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POOR DOCUMENT

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"ISN'T she the luckiest girl that ever happened?" enthused Molly, the little stenographer lady, as she turned away from the window where she had been flattening her nose against the pane to watch the visiting lady depart down the street.

The lady-who-always-knows-somehow looked up quickly from her sewing. "Luckier than Ruth?" she asked.

"Why, how can you ask such a question, big sister?" cried Molly. "You know Ruth's husband isn't half so nice nor half so good to her, and that she has had to work hard and do without things and just think what she used to have at home. And Gretchen—why, Gretchen has the nicest, kindest, best husband that ever was. He simply adores her and denies himself everything to give her what she wants. What do you mean by asking if I think she's as lucky as Ruth. You know you said yourself just the other day that you thought Gretchen's husband positively spoiled her."

"I know I did," said the lady, "and didn't you say you thought so too?"

"Of course I did," acquiesced Molly. "Anybody can see that with half an eye. He waits on her by inches, and he makes such a fuss over every little ache and pain that she has that she's getting to be a perfect hypochondriac. She used to be so sympathetic and interested in other people, and now she isn't interested in much of anything but herself. And she's never half so jolly or happy as she used to be, either."

"I wonder if it's being married that makes people that way?" mused the lady-who-always-knows-somehow. "Has Ruth lost her interest in other people, too?"

"Goodness, no," from Molly. "Why Ruth is as much changed as Gretchen, only the other way round. You know she was the only girl in the family and her father and mother and those four older brothers simply spoiled her. It was realy horrid the way she let them all wait on her. But since she married George I can tel you she waits on herself, and him, too. And she takes care of the baby and does almost all the work in that big house, and she gets along with his mother and sister splendidly, and they say they are tartars. Perhaps if Gretchen had a baby she'd be different. And Ruth seems so much happier than she used to, and so much less egotistical and more interested in other people. It's really quite wonderful the way she has changed."

The lady-who-always-knows-somehow folded up her sewing with a funny little smile on her face.

"Molly," she said, "you tell me that because Ruth doesn't have quite such an easy life as she used to she has developed in character and grown sweeter and more lovable and is much happier. And you say that Gretchen has been spoiled by a too-adoring husband, and has grown egotistical and self centered, and that in spite of all he does for her, she doesn't seem as happy as Ruth. And yet you call Gretchen much luckier. I think Molly—"

"Oh, I see, big sister," interrupted Molly, laughing. "I think it isn't any fun to argue with you when you make a fellow convict himself right out of his own mouth. But, I tell you what, big sister, I'd rather have Gretchen's husband, just the same, and see if I wouldn't know enough to be lucky."

And the lady-who-always-knows-somehow laughed as we do at those we love.

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

Matter of Precedence in States Raised By the Appointment of New Cardinals

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Some confusion appears to exist with regard to the exact position of the now four American Cardinals, on the official table of precedence at Washington, and in the various states of the union. This was brought to light by the attitude of the Governor of Massachusetts at a St. Patrick's Day dinner, at which the president of the United States was present. Cardinals have not heretofore figured on the official tables of precedence, either of the federal government or of the various states; possibly because there has never until last Christmas, been more than one at a time; and, secondly, because it was desired to avoid appearing to officially discriminate in favor of one creed at the expense of another.

Now, however, a different situation has arisen, and as there is little or no official precedent in this country for the precedence of cardinals, it may be as well to mention how the problems in this connection are solved abroad, especially in England, where the state church is Protestant; and in Scotland, where the official church is Presbyterian.

In the first place, it is necessary to call attention to the fact that the point raised about discrimination in favor of one church at the expense of another, cannot be said to apply in the case of cardinals. They are something besides ministers of the gospel and ecclesiastics. Indeed, a cardinal is not necessarily a priest. But he is, from a purely secular point of view, a very great personage, who is regarded and treated everywhere abroad, not as a dignitary of any church, but as a prince of the blood.

Thus, in England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the primate of the state church has precedence over every other dignitary of the realm, enjoying the "pas" of the lord high chancellor, of the premier, of the lord high constable, of the earl marshal, and of all the other non-royal dukes. But he, in his turn, is obliged to make way for the foreign ambassadors, as non-royal representatives of foreign sovereigns, and the ambassadors, in turn, make way for any and every cardinal, the latter having from time immemorial enjoyed the social and official status of a prince of the blood.

As Catholic Archbishop of Westminster The Most Reverend Bourne, had to walk in the rear of the Archbishop of Canterbury. But as cardinal he now comes a long way ahead of him, not in his quality as a great dignitary of the church, but in his quality as a prince of the blood.

The table of precedence in England, dating from the Reformation, is statutory, and the names of cardinals do not figure thereon. But when King Edward inaugurated the present arrangement, which has been followed by Emperor William, the Czar, and every other non-Catholic ruler of Europe, no word was raised in protest, it being recognized that the sovereign has a perfect right to designate the exact status of a foreign prince of the blood at his court, and that when he does this in accordance with the rules of international comity and old established usage, no one is qualified to gainsay him.

Under the circumstances it must be borne in mind that, even though Cardinals Farley, O'Connell and Gibbons are at heart patriotic Americans, and members of an American hierarchy, yet they are, as cardinals, foreign princes of the blood, to whom the United States, as one of the great powers of the world, is under an obligation to concede the same honors as they receive abroad.

Thus, were Cardinal Farley to visit an American man-of-war, he would be entitled to the salutes and to the naval honors reserved for a foreign royal personage, and at any official entertainments in Washington, the cardinal will outrank, not merely every cabinet officer, the speaker of the house, and the vice-president, but also the foreign ambassadors, coming immediately next, indeed, to the chief magistrate himself.

King George has given great satisfaction to his millions of Catholic subjects, both in the old and in the new world as well as in the Antipodes, by repealing the requirement imposed upon them until the end of last year, of describing themselves as "Roman" Catholics, instead of "Catholics," without any mention of the Eternal City. It may be recalled that at the time of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, in 1897, the then secretary of state for the home department, Sir Matthew White Ridley, declined to sanction the presentation of the address of congratulation and good wishes to her by the Catholic hierarchy of Great Britain and Ireland, because its members had described themselves therein as "the Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic Church in England, Scotland and Ireland." Of course the secretary of state would not have ventured to take so extreme a step as the declination and return of the address, which remained unpresented, unless he had received the approval of the aged sovereign.

On the occasion of the accession of Edward VII., the same trouble occurred again, and the then secretary of state for the home department showed himself even still more difficult. He objected (with so much success that the address remained unpresented to the words, "We, the Cardinal, archbishops and bishops of the Catholic and Roman Church in England," explaining in a letter to the late Cardinal Vaughan, that, "the admission of these words would imply our recognition that your church was the one Catholic church in England, whereas it is our contention that this is the correct designation of our church." (that is to say, of the state church.

When King George and Queen Mary went to India in December last, the Catholic hierarchy of King George's eastern empire, unwilling to expose themselves to the rebuffs which their church had had to endure on the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria, and at the accession of Edward VII., conformed to the government requirements, by speaking of themselves in their address to their majesties as "the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops of the Indian Empire."

George V., although a thorough-going Protestant, had disapproved of the attitude of the crown and of the cabinet on the two former occasions referred to. So, taking advantage of his being in India, where he rules, not as a constitutional monarch, but as an absolute emperor and autocrat, wholly independent both of parliament at Westminster and of his ministers, he, in replying to the address of the Catholic prelacy, addressed it to "His Grace, the Catholic Archbishop of Simla," the archbishop being the Metropolitan of the Catholic Church in India; while throughout the most gracious and appreciative reply of the king to the address, he refers everywhere to the "Catholic Church in India," and to "the members of the Catholic Church." Not once is there any mention in his reply of the word "Roman" in conjunction with the word "Catholic," and in view of the attention which the matter has attracted in Great Britain, it is doubtful whether any cabinet minister in London will ever venture again to recommend the use of a designation which the king has clearly and significantly demonstrated, in an official sense too, as being wholly contrary to his views.

Of course the objection to the word "Roman" in conjunction with the "Catholic" by the members of that great body which accords its spiritual allegiance to the Pope, is that it conveys the impression of being a foreign, instead of a national, rather international church. Yet practically in every country of the new world the Roman Catholic church is spiritually administered by clergy and by prelates of its own nationality; while, after all, the use of the word "Catholic" is expressly intended to imply internationalism; and the fact that the Catholic church is not identified with any one nation or city, not even with that of Rome, save that the latter is the meeting place of the College of Cardinals which is the senate of the church, and the residence of its supreme Pontiff.

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The YELLOW LETTER

A Fascinating Mystery Story—

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

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handle the hero, who has been impatiently awaiting a telephone message from Louise Farnlan with whom he is in love, decides to go to her home in Madison Avenue. Just as he reaches the house Doctor Wilcox, the family physician, arrives in haste and Harding learns that Katherine Farrish, sister of Louise, has just attempted to kill herself. General Farish, the father of the girls, is summoned, and is in great distress.

Harding and Louise seek to unravel the mystery and find a piece of a yellow letter, with the words disgrace, accident and diamond, in Katharine's rooms. At sight of it the general is seized with a stroke of paralysis. Harding sets out to find Hugh Crandall, a former suitor for the hand of Katherine.

Harding visits the rooms of Crandall but is told that he has left town. In a paper which Harding picks up he notices an account of the mysterious suicide of an aged lawyer, named Elser, in a boarding-house

Harding calls on Postmaster Inspector Davis and asks him to aid in clearing up the mystery that hangs over the Farrish home. While the two are talking, a torn paper, similiar to the one which caused General Farrish's agitation, is brought into the inspector's office as having come from Elser's room.

Davis thereupon issues an order to all railway mail clerks on New York and New Jersey routes to report from what office they have been receiving letters in yellow envelopes. The two visit Elser's boarding house.

Davis comes to the conclusion that whoever mailed the yellow letter was left-handed. He does not, however, take Harding into his confidence

Katherine Farrish recovers her reason for a moment and shrieks out a plea to Hugh Crandall in the presence of Davis.

In Crandall's room a hypodermic syringe is found. Davis finds an address and decides that the yellow letters come from Ardway, New Jersey.

Harding goes to Ardway and visits the local post-office, which, strange to say, he finds empty. One box, No. 17, alone is not listed among the box owners.

A third suicide, which appears to have some connection with the mystery, takes place in the Ardway hotel, when a middle aged woman, whom nobody knows, hangs herself.

It is learned that the postmaster of Ardway has disappeared. His substitute, Miss Cox, arrives and takes charge of the office.

In the course of going through the premises, five thousand dollars is found concealed. Harding concludes that Hugh Crandall is the guilty person, but the inspector reserves judgment. By means of a garment which the dead woman in the hotel has worn, Davis succeeds in establishing her identity, and it seems probable that she too has received the yellow letter.

Harding gets a peremptory telephone message from Louise to drop the case. He hurries to New York and while waiting in the pack finds in the water the body of a woman suicide. In her hand and in the water are scraps of another yellow letter.

When he finally goes to the Farrish home he is told that Louise can not see him. Just before him he has seen Hugh Crandall admitted to the house. Harding returns for a second attempt and this time is admitted. Louise in great agitation tells him that the yellow letter which she had been saving has been stolen, that Katherine is better and denies that Hugh Crandall was in the house.

Later, he sees Louise pass with Crandall on the car and feels that she has not told him the truth. Harding returns to Ardway resolved to continue the investigation and, with Davis, tracks Aleck Young, whom Davis believes to be guilty, to a deserted cottage. To his astonishment he encounters Louise with Crandall on the way.

Young proves to be a drug fiend, Davis develops his reasons for believing him the author of the yellow letters, and that Rouser was working with him. Rouser is shot in the capture of the cottage.

By denying Young the morphine to do which he has become a slave, they force him to confess that he has been sending out to many persons in positions of trust letters offering to assist them in making good any theft of which they have been guilty, receiving from a number confessions of such guilt and then using these letters for blackmailing purposes.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued).

"Now," the inspector went on, "what does Young say over the telephone to Elser? Something like this—'You're an old thief. I've got the proof. You are stealing somebody's money. Steal some more and give it to me or I'll tell.' Unfortunately, in old Elser's case there was no more money left to steal, so he killed himself. Am I right, Young?"

Again the prisoner nodded, and again he demanded another dose of morphine. His muscles were again getting beyond his control. As Davis fixed the hypodermic, I asked. "But where does the old maid from Connecticut come in? Surely she wasn't a defaulter."

"I suspect it was the brother with whom she made her home," said the inspector.

"Damn her," said Young bitterly, "it was she who queered the whole game. We tackled her brother for five hundred and it came so easily we decided to make another try. The weak-kneed old thief, in his terror of us, told his sister all about it. She insisted on coming down here. She saw Rouser and tried to find the signer of the letter. Rouser denied knowing him. She was a wise old creature and pointed out that as postmaster he must know who got the mail. Her suspicion of Rouser scared him stiff. He wanted to give her the money back, but at first I wouldn't hear to it. She was threatening to commit suicide if we didn't. He was so scared that I finally consented to let him square her. I wanted to use him still further and wasn't ready to have him get cold feet. I gave him the money, and he went to the hotel late in the afternoon to see the old girl. He slipped up to her room and found her hanging there. It gave him such a shock that he dashed back to the post-office, grabbed his bicycle and hustled out here as fast as he could come, where I was waiting to meet Katharine Farrish."

With difficulty I suppressed an exclamation of astonishment. I could not doubt that he was telling the truth, for his story dovetailed so well with what Louise had told me. Yet it seemed impossible to believe, it surely was preposterous to imagine that General Farrish, wealthy and honorable as he was, could have been a thief. I refused to believe it. I decided to demand an explanation from Young of why he had sought a meeting with Katharine.

"It's too bad Rouser was so easily frightened," Davis was saying sarcastically. "He was so scared that he left behind in the cash-drawer five thousand he had just received from Henry Eberle."

"The accused fool!" screamed Young in a frenzy of rage that he had failed to get his hands on this bit of plunder. "The sneak didn't tell me that. All he said was that Dora Hastings, who was a restaurant cashier, had insisted that it was utterly impossible for her to pay up. The dirty, damned sneak!"

In a fit of madness he cursed and cursed again his dead associate, foul oaths rolling in streams from his parched lips. Anxiously I waited for his fury to subside to ask him about Katharine and Hugh Crandall. It seemed a desecration of her womanhood to mention Katharine's name in the presence of such a man, so as he subsided I merely asked: "But what about Hugh Crandall.

"Damn him," he cried "that was another of my mistakes! I knew Crandall in college. When I got the goods on old Farrish I thought I could rely on Crandall to help me to turn the trick. I didn't know he was in love with the daughter. When I told him about it he refused to have anything to do with it and rushed off and squealed to the general. Much thanks he got for it! The haughty old general ordered him out of the house and wouldn't let the daughter have anything more to do with him. I tried then to get him in on the scheme, but it was no go. For weeks he kept trying to worm my secret from me. I fired yellow letter at the general, but he kept defying me, and all the while Crandall kept after me to make me give up the papers. I was afraid I'd weaken. There are times the dope gets me and I hardly know what I'm doing, so I vanished. It struck me that if the general wouldn't come across maybe the daughter would. I put it up to Crandall and we arranged a meeting. I was to put the papers in her hands and she was to pay over the money. I slipped up on the first appointment and I guess you must have spoiled the second."

I still was puzzled. What could be the terrible mystery in proud old General Farrish's life that gave this miscreant such a hold on him? It was beyond my imagination to conjecture, so I put the question bluntly to the prisoner.

"Why ask me?" he snarled. "You've got the whole thing—every paper bearing on it in your pocket there."

Quickly I snatched the envelope from my pocket and was about to rip it open. At last I was to know the secret that had brought such unhappiness into the life of Louise. At last the mystery was to be cleared up. But just as my thumb went rudely under the flap, Davis laid a restraining hand on my arm.

"Wait," he said gently. "Would it not be just as well to deliver the envelope to Katharine just as it is? The fewer people know its contents the less unhappiness there will need to be."

Slowly and thoughtfully I put the envelope back in my pocket.

Davis was right.

I was beginning to think he was always right.

CHAPTER XVII.

The End of the Mystery.

With one of the conspirators lying in the undertaking shop of Millervale and the other safe behind the prison bars in Ardway, the documentary evidence against him in our possession reinforced by his full confession signed and witnessed, Inspector Davis and I that same afternoon hastened back to New York, where, it can be imagined, I lost no time in reaching the Farrish home.

As we waited for the train I had telephoned Louise and she was expecting me. She met me in the lower hall. One glance at my radiant face told her that our mission had been successful and she flung herself into my arms while I rained happy kisses on her lips, her cheeks, her glorious hair. But thoughtful ever of others, even in such a moment of ecstasy, she gently unclasped my arms and whispered: "The papers—did you get them?"

A little cry of joy came from her lips as I handed her the envelop.

"Come," she cried jubilantly, "let's take it to Katharine at once! The sight of it will do more to cure her than all the doctors in the world.

Together we hastened to Katharine's rooms, where we found her sitting up in bed, much stronger than when I had last seen her, though a nurse was still in attendance. Hugh Crandall was seated in a chair beside the bed. The joy I read in the faces of Katharine and Crandall as Louise handed her sister the envelope was reward enough for all I had gone through since I had set out to solve the mystery.

Frantically Katharine tore open the envelope and inspected three documents it contained.

"They are all here," she exclaimed with a sigh of relief as she passed them to Crandall.

"Yes," echoed Crandall happily, "they are all here."

"Burn them, Hugh; burn them at once," she demanded.

Crandall, gathering them up with the envelope in which they had been encased, crossed to the grate where a cheerful fire was burning and one by one fed the documnts to the flames, watching carefully to see that every fragment was destroyed.

That was three months ago. Louise and I are married now and Katharine and Hugh are on their honeymoon, too, taking a six months' European trip. Though we never mention the mystery of the yellow letters in the presence of our wives, for it recalls too many sad memories unnecessarily, my new brother-in-law and I had a good laugh the night before I married Louise. As I at first suspected him of being one of the conspirators, so it seems he had suspected me. It was he who peered into the post-office that night as I was examining the books by the light of my electric lantern. He knew that Young had an associate and was trying to find him. I had to admit that my conduct in Ardway fully justified Crandall's suspicions of me, and he realizes that I was justified in suspecting him.

The mystery of the disappearance of the yellow fragment that had given us the first clew is a mystery no longer. It merely had slipped behind the drawer in which Louise had put it. Aleck Young is serving a well-deserved sentence of fourteen years, as nonchalantly, I presume, as he underwent his trial. So long as prison-keepers can be bribed to keep him supplied with his beloved drug, I doubt if he bothers over his lack of freedom. Sometimes I think his punishment falls far short when I recall all the misery and suffering he caused, yet my new-found happiness has softened my view of life. I find myself wondering whether after all Inspector Davis is not right when he says that criminals, even the worst of them, should be treated as sick children, to be cured, rather than as bad children, to be punished. I can not help but feel that the parents of Young were far more to blame for his crime than he.

As for General Farrish, he died three weeks after Young's arrest. Before the end he regained his faculties sufficiently to understand that the papers that had menaced his peace and reputation had been destroyed. In his last hour he put Katharine's hand into Hugh Crandall's.

What was in the documents that Katharine and Hugh Crandall burned? What was the secret with which Young threatened him for months and months?

I do not know.

Louise does not know.

We never discuss it even among ourselves. It is better so Only Katharine and Hugh Crandall and a poor drug sot in a distant cell know what those papers were. I might conjecture if I cared, but what would be the use? After General Farrish's death it came out that his vast estate had shrunk to almost nothing. Unfortunate investments in his old age had swept away his fortune. He was the custodian of various trust funds. It may be that in a senile effort to recoup his losses he had misused some one else's money and Young, with his devilish ingenuity, had found it out. Certain it is that while the papers commented widely on the small estate he left, in none of them was there the slightest hint of scandal. Equally certain am I that neither his daughters nor his sons-in-law bemoan the lack of an inheritance. Louise and I, I know, have learned that happiness lies not in wealth and luxury, but in loving service each to the other.

And one thing more.

Both Davis and myself have quietly withdrawn our accounts from the Million Bank.

The cashier's name there is Henry Eberle.

THE END.

Stoves Lined with Fire Clay
Linings Put In and Grates Supplied For All Stoves
"Don't let the fire burn thru to the oven"
Make appointment by mail or telephone Main 1535-21.
Fenwick D. Foley

Daily Hints For the Cook

MOCK DUCK.

Take a round of beefsteak, season with salt and pepper; prepare a dressing as for turkey, spread over the steak, roll and stew it up; fasten three or four slices of fat pork on the roll with tooth picks; put in the oven and roast. Baste often.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Peel and slice small potatoes, wash and place a layer of them in a baking dish; season with salt and pepper, and put small bits of butter on the top. Continue these layers until the dish is full. Then pour in enough milk to almost cover the potatoes, put in the oven, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

ONION SOUP.

Eight middling-sized onions, three ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of rice flour, salt and pepper to taste, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, thickening of butter and flour, two quarts of water. Cut the onions small, put them in the stewpan with the butter, and fry them well; mix the rice flour smoothly with the water, add the onions, seasoning and sugar, and simmer till tender. Thicken with butter and flour and serve. It is better to rub the soup through a sieve. Spanish onions make the best soup.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, MARCH 25.

	A.M.		P.M.
High Tide	3.56	Low Tide	10.46
Sun Rises	6.22	Sun sets	6.38

PORT OF ST. JOHN

Arrived Yesterday.

Stmr Victorian, 6,744, Outram, Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thompson & Co.

Sailed Saturday.

Stmr Sardinian, 2,776, McKillop, for London and Havre.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, N S, March 23—Ard stmrs Empress Ireland, from St John for Liverpool; Victorian, from Liverpool, and sailed for St John.

Sld—Stmrs Ivernia, for Boston; Empress of Ireland, for Liverpool; Royal Edward, for Bristol.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, March 21—Steamed stmr Tunisian, for Halifax and St John.

Liverpool, March 24—Ard, stmr Virginian, St John.

Avonmouth, March 24—Sld, stmr Royal George, Halifax.

Liverpool, March 24—Sld, stmr Montcalm, Halifax and St John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Cape Henry, Va, March 21—Passed in stmr Kastalia, from Glasgow for Baltimore.

Gloucester, Mass, March 21—Ard schr Elma, from Perth Amboy for St John.

Mobile, Ala, March 21—Sld schr Lord of Vvon, for Caibarien.

Perth Amboy, N J, March 21—Sld schr James William, for Halifax.

Antwerp, March 20—Steamed stmr Lake Michigan, Parry, for Halifax and St John.

Boston, March 24—Ard schr Princess of Avon, from Port Gilbert (N S.)

New York, March 24—Ard stmr Campania, from Liverpool.

Men's Suits.
in all the latestd e-signs, both make and quality, are arriving daily.
We wish to say if you are thinking of buying YOUR EASTER SUIT don't fail to call on us. The finest goods at the lowest prices.
S. JACOBSON
32 Mill Street.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Sister Francesca of St. Vincent's school staff was the recipient of a gold watch yesterday, presented by Miss Florence O'Regan, on behalf of the St. Vincent's Alumnae Association, it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of Sister Francesca's life in the Sisters of Charity. Nearly all the members of the alumnae association studied under Sister Francesca. She also received a bouquet of twenty-five carnations presented by Mrs. James McMurray. Sister Francesca replied briefly.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Bessie—Let's play we're married.

Johnny—No, I shan't; you're bigger'n me. And, besides, mamma told me I mustn't fight.

HOW NERVE CELLS ARE BROKEN DOWN

Every man or woman who works with the brain uses up daily an enormous amount of nerve force. Millions of tiny nerve cells are broken down and must be replaced if mental and bodily efficiency is to be maintained.

If brain fag, headaches, sleeplessness or irritability set in, the evidence is plain that nature is not rebuilding as fast as work is breaking down. You cannot allow this depleting process to continue long if nervous prostration or paralysis is to be warded off.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you to get the balance on the other side of the account, so that each day will add a little to your stock of health and vitality. A man whose work is largely mechanical may keep going with health below par, but the brain worker must have a clear head or fall behind in the race. Restore the wasted nerve cells with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and know the joys of good health and success.