That was in picking the delicate shoots and leaves that are selected for Blue Ribbon alone. If you taste the tea you will thank the Coolie for picking the right shoots.

> Black, Mixed, Cevlon Green, Ask for Red Label, FORTY CENTS-SHOULD BE FIFTY

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFIDY & & &

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For a moment Elgine is almost

As she walks with her hostess to a seat she sees Sir Edmund and Lady

Bannister, the Lulwoods, severa

least the graceful form and fair face

other of the local magnates their wives, and then last but

that beside the simple black which Elaine wears—as if it

grown to her, as May would say-

her costly "Worth" looks garish and theatrical.

But there is no sign of this con-

sciousness in her face as she comes

across to Elaine and holds out her

hand.
"How glad I am to see you here,"

she says. "Isn't it a charming old place? I'm awiully fortunate to be

staying in the neighborhood when the marquis entertains. They tell me the

place has been closed for years. What a capital ball that was the

other night! I shall tell papa that he must ask the major down to act as steward for our next ball at De-

On the morning after her arrival he gives her a list of persons whom he wishes her to invite, and she down it with placid serenity.

"If there are any more you would like to have, ask them, by all means," he remarks, "I want to have a pleasant party."

"Oh, no," she says; "these are quite enough, I should think. Blanche Delaine-that is Lord Delaine's daughter, of course, and she will come with the same of men and women in evening dress.

He takes her arm within his, and they cross the hall, and a footman opens the door of the drawing-room. It presents a very different appearance from that which it had worn on Elaine's previous visit. It is cold and repelling no longer, but brilliantly lighted, and warmed into geniality by the presence of men and women in evening dress.

For a moment Elaine is almost ter, of course, and she will come with

the Bannisters; and this Miss De-laine, who is she, Nairne?"
"Lady Blarche's coustn. She lives
with her father, a retired major, on
the bill abore."

dazzied by the brilliance, then she
sees a thin, gray-haired old lady
approaching her, and hears the marquis introduce her to Lady Scott. the hill above."
"So near! Will they care to come and stay-

nd stay—"
He shrugs his shoulders.
"We can but ask them," he says,
ith seeming carelessness. "Oh, yes;
think they will come."
"Your guests are all people in the
She is talking.

"Your guests are all people in the neighborhood?"

"Well, yes; one cannot expect people to leave London in the height of the scason, and I haven't asked them. Besides, I want—" he pauses a moment—"to make the acquaintance of my neighbors—if it isn't too late."

"No, I do not suppose it is too late." she rejoins with a faint smile, which means that it can never be too late for the Marquis of Nairne to make overtures of friendship.

And the event proves her to be right. There are no refusals of the marquis' is in the same pearls at her neck and on her white wrists, but she feels instantly in the parquis' is refusals of the marquis' is refusals.

the marquis' invitations, and those who have received one of Lady Scott's polite missives go about and display it with barely concealed triumph to those who have

An invitation to the Castle for "An invitation to the Castle for a fortnight!" exclaims the major, as Elaine hands him the note across the breakfast table. "Good heavens! Wonders will never cease. For a fortnight, too! What does it mean? Why, if he'd asked us to dinner I shouldn't have been surprised; but to stay in the house!" and he stares across at Elaine with a face flushed by surprise and delight.

Elaine says nothing, and she ap-ears absorbed in the coffee cups; ut there is something significant her silence, which makes the major quiet and reflective. If his daughter were only Marchioness of Nairne, there would soon be an end of the annoyance caused by

Nairne, there would soon be an end of the annoyance caused by end of the annoyance caused by creditors' constant duns.

On the day when the major and his daughter arrive at the Castie, the marquis himself comes into the hall to receive them, and shows by his manner the esteem in which he says. "We never expected to be insight of Elaine her pretty little face flashes into a joyous smile, and she makes her, way to hall to receive them, and shows by his manner the esteem in which he

his manner the esteem in which he holds them.

He is not yet dressed for dinner, although the dressing-bell has rung, and he takes Elaine's hand upon his arm and leads her through the hall and up the wide staircase, hall and up the wide staircase, which is reflected, in the world?"

"Are you speaking of the marguis?" asks Elaine with a smile. "Why, of course?" exclaims May. "And, oh, Elaine, what a beautiful piace it is! I had no idea it was so grand! I felt as if I were compared to the invited, and papa was quite surprised. light of a multitude of wax candles, which is reflected in the armor and the Venetian glass mirrors.

"I have been waiting for you," he says, in a low voice. "Are you not you have been here before, and are

very fate?"

"No. I think not," she says with downcast eyes. It seems only a few hoars ago, instead of days, since she stood with mm on the balcony of the Town Hall, and it is concerned to it. But it is all now to me and—and rather awe-inspiring.

"And where is Mrs. Brådley?" asks Elaine with a smile.

the hall for you, and introduce that pillar there," and he draws her near to the balustrade. "I can dress in ten minutes, but I will give you half an hour. Is that long enough?"

"Mr. Geraid Locke: says the man solemnly.

May utters an exclamation of amazement, and the young fellow comes toward them presently, his frank, boyish face all aglow with cagerness.

"More than long enough," she manages to say.

"Sourone else has been waiting anxiously for you," he adds, as he stops opposite the door of her rooms. "Someone else?"

"He nods with a smile.

"Two persons, indeed. My friend Luigi and a friend of yours. Can you guess?"

She shakes her head.

"Your little friend May. She is

She shakes her head.

"Your little friend May. She is dining with us to-night. This is your room, major, next to Miss Delaind's," and with a pleasant nod and smile he leaves them.

In less than half an hour Elaine has put on her simple dress of black grenadine, with its trimmellar of the first first

retorts the old lady undauntedly.
"But if you had asked me I should have replied, Elaine."
"I wish I had asked you," he says.

The old lady blinks at him. "She is a good girl," she remarks

curtly.

"So I am told," he assents as quietly as before, but with a smile lurking about his mouth.

"Too good a girl for you to appreciate," says the old lady. "Lady Blanche, now—"

Blanche, now——"
"Is wicked enough for my appreciation?" he asks.

She grins, then she looks up at him.
"I won't have my little Elaine spoilt," she says significantly.
"Very well," he responds, still with the faint smile. "I will try and not spoil her. But how long have you been playing the part of sheep dog. Lady Dormer?"
"Ever since such a wolf as you

Lady Dormer?"
"Ever since such a wolf as you appeared in the fold," she retorts.
Elame is taken in by Mr. Bannister, but though their places are in the centre of the table and near May—who, to her infinite joy, is next her lover—Elaine has a good view of the who, to her infinite joy, is next her lover—Elaine has a good view of the host at the bottom of the table, and she can catch his voice now and again as he speaks to Lady Dormer or Lady Bannister on each side of

The room looks magnificent in the soft glow of the candles which fails upon the massive plate—not a little of it in gold—but Elaine thinks of little else than the man to whom it all belongs, who, with no trace of a shadow on his face, plays the part of host with the perfect grace and self-possession of a man of the world. It is the grandest and biggest dinner party at which she and May have ever been present; the appointments of the table are superby the ments of the table are superb footmen in rich liveries perform their ministrations with almost noiseless precision; the menu seems a gas-tronomical eternity, and she finds herself saying "No, thank you," al-most mechanically, as dish after dish is offered her by the silent and soft-footed servants.

Even Mr. Algernon, who deems him-elf quite world-worn and blase, is impressed by the splendor and tone of the room and the meal, and for a of the room and the meat, and for a time cannot even stammer the few commonplaces which constitute his idea of conversation. But he might as well remain silent for all the attention Elaine is paving him.

she looks round the table in search of Luigi Zanti; but he is not there. Opposite her is Lady Blanche, who has taken stock, so to speak, of the massive plate and costly glass, the smartening of our or the he masterpieces of art on the walls the rich and antique furniture. She knows far better than Elaine can possibly do the value of it all; and as she looks, without appearing to notice, a wave of covetous longing sweeps over her. All this may be there if well if any reliance can be -well, if any reliance can be hers if—well, if any reliance can be placed on Fanny Inchley's assertion; if the engagement—which, is, however, scarcely an engagement yet—between this cousin of hers and the marquis can be broken off, and she, Blanche, is left to play a free hand. Every now and then she looks across at the face enposite her critically at the face opposite her critically, calculatingly, but she can find no flaw in her cousin's fresh loveling and her heart grows harder

colder.

The menu is over at last, and Lady The menu is over at mat, and Lady Scott rises and the ladies follow her into the drawing room. Standing by one of the windows, Elaine sees with a thrill of pleasure Luigi Zanti, and she goes up to him at once. He hears her footstep, and turns with outstretched hands and

a smile upon his face.
"I was waiting and listening for you, Miss Delaine," he says. "May I sty how glad I am that you are you, Miss Delaine

laine. You will come, won't you?"
Elaine makes suitable responses to these overtures, and in the midst of the exchange of civilities the footman announces the Rev. Mr. and Miss Bradley.

May looks rather shy and timid

May looks rather shy and timid looked for you in the diningroom, says Elaine, and was afraid that you were unwell, and that I

should not see you to-night. "Oh, no," he responds. "I always ne alone when there is any one rides the marquis. It has been a terribly long dinner, has it not?" and

he smiles.
"Yes," assents Elaine, laughing.
"It is strange how fond Englishmen are of eating."
"The grateful to you for not saying Englishwomen," says Elaine. "though I think some of us are as fond of it as the gentlemen." as the gentlemen. But not you!" he comm

a shake of the head.
"No, Ilke music best," says Elaine,

suggestively. conducts him to the piano, "No. I think not," she says with downcast eyes. It seems only a few hours ago, instead of days, since she stood with him on the balcony of the Town Hall, and disvoice recalls every word he then uttered.

"Then it is my impatience which makes you seem so. I have been watching the drive for the last half hour. Shall you be long dressing?"

"Not very long," replies Elaine, with a faint imile.

"And where is Mrs. Bradley?" asks Elaine in a faint imile.

"The griffin has one of her headaches, one of the worst kind," says way, unsympathetically.

"She was quite mad at not being disc, the leads her to a door opening into a conservatory. At the farther end there is a door of thick plate glass, and beyond there is a magnificent aviary. As they enter, Elaine beholds birds of all kinds and sizes flying about in a mimic tropical forest. The Italian's face lights up with a smile as she utters an exclamation of delighted surprise.

"And Gerald?" asks Elaine in a faint imile.

"And y pouts.

"Beautiful, Isn't it?" he says. "It was an idea of mine, and the marwhere he performs several inspiriting

"Not very long," replies Elaine, with a faint imile.

"You wonder why I should ask you?" he says. "I want to wait in the half for you, and introduce you to the half for you, and introduce you to since the ball, and—"

"Mr. Gerald Locke!" says the foot"Mr. Gerald Locke!" says the foot-

low voice,
"It is derightful," she says. "How It is derightful," she says. How I wish I knew their names."
"Tell me what they are like," he says, "and I will tell you their names. You wonder how I can do so, not having seen them? The marquis spent an hour here with me the day they came, and described

WEARY CHILDREN

Stunted, weakly children are those whose food does them no good, be-cause they do not digest it properly. Keep the chairs digestive organs right and it will grow up strong and healthy, and it will not cause mother nuch troutle while it is growing up. In less than haf an hour Elaine has put on her simple dress of black greandine, with its trimming of old lace—a relie of the mejors mother—and looking down over the balcony of the corridor sees the marghs standing at the bottom of the stairs, as if on guard.

His face lights up with a welcoming shiften the stairs, as if on guard.

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His face lights up with a welcoming shiften the stairs, as if on guard.

His face lights up with a welcoming shiften the stairs, as if on guard.

His face lights up with a welcoming shiften the stairs, as if on guard there is approval as well as towing admiration fa his dark eyes as they rest upon her.

"Well, my dear," she says, screwing the eyes and peering at the best of the stairs, as if on guard there is approval as well as towing admiration fa his dark eyes as they rest upon her.

"Do you inherit your taste from your Norman ancestors, Miss Departs, but with that suggestion of revergence which a man in love gives to the lightest and most trivial words addressed to the woman he loves, but with that suggestion of revergence which a man in love gives to the lightest and most trivial words addressed to the woman he loves, "Bo you mean that my dress is pretty?" she says, "It is o'd enough to have descended from the most ancelent of the Delaines."

"The vare both teach and Elaine, are single for them day and night. Hit is the weak children—the pundage while that wear the mother on day and light. It is the weak children—the pundage while healing to the changed when Baby's Own Tablets are used. They promote different to end the marquis elained and seepted with the tast and seed the marquis elained and the ma It is the weak children—the puny children—that wear the mother out

STRONG PRAISE

akaska sranci (* 1864)

From One Who Had Proved the Value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pinks

We have used Dr. Wil lams' Pink Pil's in our home for the past eight, years for various troubles, and have always found them successful.' writes Mrs. H. Hevenor, of West Gravenhurst, Ont., and she adds: "At the age of eight years my little boy was attacked with la grippe, and the trouble developed into boy was attacked with la grand the trouble developed into Vitus' dance, from which he suffered in a severe form. He was under several doctors at different times, but none of them helped him. Then I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they restored him to perfect health, and there has not since tect health, and there has not since been any return of the trouble. More recently I have used the pills myself for muscular rheumatism, and they were equally successful in effecting a cure. The pills have saved us many a dollar in doctors' foills, and I would like every one who is sick to try them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Fills cure all troubles due to poor or watery blood, or weak nerves, and that is the rea-son why they are the most popular medicine in the world, and have a medicine in the world, and have a much larger sale than any other remedy. They cure such troubles as theumatism, sciatica, partial paraly-sis, St.. Vitus' dance, anaemia, indi-gestion, neuralgia, heart troubles, and the ailments common to women, simply because they make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves and thus thrive disease from the body. You can get the pills from any medicine dealer, or they will be sent post paid at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2,50, by addressing the Dr. Wil-lams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box.

them. I see everything through his eyes. Do you wonder that! I love him, Miss Delaine? There is no one in all the world like to him, no one. I could tell you of things he has done, great unselfish things which would appropriate the country of the coun surprise you. There is no one like

Elaine's heart beats quickly, and her eyes grow moist.
"Such a man should be very happy, should he not?" he goes on, after a

"Yes," Elaine murmurs, almost inaudihly. "And—he is, is he not?" Luigi Zanti shakes his head.

(To be Continued.)

HOW THEY GOT A DRINK. Rickey Told a Story of His Ea:ly Youth.

The late Joseph K. Hickey, after whom the gin rickey was named, used to tell in St. Louis a story about

i frog and a mouse.
"When I was a very young man,"
he would begin, "I went on a tramping tour one summer with a chan amed Dill. The weather was warn named Dill. The weather was warm and a dreadful thirst came over Dill and me every little while. In grati-fying this thirst we were not long in running out of money."

"One warm afternoon we came to

the cutskirts of a quaint villager Frogs croaked from a pond beside us, and in front a magnificent old us, and in front a magnificent old tavern loomed—one of those old taverns where it is delightful to sit and smoke and talk to the farm folk n the cld-fashioned bar—one of those taverns where the beer is always

taverns where the beer is always cool and pure.

"But we had no money for beer. Yet we were very thirsty. We sat down under a tree, and considered together for a long time. Then I went to the pond, and with a piece of red flannel torn from my under-

hirt, I caught a frog.
"Leaving Dill behind, I entered the village, and found my way to the tavern. The landlord stood behind the bar. I held the dead frog up

"Can you tell me what this is, sir?' I said. 'Sure,' he answered; 'it's a frog.'

"Oh. no, sir,' I mid. 'It's not a frog. I know it's not a frog.'
"Give it here. Let me look at it. The landlord, holding it in

"I'll bet you anything you like it is, the landlord exclaimed. 'Who will decide the bet?' said I.

man that comes along,' said I, 'and

man that comes along, said I, 'and we'll make the bet a case of beer.'

"All right,' the landlord agreed. I went to the window and signalled cevertly with my hand to Dill.

"Dill in a minute or two came sauntering into the bar.

"Hello, stranger,' said the landlord. 'We want you to decide a bet for us.' He pointed to the dead frog lying on the bar. 'Tell us what this is, he bade.

is, he bade.
"Dil! studied the frog. 'It looks like a freg, he said, slowly. 'It's got all the earmarks of a frog. You can tell it ain't one, though. Its teeth are wrong. This here thing is a The land ord scowled, for he could see he had been done. He was game though, and we got our beer."

ONE JAP'S LOVE-MAKING.

Strange Case Brought Before the Mikado's Judges.

They do queer things in the Orient. They do queer things in the Orient. Here comes news from Japan that a native cultivator has brought suit before the local court of Usuki-machi to compel a Japanese lass to reciprocate has affection for her. He has

OUR ROOT CROP SEEDS

How and Where They are Grown and Why They Frequently Fail to Produce Satisfactory Crops. Carrie Grand Commence of the C

Department of Agriculture,

Commissioner's Branch.

Ottawa, May 28, 1903. Every careful stockman recognizes the fact that flush pasture is the ideal feed for keeping all classes of live stock in a hearty, thriving con-

live stock in a hearty, thriving condition, but in most parts of this country it is necessary to provide large stores of succulent feed for the long winter months, when pastures are not available. The various sorts of roots go a cleap and satisfactory substitute for grass, and in consequence many million bushels are grown annually. Large quantities of seed of turnips, swedes, mangels and carrots are used each year on Canadian farms, but the crops produced are frequently disappointing. As a rule our farmers have hitherto been entirely in the dark regarding the sources of supply of such seeds, and the methods of growing them. The Seed Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture has been investigating these questions, and is able to offer suggestions that each of the successfully produced by can only be successfully Department of Agriculture has been investigating these questions, and is able to offer suggestions that cannot fail to be of value to growers of root crops. According to Chief G. H. Clark, of the Seed Division, a few farmers in Canada make a specialty of growing root crop seed, but practically the whole amount of such seed offered in the trade is imported from Europe and is grown. such seed offence in the trade is imported from Europe and is grown in France, Germany and England, A favorable climate and cheap labor have made these countries the seed gardens of the world. A few notes on the way in which seeds are grown there will help to explain why farmers often fall to get roots showing good type and uniform ex-cellence all over a field.

How Plants Seed.

Turnips, swedes, mangels and car-ots are all blennial plants, that is, they store up nourishment in root during the whole of the first year, and use that store of food for the production of during the second and final year of their life. Most of our domesticated plants have been for during to evolved from wild types through long years of selection, cultivation and cross-fertilization. The original wild types were usually annuals, produc-ing seed the first year, and there is a tendency among all improved plants to revert rapidly to the old, unimproved types, whenever they are de-prived of that careful attention to selection and cultivation which has brought them up to their present high structure. high standing.

Canadian farmers have not fully recognized that the value of root crop seed is far from depending on their vitality alone. It is even more their vitality alone. It is even more important that they be taken from carefully grown and selected stocks. We seldom see a field of roots that are uniformly true to type and free from abnormal growth of top, large necks, and ill-shaped, prongy roots. This undesirable state of affairs is taken to the saving of seeds largely due to the sowing of seeds

grow quantities of seed for them under contract. The best quality of seed offered in the Canada and its grown in this way. There is, he weever, evidence to show that it is cat

taken from stocks of a similar quality and character.

The Best Quality of Seed is produced from selected and trans

planted roots. Seed of turn.ps and Swedes is produced in quantity in this manner in the North of Scotland.

The chimate of Scotland, like that of Canada, is such that root crop scots can only be successfully produced by harvesting the roots balors wanter

deal of the seed of the ferred in Canada is of much inferior quality. The increased labor required to grow seed from selected and transplanted roots selected and transplanted roots rasics their price above the range of American seed firms. For this seedsman is not to blame. Our farmers have demanded cheap seeds, without any guarantee as to quality, and the seedsmen have simply, tried to meet the demand. A great deal of the root crop seed used in Canada is grown by small irresponsible farmers whose chief object is to obtain a to obtain a

Maximum Yield of Seed

independent of its quality. In growing of these stocks it is a common practice to sow late in the son, after an early crop has been harvested from the land. Young plants thus produced are in many cases not thinned, and do not grow. to a reasonable size during the first season. From a crop of this sort a very large amount of top is pro-duced, and a large quantity of seed obtained per acre at a minimum cost. It would be unreasonable to were pect our farmers to grow poor crop seeds for the Canadian trade and compete in the matter of price with the seeds produced by the above me-thods in countries where labor is so cheap, and climatic conditions so fa-vorable. Until the consumers of these seed that is taken from selected and seed that is taken from selected and transplanted roots, grown in a climate similar to that where the seed is wanted for use, the quantity of home-grown stock offered in the trade will be extremely limited. It therefore appears that growers of root crops will find it to their advantage to murchase only seeds force. vantage to purchase only seeds from extra selected stocks, no matter what the price may be, or better still, grow their own seed from the best and most typical roots raised on their own farms.

HIS CIRCUMLOCUTION.

But it Did Not Win the Bright-Eyed

Common Sense Girl. "I received this afternoon," said the bright-cyed, common sense girl, the while a slight blush of maidealy coyness tinted her peach hued cheeks,

ness thred her peach hued cheeks, "a written proposal of marriage from Horace J. Pokelong, the rising young attorney, and——"
"Huh! that petrified dub!" jealousity ejaculated the young dry goods cealer, who had been hanging back because of his timidity and excessive advantion.

sive adoration.
"He says," proceeded the maiden gently ignoring the interruption, and reading aloud from the interesting document, "I have carefully and comby give, grant and convey to you my heart and all interest, right and title in and to the same, together with all my possessions and emoluments, either won, interited, or in any other manner acquired, gained, anticipated and expected, with full and complete power to use, expend, and complete power to use, expend, utilise, give away, bestow, or otherwise make use of the same, anything hereto'ore stated, expressed, implied or understood, in or by my previous condition, standing, walk, attitude or actions, to the contrary notwith standing; and I furthermore——."

"I—I—!" fairly shouted the listener, his furlough."

springing to his feet and extending his grms, "Miss Brisk-Maud-I love you! Will you marry me?"
"Yes, I wil!" promptly answered the lass, as she contentedly snuggled up in his encircling embrace. "And I'll reply to the ponderous appeal of that pedantle procrastinator with the expressive slangism, "Nit!" I am yours, Clarence."—Smart Set,

Not a Clear Title.

Philadelphia Ledger. The word 'furlough' occurred in a reading lesson of a primary grade in one of the public schools. The teach-

er asked if any boy or girl knew the meaning of the word. One small hand was interior of its mouth. It's a frog,' prehensively analyzed my feeling to-said. It's a frog all right.'

"It looks like a frog,' I admitted: tain't one, though.'

But it ain't one, though.'

"But it ain't one, though.'

reage. When he received permission to speak, he rose, and with the greatest assurance, said;
"Furlough means a mule."
Not a whit disturbed at the teacher's 'Oh. no: it doesn't,' the small

boy confidently answered:

"I have the book at home that says so." Then the teacher told him he might bring the book to school and show it to her.

The next morning he came arm-ed with the book and triumphantly showed her the picture of an Ameri-can soldier astride a mule, under which was printed, "Going home on

DIZZY SPELLS AND **BODY WEAKNESS**

Tell of a Run-down System and Exhausted Nerves-Strength Comes With the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

To many people peculiar spells of dizziness and weakness are a source of almost daily annoyance and distress. Some see flasses of light before them, and become blind and dazzied; others experience severe attacks of headache. The cause is exhaustion of the nervous system and deficiency in the quality and quantity of blood. In all such cases Dr. Chase's Nerve Hood seemed to build the most thorough cure of my old trouble. I would not think of being without the most thorough cure of my old trouble.

able.

Mrs. Symons, No. 42 St. Clair etrect, Belleville, Ont., states:
"Some weeks ago I began a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve food in the liquid strongly recommend anyone suffering as I did to give it a trial. It succeeded in my case after a great many remedies had failed."

To the the of treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve
Food, and found it a very satisfactory medicine. I was formerly
troubled with nervous exhaustion
and a weak, fluttering heart. Whenever my heart bothered me I would
have spells of weakness and dizziness, which were very distressing.

By means of this treatment my
nerves have become strong, and
the action of my heart seems to
be regular. I can recommend Dr.
Chase's Nerve Food as an excellent
medicine."

Mrs. James Clancy, No. 714 Wa-

l would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in the