

...now may be up to set things...

...by the hand of a doctor...

...we're not talking about a...

...Dr. notion appeared justice...

...I mean, you can't make terms...

...I can do. The two men, you can't...

...I think it was the real thing...

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but I guess you'll do all right, especially if some of your folks have crossed the Jordan already."

"Yes," said Father Gagnon regretfully, "some as you say. A pity," he added, "that we didn't all go." Then to Pierre referring to the information conveyed to him from John Hammond through the doctor, "you will go to Ottawa first and with a letter from Monsieur Hammond to Monsieur Biledeau which Monsieur le Docteur will give you. You have already met him have you not?" he asked.

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé," replied Pierre, at Saint Joseph de l'Acadie. How indeed could he ever forget that beginning of his life's work as it had proved to be and the words carelessly spoken which had nevertheless so strongly influenced him?

"Don't," resumed Father Gagnon, "you will go to him then and hear what he has to say. It seems he has some plan for getting land and money from the Canadian parliament; if so, it will make things much easier. After that," he continued, "you will go to my old friend Abbe Provost, at St. Mathias, in Saskatchewan—M. Biledeau will tell you how to get there—and give him a letter from me. Then you will talk things over with him and hear what he has to say. But chiefly you will be advised by Monsieur Biledeau."

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé," said Pierre again, adding with a foresight and prudence rare in one so young, but which showed how deeply he had pondered the whole subject, but to ask the land? How much am I to ask for?—for ourselves I mean."

"In that," was the answer, "you will be guided by Monsieur Biledeau. Still, the priest went on, "you may as well give him some definite figures, for ourselves, as you say."

"How many acres are granted to each applicant?" put in the doctor at this point. Then apologized for the interruption.

"Not at all," said Father Gagnon cordially, "in fact," he added, "I was just about to ask your help. As to land, a hundred and sixty acres is, I believe, the usual grant."

The doctor made a rapid calculation, first, however, making as sure of his facts as might be possible.

"How many families in your parish?" he enquired.

"Three thousand," was the answer, "about fifteen thousand people in all."

"Then Pierre had better ask our Senator man for a million acres, to begin with," resumed the doctor, who by this time had worked his sum out to his satisfaction. "You'll need that much anyway."

"I suppose we shall," returned the priest, "if they all go."

"Oh, they'll go, fast enough, once you get'em started," was the confident rejoinder. "And, if they go you'll see half, if not two thirds of your people leave New England for the Northwest in the next five years?"

"God grant it!" said Father Gagnon, fervently. "What faith you have!" he continued. "You put me to shame."

"Must have faith in something," replied the doctor, almost sadly, "even if only in human nature, Pierre," he went on, more cheerfully, "you tell that Senator man up there in Ottawa, that Middlehampton wants a million acres for a beginning. Tell him to make the government let you have it, too. Guess they ought to do as much for you as for the Douks and Poles," he concluded, "you've got the best right anyway."

"I am sure Monsieur Biledeau will do his best," said the priest speaking more hopefully now, "and Abbe Provost too." New hope had, indeed, come to him even in the hour of his almost despondency. Had not this man of no certain creed, this lover of his kind, set him the example of faith—in God as well as in human nature?

"Yes, and I guess the Government will do as they're asked," pursued the doctor. "They badly want a new Quebec out there, to help Old Quebec against the anti-French, anti-Papist—" he laughed—"bigots of the English provinces, mostly against Ontario and Manitoba. Aye, and to help Canada against our people, or well Americanize them before you're awake," he added. "I'm a Protestant and a Yankee myself," he explained, chuckling, "so I've a right to say what I like about both. But it's solid truth, on both counts and don't you forget it."

Father Gagnon smiled too. And you know us, "mon ami," he returned proudly, "and can tell these bigwigs what you have found us to be."

"I can, that, you bet," said the doctor, who, at fifty odd, kept all the enthusiasms—and colloquialisms—of his student days. He would never grow old and respectable he was wont to say, with a regret that was more than half pretence. But his friends, unquestionably, loved him best as he was and he had no enemies.

And that was how Pierre set out to view the Land of Promise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

Perhaps some of the most enjoyable moments of a Catholic tourist in the Old World are those in which he comes upon the century-old mementos of Catholicism. They speak to him of a better time, of a day when the faith unfettered spread abroad throughout the earth—was cultivated by peasants and championed by kings. How his heart beats as he stands beneath the majesty of the great abbeys of Westminster and calls to mind its origin, its founders and its history! How thrills his mind as he steps on to the ocean Isle of Iona and lets his fancy wander back over thirteen hundred years to the coming of the saintly Columba to set up the altar of his desert of heathen darkness! In his travels his path is marked by wayside crosses from Charing Cross to Rome. He meets them in Germany, through the Alps, in France and Venice where Shakespeare tells us Portia

"Dust stray about  
By holy crosses where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours."

One summer afternoon, not many years ago, I was passing not far from the ruins of the monastery of Allerheiligen (All

Saints) at Baden in the Black Forest. We had dismounted for rest at a crystal spring beside which a little shaded by the foliage, stood a cross, some five or six feet high, hewn of stone. It was a Latin cross and richly carved. Facing the west at the cross beam was represented the crucifixion; above it Bethlehem; on either hand the Magi. Below them on the other sides, wrought with much intricate scroll and net work, were figures depicting the life of Christ from Nazareth to Olivet. On the ground at the left hand was a square block of stone which, from appearance might have formed the base of such another cross. As I stood there admiring the exactness and beauty with which the work had been accomplished, my guide came up and told me in substance the following story:

About half a mile further along on this road we were travelling is the ruins of All Saints, a monastery of the long ago. Here during six centuries the Norbertines lived and prayed and toiled. Some tilled the soil, some illuminated and transcribed books, some journeyed to the neighboring towns to give alms to the poor and visit the forsaken. One of these latter, a holy man of fifty years, Brother Cyrius by name, was returning one day, towards evening, from his round of charity. It was many years since as a young man he

Had passed into the silent life of prayer. Peace, fast, and silence.

Here by the old cross, weary of his walk from the tower, he knelt to say an Ave, mayhap an angelus.

He was about to rise from his devotion when his attention was arrested by a mocking laugh. Turning he saw three young cavaliers cantering towards him. One of these, Franz Ludwig, was the eldest son and heir to a nobleman who owed his fealty to the king. Their horses, trappings, and dress bespoke opulence. Their wild laugh and coarse manners signified a freedom in which was neither law nor respect. That day, unable to break the mild restraint, they had broken away from the homes of their fathers.

"Let us go," they said, "and see the world in the way and time we wish. Too long have we been pent up here in ignorance."

Pausing in a coarse drinking song, Ludwig threw himself from his saddle and bade "his comrades mark the sport."

"How now, monk," he cried, "dost thou still confide in stone?"

"Son," replied Cyrius, "forbear to scoff at holy things. Hast thou no faith in the cross of Christ?"

"Faith!" echoed the reveller. "I put no faith in stone." Watch!" he exclaimed as he seized a huge fragment of rock and dashed it against the cross. The sacrifice was done. Impaired through centuries of exposure the cross fell from its pedestal and broke in twain.

"Now, monk," cried the young man, "where is thy faith? You see it will not uphold that cross," he shouted, as the three rode away.

The face of the monk was clouded with sorrow as he watched the retreating horseman. A moment he stood, then turned and knelt. Day in and day out he had prayed at the shrine for years and now he prayed for the evil hand that had profaned it. "May he be repentant! May he one day return and ask forgiveness for his crime!" Thus only the monk Cyrius; and suddenly an inspiration came; he murmured, "lest my prayer be not answered."

The morning found him beginning his task. With the inception, an ideal arose before him, which actuated his work. Each day found him at his labor. Each day as he toiled he offered his work and prayers to God for the evil young man. Six years he wrought and the work was done, ere by the place of the old one a new cross was erected, and as the peasant went afield, or the traveler passed his way, they stopped to pray at this cross of Brother Cyrius.

Time was fast rolling on. Months passed away into years, and people ceased to speak of the profanation. The name of the unfortunate young man that had been on every tongue, was now only recalled when one wished to tell the story to a stranger. Day after day Cyrius went on his round of charity till he found the evening of life was upon him. Still, never did he forget the young man, and each day as the destroyer of the cross came into his thoughts the monk prayed that he might come home again and pass away.

Thirty years he passed away. The heir to Ludwig had not returned, and the heritage went to another.

A day in early summer was drawing to a close. The sun was fast sinking from view behind the old monastery of Allerheiligen, and casting its horizontal rays through the tender foliage of the Black Forest. A traveler, weary and alone, was plodding his way toward the town of Offenhofen. His step was faltering. His hair, long and gray, fell in unkempt locks about his brow. His eyes were wild and hollow. When they looked at you, you saw the gleam of passion in them and at the same time saw that they were filled with fear—boundless fear, and despair. His face was drawn and haggard. His features, once seen, remained indelibly imprinted on the memory. His attire was that of a peasant and hung in ragged misery about his emaciated form. He was passing the cross of Cyrius now. He stopped. His eyes flashed. His frame trembled and anguish was on his face. A moment thus he stood, then with a cry of pain cast himself down and on the scene of his former sacrifice Franz Ludwig wept in sorrow. It was the power of prayer. Not in vain, not in vain did the holy man of God pray. That prayer that took its power from the cross on Calvary's Hill had ascended to where the King of kings reigns in glory. Here was a man, broken now and old, who set out on the morning of his life, led on by the world's blandishments and pleasures, shimmering, fleeting and bluishments, and momentary pleasures. Ah! in that prostrate form what a lesson one might read!—what delusion, what folly, what crime, remorse and shame. But the Father of all grace touched the heart of the sinner and it was softened.

The man at length arose. His eyes were milder now, and in them hope and belief instead of doubt and despondency. On his face were traces

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of that serenity which only comes when the soul is at ease. He looked about him as in a dream, and continued towards the monastery. Beneath the Gothic arch of the door an old member of the brotherhood sat telling his beads. The stranger came and whispered in the ear of the old monk who arose and made him a sign to follow. They passed through the long dim cloister, all dark save where the light of a candle, shining from a cell far ahead, fell athwart the passage, and where here and there the figure of a saint loomed from the shadow as they passed. Pausing at the door whence the light was streaming, the guide made a sign for the stranger to enter.

It was a monastic cell. The last faint streaks of day were glimmering on the white wall, and nothing in the room was discernible save by the uncertain light of a candle. On the floor some monks were kneeling by the couch of a dying brother and as a stranger entered he heard their subdued voices reciting the "De Profundis clamavi." Recently he stood till the psalm was finished then asked for Brother Cyrius. No word was spoken in response, but all the monks bowed in reverence towards the couch.

On it was the form of an old man. His hair was silver, his face calm in his hands he held the crucifix. A moment the stranger perused the face of the old man, and then, with a cry of pain, he fell on his knees and wept with the heart of a child. The prayer of Cyrius had been answered. Drawing closer to the ear of the dying monk the stranger whispered the two words, "Franz Ludwig." A peculiar sweet smile lit up the face of the old man as he turned to his brothers and said in a voice that was husky with death: "Benedicamus Domino." Then came a sound of chanting from the monks at vespers in the chapel near by. The dying hands were slowly sinking and Franz folded his arms about those of the monk to sustain them. A non commot, the scent of incense, the tinkling of a bell, and they knew that the Sacrament was exposed. The lips of the old man faintly moved, his hands stirred and his soul passed. The last shades of twilight faded from the wall, the candle threw its quivering rays on the kneeling penitent, and the calm, sweet face of the dead monk—and they both upheld the cross.—G. A. Birmingham in the Sacred Heart Review.

JIM DAGLEY "SEEN THE POPE."

FROM MONTANA, AND HE WOULDN'T BE DENIED—WHILE A PRISONER, RESCUED FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER FROM FIRE—THEN WAY WAS OPEN.

In my boyhood days as I drove the cows to pasture or followed behind the plough I dreamed of college. When those college days I knew not how, and sped away so rapidly and found me arrayed in cap and gown I dreamed of glorious days in the Eternal City which Horace had first taught me to love. Somehow this dream, too, was realized. It was a glad April morning when I awoke to a sight of the blue Mediterranean and to a sense of nearness to the home of much that is best in two thousand years of history. The shrill whistle of the engine as we crossed the Tiber was a little disconcerting, but the soft tones of the guards call, "Roma," was reassuring, and I stepped out to catch the glint of the morning sun upon the seven hills. I had no travelling companion, yet I felt no more alone amid these records of centuries than a book-lover does in the solitude of a great library. There followed a succession of days full of rapture such as many a pilgrim has felt.

One evening after dinner, as I sat sipping my wine in a little restaurant on the Corso, my eyes fell on a face in such marked contrast to the suave Italian faces around that I was at once interested. His tousled hair, shaggy beard, rough skin and general unkempt appearance suggested that he had known more of the field than of the drawing room. As I was struggling with a guess as to his nationality I saw him peering round the room, his eyes resting on the floor. By a sort of divination I concluded he was an American and was looking for a cuspidor. I had heard my own language frequently in the Forum, in the Vatican, and even in the streets, but had been pleased to persuade myself that my sole purpose there was to make the acquaintance of Rome. But somehow this face drew me like a magnet. I must find out if he was my countryman. The approach was easy, as he sat at a small table alone. Taking a seat opposite to him I asked:

"Are you an American?"

"You bet yer life," was the hearty response, as he extended his brawny hand and gave mine a most cordial grasp.

"By cracker, I'm glad to see ye. Ye'r the fust American I've seen since I came to this here ole place."

"With that he drew a large plug of tobacco from his pocket and vanded it across the table and asked:

"Now, you call me Jim an' I'll call you Si. I hate Mister; it sounds so stuck up like."

So we parted for the night as Jim and Si. As he started down the Corso I saw him draw a plug of tobacco and bite off an unusually large quid; he was now making up for lost time.

When I entered the restaurant the next morning I was greeted with "Hello, Si," in tones loud enough to attract the attention of the passersby. Fortunately, there were few in the restaurant; the merely shrugged their shoulders and returned to their coffee and rolls and morning papers. My new acquaintance begged to go with me to "see the sights," which request I readily granted, as I had planned a walk on the old Appian Way and a visit to the catacombs for the morning.

"Jim" Dagley's spirits were high. His step, though heavier, was as eager as that of a small boy on his way to the circus. As we stood on the brow of the Capitoline Hill overlooking the Forum, the Sacred Way and the Coliseum—that

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"Do ye chew tobacco?" I refused as politely as I could, whereupon he remarked:

"Wall, I reckon yer better off in this town if ye don't; fer they ain't no place to spit. Now, in Butte, Montanny, in the restaurant where I eat, if they ain't no spittoon a feller jist spits on the floor. I tried it on in a restaurant here this mornin', but, ding me, if they didn't bust me outen that place like greased lightning."

I knew he had offered me the tobacco out of a feeling of comradeship, for it was evident that he couldn't enjoy a "quid" under such circumstances. By this time there were few left in the room. I ordered a bottle of wine, gave the waiter a larger tip than usual and settled down to hear Jim Dagley's story, for I was sure he had one.

"Yaas," he began upon my invitation, "I'm from Montanny. I reckon I've had about as much experience as the next feller, but I ain't goin' to dish that up to ye, seein' as how ye want to know why I come to Rome. Ye see it wuz this way: I'd bin workin' purty hard fur nigh on to fifteen years—fust in the mines till I could get a leetle dough in my jeans; then I bought a saloon in Butte."

This word "saloon" brought to him recollections of something stronger and better than we were drinking, so he broke off his story:

"Saay, this is powerful weak stuff for a feller's throat. Do ye reckon we could get some 'red-eye' in these diggin'?"

I assured him that it was quite possible. It was soon procured. As the strong draft disappeared his eyes brightened and he resumed his tale.

"Wall, as I wuz sayin', I bought a saloon—put down the dough, every dollar uv it. It wuz plump on Main street. Wuz ye ever in Butte? No? Wall, it wuz a devil uv a tough hole in them days. I'm a-tellin' ye—tain't much better yit."

"Don't you have any churches there?" I asked.

"Yaas, but the parsons, they can't git no edge on the devil, 'cause the fellers wuz go inside a meetin' house. Holy smoke! It's quar, by cracker, that I went to one uv them parsons afore I come here, to git his advice."

"That does seem strange," I threw in rather perfunctorily.

"Don't it, now? Waal, you see, it wuz this way: I'd made a right smart pile in my saloon an' thought I'd like to see the sights. I wuz talkin' to Buck Isley about it one day an' with a wink in his eye he sez, sez he:

"Jim, why don't ye go an' talk to Parson Simson? Ye say he's bin to Europe an' Rome an' everywhere."

"Ketch me goin' to a parson," sez I. But after Buck went away, thinks I to myself, 'tain't a bad idee. So after dark I goes round to make the parson a call.

As I went up the walk to the house I seen Buck Isley skirmin' past the gate. 'By cracker, I'm fur in now,' sez I to myself. But I went on, an' made up my mind to face the music next day. Shore 'nuff, next day when I goes down to the saloon Buck Isley an' Sam Hiseil sings out:

"Waal, Jim, did ye git religion?"

"None uv yer blame bizness," sez I. "Anyhow, the parson's a spang-up feller—a durn sight better than I thought. Yaas, surs, the parson treated me white. I want to tell ye. I had an idee he'd want to talk to me about my sins, an' get down on his knees an' pray an' that sort uv thing. Waal, sur, he didn't do nothin' uv the kind. He jist handed out his han' an' he sez, sez he: 'Jim, I'm mighty glad to see ye. Take a cher.' Then he give me the best sez I ever rolled my tongue round."

Waal, I jist tote him I'd made my wad an' wanted to see the sights, an' I'd come to talk it over with him, 'cause I knowed he'd bin an' saw 'em hisself. An' he tote me in a fine sort uv way, jist like a book, where all he'd bin an' what he seen. An' when he seen I liked best what he tote about Rome an' the yaller Tiber, an' the Vatican, an' all them things, he got down a book an' showed me how to git there, an' here I am."

He seemed to take it for granted that we were to be boon companions in sight-seeing, so upon learning that my name was Silas, he said:

"Now, you call me Jim an' I'll call you Si. I hate Mister; it sounds so stuck up like."

So we parted for the night as Jim and Si. As he started down the Corso I saw him draw a plug of tobacco and bite off an unusually large quid; he was now making up for lost time.

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ed. As I passed through the streets next morning I noticed little groups here and there in earnest conversation and gesticulating wildly. There was a perfect buzz of excitement as I entered the restaurant. Picking up the paper I read on the first page, "Attentat on the Pope." The account ran as follows:

"Last evening, at 8:50 o'clock, when the Pope's apartments were thrown open to receive some distinguished visitors a figure stole from a hiding-place in the court of St. Damascus and rushed past the guards into the reception hall. He hurried from room to room as if seeking the Pope. In a moment he was arrested and rapidly driven across the city to police headquarters. As the officers in charge were passing through Via Nazionale they found the street blocked by an immense crowd in front of the Palazzo Colonna. A fire in the palace had drawn this throng. The firemen had just placed a tall ladder against the front of the palace, but were ordered to go at once to the rear, where the flames were already bursting forth. At this moment a woman appeared in a window in an upper story, extending her hands in agony to the multitude and begging for help. In an instant the prisoner, who had not been hand-cuffed, broke away from the officers. They rushed after him, but before they reached him he was rapidly mounting the ladder. They halted, overcome with astonishment. In a little while it occurred to them that the fugitive had cunningly devised this means of escape. As an officer began to mount the ladder the prisoner appeared at the window with a woman in his arms. It was evident that she had swooned or had been overcome with smoke. The crowd stood breathless as this seemingly awkward man carefully balanced his burden and started down the ladder. Cheer upon cheer greeted his safe descent. Those near by were thunderstruck, however, as they saw the police hurry him away. It is not known at this writing who the prisoner is, though he is evidently a foreigner. He is of rather unkempt appearance with shaggy beard and long, grizzly hair."

I was convinced that this man was "Jim" Dagley, so I hurried off to the police station.

"Hello, Si," pealed forth, as I entered the cell.

"Ain't I in a h—l of a fix Si? By cracker, I reckon they thought I wuz a desperado an' wanted to kill the Pope."

As I was trying to console him by congratulating him for his heroic deed the cell door swung open and a handsome, middle-aged gentleman entered. It was the French ambassador. It was his daughter who had been rescued. I explained the situation to him; he in turn explained it to the officer, and "Jim" was released.

That afternoon the French ambassador, "Jim" and I drove in a magnificently equipped carriage to the Vatican. As "Jim" Dagley knelt before the Pope and the hand of the Holy Father rested in blessing on his head I wished that Buck Isley was there to see him.—C. W. Downing, in New York Tribune.

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