## Cured Her Drunken Father.

This young lady says:—"My father often promised to stop drinking but returned to it worse than ever. After a terrible spree, he said, 'It's no use, I can't stop drinking.' I decided to give him the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and did so in his coffee, tea and food entirely without his knowledge. One package removed all his desire for liquor. It is now 15 months since we gave it to him, and we feel sure the cure will last."

*FREE SAMPLE* and pamphlet, giving full particulars, testimonials, and price, sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address—THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO. 23 Jordan Street, TORONTO, Ont.

Also for sale by W. T. Strong & Co.



# FERROVIM
TRADE MARK

A Tonic Wine, pleasant to take.

Gives strength
Makes new blood
Builds up the system
Throws off all weakness

A boon to those recovering from wasting fevers and long illness.

Sold by all medicine dealers.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.



# Nestlé's FOOD

Under the Nestlé Tree

PROTECTION for an infant in the choice of its food is of the greatest importance. Nestlé's Food is nourishing, strengthening, makes bone and sinew and keeps the baby in perfect health.

*A sample of Nestlé's Food sufficient for eight full meals, will be sent free by addressing*

LEEMING, MILES & CO., Sole Agents, Montreal.


### Why So Few Prisoners?

That the war now going on in the east is fierce beyond the precedent of any modern war is suggested by the small number of prisoners taken. In many engagements apparently no quarter is asked or given. The combatants fight to kill as well as to conquer. We hear of no prison camps nor of any great concourse of prisoners anywhere. Out of all the hundreds of thousands of men engaged on both sides we do not know that there are 5,000 anywhere taken from either side. We have no evidence that wounded men are killed on the field of battle, but that the number of killed far surpasses the usual ratio between killed, wounded and prisoners seems evident. It may be that the policy of thorough-going slaughter is in the end quite as merciful as more humane methods would be, the object being to put out of action as quickly as possible the greatest number of fighting men. It may be also that the savagery of this conflict will cause a reaction against all war.—Boston Christian Register.


## LINGERING COLD

**Withstood Other Treatment But Quickly Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.**

"Last winter I caught a very severe cold which lingered for weeks," says J. Urquhart, of Zephyr, Ont. "My cough was very dry and harsh. The local dealer recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and guaranteed it, so I gave it a trial. One small bottle of it cured me. I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have ever used." This remedy is for sale by all druggists.


# TASMANIA, THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND PENDENT OF AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT

*25,000 Square Miles of English Scenery—The Two Rival Cities Hobart and Launceston—Mr. Gahan Describes the Beauties and Peculiarities of the Island Colony.*

[Special Correspondence of the Advertiser.]

Hobart, Tasmania, Dec. 20, 1904.—Farthest south! Hobart, Tasmania, is the Dawson of the Commonwealth—the last stopping-place on the way to the pole. And yet it is not quite as near to the South Pole as Toronto is to the North. But, beyond, there is nothing but the great sweep of the Southern Ocean. Its long rolling waves told Captain Cook, a century and a quarter ago, that it was idle to look for land to the southward between Tasmania and the polar ice-fields. The Quebec, the New Ontario, the Manitoba, the British Columbia, the rolling prairies, the Rockies and the Klondike of Australia all lie fathoms deep below the green Antarctic waters.

Tasmania is a heart-shaped island hanging, like a green stone pendant, from the southeast corner of Australia. And a pretty pendant it is. Across a frame-work of interlaced mountain ranges, are stretched twenty-five thousand square miles of English scenery—hills and dales, lakes and rivers, farms and hedges, orchards and gardens, pastures and hop fields. Some features in the landscape, of course, are utterly un-English. The guant and grisly gum tree is everywhere, to show the traveler that he is still in Australia. But there is here a greenness in the leafage, a moisture in the air, a cold vigor in the wind and a blueness in the distance not to be found in any part of the continent. The resemblance to England is also kept up artificially by dividing the island into counties and calling them Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Kent, Pembroke and Buckingham.

English, too, is the small scale upon which nearly everything Tasmanian is built. Look at the map of the world and the island is represented by little more than a dot. The Sydney Bulletin, which has a rare faculty for choosing names that stick, always dubs Tasmania the Fly-Speck. In its columns you will read of Hobart, the Fly-Speck Capital, of the Fly-Speck Governor, the Fly-Speck Parliament and the Fly-Speck Finances. When a name so contemptuously diminutive is given to an island-state nearly as big as Ireland, it gives you a hint of the big ideas which a nation gets as a result of having a continent all to itself. A still more curious light is thrown upon the Australian sense of proportion when you find, in the heart of Tasmania, a little eighteen-mile stretch of water, proudly called the Great Lake. And it really is a great lake for Australia. On the map you may see bigger lakes marked, but their waters are salt and they degenerate during droughts into mere salt bogs. When I found Tasmanians so proud of their "large body of fresh water," eighteen miles long and three miles wide, I did not think it wise to mention to them that their whole colony could be set down in Lake Superior, and that even then a man might sail around it always out of sight of land. A little geographical fact like that would be taken as a more deadly insult than any vulgar name that the Sydney Bulletin might hurl.

### A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.

Geographically, Tasmania plays much the same part to Australia as Newfoundland does to Canada—much the same part as Madagascar plays to Africa or Terra del Feugo to South America; much the same as Vancouver Island plays to British Columbia, as Ceylon to India, or Sardinia to Italy. Long ages since, it no doubt formed part of the mainland—but the sea is now making up for lost time. Bass Strait is accounted the roughest piece of water in the world, beside which the Straits of Dover are as calm as a rain-barrel on a summer's day. The passage, in the fast new turbine steamer, takes something less than twenty hours. Of these three are spent steaming down the Yarra and Port Phillip Bay, forty miles from Melbourne to the Heads; and three are spent slowly steaming forty miles up the River Tamar to the town of Launceston. Into the remaining twelve hours is crowded as much anguish as wind and wave can inflict upon the bilious passenger.

A night in Bass Strait is bad enough, but it is not so bad after all as four days in the Tasman Sea. That is one great advantage which Tasmania enjoys over its New Zealand rival as a holiday resort for Australia. New Zealand—being a bit of Switzerland, a bit of Norway and a bit of England all rolled into one—is a tourist's paradise; but it is nearly as far from Australia as Newfoundland is from Ireland. Still it remains the favorite pleasure ground for those who have a well-filled purse, a month's holidays and a good pair of sea-legs. Those with shorter holidays, leaner purses and legs less seaworthy may be well content with Tasmania. Here there is the best of fishing to be had in spots of rare scenic beauty. The climate everywhere is breezy and bracing. Its healthiness is beyond dispute. In Hobart they say that old age is the only cause of death. The credit for that, however, may be claimed by that particular breed of vegetarians who maintain that anyone who pleases may live till ninety if he only will eat an apple before going to bed every night of his life. For Hobart is the center of the apple district. Tasmanian apples, I fear, enjoy on the English market a reputation far superior to the apples of Ontario. Apples, tourists and potatoes—those are called the main sources of Tasmanian wealth. The potatoes go chiefly to Australia, the apples to England, and the tourists to their homes with empty pockets, but with healthy complexions and happy hearts.

### TWO RIVAL CITIES.

At the front door of Tasmania stands Launceston. It lies forty miles from the sea, at the head of tidal water, where the North and South Esk meet to form the Tamar. The trip up the Tamar past Georgetown and Beaconsfield between well-tilled banks, is one of great beauty. But among Australian rivers the Tamar is remarkable, chiefly because it is navigable throughout its length for ocean-going vessels of 4,000 tons burden. It is, indeed, as the commercial capital of Tasmania, that Launceston prides itself. Its jealousy of Hobart is intense. Each town has its own Tourists' Association, with a prominent office and a permanent secretary whose duty it is, while giving the most courteous welcome to visitors, to magnify the attractions of his own town as opposed to those of its rival. In Launceston every arrival by train is asked first whether he has yet been to Hobart—and, if he has, he is made to pass judgment on the comparative charms and virtues of the two. It is appalling to think of the perjury committed by travelers in deference to the local patriotism of this town or that. The jealousy between Sydney and Melbourne, or between Vancouver and Victoria, is as nothing compared with the jealousy between Launceston and Hobart.

Mr. Froggie—Well, this is the first time I've ever been lifted by a Crane!

Launceston's great attraction is the Gorge—certainly one of the chief beauty spots in a beautiful island. Down a narrow canyon, between two rocky banks that rise four hundred feet, the South Esk roars and rushes to join the Tamar right in the heart of the town. Standing on King's bridge, and looking up the Gorge, the view is a noble one. It is a miniature Niagara gorge, without the falls. The small volume of water and the comparatively low cliffs give it none of Niagara's grandeur, but it has a prettiness which Niagara cannot equal. On one side, a path hewn out of the rock, part way up the cliff, leads from the bridge at the mouth of the Gorge to the valley-park at its head, nearl a mile beyond. On the way, deep fern gullies and tumbled rocks are passed in profusion. At points of vantage Grottoes, Crusoe Huts and Swiss Chalets have been built, where one may sit and enjoy the view while the dancing stream below is making a constant music. To the bashful bachelor, this is its main fault. Winding his way along the path, he never knows what blissful embarrasment may be lurking behind each jutting rock to confound him with blushes. In every nook there is a rustic seat—and on every rustic seat there is a couple overcome by the poetry of the scene.

A mile from the Bridge, the Gorge suddenly opens into a beautiful valley. This has been transformed into the cataract cliff grounds by some landscape gardener of exceptional skill and taste. The grass slopes gently down to the water's edge. The little stream, no longer dancing over rocks, widens here into a great basin, more than one hundred feet deep. Into it the Esk comes bounding down from the hills beyond, rests a moment in the open sunshine and then goes rushing off again down the Gorge to the Tamar. The Basin and its valley are surrounded by hills. Above a suspension bridge leads to the other side and a zig-zag path back to town gives the visitor a succession of new views. Accessibility, after all, is one of the main charms of the Gorge. In all its pristine beauty it lies in the center of the city, within ten minutes' walk from the postoffice. The busy man can take it regularly as an appetizer before meals instead of a sherry and bitters or a Martini cocktail.

### PROSPEROUS, NOT PROGRESSIVE.

Upon the Gorge rests Launceston's sole claim to exceptional natural beauty. Admitting Hobart's superiority in this, it dubs its rival Slow-bart and boasts unceasingly of its own progressiveness. The idea of progressiveness, in connection with anything Tasmanian, has a humor all its own. Tasmanians are prosperous, it is true, because their island is free from the curse of drought and, when Australia lies parched and barren, there is always an assured and high-priced market for Tasmanian produce. That makes the island prosperous; but it would need some great convulsion of nature to make it up into progressiveness.

From Launceston on the Tamar, in the north, to Hobart on the Derwent, in the south, is a rail journey of 133 miles. It is a funny little narrow-guage road, but the carriages are comfortable, the speed fair, and the scenery delightful. At Evandale there is a glimpse of down-country guaranteed to make every fox-hunting Englishman homesick. In the distance, some twenty five miles from the track, snow-capped Ben Lomond towers above the neighboring peaks to a height well over five thousand feet. Then farm land gives place to forest—the thin, straggling, depressing bush so common in Australia. But there is little of that in Tasmania, and the train is soon winding again through splendid country and past pretty towns like Campbelltown, Ross and Tunbridge, which is the branching-off place for the Great Lake district. A little later the train plunges into a mountain tunnel, three-quarters of a mile long, and then insinuates itself by curves innumerable down into the orchards and hop gardens of the Derwent valley.

### SOMETHING ABOUT HOBART.

On the grand estuary of the Derwent lies Hobart Town. Above rises Mount Wellington, a noble pile. Few cities have a site so fair. Harbor and mountain, mountain and harbor, harbor and mountain—compare them as he may, who can say which is the more beautiful in its way. Till I saw Hobart I did not believe that Sydney harbor had a rival. The first glance shook my allegiance and I fear it will be well nigh undermined before I leave. I speak of it merely as it appeals to the artist in me, not to the man of business. As a shelter for shipping, Sydney harbor no doubt is the better, but there is, after all, a great sameness in its aspect. Its shores are everywhere about the same height, rise steep from the water in much the same way, and are clothed in the same shade of dull green gum-tree, relieved by red-roofed villas. In Hobart there is more variety and more grandeur. The harbor fore-shores are gently sloping farm lands, smiling with crops at every stage of progress. Gradually, they rise into the picturesque hills of the middle-distance, while in the back-ground tower the mountains. Of these the chief is Mount Wellington, and I believe that it adds even more than the harbor to the charm of Hobart's situation. Eternally the same in its broad outlines, there is an infinite variety in its shades and moods. Sometimes circled with clouds, sometimes standing out clear-cut against the sky, sometimes half hidden in a thin blue mist, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in shadow, sometimes green, sometimes white, sometimes brown, sometimes black, Mount Wellington is like the expressive face of some dear old friend, ever the same yet ever new. It rises above the harbor to a height of 4,166 feet. Last year some athletic club organized a race to the top and back—and two men lost their lives in the venture. One died from exhaustion, the other from exposure. I climbed to the pinnacle the other day—but I took my time to it. At the top I was rewarded by a great field of snow—the first snow I had handled since I left Canada years and years ago. And the view was even better than the snow. It was the most magnificent panorama I had ever let my eye roam over. Land and sea for thirty miles around lay open at my feet, with nothing but the haze of distance to interrupt the sight.

The road down from the mountain to the town is only a difficult foot-track for three or four miles. There it develops into a roadway; and those who are not actively inclined can drive half way up and secure a view but litle inferior to the view from the top. Three miles further down the road there is another stopping place—the Fern Tree Bower. A miniature waterfall, a profusion of ferns, a white winding road, the mountain above, the hills around, the town and the harbor below combine to make this a delightful retreat. From there there is a coach road, winding in and out among the hills, five miles down to the town. And this is only one of the many drives for which Hobart is famous.

Approached in this way Hobart looks like Naples or Genoa, nestling at the foot of its mountains and stretching itself out along the Mediterranean shores. It is built on a series of hills that form the lower slopes of Mount Wellington. It is a town of thirty-five thousand, the political capital of Tasmania and undoubtedly the headquarters for the tourist. Mark Twain pronounced it the neatest and cleanest city in the world—but, unless that was "writ sarcastic," Hobart has changed sadly since Mark Twain visited it for a day some years ago. It is on the contrary, an old-fashioned town with narrow streets and low buildings, including Government House, the Customs House, the University, the Museum, the Postoffice, the Cathedral and the House of Parliament. In a square facing the Parliament buildings stands a statue of Sir John Franklin, one of the few personal links between Canada and Australia. He became Governor of the Colony in the year of the Queen's ascension and, after making his memory immortal here, sacrificed his life in a vain attempt to find the Northwest passage.

### A QUEER TRAM SYSTEM.

The most interesting thing about Hobart today is its tram system. If Launceston people were not without any trams of their own, they might well gibe at Slow-bart's. They are great two-story affairs. From front and back platforms, winding staircases lead up to seats on the roof. Above them there is an awning supported by iron tubing. And above that again there is the trolley. And the trolley is the distinguishing feature of the Hobart tram. Instead of having a pole and wheel, there is an iron hoop that scrapes along the overhead wire. When a tram comes racing down a hill at full speed the noise of the scraping resembles Niagara. One's inclination is to run for shelter. Personally I think a Royal Humane Society medal should be given with each tram ticket. Considering the speed and the curves, it is really an act of bravery to ride in them. The danger is increased by the narrow three-foot-six-inch gauge. In a high wind no one but a dare-devil or a would-be suicide would ride on the upper story. I believe that, in order to keep it from capsizing, each car is weighted below with three tons of ballast.

The chief charm of Hobart is that so many places of interest and beauty lie within easy distance from it. To the south there is the Huon Valley, which may be reached either by boat or by coach. To the north there is the Derwent Valley. Fourteen miles up the river is the town of New Norfolk, nestling among its hop gardens and its orchards. After visiting it I place the Derwent first among all the rivers I have seen. The scenery beggared description, always new and always grand. But the most interesting trip from Hobart is to Port Arthur, forty or fifty miles to the southeast, on Tasman's peninsula. This is classic ground. There many a grim tragedy was enacted. There was laid the scene of that well-known convict story, "The Term of His Natural Life."

### A PENAL SETTLEMENT.

It was as a penal settlement, subsidiary to Sydney, that Tasmania was first settled just a hundred years ago. The island had been discovered, one hundred and sixty years before, by Tasman, the great Dutch navigator. In those days Australia was called New Holland, and Tasmania Van Dieman's Land. It was on his third voyage, a century and a quarter afterwards, that it was visited again by Captain Cook. Then, twenty-five years later, Governor Macquarie sent over from Sydney a small detachment of convicts and soldiers. Hobart town was founded and named after the Secretary of State for the Colonies at the time. But the convicts were kept chiefly at Port Arthur, where their escape was practically impossible. Tasman's peninsula, though two hundred square miles in extent, is united to the main-land by only a narrow isthmus less than two hundred yards across, called Eagle Hawk Neck. Across this dogs were chained and a line of lanterns strung by night. Sentinels patrolled it without ceasing. And in order to prevent escape by swimming large quantities of meat were thrown in the water on either side until it became the favorite resort for sharks. Such were the old days.

BURISS GAHAN.


## When Kidneys Fail, Health Declines

**Dull, Aching Back Pains, Scanty and Highly-Colored Urine, Headaches and Insomnia. Indicate Diseased Kidneys.**

After experimenting for nearly 20 years, Dr. Hamilton discovered an absolute specific for weak kidneys. His pills of mandrake and butternut cure permanently.

Can you afford to delay? No, your interest compels you to use this certain cure now—today. Only take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and an absolute recovery is guaranteed. In thousands of cases relief has been instantaneous. Such was the experience of James G. Gordon, of Maryville.

TWENTY YEARS A SUFFERER.

"My kidneys bothered me for twenty years. I had gnawing pains in the back and my limbs ached with weariness all the time. My digestion was poor and I had specks before my eyes. "Dr. Hamilton's Pills helped me from the first day. Relief was immediate. They restored me and my health's better than ever."

All complaints kindred to kidney disease are prevented by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Their use insures you against Diabetes, Bright's disease and liver trouble. No house should be without such a valuable medicine. Sold everywhere by druggists, 25 cents per box, or five for $1. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

The Sweetness and Power of the

## New Scale Williams Piano.

The Williams has the longest strings to the scale, largest sounding board, and most powerful action.

In loud passages the tones swells out strong and sonorous, equal to the heaviest demands of classical music. Yet the lightest touch brings the sweet, singing tone that makes the Williams a delightful accompaniment of the voice. "I received the piano and am delighted with its finish and its excellent tone."—Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario.

Write Williams Piano Co., Ltd., Oshawa, for copies of illustrated booklets on the history and construction of a Piano, or call at the local warerooms.

**Williams Piano Co. Ltd., 171 Dundas St., London**


## THE ANCESTOR WORSHIP OF THE JAPANESE

**NOTS UPERSTITION, BUT A GREAT FACT IN THEIR LIVES.**

This ancestor-worship of the Japanese is no superstition; it is the great essential fact of their lives. "Western people easily make fun of it," says one of their writers, "but therein lies the philosophy of our patriotism." It was of this feeling that Lafcadio Hearn wrote; "It is probably the most profound and powerful of the emotions of the race—that which especially directs national life and shapes national character. Patriotism belongs to it. Loyalty is based upon it. The soldier who, to make a path for his comrades through the battle, deliberately flings away his life * * * obeys the will and hears the approval of invisible witnesses."

This is Yamato Damashii (the soul of Japan). It found its highest development in the lives of the military knights, the samurai of feudal days, whose code of precepts formed the Bushido, so cleverly expounded by Dr. Nitrobe. Since the beginning of the present war there have been many explanations of the remarkable Japanese successes. But more than ever before it has been shown to be "the spirit that quickeneth" which has "won the battles on the Yalu, in Korea and Manchuria," "the spirit that quickeneth" which made the wonderful, long-sustained attack on the superbly defended fortress of Port Arthur.

There is a widespread notion that the Japanese soldiers are fatalists, because when they join the colors in war times they call themselves kesshiai (determined to die). But only in a restricted sense can they be called fatalists. They count their lives as forfeit, it is true, but only in the sense that each man is quite willing to die, and expects, when his crisis comes, to give his life, if necessary, for the success of his task. He hopes to come back, but only as a victor. Better far that his bones bleach in a foreign land than that he should return to his home defeated or with his work unaccomplished. This is the real meaning of kesshiai. It is not that the soldier is bound at any event to throw his life away, but that in any event where success may be accomplished by his effort he will win even at the cost of his life—he will succeed or die. The code of the samurai "conceived the state as antedating the individual," and "the latter being born into the former as part and parcel thereof, he must live and die for it, or for the legitimate incumbent of its authority."—The Century.

The sight of birds is extraordinary, and the simple fact that the eye of a hawk or pigeon is larger than their whole brain gives some idea of what their powers of sight must be, and of how easily they can fly hundreds of miles if they have marks to guide them.


# MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MAKES YOUR CAKES LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR BISCUITS LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR BUNS LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR LABOR LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR EXPENSES LIGHT.

Order from your Grocer.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.



# BEE HIVE

A HARD SOAP FOR EASY WASHING



## LEE HING LAUNDRY.

Telephone 1,344. 467 Richmond Street.

Shirt collars ironed straight, so as not to hurt the neck. Stand-up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Give me a call. If you are not satisfied, no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. All hand work. Best in the city. Parcels called for and returned.


The citizens of Chattanooga, in the big pasture reserve of Oklahoma, are making preparations for a big wolf hunt. It is expected that hunters from Indian Territory and Oklahoma will take part. The plans are for the sportsmen to gather on the four sides of a 6-mile square tract and proceed to the center, forcing all game ahead of them; when at the center they will, with the aid of their dogs, kill the wolves. No guns will be allowed in the hunt.

There is a reason, and the best kind of a reason, why Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow long and heavy.

It is a hair-food. It feeds the hair and makes it healthy and strong.

Healthy hair grows, keeps soft and smooth, does not split at the ends, and never falls out.

Give Ayer's Hair Vigor to your gray hair and restore to it all the deep, rich color of early life.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—For coughs. AYER'S PILLS—For constipation.
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA—For the blood. AYER'S AGUE CURE—For malaria and ague.



# The Awful Helplessness of Locomotor Ataxia

**A Test Whereby This Dreadfully Common Form of Paralysis is Detected in Its Early Stages—Cure is Then Readily Effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.**

The sufferer from locomotor ataxia is known by his peculiar shuffling gait in walking and the flop with which the feet are put down.

About the first indications of this disease are loss of sensation in the feet and shooting pains in the legs.

Like other forms of paralysis, however, locomotor ataxia comes on gradually as the result of exhausted nerve force, and is accompanied by such symptoms as wakefulness, irritability, headache, restlessness of movement, twitching of the nerves, momentary defects in sight and hearing and difficulty in controlling movement of the limbs.

The time to begin treatment is at the first indication of nervous exhaustion, for you can be certain then that, if not locomotor ataxia, some other dreadful form of helplessness will overcome you.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most effective treatment ever devised for the cure of locomotor ataxia, paralysis and all diseases of the nerves.

First, because it is composed of the ingredients which the foremost physicians assert are the most certain nerve restoratives.

## The Test

Stand with feet close together and eyes shut. If you are a victim of locomotor ataxia your body will sway from side to side and you may fall over.

You will also be unable to walk in a straight line with your eyes shut, and only with difficulty with them open.

Second, because it has established an enviable record in curing these diseases.

When you use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can be absolutely sure that, search where you will, there cannot be found a more certain means of forming new, rich blood, creating new nerve force and restoring and revitalizing wasted and depleted nerve cells.

## Was Afraid of Falling.

**Lost Control of Legs and Could Scarcely Walk—The Numbness of Paralysis Throughout the Body.**

**Mrs. Barbara Bush, Dixon, Stormont Co., Ont., writes:**—"I suffered a great deal from dizziness in the head and numbness of the whole system, more especially the hands and arms, feet and legs. When I tried to walk my legs seemed to want to cross each other and I would be afraid of falling and grasp for a chair or table. I also had distressing nervous feelings at times, and suffered from a gnawing sensation in my stomach. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built up my nervous system and removed the miserable feelings from which I suffered. As I am seventy-three years old my system was run down and this treatment seemed to be exactly what I needed. I hope others will benefit by my experience."

# Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box. ☞ You can cure coughs and colds and prevent pneumonia and consumption by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.