THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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The Poverty of Position

Or, Violet Beaton's Contempt For Titles.

CHAPTER XX.

Three weeks passed since Violet came to Queen's Elm. The stately spirit of the place seemed in some measure to have entered into her. There was a dignified precision about everything which was new to her. All was so old; there was almost sacrilege in the thought of anything modern. The servants were old, and had grown gray in the service of the family; they were servants of the old-fashioned type, full of respect and reverence for their superiors, proud enough of the state of life to which they had been called, proud of being good servants and serving good people; there was no absurd aping of their betters, but a quiet reliance on themselves and their own claims to consideration.

Everything was so old, with such an out-of-the-world glamor, that Violet's youth and Violet's beauty seemed almost out of place. Nevertheless she was soon beloved and worshipped by the whole household. They told her that her face was like sunshine; and they waited upon her as though she had been a queen.

It was a good school. She had been too angry at Ryverswell to see any good in anything, far too angry; everything was hateful to her. She did not see any honor even in that to which honor was due. Here it was different. All that was noble, beautiful, or dignified in high birth, in the long line of descent, in hereditary nobility, was so placed before her that she could not refuse her respect and honor. She learned many things.

One warm, bright day in autumn Mrs. Ingram asked her to go with her to the churchyard at Elm Green.

"I want to see my husband's grave Miss Beaton. I wonder if other people have the same sensation that I have—that being near the grave of one beloved seems to bring that one beloved nearer?"

"I cannot tell," replied Violet. "Since I have been old enough to understand, I have lost no one by death."

Quite suddenly, as it seemed to her, a great storm of emotion swept over her heart and soul. What if "he" died, the one man who had so completely changed the course of her life? Would she care to sit by his grave that she might be nearer to him?"

"I am always asking myself questions that I cannot answer," thought Violet.

Mrs. Ingram sat down on one of the iron seats scattered about the old churchyard.

"I am at the end of life," she said, slowly, "and you, child, are at the beginning. You will love and marry some day; you are too beautiful for men to pass you by. Love and marriage, the two great crowns, the two great mysteries of woman's life, will come to you. Think, when they do, of all that I say to you now. My husband lived with me thirty years, and when we meet face to face there will not be the sound of an angry word between us. Think of that, my dear—think of that."

And Violet did think. She remembered her fiery denunciations, her hot anger, her burning pride, her resentment against her husband—there would be far more than the sound of an angry word between them.

"A marriage such as ours was is heaven upon earth," said the old lady. "For thirty years my husband and I lived in the sweetest peace and harmony, and during all that time we never, Heaven be praised, had one angry word! But there was a secret in this, one that all sensible wives soon learn."

"What is it?" cried Violet, eagerly.

"Forbearance," she replied. "That is the secret of happiness in married life—to bear and forbear, not to have wide-open eyes for each other's faults, and, what is better still, to love with a grand, generous, noble love that loves in spite of faults."

"Is there such a love?" asked Violet.

"May Heaven send it to you some day!" said Mrs. Ingram. "That is the grandest love of all—not the love that idealizes and believes the object beloved to be perfect—that kind of love always ends in disappointment—but the grand, generous love that is not lessened by faults. My husband had faults; I loved him in spite of them. I had faults, and he loved me in spite of them. We both knew that we were ordinary human beings, and we made allowance for each other. The result was we never had one angry word. 'We have been married thirty years, and we have never had a quarrel,' my husband said when he lay dying; nor should we have had one had we lived together fifty more."

"This differs from aunt Alice's teaching," thought Violet, "and it differs greatly from my practice."

She had plenty of food for meditation as they drove home.

Up to this time Violet had believed herself to be perfectly in the right, that the conduct of her husband and his mother had been utterly unjustifiable, that she had been injured and wronged, and that, in throwing off her allegiance to her husband and trying herself to break her bonds, she had acted bravely and nobly. But the hour spent in the churchyard rather changed her ideas. Love was not a matter of caprice, nor marriage a matter of whim; it was the most solemn of obligations. Certainly no woman could do as she had tried to do—break her own bonds.

She began to doubt herself—she who had been so confident in her might and right. What if she had done wrong, after all?

She could not forget Randolph. The handsome face, the kindly voice, the love-light in his eyes, his constant care for her, his devotion to her, and his mad, passionate love for her haunted her as they had never done before. She had hardened her heart against him; she had exaggerated her own wrongs; but she could not deaden her memory.

In those days Violet was a study. She was sure of no one feeling or emotion; her brain, mind and soul were in confusion. Love, revenge, tender memories of by-gone days, hatred of all that her husband loved took possession of her by turns; she could not tell whether she loved Randolph or hated him, whether she wished most to keep away from him or longed most to see him again. She tried to understand herself, and could not. Was it love of him that kept her awake at night, thinking of him and going over in fancy every hour they had spent together? Was it love that kept the sound of his voice ever in her ears? Was it love or hate? She could not tell; she did not know.

"I cannot understand my own heart," she said to herself; "much less could any one else understand it."

One morning—she had dreamed of Randolph all night—Mrs. Ingram asked her why she looked so thoughtful.

"I have been trying," answered Violet, "to solve a problem for myself, and I cannot do it. I was wondering whether in any circumstances whatever a wife ought to leave her husband."

"Certainly not," was the stern reply. "No matter whether she be in the right or in the wrong, the world shows its estimate of such women by ignoring them."

"Suppose," said Violet, "that a man married a girl beneath him in rank, and that, when he took her home, his friends treated her unkindly, even tried to prove that her marriage was not legal—would she be justified in leaving him?"

"Certainly not. Any wife in such a position as that, if she had a particle of common sense, would try conciliation, would do her best to please her husband's family."

"Go one step further," said Violet. "Suppose that the husband had grossly deceived the girl, beguiled her into marrying him by telling, or rather by acting, a deliberate lie—what would you say then?"

"I should still say her duty was to remain with him. The sanctity of the marriage-tie is too solemn to allow of its being broken; and, if it were broken on one pretext, it would be on others. There is but one course, and that is to keep it inviolable."

Violet carried these words in her heart for many long days.

That same evening a surprise was in store for her. Mrs. Ingram sent for her earlier than usual to her room. She seemed unusually excited.

"My dear," she said, "I want you. I have a letter from my granddaughter; she is coming to-night. It is very kind of her. She is so beautiful and so brilliant that she has many invitations; she has given up several to come to me."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Violet, gently.

"Give orders about her rooms. Gwendoline is very particular; and indeed she is quite right to be so; her life is most precious."

Only one word in Mrs. Ingram's answer struck Violet, and that was "Gwendoline," a name that was so uncommon, yet horribly familiar to her. The very sound of it seemed to bring the dowager Lady Ryvers before her, she who had spoken so often of Gwendoline Marr. She turned suddenly white, she grew faint and trembled; yet surely there were many Gwendolines in the world! Why that awful spasm of fear? She must know who this girl was, and that at once.

"What a pretty name—Gwendoline!" she said. "An old English name, is it not?"

"Yes—one much used in the Marr family. My granddaughter is Gwendoline Marr."

For a few minutes it seemed to Violet as though the ground were opening beneath her feet. Of all the strange fates in the world, it was the strangest that was bringing her hither. Not until this moment did she recognize how jealous she had been of Gwendoline Marr, the girl whom the dowager Lady Ryvers and Lady Lester loved, the girl whom they had all wished Randolph to marry. It had been a smouldering fire, and now suddenly it broke into a burning flame. She was bitterly jealous of her. How they would all have welcomed Gwendoline Marr! How they would have feted and caressed her! What strange fate had brought them together? Violet knew well that the one great desire of the dowager Lady Ryvers' heart was to find her marriage illegal, so that Gwendoline Marr might take her place.

It seemed to Violet the very irony of fate that she should stand there, listening to orders as to how Gwendoline Marr was to be made comfortable. She was prompted more than once to cry out that she would not do it. Why should she do anything for Gwendoline Marr, whose name had been made an instrument of torture to her? Then curiosity to see the girl whom the dowager Lady Ryvers wished to take her place, reigned supreme.

She went away to give the orders, and to tell the housekeeper to have everything ready for Miss Marr.

The housekeeper looked delighted when she heard the intelligence.

"It is always a bright day for us when Miss Marr comes," she said.

Violet scrutinized her eagerly; she longed to know more and hear more about her rival, but it was impossible to ask. The housekeeper read the questions in her eyes.

"She is a lovely lady, our Miss Marr," she continued, "and she has more lovers. I should think, than there are days in the year."

"She cannot love them all," Violet replied, smiling. "Does her little crowd of admirers follow her here?"

"No; when Miss Marr comes to stay with our mistress, she devotes all her time to her. We have no visitors at Queen's Elm."

A hundred questions trembled on Violet's lips, but she would not ask one. It was so strange, this meeting the great heiress there. After all, it was perhaps as well. Now she would see what her rival was like, the girl whom Lady Ryvers so vehemently desired that her son should marry.

All day she was restless; she could not give her full and undivided thoughts to what she was doing. She repeated over and over again to herself, each time with fresh wonder, that she was in the home of the only woman who had ever been her rival. What would her husband say if he knew? To what complications would it give rise? She was not much surprised to find that the order of the house was somewhat changed. The dinner was later, and some magnificent silver was disinterred; there was a general air of expectation.

Violet could have counted the beats of her heart; even Mrs. Ingram's worn, placid face was moved as though with some great pleasure. It was after sunset when Violet heard the sound of carriage wheels. She absented herself on some pretext, not caring to be present when the two ladies met. She was rather frightened by her own emotions, she did not quite understand it. Was it love or jealousy that stirred her heart with such keen interest?

When the dinner-bell rang, she went into the drawing-room, wondering why Mrs. Ingram had not sent for her as usual; and then she saw standing there a woman beautiful as a dream, tall and stately, yet not proud—a graceful, gracious woman with an exquisite face and eyes soft and dark as night.

Miss Marr went up to her with white outstretched hands.

"Mrs. Ingram has been speaking of you," she said. "I am pleased to see you; you are a great comfort to her."

And so the hands of the two women whose lives crossed so strangely met for the first time.

(To Be Continued.)

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Christmas Day Menus

DINNER.

Cream of Chicken Soup.
Olives Celery Salted Nuts
Roast turkey with oyster stuffing
Cranberry jelly Plum jelly
Catsup Pickles
Potato snow Creamed squash
Scalloped Cauliflower
Chicken salad Cheese straws
Plum pudding Mince pie
Fruit cake
Nuts Fruit Bonbons
Coffee

SUPPER.

Chicken and oyster croquettes
Brown, bread and butter sandwiches
Strawberries in jelly Peach trifle
Chocolate walnut cake
Tea Cocoa

Cream of Chicken Soup.—Wash a large, fat chicken, carefully, put it into a soup kettle with one gallon cold water, and let it come slowly to a boil. Add one teaspoon salt and skim carefully. Let it cook slowly until the chicken is quite tender, then take it up. Add to the soup one small minced onion, a sprig of parsley and a bit of celery. Let simmer half an hour longer, then strain. Return it to the kettle with half teacup rice and two teaspoons salt. Cover the kettle and let the soup boil until the rice is done, then add a lump of butter and one large cup sweet cream. Let get very hot and serve at once with bread sticks.

Roast Turkey With Oyster Stuffing. For a ten-pound turkey, take one quart bread crumbs, half cup butter cut in bits, one teaspoon finely powdered summer savory, half teaspoon powdered thyme, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix all well together. Rub the turkey with salt and pepper, then put in a spoonful of the crumbs, followed by a few well-drained, nicely seasoned oysters (allowing one pint the latter for the turkey), and continue this until the bird is full enough. Do not fill it too full, or the stuffing will be heavy. Baste the turkey with the oyster liquor, and cook until tender and richly browned.

Potato Snow.—Beat into one quart hot mashed potatoes four tablespoons butter, half cup cream or milk, one scant teaspoon salt and a dash of white pepper. Beat thoroughly with a fork, then beat in quickly the stiffly whipped whites of three eggs. Press through a heated colander and serve at once. Keep the potatoes on the back of the range while preparing them, as they must not be allowed to cool.

Creamed Squash.—Cook and mash the squash thoroughly, season to taste, and beat in half cup sweet cream and a generous lump of butter.

Scalloped Cauliflower.—Butter a baking dish well, put in a layer of cooked cauliflower broken small, season to taste and cover with bits of butter and bread crumbs. Continue this until the dish is full, then pour over one cup thick white sauce, cover closely, and bake in a quick oven for 20 minutes.

Chicken Salad.—Mix together two cups diced celery, two cups diced cold chicken and half cup blanched and coarsely chopped almonds. Moisten with mayonnaise and keep very cold until time to serve, and then turn into a salad bowl, pour a little mayonnaise over the top, and garnish with celery sprigs.

Cheese Straws.—Roll puff paste one-fourth inch thick, sprinkle one-half with grated cheese seasoned with salt and cayenne, fold, roll, and again sprinkle with the seasoned cheese; repeat, cut in strips, five inches by one-fourth inch, and bake in a hot oven. Serve on a doily in little rings of puff paste.

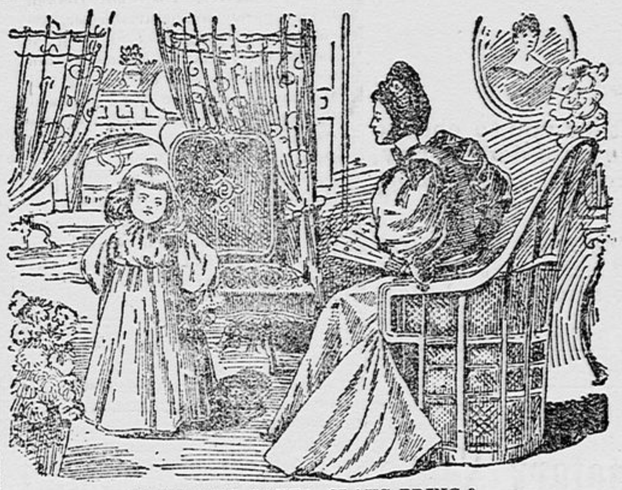
Plum Pudding.—One pound raisins stoned and chopped, one pound currants washed and dried, three-quarters pound bread crumbs, half pound flour, three-quarters pound beef suet, three eggs, half pound citron, and orange peel, half nutmeg, one teaspoon ground ginger, two teaspoons baking powder and just enough sweet milk to moisten slightly. Tie in a cloth and boil for four hours.

Mince Meat.—Three cups chopped beef, six cups tart apples, finely chopped, one cup chopped suet, one cup each vinegar and cider, two cups each seeded raisins, molasses and sugar, one tablespoon each cloves and cinnamon, half grated nutmeg and half tablespoon salt. Bake in two crusts.

Chicken and Oyster Croquettes.—Chop cold boiled chicken very fine, season to taste, add a little minced parsley, and moisten with cream sufficient to make a paste. Add one well-beaten egg to each one pint chicken. Parboil large oysters and remove the tough muscles. Allow two or three to each croquette. Season and coat thickly with the chicken croquette mixture; dip in dry bread crumbs, then in egg and soft stale bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Garnish with parsley.

Peach Trifle.—Make a sponge cake with six eggs, two cups sugar, one tablespoon lemon juice, half cup boiling water and two cups sifted flour. Beat the yolks and sugar until light, add flavoring, then the stiffly whipped whites, next the hot water, then the flour. Bake in a large loaf. When cool take out the center, leaving an inch rim on sides and bottom. Stick the cake rather full of blanched almonds, and thickly cover inside and outside with pink frosting. Drain the syrup from preserved peaches, cut in halves and fill the cavity of the cake with them. Sprinkle with a few blanched and chopped almonds, and heap over the top whipped cream, sweetened and delicately flavored, and make pink with a little strawberry syrup. Do not fill the cake until just before serving.

Chocolate Walnut Cake.—Make a good layer cake after any preferred recipe. For the filling whip the whites of three eggs until very stiff, add confectioner's sugar enough to make rather thick, half teaspoon vanilla, four tablespoons melted chocolate and half cup English walnut meats chopped fine. Place between layers and over the cake. Decorate with halved English walnut meats.



WHAT WILL SANTA CLAUS BRING?

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

For the more fancy candies there are two ways of making the cream that is the foundation of all the varieties; one, uncooked, by using eggs; the other by boiling the sugar. The latter is the best for candies that are to be kept several days.

Foundation for Candy—No. 1: Separate the whites of 2 eggs from the yolks, measure them and add the same amount of water. Stir in enough powdered sugar to make a paste stiff enough to mold into forms.

Foundation for Candy—No. 2: Put into a saucepan twice as much granulated sugar as water, say 2 cups water and 4 of sugar. When the sugar is about dissolved set the pan on the stove and heat slowly. Do not stir the mixture while it is cooking. Ten minutes after the sugar begins to boil, try a little by dropping it into cold water. If it will roll into a soft ball without sticking to the fingers, it is cooked enough. Take from the stove and set to cool. Test it frequently, and as soon as the finger can be put in it comfortably, commence beating it with a wooden spoon, and continue until it is white and stiff. Take out the spoon and knead with the hand until it is smooth and soft. If it becomes too hard at any time, add a few drops of hot water.

Chocolate Creams—Melt several sticks of chocolate by breaking into bits, and putting them into a bowl, and set over a kettle of boiling water. While the chocolate is melting make a cream from recipe No. 1 and from it mold a number of thimble-shaped pieces about an inch long. Set them on a buttered pan to dry for an hour. Then, using a wooden toothpick to hold them on, dip each piece into the melted chocolate until thoroughly coated. Put them on the platter again until the chocolate hardens.

Nut Candy—Make a cream by using recipe No. 2, and from it mold a number of little balls. Have ready a number of English walnuts. Put the half of a nut on each side of a ball, pressing them firmly in place. Roll in powdered sugar.

Another delicious nut candy is made by chopping any kind of nuts fine and working them through the cream. This is molded square, and cut into slices an inch thick.

Fig and Date Candies—These candies are made almost like nut candy. The figs are torn in two, and the cream made by either recipe is inserted. The dates have the seeds removed, and their place is filled with cream. Chopped figs, dates and citron can be used exactly like the chopped nuts and are thought to be more delicate by many people.

WORK FOR CHRISTMAS.

Fig. 1 shows a very convenient little article for use in traveling, and it is also ornamental enough for my lady's dainty dresser. It is called a handkerchief press and is made of two pieces of stiff cardboard four inches square, covered on one side with silk of a solid color and on the other with a pretty flowered pattern. Wadding and sachet powder are used. The coverings are overhanded together and the two covers are held together with an elastic band covered each side with inch-wide ribbon stitched together on the edges. Twice the length of elastic should be allowed for the ribbon covering, that it may be quite full. Sew a graceful bow of the ribbon on the top.

A double bag, one side for opera glasses and the other for the handkerchief, is shown at Fig. 2. Three or four-inch wide stiff satin or flowered ribbon is used. Fold together so that the two ends will extend beyond the center 2½ inches. Turn back ends, hem and stitch again half inch above hemming for a draw. Use narrow ribbon for draw strings.

A cork protector for the large wooden needles so much used in knitting shawls is Fig. 3. A brass

ring a little smaller than diameter of largest end of cork is crocheted full with s c in a pretty shade of green silk or silkateen. Make four rows of s c, then change silk to color of flower desired. Be careful now to make work fit cork. In 5th round after every other s c, ch 15 or more if longer petals are liked, and catch with s c in next stitch. Do the same in every succeeding round; if too full, make loops in every other round. After completing a round go back and fill each loop with s c. Leave a few rounds in center of top plain, making them with yellow silk and also narrowing a little to fit cork. Connect the two corks with inch-wide green ribbon a little longer than needles.

Six bags in one (Fig. 4) for sewing saves mixing of spools and the many small articles that so constantly tangle in the work basket. The bottom piece is a hexagon of stiff cardboard covered with flowered silk or silkateen, the edges overhanded together, and to each of the sides is attached a small bag whose width is the same as one side of the hexagon. The small bags are made of the same material lined with a contrasting or harmonizing color. Places are made for draw strings and each bag is drawn up separately with two lengths of baby ribbon tied in a little bow at both ends.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

On Christmas morning, dark or white,
The home is happy, eyes are bright,
Faces merry, voices gay,
Speak Love's blessing on the day.

On Christmas morning, be it spent
Where tints of brightest June are blent
Tropic fashion; tempest tossed;
Rain bejeweled, gemmed with frost.

On Christmas morning, all is fair,
Hope and joy are everywhere.
Now and ever, shade or shine,
Welcome in the day divine.

The magnolia has a more powerful perfume than any other flower.

Christmas Eve on a Train

Four travelers who were snowbound in a Western passenger train on Christmas Eve speedily became acquainted with each other and sat about the stove at the end of the car to "talk it over." One of the men was a drummer, another a cowboy, the third a big cattleman, and the last the minister who tells the story. They finally fell into conversation with a poor woman and her two children, the only remaining passengers, and found that the mother, who had tried to maintain herself by sewing since her husband's death, was giving up the unequal struggle and going home to live with "grandma."

The little threadbare children had been promised a joyous Christmas there, and when they found that the blockade would prevent their getting further for the present they cried bitterly until sleep quieted them. Just before they dropped off the drummer remarked:

"Say, parson, we've got to give these children some Christmas."

"That's what!" said the cowboy.

"I'm agreed," added the cattleman.

The children were told to hang up their stockings.

"We ain't got none," quavered the little girl, "'ceptin' those we've got on, and ma says it's too cold to take 'em off."

"I've got two pairs of new woolen socks," said the cattleman eagerly. "I ain't never worn 'em, and you're welcome to 'em."

The children clapped their hands, but their faces fell when the elder remarked:

"But Santa Claus will know they're not our stockings. He'll put in all the things for you."

"Lord love you!" roared the burly cattleman. "He won't bring me nothin'. One of us'll sit up, anyhow, and tell him it's for you."

Then the children knelt down on the floor of the car beside their improvised beds. Instinctively the hands of the men went to their heads, and at the first words of "Now I lay me" hats were off.

The cowboy stood twirling his hat and looking at the little kneeling figures. The cattleman's vision seemed dimmed, while in the eyes of the traveling man shone a distant look—a look across snow-filled prairies to a warmly lighted home. The children were soon asleep. Then arose the question of presents.

"It don't seem to me I've got anything to give 'em," said the cowboy, mournfully, "unless the little kid might like my spurs. I'd give my gun to the little girl, though on general principles I don't like to give up a gun."

"Never mind, boys," said the drummer, "you come along with me to the baggage car."

So off they trooped. He opened his trunks and spread before them such an array of trash and trinkets as took away their breath.

"There," said he, "just pick out the best things and I'll donate the lot!"

"No, you don't!" said the cowboy. "I'm goin' to buy what I want and pay for it, too, or else there ain't goin' to be no Christmas round here."

"That's my judgment, too," said the cattleman, and the minister agreed.

So they sat down to the task of selection. They spent hours over it in breathless interest, and when their gifts were ready there arose the question of a Christmas tree. It had stopped snowing, and tramping out into the moonlit night they cut down a great piece of sage brush. The mother adorned it with tinsel paper, and the gifts were prettily disposed. Christmas dawned for two of the happiest children under the sun, and a happy mother, too, for inside the big plush album selected for her the cattleman had slipped a hundred-dollar bill.

FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK.

If you will have a turkey-cock your festal-board to grace,
Whose advent you can calmly wait with smooth, unruffled face,
Safe in the knowledge that its life has early been cut short,
Be wise in time and note these points before the bird is bought.
See that its legs are smooth and black, its eyes not sunk, but bright,
Its feet quite moist and flexible, its breast both plump and white;
Then, if its spurs have not been scraped, you need no farther look,
But strike a bargain if you can, and take it home to cook.

To Test the Heat of the Oven.—Take a sheet of white paper and place it in the oven. If too hot the paper will quickly blacken or burn up; if it is a delicate brown the oven is fit for pastry; should the paper turn dark yellow, cakes may be baked; and if only light yellow, sponge cakes and biscuits may be put in.

A QUESTION OF FUNDS.

In Four Hospitals in Montreal

But the Doctors Could Not Cure Mr. Cloutier—Said He Would Never be Well Again—After Six Years of Helplessness He Was Cured by

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The case of Mr. Simon Cloutier, shoemaker, 110 Lagouchetiere street, Montreal, deserves more than passing notice, because his case was unusually severe.

For six long years Mr. Cloutier was an invalid, unable to attend to his work, and much of his time was spent in the hospitals of Montreal. The doctors gave him no hope of recovery, but, on the contrary, told him that he would never be well again.

A treatment that will restore to good health a person whose case was considered hopeless must be of more than ordinary value, and this is only one of a series of remarkable cures that have been brought about by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. Simon Cloutier, shoemaker, 110 Lagauchetiere street, Montreal, Que., states:—"For six years I was not able to work, my nerves were all unstrung and my digestion bad. I had severe attacks of headache, could not sleep, and suffered with shooting pains in the small of my back. I was in four hospitals, but the doctors could not cure me. They said I would never be well again. In spite of their decision I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food some months ago, and I am convinced that I owe my life to this medicine. I have now been at work for over two weeks, and believe that my health has been fully restored. It is a pleasure for me to add my testimony to the hosts of others from persons who have been cured by this wonderful medicine."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HAPPY SANT A CLAUS.