

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Illness is many gathered miseries in one name—Richter.

Love thyself last; cherish those that hate thee—Henry VIII.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself—Greville.

Of all the evil spirits abroad in the world incivility is the most dangerous—Froude.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life—Sir Philip Sidney.

The more we do the more we are to do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have—Hazlitt.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed; nature never pretends—Lavater.

There is no outward sign of true courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation—Goethe.

Civilization is ever a running fight with the ape and the tiger that lurk in man—John Fiske.

There is no great achievement that is not the result of patient working and waiting—J. G. Holland.

He who is not content with what he has, would not be contented with what he would like to have—Socrates.

It is a wise man who knows his own business; and it is a wiser man who thoroughly attends to it—H. L. Wayland.

The cheerful live longest in years, and afterwards in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offspring of goodness—Byron.

Impudence, silly talk, foolish vanity and vain curiosity are closely allied; they are children of one family—Fontaine.

With any wounded throat Soft language dresses it, forgiveness comes, and oblivion takes away the scar—Francis Quarles.

Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storm—Bishop Hopkins.

Patience, among the virtues, is like the pearl among gems, and by its quiet radiance it highlights every human grace—Robert Allen, LL.D.

It is coming to think that this matter of old age is not chronic, and after a certain crisis, we may come out as young as any of them—Theodore Brown.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has—Beecher.

Half the difficulty of fighting any severe battle or accomplishing any hard task vanishes when a man feels that he has comrades at his side fighting in the same cause, or that the eyes of those he loves are upon him, and his heart's praying for his victory—O. J. Peary.

RENEWED VIGOR.

BROUGHT ABOUT THROUGH THE USE OF DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Mrs. Peter Beamer Tells How These Pills Brought Her Back to Health After Pains From Rheumatism and Other Diseases Had Failed.

Among the best known and most respected residents of the township of Grafton, Lincoln county, Ont. are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beamer. For a long time Mrs. Beamer was the victim of a complication of diseases, which made her life a life of almost constant misery, and from which she nearly despaired of obtaining relief.

To a reporter who recently interviewed her, Mrs. Beamer gave the following particulars of her illness and ultimate cure: "For some nine years I was troubled with a pain in the back, and neuralgia, which caused me unbearable misery. The pain in my back was so bad that whether sitting or lying down, I suffered more or less torture. My appetite fell, and I suffered from headaches accompanied by attacks of dizziness, which left me at times too weak to walk. My nervous system was badly shattered, so that the slightest noise would startle me, and my sleep at night was broken by sheer exhaustion. I was under the care of three different doctors at various times, but did not succeed in getting more than the most temporary relief. I also used several advertised medicines, but with no better results. I was finally urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got half a dozen boxes. In the course of a few weeks I noticed considerable improvement, and as a consequence, I gladly continued the use of the pills for several months, with the result that every symptom of the neuralgia left me, and I was able to do my household work without the least trouble. As several years have passed since I have used the pills, I feel safe in saying that the cure is permanent, and the result also verifies the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail." The reporter can only add that Mrs. Beamer's present condition indicates a state of perfect health, and speaks louder than mere words can do, the benefit these pills have been to her.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all druggists, and may be had by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HE KNEW.

Do you believe there is really anything in phrenology?

I do. I had my head examined by a phrenologist once, and the monitor he came to my head beat he told me my wife used an old-fashioned rolling pin.

WANTED THE FULL BENEFIT. I was awfully glad to receive your letter, stating that you had repented. But why did you send it unsealed?

Because they say, "an open confession is good for the soul."

NAME FOR VOTING MACHINES. A name for voting machines has been invented. They are now called rotometers.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Then something like the truth seemed to dawn upon her.

"My son," she said, in a slight tone of irritation, "Pluma wrote me of that little occurrence at the lawn fête. Surely you are not in love with that girl you were so foolishly attentive to—the over-seer's niece, I believe it was."

"I can not, I will not, believe a son of mine would so forget his duties as to indulge in such mad, reckless folly, remember, Rexford," she cried, in a voice fairly trembling with suppressed rage, "I could never forgive such a neglect of rectitude as this should have come here, I warn you."

"Mother," said Rex, raising his head proudly, and meeting the flashing eyes of his mother, "I can not speak so."

"By what right do you forbid me to speak of that girl as I choose?" she demanded, in a voice hard and cold with intense passion.

Once or twice Rex paced the length of the room, his arms folded upon his breast. Suddenly he stopped before her.

"What is the girl to you?" she asked.

With white, quivering lips Rex answered, "She is my wife!"

The words were spoken almost in a whisper, but they echoed like thunder through the room, and seemed to pierce the ears of his mother.

During the moment of utter silence that ensued, Rex had told his pitiful secret, and felt better already; as if the worst was over; while his mother stood motionless, her face glowing with a painful light.

In her eyes. He had dashed down in a single instant the hopes she had built up for long years.

"Let me tell you about it, mother," he said, kneeling at her feet. "The worst and bitterest part is yet to come."

"Yes, tell me," his mother said, hoarsely.

Without lifting up his head, or raising his voice which was strangely sad and low, Rex told his story—ever and over, but his heart had gone out to the sweet-faced, golden-haired little creature whom he found fast asleep under the blossoming magnolias in the morning sunshine; how he had protected the shrinking, timid creature from the cruel insults of Pluma Burkhurst; how he had persuaded her to marry him out in the starlight, and how they had agreed to meet on the morning after the wedding, which he found the cottage empty and his child-bride gone; of his search for her, and—oh, cruellest and bitterest of all—where and with whom he found her; how he had left her lying alone, the clever, loving her too madly to strike him, yet praying Heaven to curse him dead then and there. Daisy—sweet little, blue-eyed Daisy—was false; he never cared to look upon a woman's face again. He spoke of Daisy as his wife over and over again, the name lingering tenderly on his lips; how he had left her lying alone, the clever, loving her too madly to strike him, yet praying Heaven to curse him dead then and there. Daisy—sweet little, blue-eyed Daisy—was false; he never cared to look upon a woman's face again. He spoke of Daisy as his wife over and over again, the name lingering tenderly on his lips; how he had left her lying alone, the clever, loving her too madly to strike him, yet praying Heaven to curse him dead then and there.

"What was that, Birdie?" he asked, scarcely knowing what prompted the question.

Alas for the memory of childhood! poor little Birdie had quite forgotten. "It is so stupid of me to forget, but when I see her again I shall ask her and try and remember it then."

"It is of no consequence," said Rex, raising the little figure in his arms and holding her up to the light, "it is of no consequence to me, but I want to know what she said."

As he heard the words Rex observed there was great confusion among the servants; the matter of low murmur of voices and lighted doors, and from the kitchen a pair of white chambermaids, and the maid who had been found in the garden, came out to meet him.

"Mrs. Lyon has heard but one word—'Dead.' This girl who had brought her handsome son into a low marriage was dead. Rex was free—free to marry the bride whom she had selected for him. Yet she dare not mention that thought to him now—no, not now; she must wait a little."

No pity lurked in her heart for the poor little girl-bride whom she supposed lying cold and still in death, whom her son so wildly mourned; she only realized her darling Rex was free. What mattered it to her at what bitter a cost Rex had won his freedom? yet see her darling hopes realized, Pluma should be his wife, just as sure as they both lived.

"I have told you all now, mother," Rex said, in conclusion, "you must have followed her, but they had him. I must go away," he cried, "anywhere, everywhere, trying to forget my great sorrow. How am I to bear it? Has Heaven no pity, that I am so sorely tried?"

At that moment little Birdie came hobbling into the room, and for a brief moment Rex forgot his great grief in greeting his little bride, who had been waiting for him.

"Oh, you darling brother Rex," she cried, clinging to him, and laughing and crying in one breath, "I told them to wake me up, if you came in the night. I dreamed I heard your voice. You see, it may have been real, but I couldn't wake up; and this morning I heard every one saying: 'Rex is here, Rex is here,' and I couldn't wait another moment, but I came straight down to you."

CHAPTER XX.

"I am very grateful to you for the service you have rendered my little sister," said Rex, extending his hand to the little veiled figure standing in the shade of the orange-trees. "Allow me to thank you for the service you have rendered my little sister."

Poor Daisy had dared not speak the tones of her voice should betray her identity.

"I must for evermore be as one dead to him," she whispered to her wildly beating heart.

Rex wondered why the little, fluttering, cold fingers dropped so quickly from his clasp; he thought he heard a stifled sigh; the slight, delicate form looked strangely familiar, yet he could see it was neither Eve, Gertrude, nor Bess.

She bowed her head with a few low, murmured words, and he saw her hand, and the next instant the little figure was lost to sight in the darkness beyond.

"Who was that, Birdie?" he asked, scarcely knowing what prompted the question.

Alas for the memory of childhood! poor little Birdie had quite forgotten. "It is so stupid of me to forget, but when I see her again I shall ask her and try and remember it then."

"It is of no consequence," said Rex, raising the little figure in his arms and holding her up to the light, "it is of no consequence to me, but I want to know what she said."

As he heard the words Rex observed there was great confusion among the servants; the matter of low murmur of voices and lighted doors, and from the kitchen a pair of white chambermaids, and the maid who had been found in the garden, came out to meet him.

"Mrs. Lyon has heard but one word—'Dead.' This girl who had brought her handsome son into a low marriage was dead. Rex was free—free to marry the bride whom she had selected for him. Yet she dare not mention that thought to him now—no, not now; she must wait a little."

No pity lurked in her heart for the poor little girl-bride whom she supposed lying cold and still in death, whom her son so wildly mourned; she only realized her darling Rex was free. What mattered it to her at what bitter a cost Rex had won his freedom? yet see her darling hopes realized, Pluma should be his wife, just as sure as they both lived.

"I have told you all now, mother," Rex said, in conclusion, "you must have followed her, but they had him. I must go away," he cried, "anywhere, everywhere, trying to forget my great sorrow. How am I to bear it? Has Heaven no pity, that I am so sorely tried?"

At that moment little Birdie came hobbling into the room, and for a brief moment Rex forgot his great grief in greeting his little bride, who had been waiting for him.

"Oh, you darling brother Rex," she cried, clinging to him, and laughing and crying in one breath, "I told them to wake me up, if you came in the night. I dreamed I heard your voice. You see, it may have been real, but I couldn't wake up; and this morning I heard every one saying: 'Rex is here, Rex is here,' and I couldn't wait another moment, but I came straight down to you."

Both general and local treatment, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to strengthen and tone the system, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine to cleanse the system and protect the bronchial tubes and lungs from threatened complications.

Any honest and conscientious doctor will tell you that this combined treatment, recommended by Dr. Chase, cannot be surpassed as a means of relieving and curing la grippe, and restoring the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

A post card with your name and address will bring you a free sample of

SALADA

OSLYON GREEN TEA.

"Salada," Toronto.

It can not, it cannot be true; take me to Rex!"

The sound of hushed weeping fell upon his ears and seemed to bring to him a sense of what was happening. Like one in a dream he hurried along the corridor toward his mother's boudoir. He heard his mother's voice calling to him in her pretty, childish, caressing way.

He tried to laugh lightly, but the laugh had no mirth in it.

"You must run away and play, Birdie, and not annoy your brother," said Mrs. Lyon, disengaging the child's clinging arms from Rex's neck. "That child is growing altogether too obnoxious of late."

"Child!" cried Birdie. "I am ten years old. I shall soon be a young lady like Bess and Gertrude, over at Glenroy."

"And Eve," suggested Rex, the shadow of a smile flickering across his mouth.

"No, not like Eve," cried the child, gathering up her dress and rushing out, as she limped toward the door. "Eve is a young lady, she's a Tomboy; she wears short dresses and chases the hounds around the house, while the other two wear silk dresses with big, big trains and have beads to hold their fans and handkerchiefs. I am going to take my new books you sent me down to my old seat on the stone wall and read those pretty stories there. I don't know if I will be back for lunch or not," she called back; "if I don't, will you come for me, Brother Rex?"

"Yes, dear," he made answer, "of course I will."

The lunch hour came and went, still Birdie did not put in an appearance. At last Rex was beginning to feel uneasy about her.

"You need not be the least alarmed," said Mrs. Lyon, laughingly, "the child is quite spoiled; she is like a romping puppy, more content to live out doors in a tent than to remain indoors. She is probably waiting down on the stone wall for you to come for her and carry her home as you used to do. You had better go and look for her; I shall be glad to see her."

And Rex, all unconscious of the strange, invisible threat which fate was sending so closely about him, quickly made his way through the fast-gathering darkness down the old familiar path which led through the odoriferous groves to the old stone wall, guided by the shrill trills of Birdie's childish voice, which he heard in the distance, mingled with the plaintive murmur of the sad sea-waves—those waves that seemed ever murmuring in his ears, the name of Daisy. Even the subtle breeze seemed to whisper of her presence.

CHAPTER XX.

"I am very grateful to you for the service you have rendered my little sister," said Rex, extending his hand to the little veiled figure standing in the shade of the orange-trees. "Allow me to thank you for the service you have rendered my little sister."

Poor Daisy had dared not speak the tones of her voice should betray her identity.

"I must for evermore be as one dead to him," she whispered to her wildly beating heart.

Rex wondered why the little, fluttering, cold fingers dropped so quickly from his clasp; he thought he heard a stifled sigh; the slight, delicate form looked strangely familiar, yet he could see it was neither Eve, Gertrude, nor Bess.

She bowed her head with a few low, murmured words, and he saw her hand, and the next instant the little figure was lost to sight in the darkness beyond.

"Who was that, Birdie?" he asked, scarcely knowing what prompted the question.

Alas for the memory of childhood! poor little Birdie had quite forgotten. "It is so stupid of me to forget, but when I see her again I shall ask her and try and remember it then."

"It is of no consequence," said Rex, raising the little figure in his arms and holding her up to the light, "it is of no consequence to me, but I want to know what she said."

As he heard the words Rex observed there was great confusion among the servants; the matter of low murmur of voices and lighted doors, and from the kitchen a pair of white chambermaids, and the maid who had been found in the garden, came out to meet him.

"Mrs. Lyon has heard but one word—'Dead.' This girl who had brought her handsome son into a low marriage was dead. Rex was free—free to marry the bride whom she had selected for him. Yet she dare not mention that thought to him now—no, not now; she must wait a little."

No pity lurked in her heart for the poor little girl-bride whom she supposed lying cold and still in death, whom her son so wildly mourned; she only realized her darling Rex was free. What mattered it to her at what bitter a cost Rex had won his freedom? yet see her darling hopes realized, Pluma should be his wife, just as sure as they both lived.

"I have told you all now, mother," Rex said, in conclusion, "you must have followed her, but they had him. I must go away," he cried, "anywhere, everywhere, trying to forget my great sorrow. How am I to bear it? Has Heaven no pity, that I am so sorely tried?"

At that moment little Birdie came hobbling into the room, and for a brief moment Rex forgot his great grief in greeting his little bride, who had been waiting for him.

"Oh, you darling brother Rex," she cried, clinging to him, and laughing and crying in one breath, "I told them to wake me up, if you came in the night. I dreamed I heard your voice. You see, it may have been real, but I couldn't wake up; and this morning I heard every one saying: 'Rex is here, Rex is here,' and I couldn't wait another moment, but I came straight down to you."

Both general and local treatment, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to strengthen and tone the system, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine to cleanse the system and protect the bronchial tubes and lungs from threatened complications.

Any honest and conscientious doctor will tell you that this combined treatment, recommended by Dr. Chase, cannot be surpassed as a means of relieving and curing la grippe, and restoring the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and prostration following the grippe, and to the nervous system to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be directly traced to the weakness and pro