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MAY-TIME THOUGHTS. GOSPEL LESSONS TAUGHT BY FLOW-

ERS ALL OVER THE EARTH.

Some of the Beautiful Gardens of Ancient Times Recalled-In the Garden of the Chlurc the Rarest of Plants Are

to be Found-Talmage's Latest Sermon.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.—Rev. Dr. Talmage is in the city to day participating in the services at the ordination of

his son, Rev. Frank Talmage, to the ministry. He has dictated the following

sermon on a timely and seasonable topic:
"May-Time Thoughts," the text selected
being the beautiful words of Solomon's

Song, 4: 15, "A fountain of gardens, a

Some of the finest gardens of olden times were to be found at the foot of

Mount Lebanon. Snow descended and

winter whitened the top of the mountain:

then when the warm spring weather came the snows melted and poured down

the side of the mountains and gave great

Auxuriance to the gardens at the foot; and

you see now the allusion of my text when it speaks of the fountain of gardens

Again and again the church is repre-

sented as a garden, all up and down the

Word of God, and it is a figure specially suggestive at this season of the year, when the parks and the orchards are

about to put forth their blossom, and the

A mother wished to impress her child

with the love of God; and so in the springtime, after the ground had been

prepared in the garden, she took a handful of flower-seed, and scattered these seeds in the shape of letters all across

the bed of the garden. Weeks passed by, and the rains and the sunshine had

done their work, and one day the child

came in and said, "Mother, come quickly to the garden—come now." The mother followed the child to the garden, and the little child said, "Look here, mother! see, it is child said, "Look here, mother! see,

it is spelt all over the ground in flowers,

the beach, lessons in sparkles on the wave, lessons in the stars on the sky,

Well, my friends, you know very well that there have been some beautiful gardens created. There was the garden of

Charlemagne, and you remember that this king ordered gardens laid out all through the realm, and decided by de-

cree of government what kind of flow-

ers should be planted in those gardens. Henry IV., at Montpellier, decreed that there should be planted flowers through-

out his realm, and gardens laid out, and he specially decreed that there should be

Alpine pyrena and French plants.

Shenstone, the poet, was more celebrated for his gardens than for poetry; his

poetry has faded from the ages for the most part, but his gardens are immortal;

to all the beauty of his place he added

perfection of art. Palisade and arch and arbor and fountain and rustic

temple had their most wonderful speci-

mens. and the oak and the hazel and the

richest woods of the forest were planted

and he sold it at last for \$85,000, or what

was equal to that number of dollars.

It was an expensive garden, laid

extensive gardens round about it. It broke his heart that he could not com-

plete the work as he desired it. At his

those gardens, and building that palace of Abbotsford, at that time his heart

broke, his health failed, and, he died al-

seemed I could see in the crimson flowers

the blood of the old man's broken heart.

But I have to tell you now of a garden

laid out at vaster expense—who can cal-

ye executors who lifted and let Him

down; tell me, thou sun that didst hide, and ye rocks that did fall, what the lay-

ing out of this garden cost. This morn-

ing, amid the aroma and brightness of

the springtime, it is appropriate that I show you how the Church of Christ is a

I remark first, it is a garden because of the rare plants in it. That would be a strange garden in which there were no

flowers. If you cannot find them any-

where else you will find them along the

pecial means, you will find there the hollyhock, and the daffodil, and the

dahlia. If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find the Mexican cactus, and the blue-bell. and

the arbutus, and the clusters of olean-

Flowers there must be in every gar-

den, and I have to tell you that in the

garden of the church are the rarest

plants. Sometimes you will find the

heaven-Christian souls, with no pre-

tence, but of vast usefulness, comparatively unknown on earth, but to be

glorious in celestial spheres. Violets and violets all the time. You cannot tell where these Christians have been,

save by the brightening face of the invalid, or the steaming tureen on the stand

near the pillow, or the new curtain that

keeps out the glare of the sun from the

poor man's cot. Such characters are

perhaps better typified by the ranuncu-

lus, which goes creeping between the thorns and the briars of this life, giving

a kiss for a sting; and many a man has thought that life before him was a black

rock of trouble, and found it covered all

over with delightsome jessamine of

In this garden of the Lord I find the

Mexican cactus, loveliness within, thorns

without, men with great sharpness of behavior and manner, but within them the peace of God, the love of God, the

violet, inconspicuous, but sweet as

paths, and you will find them at the gateway.

If there be no especial taste and no es-

with the streams from Lebanon.

lessons in flowers all over the earth.

and streams from Lebanon.

air is filled with bird-voices.

well of living waters, and streams from

"Yesterday I was crossing Jersey City Ferry. It was very early in the morning, and I saw a milkman putting a large quantity of water into his can, and I said, 'That is enough, sir,' and he got off the cart and insulted me, and I knocked him down. 'Well' he said, 'do you think I cart and insulted me, and I knocked him down. 'Well,' he said, 'do you think I could ever become a Christian?' That man had in his soul the grace of the Lord Jesus, but outside he was full of thorns, and full of branches, and full of exasperations; but he could not hear the story of a Saviour's mercy told without having the tears roll down his cheek. There was loveliness within, but roughness outside. Mexican cactus all the time.

uttered—"Thy will be done."

But you have noticed that around every king's garden, there is a high wall You may have stood at the wall of a king's court and thought "How I would like to see the garden;" and while you were watching, the gardener opened the gate and you caught a glimpse of the garden, but only a glimpse, for then the gates closed.

I bless God that this Garden of Christ

But I remember in boyhood that we had in our father's garden what we called the Giant of Battle, a peculiar rose, very red and very fiery. Suggestive flower, it was called the Giant of Battle. And so in the garden of the Lord we find that kind of flower—the Pauls and Martin kind of flower—the Pauls and Martin Luthers, the Wycliffes, the John Knoxes—Giants of Battle. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. when they pray, their prayers take fire; When they suffer they sweat great drops of blood; when they preach it is a pente-cost; when they fight it is a Thermopylæ; when they die it is martyrdom,—Giants of Battle. You say, "Why have we not more of them in the Church of Christ at this time?" I answer your question by asking another: "Why have we not more Cromwells and Humboldts in the world?" God wants only a few Giants of Battle; they do their work and they

do it well. But I find also in the Church of God a plant I shall call the snowdrop. Very beautiful, but cold; beautiful as the snowdrop, and as cold as the snowdrop. No special sympathy. That kind of man never loses his patience; he never weeps, he never flashes with anger, he never utters a rash word. Always cold, always precise, always passive, beautiful snowdrop, but I don't like him. I would rather have one Giant, of Battle than rather have one Giant of Battle than

Give me a man who may make some mistakes in his ardor for the Lord's service, rather than that kind of nature O my friends! if we only had faith enough, we could see Gospel lessons all around and about us—lessons in shells on which spends its whole life doing but one thing, and that is keeping equili-brium. There are snowdrops in all the churches—men without any sympathy. Very good; they are in the garden of the Lord, therefore I know they ought to be there; but always snowdrops.

You have seen in some piaces perhaps a century plant. I do not suppose there is a person in this house who has ever seen more than one century plant in full bloom, and when you see the century plant your emotions are stirred. You look at it and say: "This flower has been gathering up its beauty for a whole century, and it will not bloom again for another hundred years." Well, I have to tell you that in this garden of the church, spoken of in my text, there is a century

It has gathered up its bloom from all the ages of eternity, and nineteen centuries ago it put forth its glory. It is not only a century plant but a passion-flower—the passion-flower of Corist; a crimson flower, blood at the root, and in that garden. He had genius and he had industry, and all his genius and all his industry he applied to the beautification of his garden. He gave for it \$1500, blood on the leaves, the passion-flower of Jesus, the century plant of eternity. Come, O winds from the north and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west and scatter the perfume of this flower through all na-

out with great elaboration. And yet I have to tell you now of a garden of His worth, if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love Him too. vaster expanse—the garden spoken of Thou, the Christ of all the ages, hast in my text—a fountain of gardens garments smelling of myrrh and aloes. and cassia, out of the ivory palaces. Walter Scott had the great ambition of his life to build Abbotsford and lay out I go further, and say the church of Christ is appropriately compared to a garden because of its thorough irrigation. There can be no luxuriant garder without plenty of water. I saw a garden in the midst of a desert, amid the ast payment of £100,000, after laying out Rocky Mountains. I said, How is it possible that you have so many flowers, so much rich fruit in a desert for miles around? I suppose some of you have seen those gardens. Well, they told me A few years ago, when I walked through those gardens, and I thought at what vast expense they had been laid out, at the expense of that man's life, it they had aquaducts and pipes reaching up to the hills, and the snow melted on the sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains and then poured down in water to those aqueducts, and it kept the fields in great luxuriance. And I thought to myself-how like the garden of Christ! culate that vast expense. Tell me, ye women who watched Him hang, tell me, All around it the bareness of sin and the bareness of the world, but our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help. There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God, the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon. Water to slake the thirst, water to refresh the fainting, water to wash the unclean, water to toss up in fountains under the sun of righteousness, until you can see

the rainbow around the throne. I wandered in a garden of Brazilian cashew-nut, and I saw the luxuriance of those gardens were helped by the abundant supply of water. I came to it on a day when strangers were not admitted, but, by a strange coincidence, at the moment I got in, the king's chariot passed and the gardener went up on the hill and turned on the water, and it came flashing down the broad stairs of stone, until sunlight and in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. And so it is with this garden of Christ. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, peace from above, comfort from above, sanctification from above. Streams from Lebanon, oh! the consolation in this thought. Would God that the gardeners turned on the fountain of salvation until the place where we sit and stand might become Elim with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm-trees. But I hear his sound at the garden gate. I hear the lifting of the latch of the gate. Who comes there? It is the Gardener, who passes in through the garden gate. He comes through this path of the garden, and He comes to the aged man, and He says, "Old man, I come to help thee, I come to strengthen thee. Down to hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give thee strength at the time of the strength at the stren give thee strength at the time of old age; I will not leave; I will never forsake thee. Peace, broken-hearted old man, I will be thy consolation forever."

And then Christ the Gardener comes And then Christ the Gardener comes up another path of the garden, and He sees a soul in great trouble, and He says, "Hush, troubled spirit, the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night, the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, the Lord shall preserve thy soul." And then the Gardener comes up another path of the garden, and He

grace of God, the love of God, the grace of God. They are hard men to handle, ugly men to touch, very apt to strike back when you strike them, yet within them all loveliness and attraction, while outside so completely unfortunate Mexican cactus all the time. while outside so completely unfortunate Mexican cactus all the time.

Said a placid elder to a Christian minister, "Doctor, you would do better to control your temper." "Ah!" said the minister to the placid elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." These people, gifted men, who have great exasperation of manner, and seem to be very different from what they should be, really have in their souls that which commends them.

Said a placid elder to a Christian buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "I do not come to deavery a great flutter among the leaves, and I wonder where there are some beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener, do not break them off." But He breaks them off."

to the Lord. Mexican cactus all the time. So a man said to me years ago, "Do you think I ought to become a member of the church—I have such a violent temper?

"Yesterday I was crossing Jersey City Ferry. It was very early in the morning, and I saw a milkman putting a large quantity of water into his can, and I said, 'That is enough, sir,' and he got off the cart and insulted me, and I knocked him down. 'Well,' he said, 'do you think I of rosebuds. Peace, troubled soul; all shall be well. Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Oh, glorious Gardner of the Christ comes to it now, and He has a right to come. We look into the face of the Gardener as He breaks off the bud, and we say: "Thou are worthy to have them; thy will be done." The hardest prayer a bereaved father or mother ever uttered—"Thy will be done."

But you have noticed that around every

I bless God that this Garden of Christ has gates on all sides, that they are opened by day, opened by night, and whosoever will may come in, Oh! how many there are who die in the desert when they might revel in the garden! How many there are who are seeking in the garden of this world that satisfaction which they can never find!

THE DRUMMER'S ADVENTURES.



This the opera chair, with the nice convenient rack under the seat for your



This is the drummer, who has an hour to spare before train time, and goes to





And he enjoyed the play so much.



-Puck's Library. The tendency of elderly gentlemen, who should be at home in bed or reading their Bibles, to visit the green-room of the theatres, is not confined to New York, A similar state of affairs prevails in Paris. The green-room of a certain Paris theatre was often crowded with old gentlemen who acted as escorts. The more than one venerable relic attended an actress, until the green-room became the director put up a notice which read: "Hereafter each and every actress con-nected with this theatre will be allowed to bring into the green-room only one father at a time."

"When is a woman not a woman, Mc-Corkle ?" "Can't say. When is it?"
"When she is a mail clerk."

Postal Item.

GOSSIP ABOUT ROYAL LOVERS.

The Princess May of Teck and Prince George of Wales-Where They Are. The London correspondent of The Chi-

The London correspondent of The Chicago Herald says:

Princess May is out of mourning, and very charming she looks in the modified consumes in which she is to be seen about. Her Highness is frankly pleased that at last the papers have, for the time at least, ceased to drag in her name at every turn in connection with George, who, it appears, is the only obstacle in the way of complete happiness at Marlborough House and the White Lodge.

The fact is the Duke of York is by no means in such a hurry to get married as the

means in such a hurry to get married as the world seems to imagine, and he possesses an ample supply of that native firmness—to term it by no other less flattering phrase—which he inherits from not a few of his an-

There is absolutely no truth in the statement that has found its way into the papers on your side, that the projected marriage between the young couple has been officially announced. The British court is still sphinylike on the aphinxlike on the subject, and neither the Tecks nor Albert Edward's entourage have uttered a word which would lead one to believe that such an alliance was contem-

It is, however, whispered in society circles that a screw is loose somewhere. George and his May have had a tiff, one of those lovers' quarrels which cause so much anguish while they last and which are amanguish while they last and while they last an amanguish while they last and while anguish while they last and which are amply recompensed in the sweet making up thereof. Everything points in this direction, for George is at the present moment cruising about the Grecian isles with his bethought a fanciful exaggeration, let it cruising about the Grecian isles with his mother, while poor, pensive May is wandering around the silent glades of Richmond tricts in Scotland, once thickly populatpark seeking comfort and solace from her good-natured mother, the fat and happy Mary Adelaide. Had everything been coleau de rose May would have been of the yachting party, or at least the Tecks would have found some excuse for the good solace. It is seeking confort and solace from her detailed in Scotland, once thickly populated, where there are at the present time nothing but gamekeepers' and shepherds' cottages at long intervals, with an occasional shooting lodge. have found some excuse for a spring trip to Italy, so as to have been within reasonable distance of dear George. As it is the British public has to watch and wait, if not watch and pray, that all this hokus pokus may soon end, and that the succession to the crown, in which they may be said to be somewhat interested, may be shortly settled one way or the other.

A sparrow swmging on a branch, A sparrow swinging on a branch,
Once caught a passing fly,
"Oh, let me live?" the insect prayed
With trembling, piteous cry,
"No," said the sparrow, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

The bird had scarce begun his feast
Before a hawk came by—
The game was caught—"Pray let me live?"
Was then the sparrow's cry.
"No," said the captor, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

An eagle saw this rogue and swooped
Upon him from on high,
"Pray let me live; why should you kill
So small a bird as I?"
"Oh," said the eagle, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

While he ate the nunter cannot.

He let his arrow fly—
"Tyrant!" the eagle shrieked, "you have
No right to make me die!"
"Ah," said the hunter, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small!"
—Brandon Banner. While he ate the hunter came,

Malaria Comes at Sunset.

head just as we see a ground fog in still, moist air after a warm day in autumn; the organisms were given off while the surface

out against it, and fight it to the death.

Dover (N. J.) Journal.

It is the duty of the pulpit to denounce of the ground was warm, and they accumu- sin and rebuke wrong, even if the sin and late a little above it as radiation carries off the heat and cools the lowest stratum of ies that dominate the land. If a preach-

After sunset the earth is still warm and in his calling.—Montana New Issue. After sunset the earth is still warm and exhales moisture into the air above it, and with the earth vapor organisms are largely given off. The human body is that time most susceptible to their action, because the rapid cooling of the skin drives the blood to the inner surface of the throat and inoculation by germs drawn in with the breath. Later in the night the organisms To outlaw the drawn in the drawn in the night the organisms have largely sunk by their own weight and that of deposited dew, and moreover, the cooled body is not so much open to the attack of germs remaining in the air.— Chicago News-Record.

Not a Wheel Moves in Algiers Among the strangest peculiarites of Tangier, Morocco and one that at once orces itself on the newcomer is the total bsence of any kind of wheeled vehicle. In the entire city—which is an example of all the others in the empire—there is not even a donkey cart, for the streets are much too narrow to permit of their use and transportation of passengers and merchandise is effected upon the backs of donkeys, horses, mules and camels, according to the weight and distance. There are but few streets into which a loaded camel could enter and not more than three in which he could pass another loaded camel or horse. Some of the municipal voters list are to vote as well. This gives the broades, fullest franchise that it is possible to have under narrow to permit of their use and transportransportation devolves upon donkeys for the side street and upon horses and mules for the main thoroughfares.—Scribner's.

"There are more bald-headed young men in leading Washington social circles," said a supplier of hirsute deficiences to a Washington Herald representative, "than people would think. But that is because very litgentlemen who acted as escorts. The actresses maintained that their aged attendant were their fathers, Occasionally more than one venerable relic attended an actress, until the green-room became actually congested with them. At last the director put up a notice which read:

would think. But that is because very little of it is revealed to the curious glance. You see, most of the young men grow bald immediately above the forehead, which leaves a triangular space, or on the center of the head. The first place is very easily concealed by a patch which looks as natural as the real thing. These patches are readily adjusted and may be dressed in any style. They are rather expensive though style. They are rather expensive though—that is, if a man desires something which will completely baffle the attempts of the suspicious at detection, and cost all the way from \$30 to \$150, according to size and finish. I could name twenty young men who 'sport' these patches and whose hair is universally admired by the fair sex, but of course I wouldn't. Concerning that particular spot on top of the head in which In a Police Court,

Justice — You have been proved a tramp and a beggar. Haven't you any trade?

Tramp—Yes, your honor; I shovel snow.

"In winter, but that's past; but what do you do in the summer?"

"I wait for the winter, your honor."

Consoling.

"I paid the man for finishing the cistern this morning, Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, "and it took the last cent there was in the house."

"Never mind that, Samantha," replied Mr. Chugwater, soothingly, "we've get something for a rainy day at last."

Is universed by the last sex but last as a concerning that particular spot on top of the head in which the hair is especially fleeting, any number of men whose ages range between 35 and 40 are so decorated, They do not come so high as the first-named prices, but are just as easily adjusted and present the same impenentable finish. There are not many of the complete wigs sold, like there were fifteen or twenty years ago. In fact, it is hard to get a wig which does not give itself away, and this is worse than thin hair or baldness. What is the color most in vogue oncerning wigs? Why? I guess dark brown is the most popular. Most men have that color of hair. Black-haired and extended that color of hair. Black-h

The Population Centers in Towns and Ulties in Great Britain as well as in Canada and the United States.

"During the present century there has been a steady and comparatively rapid increase of the population of towns, and in most cases a marked decrease of the population in country districts. The census of 1891, instead of showing any fall ing off in this lendency, shows it in a more marked degree than ever. Not only do the purely agricultural districts show a steady decrease in population during the past ten years, but also many villages and small towns. It seems as if the thinly peopled country districts were even to become more so, and the densely peopled towns to become still more over-crowded. In 1821 about one-seventh of the population of Scotland was in Edin-burgh and Glasgow and their suburbs. in 1891 about one fourth. Dundee has in creased five-told, Aberdeen three-fold, in these 70 years. It there-fore appears that at no distant date the estuaries of towns, will hold the great bulk of the population of Scotland. By that time the interior will be a wilderness (except spots), with a few lodges and gamekeepers and sheperds' cottages scattered like the backwoodmen's log cabin in America or



W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

*For God and Home and Native Land.

An Editorial Experience Meeting.

There is no better way to promote temperence than to enact an absolue prohibitory law against the traffic.—Groton Review.

If we cannot legalize morality into folks let no further effort be made to pass the bill compelling coal dealers to give honest weight.—The Plaindealer. It a man has a right to drink whatever he wants, he has a right to drink as much as he wants, and not be sent to

jail for it. If not, why not?—New York Voice. At the base of reform lies the education of the intellect into an appreciation of ethical life, and a knowledge of how to defend and perpetuate that life.—The Progressive Age.

Women support the churches, men support the saloon, yet the women are The special danger of the sunset hour in malarial regions may be owing to the folMen attend at once to the laws for both The microbes or spores concentrated at a the churches and saloons. Southern

The microbes or spores concentrated at a level a little above the ground, exactly as one may observe dust of carriages in the road a thick horizontal layer settle on a warm, moist evening; then there is no lifting by ascending air currents, but a sort of beating down to a low level, and their coherence is caused by the disposition of vapor on the dust particles as the air cools.

The money with which the saloon keeper pays for his license is just so much more squeezed out of the poverty of the drunkard's home than would have been had not the license fee been exacted.

—Westerly (R. I.) Daily Tribune.

ust particles as the air cools.

Thus over a dried marsh there would be to be in harmony or smypathy with God's which could no longer disperse. They would gather about the height of a man's

er fails to do it he is not worthy to remain

those congested inner surfaces favor the will look like the dawn of the millenium. To outlaw the dramshop will result in

more genuine happiness, more substant-lal progress, more safety to life and property, more economy in the administration of law, more comfort to women and shildren, more prosperity to business men, than can possibly result from any other act on the part of a town or city.—Lever.

THE PLEBISCITE.—On Wednesday afternoon, the day following the adoption of the Government resolution in favor of a plebiscite, Hon. Mr. Ross introduced a bill providing for the taking of the vote. Voting will be held on the first Monday

smaller streets are so narrow that even the panniers of a donkey would scrape upon either side, so that in the city itself the transportation devolves upon donkeys for the side atreet and upon horses and mules importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." The ballots are to be printed on paper of a different color from other ballots used at the same time. This arrangement will prevent confusion. The ballots to be used by men will be yellow, those to be used by women will be blue. The bill contains full particulars of instructions as to proceedings preliminary to, during and subsequent to the polling. This is the initiation of the fight. There is not a long time in which to make preparations.
Organization should be perfected at once. We are confident that a mighty victory for prohibition will be recorded on January 1st next.—The Canada Citizen.

> When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

Stomach Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years. It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Broken Constitution, Nervousness. Nervous Prostration, Debility of Old Age, Nervous Headache, Indigestion and Dyspepsic, Sick Headache, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Female Weakness, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach. Nervous Chills, Loss of Appetite, Paralysis, Frightful Dreams. Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Weakness of Extremities and Hot Flashes, Fainting. Impure and Impoverished Blood, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, St. Vitus' Dance, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Nervousness of Females. Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia. Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Pains in the Heart, Liver Complaint, Pains in the Back, Chronic Diarrhoea. Failing Health, Delicate and Scrofulous Children,

Summer Complaint of Infants. All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86.

To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone ach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. Haeder, Er-Treas. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause. State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } 28:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

Wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

Harriet E. Hall, of Waynetown, Ind., says:

I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the best medicine in the world. I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all sompare with South American Nervine as precedity safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly

Price, Large 16 ounce Bottle \$1.00; Trial Size, 15 Cents. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. If not kept by Druggists order direct from

Dr. E. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

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