeed, there must have been a movement almost threatening the stability of the Pharisees' influence. The Pharisees felt the people getting away from their hold, and indeed there would have been ultimately such a popular movement as would have threatened the very stability of the Empire of the Caesars.

This had gone on, and people who had looked at the sublime aspects of Christ's work said one to another, "It is Isaiah!" Those who looked upon the more pitiful side of Christ's work said, "It is Jeremiah!" Those who loved to dwell upon Him as being the forerunner and pioneer of the coming kingdom said, "It is Elijah!" But no set of people had yet come to the conclusion that He was the Messiah. It may have been whispered here and there, but no general movement had taken place.

The episode with which we are now dealing was the climax of twelve months' itinerating ministry, twelve months of miracles, twelve months of healing. John the Baptist was stricken down by Herod's sword. His disciples having buried him, came and told Jesus, and Jesus was profoundly affected. He knew this was the premonition of His own end. He told His disciples the news, and said, "We will go across the lake for refreshment, and quiet, and prayer." So the little boat put forth. People got wind of it, and

### Swept Round in a Mighty Mass

so that when the boat arrived, the place was alive with the multitude. Even if Christ sought a little retirement first on the mountain slope, when He looked down and saw the place teeming with people He descended, and spent the hours of that long day healing their sick, talking to them, blessing them with that benign presence out of which the love and pity of God flow.

Evening having come, and being unwilling to send the people away hungry, He wrought, as you know, a miracle. This seemed to be the climax. Coming upon everything which had already happened, the enthusiasm spread like a flame. This must be the Messiah! None but He had done a work like this; not Isaiah, not Jeremiah, not Elijah. This is He—this is the King! Let us crown Him: A Man like this will never see His armies famished! He will lead us to victory against those accursed Roman dogs!

And the apostles liked it. It was just what suited them. They had been waiting for this. Some of them had been talking about the thrones they were going to fill, the offices they would accept.

But Christ saw this would not do. This was presenting again the crown the devil presented to Him two years before when he said, "Bow down before me and I will give you the kingdoms of the world". Again the devil came to Him in the popular acclaim. This could not be. His kingdom was not of this world. His servants could not fight. He was King of Truth. He had come to win men back to God, not to win them for Himself. So first He took His disciples, whom He could control, and forced them—a strong Greek word is used here—constrained them to get into their boat. We see them making their difficult way, in no good temper, in no pleased frame of mind, through the rising storm to the other side. Then with that commanding presence that none could resist and before which even His enemies drew back, He dismissed the crowd, and they, bewildered, astonished, wondering, saw His thin, light form climb up the mountain slope as the stars came out one by one to watch.

It seems to me that Jesus spent much of that night walking to and fro in deep and pensive consideration, just as He spent a

night in prayer before He chose the apostles. This popular tumult would never save the world. It would be hard to stop the popular enthusiasm. Men have said of my Lord that He was a fanatic, a dreamer, a mere enthusiast. I tell you no fanatic or enthusiast could have torn himself from the popular clamour of believing people. There is a

### Calm, Cool Sanity

with which our Lord dealt with the situation, which shows that He was no will o' the wisp, no fanatic, no hare-brained enthusiast swept by passion. Along with the Father He fought the issue to a conclusion. He saw the Father's plan and the Father's will. He knew His course from that moment would be in the dark. It was a great surrender. It was laying down what is so precious to us, the faith and trust and hope of people, trampling on it as a garland of flowers, facing the loneliness and desertion of the Cross.

It was a great decision. He would not be a god of armies. He must be the Saviour of all. Therefore, deliberately taking the crown which loving hands, though mistaken, would have woven round His brow, He put it from Him and again in His career He embraced the Cross.

You know what happened. From this coign of vantage on the mountain He saw in the broken moonlight a boat making its difficult pathway over the waters, and He knew that was just an indication of His own life henceforth. He knew the disciples needed Him, and when morning broke He came to them walking on the waters. Later, in the synagogue, He put down the crown that had been offered. "You want," He said, "a bread king. I am not a king of that nature. I am prepared to die for the world, but not to be its demi-god."

Then the storm rose. First there was a murmuring criticism. The people whispered, then angry, disappointed, they departed. There is nothing so terrible as the disappointment of a mob of enthusiasts. They

### Went Growling Down the Street

Maybe there were still a hundred or two of His disciples left when the crowd had gone, and to these He went on speaking, winning them out with His words, as He spoke still about death. "My flesh I will give for the life of the world"—and the disciples could not bear it. "Flesh?—eat His flesh? Does He mean to die? Let us be off before He dies! We want no association with the shambles, with martyrdom. Let us be gone!" Can't you hear their shuffling feet as they make for the door and go arguing down the street?

Then the twelve are left. "And do you want to go, too?" Peter, of course, must be the spokesman, and he gave a sorry reason for stopping. "The fact is, Master, there is nobody else to go to." Just as though a big family living in a village where there was a very primitive medical man always sent for a doctor from town, but one night had to send for the village quack because they could get nobody else. It was a pity Peter blurted it out just like that. "Lord, to whom shall we go? We may as well stop. Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Now here I was going to open a parenthesis, but probably I need not, because you are thoughtful and careful enough to investigate it for yourselves. I wanted to use this chapter as a revelation of the inner life of Christ. The synoptics speak of Him as a busy itinerant. John draws aside the veil and reveals the Son, the Word of God. The Lord knew He had been sent on an errand, a

### Far-travelling Beam of Deity

clothing itself in mortality for a certain purpose. He knew He had come down. Wordsworth speaks about a child that trails glory as he descends from heaven, the eternal home. This is a literal fact with Christ. He came down as manna when He came down out of heaven—as angels' food for men. The Father sent Him, and He lived by constant reception of the Father. He knew He was to die. He knew he was to rise again.

Oh, always when you read the synoptics, think about this deep chapter revealing the heart of Christ. Remember, after all, you make a profound mistake, young man, if you are always talking about the Man of Nazareth, always talking about Christ as a great teacher. He is more than that. He was the Word of God. He became