LUXURIOUS FEASTS PREPARED BY THE GREAT MEN OF THE EARTH.

Lord Leicester and Cardinal Wolsey as Entertainers-But the Grandest Entertainment of All is the One in Which Our Lord the King is the Banqueter

BROOKLYN, N.Y.. Jan. 28.—The usual large audience assembled in the Tabernacle to-day and listened to a sermon of remarkable power and interest by Rev. Dr. Talmage, the subject being "Festivity." The text selected was Luke 14:17—"Come, for all things are now ready."

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It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Eliza-beth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted to the gate with floating islands, and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced in a dining-hall the luxuries of which astonished the world; four hundred servants waited upon the guests; the entertainment cost five thousand dollars each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet; purveyors went out and traveled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guest were kept during the day hunting in the king's park, so that their appetites might be keen: and then, in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables a-glitter with imperial plate, and laden with the rarest of meats, and a-blush with the costlies wines; and when the second course of the feast came it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds and beasts, and groups dancing, and joustling parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank the health, first to the king of England and next to the king of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in

But I have to tell you of a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banqueter, Angels are the cup-bearers. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love frescoed with light, and paved with joy, and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banqueting place. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chalices of Heaven are the plates; and I am one of the servants coming out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering them everywhere; and, oh, that for yourselves you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come now, for all things are

There have been grand entertainments where was a taking off—the wine gave out, or the servants were rebellious, or the light failed: but I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is com-plete, and swing open the door of the feast, telling you that "All things are now ready"

In the first place, I have to announce that the Lord Jesus Christ himself is ready. Cardinal Wolsey came into the feast after the first course; he came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the beginning of the feast; aye, he has been waiting eighteen hundred and ninety-four years for his guests. He had been standing on his mangled feet; he had had his sore hand on his punctured side; or he had been pressing his lacerated temple, waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that he had not been impatient, and that he has not said, "Shut the door, and let the laggard stay out;" but he has been waiting. No banqueter ever waited for his guest so patiently as Christ has waited for us. To prove how willing he is to receive us, I gather all the tears that rolled down his cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channeled his brow, and his back, and his hands and feet, in trying to purchase your redemption; I gather all the groans that he uttered in midnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry—bitter, agoniz-ing, overwhelming. I gather all the pains that shot from spear, and spike, and cross, jolting into one pang—remorseless, grinding, excruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on his brow, and under the Gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That Being standing before you now, emaciated, and gashed, and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is heart-break and every sentence martyrdom. How can you think he

Anasuerus prepared a feast for one hundred and eighty days; but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that; you, and I, and all our world are invited to this. Christ is our world are invited to this. Christ is ready. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion; so, my Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair he is! His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam, and the morning no prillagery compared with it. His brillancy compared with it. His face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the omnipo-tent surgery with which He opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. There are not enough cups in heaven to drink up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough the scale that height of love. to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this One altogether fair. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all people clap their hands in thy radiance! Chorus! Come, men, and saints and cherubim, and seraphim, and archangel—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll Him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acthe heavens in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, un arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! "Unto Him who hath loved us,"

and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory, world without end !" I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it, and no pen good enough with which

TALMAGE ON FESTIVITY. to the cribe it. Give me the lailest less from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy, and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love:
"J.E.S.U.S!" It is this One, infinitely, "J.E.S.U.S!" It is this One, infinitely, to whom you are invited. Christ is waiting for you, waiting as the banqueter waits for the delayed guest—the meats smoking, the beakers brimming, the minstrels with fingers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of hoofs at the gateway. Waiting for you as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting! O! give me a comparison intense enough, hot enough, importunate enough to express my meaning—something high as heaven, and deep as hell, and long as eternity. Not hoping that you can help me with such a comparison, I will say: "He is waiting as only the all-sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul." of a lost soul."

Bow the knee and kiss the Son, Come and welcome, sinner; com Again, the Holy Spirit is ready. Why

Again, the Holy Spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead—that Christains songs do not get their wing under the people—that so often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "hullos?" It is because there is a link wanting—the work of the Holy Spirit. Unless that Spirit give grappling hooks to a sermon, and lift the prayer, and work the song everything is a dead waft the song, everything is a dead failure. That Spirit is willing to come at our call and lead you to eternal life; or ready to come with the same power with which he unhorsed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydia in her fine store, and lifted the three thousand from midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. With that power the Spirit of God now beats at the gate of your soul. Have you not noticed what homely and insignificant instru-mentality the Spirit of God employs for man's conversion? There was a man on a Hudson River boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coatsleeve; and he saw on it the word "eternity;" and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissipation? Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hediey Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you know that the Holy Spirit used one passage of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God. our Saviour, be glory." One year ago on Thanksgiving day, I read for my text, "O, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy en-dureth for ever." And there is a young Holy Spirit took that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to

the peace of the Gospel through the

Syro-Pioenician woman's cry to Christ: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table.

Do you know that the Hoiy Spirit al-

most always uses insignificant meens? Eloquent sermons never save anybody; metaphysical sermons never save anybody; philosoppical sermons never save anybody. But the minister comes some Sabbath to his pulpit, worn out with engagements and the jaugling of a frenzied door bell; he has only a text and two or three ideas, but he says: "O Lord, help me. Here are a good many people I may never meet again. I have not much to say. Speak Thou through my poor lips;" and before the service is done there are tearful eyes and a solemnity like the judgment. The great French orator, when the dead king lay before him, looked up and cried: "God only is great;" and the triumph of his eloquence has been told by the historians. But I have not heard that one soul was saved by the ora-torical flourish. Worldly critics may think that the early preaching of Thomas Chalmers was a masterpiece. But Thomas Chalmers says he never began to preach until he came out of the sick room, white and emacrated, and told men the simple story of Jesus. in the great day of eternity it will be found that the most souls have been brought to Carist, not by the Bossuets, and Massillous, and Bourdaloues but by humble men who, in the strength of God, and believing in the eternal Spirit, invited men to Jesus. There were wise slaves—there were excellent ointments, I suppose, in the time of Christ, for blind or inflamed eyes. But Jesus turned His back upon them, and put the tip of His finger to His tongue, and then, with the spittle that adhered to the finger, He anointed the eyes of the blind man, and daylight poured into His blinded soul. So it was now that the Spirit of God takes that humble prayer-meeting talk, which seems to be the very saliva of Christian influence, and anoint the eyes of the blind and pours the spilight of par-

the blind, and pours the sunlight of par-don and peace upon the soul. Oh, my friend, I wish we could jeel it more and more, that if any good is done it is by the power of God's omnipotent Spirit. I do not know what hymn may bring you to Jesus. I do not know what words of the Scripture lesson I read may save your soul. Perhaps the Spirit of God may hurl the very next text into your heart: "Come, for all things are now

Agani, the Church is ready. Oh, man, if I could take the curtain off these Christian hearts, I could show you a great many anxieties for your redemption. You think that old man is asleep, because his head is down and his eyes are shut. No, he is praying for your redemption, and hoping that the words spoken may strike your hearts, Do you know the air is full of prayer? Do you know that prayer is going up from Fulters are the prayer meeting and know that prayer is going up from Fulton street prayer meeting and from Friday evening prayer meeting, and going up every hour of the day for the redemption of the people? And if you should start toward the door of the Christian Church, how quickly it would fly open. Hundreds of people would say: "Give that man room at the sacrament. Bring the silver bowl for his baptism. Give him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Bring him into all Christian associations." Oh, you wanderer on the cold mountains, come into the warm sheepfold. I let down the bars and bid you come. With the Shepherd's crook point you the way.

Hundreds of Christian hands beckon you into the Church of God. A great many people do not like the Church, and say it is a great mass of hypocrites, but it is a glorious Church with all its imperfections. Christ bought it, and hoisted the pillars, and swung its gates, and lifted its arches, and curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it.

The sermon was necessarily extemporaneous. Neither thought-nor word had I prepared. I simply knew that the age was corrupt, and taking the hundred rustics as representative of the total iniquity, I hurled upon them the thunderbolts of outraced Heaven. Some persons are kind enough to think that even now I am not wholly destitute of energy, but I can assure them that, at eighteen, vol-A little spot enclosed by grace, Out of the world's wild wilderness Again, the angels of God are ready.

Agrent many Christians think that the talk about angels is fanciful. You say it is a very good subject for theological students who have just begun to sermonize; but for older men it is improper. There is no more proof in that Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Why, do not they swarm about Jacob's ladder? Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward? that they stand ladder? Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward? that they stand before the throne, their faces covered up with their wing, while they cry: "Holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty!" Did not David see thousands and thousands? Did not one angel slay one hundred and eighty-five thousand men in Sennacherib's army? And shall they not be the chief harvesters at the judgment? the chief harvesters at the judgment?

There is a line of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to heaven. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship the air is full of them. If each one of you have a guardian angel, how many celestrals are there here? They crowd the place, they hover, they flit about, they rejoice. Look! that spirit has just come from the Throne. A moment ago it stood before Christ, and heard the doxology of the glorified. Look! Bright immortal, glorified. Look! Bright immortal, what news from the golden city! Speak, spirit blest! The response comes melting on the air: "Come, for all things are now ready!" Angels ready to bear the tidings, angels ready to drop the benediction, angels ready to kindle the joy. They have stood in glory—they know all about it. They have felt the joy that is felt where there are no tears joy that is felt where there are no tears and no graves ; immortal health, but no invalidism ; songs, but no greaus ; wedding bells, but no funeral torches-eyes that never weep—hands that never blister—heads that never faint—hearts that never break-friendships that never

Ready, all of them. Ready thrones, principalities and powers! Ready sera him and cherubim! Ready, Michael,

the archangel! Again, your kindred in glory are all ready for your coming. I pronounce modern spiritualism a fraud and a sham. If John Milton and George Whitefield have no better business than to crawl under a table and rattle the leaves, they had better stay at home in glory. While I believe that modern spiritualism is bad, because of its mental and domestic ravages, common sense, enlightened by the Word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our redemption. This Bible says plain-ly that there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and if angels rejoice and know of it, shall not our friends, standing among them, know it? Some of these spirits in glory toiled for your redemp-tion. When they came to die their chief grief was that you were not a Christian. They said: "Meet me in heaven; and put their hand out from the cover and said, "Good-bye." Now, suppose you should cross over from a sinful life to a holy life. Suppose you should be born into the kingdom. Suppose you should now say: "Farewell, O deceitful world! Get the gone, my sin? Fie upon all the follies! O, Christ, help me or I perish? I take Thy promise. I believe Thy Word. I enter Thy service." Suppose you should say and do this? Why, the angel sent to you would shout upward, "He is coming!" and the angel, poising higher in the air, would shout it upward, "He is coming;" and it would run all up the line of light, from wing to wing, and from trumpet to trumpet, until it reached the gate; and then it would flash to "the house of many mansions," and it would find out your kindred there, and before your tears of repentance had been wiped from the cheek, and before you had finished your first prayer, your kindred in glory would know of it, and another heaven would be added to their joy, and they would cry, "My prayers are answered; another loved one saved. Give me a harp with which to strike the joy.

Saved! saved! saved!" "If I have shown you that "all things are ready," that Christ is ready, that the Holy Spirit is ready, that the Church is ready, that the angels in glory are ready, that your glorified kindred are ready, that your glorined kindred are ready, then with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul, I ask you if you are ready? You see my subject throws the whole responsibility upon yourself. If you do not get into the King's banquet, it is because you do not accept the invitation. You have the most important invitation. Two arms stretched down from the cross, soaked in blood from elbow to finger-tip; two lips quivering in mortal anguish; two eyes beaming with infinite love, "Saying, come, for all things are now ready."

## PARKER'S FIRST SERMON.

He Did Not Spare the Iniquities of the Age and Spoke Like the Thunder. It is interesting to read an account of the delivery of the first sermon of the popular preacher of "the City Temple" in London, which Dr. Parker contributes to The Independent, New York:
"Though but eighteen, I had for four

or five years been in the habit of ad-dressing boys' meetings and making quite an active figure in obscure debating societies. I am afraid I was the terror of some young aspirants to rhetorical influence and fame. When I went to the village green I had no intention whatever of preaching my first sermon. The idea of doing so suddenly and overpoweringly seized me. The text which I selected was not a soothing one. Standing bolt upright on the crossbeams of the saw-pit, I read as my text these words: 'It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you.' This was, perhaps, too hard upon my rustic audience. Not one



DR. PARKER. word of the sermon can I remember. As for ideas, probably there were none to recollect. I do remember, however, the tone of denunciation. I did not spare imquities of the age: I loosed all the thunders I could command, and delivered my scul with audacious frankness.

I can assure them that, at eighteen, vol-caneos, tornadoes, whirlwinds, and other

caneos, tornadoes, whirlwinds, and other energetics cut a very secondary figure, when I was on the saw-pit.

"My first sermon really ran into a second, which was also preached in the open air. I see the rustic road, and I see the green hedge which formed a background. The audience was large and entirely agricultural. My text was: 'If I whet my glittering sword, and my hand take hold of judgment, I will render vengeance,' etc. It was the same thunderstorm. Sinai was but a hurried rehearsal of it. Never did the green fields and hedges hear such torrent-roars of denunciation. The wonder is that they did not shrivel up and wither away. The fact is they seemed to like it, for a lark mounted high over our heads, and, fixing himself in the bluest sky, he trilled a lay that comforted us like a benediction. In another village I continued my first sermon. All was in the open diction. In another village 1 continued my first sermon. All was in the open air. The third occasion was an evening twilight. My pulpit was a large block of stone or wood at the door of a wheelwright's shop. There was no one who could begin a tune, so I commenced the service with Doxology, and utterly failed to make a common meter tune fit a ed to make a common-meter tune fit a long-meter hymn. Some miracles are beyond even the skill of open-air preachers under twenty years of age. The tune failed, but the sermon went like an equinoctial gale. I never had a better time. The villagers crowded around me, and implored me to come again. That was my call to the ministry.

BABIES AND APES.

Some Simple Experiments Showing Surprising Resemblances.

An infant was crowing loudly and lustily somewhere at the back of the house. The sounds were inarticulate to outsiders : but Dr. Robinson, the baby's father, if he heard them, would doubtless be able to interpret them as the interesting remains of the Simian tongue. For Dr. Louis Robinson, whenever during the last two or three years he found a leisure hour in his busy life, has studied the ape in the babe. It was in order to obtain some detailed information on this subject from the author of "Darwinism in the Nursery" that our representative had called on Dr. Robinson at Lewis-

apes. What are the actual discoveries

your experiments led to?" "Simply this, that every new born child, unless it is sickly or otherwise imperfectly developed, has a most wonder-ful power in the flexor muscles of the forearm, and will support the whole weight of its body, during the first few weight of its body, during the first few hours after birth, for a period vary from ten seconds to two minutes and a half. Now, everybody knows that in monkeys the power of grip is very fully developed; quadrumana can do anything with their hands and arms, and in cases of danger this power is a chief means of self-preservation. I have now experimented on 150 babies; some of them an hour or two, some a few days old—and in two cases only have they failed to hang by their hands, even the timest supporting the weight of its body tiniest supporting the weight of its body for ten seconds, most of them much longer, and in a few cases they have clung to a finger or a stick for two min-utes and a half. And even in the two cases failure was due to other causes than the infant's lack of muscular strength. I ought to say that I never attempted to experiment on weak children, who might be injured by the exposure. A blanket was placed below the child, so that when it dropped it dropped on a soft, warm surface. Whenever it was possible the experiment was made and the photograph taken in the presence of

the mother. "On the face of one, aged sixty minutes, sat store and fference; two more looked energetic, though placid, as they stuck with their round little fists to a branch at the endo, which appeared two nands, looking very gigantic in comparison to the very yout aful performers. Some others-were evidently expressing their feelings in the Simian tongue, for their mouths-tremendous sized mouths they seemed—were wide open. The miniature legs, absurdly small in proportion to the arms, were drawn up; the babes looked indeed like tailless infant

"Observe the big toe," Dr. Robinson went on. "I have noticed over and over again that in the case of young infants it is turned outward, like a thumb, as in the case of monkeys, whose hind feet are an additional pair of hands. And whenever I have held a finger or a stick clese to the infant's feet while it was hanging by its arms there has been an attempt at clutching the stick with the feet. This seems to me another instance of the survival of the ape's instincts in the human

"Another curious fact that struck me was that even when a child had been hanging by its hands for over a minutethis seems a short period, but just try to hang to a horizontal bar, supporting the weight of your body by your hands only, for a minute or two-it let go more because it wanted to change its position than because it was tired. Sometimes I gave it my finger to clutch as soon as it dropped on the blanket, and I could feel by the energetic grip that the little animal was by no means exhausted."—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.



SIGN LANGUAGE.

Understood by All Prairie Tribes from the British Border to Texas, The sign language is understood by all the prairie tribes from the British bor-der southward to Texas. Without uttering a word, they can express any idea. James Mooney, of the bureau of ethnology, to whom the writer is indebted for his information on this interesting subject, has seen an entire council conducted by signs, seven languages, including English, being represented. The most expert sign-talker on the plains is Lieut. H. L. Scott, U.S.A. The system

Lieut. H. L. Scott, U.S.A. The system is surprisingly simple, so that any intelligent person can acquire its rudiments with little difficulty.

The uplifted forefinger is a man. Making a stroke across the forehead and held up, the forefinger is a white man—that is to say, a man who wears a hat. The head making the motion as of combing hand making the motion as of combing out the hair of a woman. A stranger enters the tepee. One of the chiefs present waggles his hand on his wrist, signifying vacillation. That means, "Who are you?" If the newcomer is a Sioux, he passes his hand across his throat. That is the sign of the Sioux tribe, supposed by some to refer to the practice of posed by some to refer to the practice of cutting the throats of enemies.

The sign of the Cheyennes is the motion of cutting off a finger, referring to their practice of chopping off the fingers of enemies for necklaces. The Tonkowa were formerly cannibals, in allusion to which fact they held up a finger to represent a man, and point the finger down the throat. Different tribes also have pictured symbols. That of the Delawares, some of whom have been driven out of the Indian territory, is a turtle. The eastern tribes revere the turtle, because it brought the world up from under the water. Originally the world was covered with water, all the people and animals being up in the sky. They sent messengers down to find land, but without success. Finally the turtle went, dived and brought up a piece of earth in its mouth, from which the dry land grew.-Washington Star.

An English Novelist. The author of "The Heavenly Twins" and "Ideala" is of English parentage and of old Quaker stock on both sides. Her father held a coast guard's appoint ment in Ireland, and it was there that she was born, being the youngest but one of five children. Her father died when she was seven years old, and his widow returned to Yorkshire to live among her own people. Sarah Grand had not much systematic education. She went to school for a little over two ham:
"The article is intensely interesting,"
I said to the doctor, "but there is not enough of it. We all want to know more about your experiments with the young apes. What are the actual discoveries band to Ceylon, China and Japan, returning to England after five or six years. In Lancashire she wrote "Ideala" and published it at her own expense. It took two years to write "The Heavenly Twins," and three years to find a publisher for it. It is a book which has aroused more bad temper

Sister Scraphina, She brings her soul up in the straitest school, Lacing expansions in with narrow rules.

She deems this blood white milk of innocence, She tethers thought from flight in open air To turn the treadmill of repeated prayer. And, seeing beggars serve His golden door, Bows down and serves the Mammon of the poor.

Behold, her soul is small and pinched and thin, Surely it shall find cramies and crawl in. And contrite plead in Heaven's warmer glow,
"Lord, this my leprosy was white—like snow."
—London Public Opinion,

A Rabbit Drive in Texas. In the Panhandle of Texas the rabbits are very nearly as much of a nuisance as they are in Australia, and the prob-lem of how to exterminate them is a serious one. Unlike the prairie dog, which moves when civilization reaches his habitation, the jack rabbit will remain very near the settlements and run the chances of being killed. Parties are formed to drive these rabbits. A triangle, with the sides about a quarter of a mile long and the base about an equal distance across, is formed with closely constructed wire fences or wire screening. The nunters separate very much as in a fox hunt, and, going in a circle, meet a short distance below the base of the triangle, beating the grass as they go. Then, closing in, they drive the rabbits into the triangle and the animals suspect no danger until they are huddled together at the point. They try to import the force. jump the fence, and, failing in that, make a grand rush to retreat. The hunters are armed with stout clubs and kill them by the hundreds. It is not uncommon for 2000 or 3000 to be killed in a single drive. The sport is an exciting one, as the animals are exceedingly quick in their movements and will execute some very artful dodges to try to pass the hunters—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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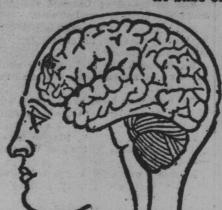
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they supply with Nerve Fluid or Nerve Force. The wonderful success of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE is due alone to the fact that it is based on the foregoing principle. The use of a single bottle of this remedy will convince the most incredulous. It is indeed, a veritable

Nerve Food and Will Relieve in One Day the varied forms of Nervous Disease and Stomach Troubles. Nervous Diseases.

This class of diseases, is rapidly increasing each year, on account of the great wear our mode of living and labor imposes upon the nervous system. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent upon nervous exhaustion, impaired digestion, and a deteriorated and impoverished condition of the blood. The SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE is a great nerve food and nerve builder and this accounts for its marvellous power to cure the varied forms of nervous disease, such as Neuralgia. Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervous Choking, Nervous Paroxysms, Twitching of the Muscles, Hot Flashes, Mental Despondency, Forgetfulness, Sleeplessness, Restlessness, Nervousness of Females, Palpitation of the Heart, Sexual Weakness, etc., etc.,

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with Chorea or St. My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with Chorea or St. Vitus's Dance. She was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk, could not talk, could not swallow anything but milk; I had to handle her like an infant. Doctors and neighbors gave her up. I commenced giving her the SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC, and the effects were very surprising. In three days she was rid of the nervousness, and rapidly improved. Four bottles cured her completely. I think the SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE the grandest remedy ever discovered, and would recommend it to everyone.

Mrs. W. T. Ensminger.

State of Indiana
Montgomery County,
Subscribed and sworn to before me this May 19, 1887.

CHAS. M TRAVIS, Notary Public.

A WONDERFUL CURE FOR

INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA, Loss of Appetite, Weight and Tenderness in the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Wind upon the Stomach, Nausea and Sick Stomach, Sick-Headache, Hiccough, Water-Brash, Heartburn, Vertigo and Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Frightful Dreams, etc.

The Stomach suffers more than any of the other organs from disease, because into it are taken so many indigestible and irritating substances as articles of food. In its great effort to digest these, it soon becomes weakened and diseased. Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful, that so many complain of Indigestion and weak stomachs. When the Stomach fails to digest and assimilate the food, the whole body falls into a state of weakness and decay. for Nature has decreed that the body must constantly receive nutriment through the Stomach, to repair the waste of tissue constantly going on in the

The South American Nervine Is probably the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of all Chronic Stomach troubles, because it acts through the nerve centres. It gives

marked relief in one day, and very soon effects a permanent cure. The first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain. WHAT EX-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, REUBEN E. TRUAX, SAYS.



E. TRUAX, SAYS.

I have been for about ten years very much troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia, have tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no beaefit from them. I was recommended to try South American Nervine. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I have found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow sufferers from the disease, to give South American Nervine an immediate trial.

It will cure you.
July 16th, 1893.

(My signature) Runtien & Terrung

Walkerton, Ontario.

HARTFORD CITY, Blackford Co., Indiana, June 8, '93. South American Medicine Company.

GENTLEMEN: I received a letter from you May 27, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and asking for my testimonial. I will gladly state how I was afflicted and how I was delivered from my pain and suffering. I was near thirty-five years old, when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefiting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells, and there would be from eighteen to twenty days at a time that I could not retain anything on my stomach. Many consultations were held by physicians over my case, but they all agreed that I would never leave my bed. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the use of my body — could not rise from my bed or walk a step, and had to be lifted like a child; all the time suffering intense pain, and taking almost every known medicine. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw an advertisement of your medicine and concluded to try one bottle. By the time I had taken one and one-half bottles I could rise up and take a step or two by being helped, and after I had taken five bottles in all I felt real well. The shaking went away gradually, and I could eat and sleep good, and my friends could scarcely believe it was I. I am sure this medicine is the best in the world. It was a god-send to me, and I believe it saved my life. I give my name and address, so that if anyone doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster or any citizen, as all are acquainted with my case. I am now forty-one ye

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above, cure you? A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL SPEAKS. PETERBORO, Ontario, June 27, 1893.



PETERBORO, Ontario, June 27, 1893.

To the Proprietor of South American Nervine.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in recommending the great SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE to all who are afflicted as I have been, with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I also induced my wife to use it, who, I must say, was completely run down and was suffering very much from general debility. She found great relief from SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and also cheerfully ecommends it to her fellow sufferers.

(My Signature). Per WS Barker

Sick Headache.

Is dependent on deranged nerve centres and indigestion. Hence its cure must come through building up the Nervous System and curing the Stomach. SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE will absolutely cure this dreaded malady and prevent its return.

E. GREGORY

Wholesale and Retail Agent for

LINDSAY.