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NOTHING UNIMPORTANT

"Through a Window, In a Basket Was I Let Down By the Wall"-Great Results All Hang by a Slender Tenure.

MOBILE, Ala., March 11.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., who is now visiting the South, selected as the subject of to-day's sermon, "Unappreciated Services," the text being taken from 2 Cor., II., 33: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the ene time distinguished for swords of the best material, called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric, called damasks. A horseman by the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many share. blinded the rider for many days, and I think so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man, and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to i's foundation.

the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is, "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher es-cape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in their agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No not. There clear over and hovered about the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in take care of ourselves." No, no! They baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Panl, but his friends hid him new in one place, held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian Church than any thou-sand of us will ever accomplish. But now in another. He was no coward, as fifty incidents of his life demonstrate. God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know. But he feels his work is not yet done, How exultant they must have felt when and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout in another house Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timdoor. Sometimes on the street incognito othy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hehe passes through a crowd of clenched brews, and when they heard how he fists, and sometimes he secretes himself walked out of prison with the earthon the house-top. At last the infuriated on the house-top. At last the infuriated populace get on track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursurers are at the front door. They break in "Fetch out that gospelizer, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible, quake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgmentseat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue. In hang his head on the city gate. where is he?" The emergency was terrible, Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house, Paul's friends fastened a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge coming time others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope." There are said to be about sixty nine thousand ministers of religion in this country. About fifty thousand, I warrant, came from early homes which had of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down, to struggle for the necessaries of life. generally become bankers and mer-chants. The most of those who become until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out, and afoot and alone, starts on that famous missionary ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday tour, the story of which has astonished

the wall. Observe, first, on what a slender tenare great results hang. The repemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apos-tle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Capadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testoment would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. This example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Phillippi, in the Mediterranean's euroclydon, under flagellation and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrdoms. But the rope holding that basket, how much depended on it. So, again and again, great re-sults have hung on what seemed slender

earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen, and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty-guns looking through the portholes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On that fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and, finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulders of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all round the their mission stations all round the world. Ask the hundreds of thousands a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't sail away from them! A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to dispressed a rone in the taw.

world. Ask the hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stair of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years bea desert of heathendom? Sixty years be-fore, a ship had met disaster, and one of fore, a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The Book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a Church was started, and an enlightened common-wealth established, and the world's his-tery has no more brilliant page than

and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the Church has been going on nineteen centuries, and this is probably the first sermon ever recognizing the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christhat which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what

mighty results.

Practical inference: There are no intian: "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those people who got him out of the Damascus peril.

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time; but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge, we came out of the cyclone and we arrived at home. Each one, befere leaving the ship, thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews; but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the angineer. He stood in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets they fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the skip of the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his peroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. holds to its mooring the ship of the Church in the northeast storm of the

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every eventide, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steaded so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

> I love to steal a while away From every cumbering care,
> And spend the hours of setting day
> In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unprecending, yet everlasting, service?
We go into long sermon to prove that we go into long sermon to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will de-mand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What re-hearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences. If others fail to give roduction, God will take us through, and before our first twenty-four hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed, we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. Many tho made great noise of usefulness will ait on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not preach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on this circle of heavenly thrones. Surely, they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief.
Who art thou, mighty one of heaven?
"I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without combread. The collegiate and the logical education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. plaints all their querulousness and minis-tered to all their wants for twenty years." The other children were more scantily

Let us pass on round the circle of apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for thirty years a Christian invalid, and suffered all the sitting up late at night, her sight not as while, occasionally writing a note sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confident of all those were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." The years go by, and the son has been ordained and is preaching the Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family dreds accept the Gospel from the lips of that young preacner, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the of children for God, and they are out in the world, Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward of all my toil." son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing father and mother retire to their room, Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

good as it once was. And there also

glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hun-

the son lighting the way and asking them if he can do any-

thing to make them more comfort

able, saying that if they want anything

in the night just to knock on the wall. And then all alone father and mother

talk over the gracious influences of the

day, and say: "Well, it was worth all

day, and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, tremulous with joyful emotion responds: "Yes, father, we held the rope. I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for

Oh, men and women here assembled

you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences

when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you. The rope must be as long as thirty years or five hundred miles long or three thousand miles long, but hands that went out of sight long

ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel

him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give

lines to disentangle a rope in the tem-

pest and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it—the most of us who long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracions and loving hands steadily and lovingly and might-

ily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we

shall find out who these Damascenes were who lewered Paul in the basket,

hungry student,

But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven, on the other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house, and could no longer keep him safely, I advised him to fice for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salyation." "Pshaw," says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want too see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well." rope. And I said, "Is that all?" and he answered, "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyre, and it said, "Not many mighty, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in His presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall." answered, "That is all." And while think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the New England hills or from Western prairies, or from southern plantation, or from English, or Scottish or Irish home, a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and

A ministered seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, put his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect, called the candle-fly, light of an insect, called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English elergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed inway, and that dropped the accursed in-stitution with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Equal to the Emergency. A bit of conversation overheard in the conservatory at an evening party:
She—Do you admire black eyes, or He-The light is so dim here, I really

can't say. - Exchange. End of the Cat Crusade Mrs. Sarah J. Edwards, an emissary of the Midnight Band of Mercy, who has been killing stray cats in New York city with chloroform and humans intentions, was recently arrested and fined \$10 for the offence. Thus endeth the cat killing charity in Gotham. ANCIENT PHOTOGRAPHS

A Collection Gathered from the Tombs of Egypt

A collection of portraits 2000 years old makes an interesting exhibit, not only to art connoisseurs, but to everybody curi-ous enough to know what manner of men and women once inhabited this old earth. The Theodor Graf collection of unique Greek portraits, now hung at the Academy of Fine Arts, gives for the first time an idea of the work of the portrait painters of the second and third

These paintings were not made for the "family galleries" of old Egyptians, proud of their ancestors, but were "mumniy faces." It was the ancient Greek custom to represent the countenance of a dead person at the head of a mummy or coffin, somewhat like the Indians of Peru, and in the Greek-Roman epoch for the plastic head with conventional features was substituted a real portrait of the dead. One entire "face mummy" is shown

in this exhibit, brought, like the other "faces," from the cave cemetery of Rubyat, in Central Egypt. Ages ago thieves ransacked this celebrated necropolis, throwing away these painted panels upon the desert sands. The nine-ty-six exhibited in Graf's collection are thin panels of wood, many now cracked and scarred, bearing the faces of a few Egyptians, several Syrians or Phoenicians, and many fixed features of that Greek enoch.

They mostly belong to the higher classes, as is evident in the abundant jewels of the women, the golden wreaths of the men, the ribbons. Pompeian like shoulder stripe and Isis buttons, and even the "Lock of Youth," the ancient badge of the sons of the Pharaohs. The polors have mellowed like those of colors have mellowed like those of the old masterpieces, and Rembrandt himself would not be assumed of the strength shown in the best of them. Some of the pictures shown of the oval-faced Egyptians and the dark, almondeyed Jewesses are modern enough in spirit and treatment to be upstairs with the sixty-third annual exhibit of the academy. The rich coloring and delicate tints awakened even Meissonier's ask until they have this power.

The collection reveals also in the most interesting manner all the technical ex- Galt, Oat. pedients employed by the ancients.
They devised the art of painting with
variously colored wax and the process of burning it in. It has thus gained the name of "encaustic painting." The wax was put on by means of a lancet-shaped cestrum or spatula. A brush was used sometimes as well as this graving tool, able examples of distemper.—Philadel-phia Record.

The Payment of Small Obligations. their finances, shrinking from debt as from disgrace, and preferring to pay fully and honorably as they go. Yet, now and then one hears a wail of complaint from people who suffer needlessly because of the heedless manner in which think how hard I worked and how late I sat up to finish Miss—'s graduation gown, and now I am afraid I will never be paid. I have waited six months for that bill, and I cannot get one cent, though I have almost begged for it, even offering to take it in installments. I am distressed in these hard times, when averyloody is retrenching because people. everybody is retrenching, because people do not have so many new things, and tothers who have had them put off pay-

On her way home thesympathetic customer thought about it, happening to know that there were no indications of want or straitened means in the family of the delinquent debtor, inferring that the thing was due to an ingrained indifference to paying for work when done. Probably there was at first a temporary inconvenience in settling the bill, and it was postponed for a day or two, and then the period lengthened insensibly, other creditors brought their bills, larger amounts were paid, and still the poor dressmaker waited and wondered, and grew frantic with worry, poor thing !

To defer even for one day the paying of the laundress who has acceptably finished her day's work in your kitchen is, it may be, to force her to ask credit, grudgingly given to such as she, at the grocer's shop where she deals, or else to send her children meagrely fed to their beds. People who have a comfortable balance in bank do not comprehend the straightened circumstances of the people who live from hand to mouth.

Coal-bins filled to the overflow are a very different thing to coal purchased in the dearest way, by the paifful at a time, yet thousands of poor women can buy their coal only in very small quantities or go without. Think of being calmly teld to wait till to-morrow tor cone's wages, when neither stick of wood for women. one's wages, when neither stick of wood nor ounce of coal was on hand for the family fire!

Apart from the inconvenience, embarrassment and misery entailed by laxity in paying what one owes, especially when the creditors are the poor, and the debts are small, there is evident Commends itself to the well-informed, to do Any lapse in rigid honor which insists on meeting each demand and paying it in full at the moment of its matnrity involves a loss of self-respect, and brings in its train a warped morality.

There are few things more important in the education of children than the fostering in them the right estimate of personal obligation. The child should

personal obligation. The child should be enjoined against borrowing and beg-ging in his small transactions. Let him be held to strict account and responsibility as to his management of his allowance. Fidelity will tell here in years to come, when his dealings are no longer small, but effect great commercial interests.—Harper's Bazar.

"I made quite an impression on Mr. Jinglegilt," said the man who is always

"I told him just what the causes of the recent depression were and showed him how a man with a thousand dollars

him how a man with a thousand dollars could take advantage of the times so as to get rioh inside of five years."

"How would you do it?"

"Just by watching the corners and attending to business. I offered to give him my note for a thousand, just to demonstrate that it could be done."

"And would he endorse your note?"

"No, but he did the next best thing."

"What was that?"

"He endorsed my opinion."—Washington Star.

A Drummer. Little Boy—Who was that man who's seen talkin' to you so long?

Country Merchant—He's a drummer, "What sort of drums does he drum

"Ear drums."-Good News.

W. C. T. U

Symposium on Woman's Entranchisement.

(Continued from last week.) Yes! for the fellowing among many

Because many women are taxed on real or personal property, and there should be no taxation without representation. To give this privilege to men and deny it to women is a great injustice. It is only right that women should

have a voice in making laws that appply equally to both sexes. Because the main issue at the present is the home versus the saloon. Whatever effects the interests of home concerns woman who is the 'home-maker.' Therefore it is but right that she should assist in framing the laws by which that bome is governed.

We believe that we are not exceeding either our privilege or our duty, when we demand the right to have a voice in mak ing the laws which so nearly centern us, and in endeavoring to secure such as shall contribute to the purity and elevation of home in all its interests,

To do so will neither unsex, or raise us out of our sphere, as some profess to

Our legislators could not have thought that this would be the result when they conferred the municipal and school fran-chise upon widows and spinsters, the effect of which has been demonstrated to be, that where women have been interested enough to vote, the result has been for the benifit of the community,

ask until they have this power. JENNIE CAVERS.

I believe in parliamentary enfranchisement for women because it is their birth-right, proved by the fundamental prin-ciples of the Bible, and of the divine government.

The first man and weman stood side by and there are exhibited several remark. | side before the Almighty, and from Him subdue the earth and have dominion. [ believe if women were admitted to a share in the governments of the world, the Few women, let us hope, are intentionally dishonest. The majority of women are fastidious in the conduct of men and women who are pushing a vigoreus, determined warfare against the legalized liquor traffic, would see the destruction of the saloons. If all men

were trustworthy, we could leave to them the task of exercising political rights, but octained from the heedless manner in which there people keep them waiting for money which they have earned. A dressmaker said, recently, to one of her patrons: "I am nearly frantic when I acknowledged fact that woman is man's

De I believe in parliamentary suffrage for women? WITH ALL MY HEART. Why Because it is right. I did not always feel eo, but one day a broken hearted wife told me, with streaming eyes, of her vain attempts to prevent the rumsellers from giving her husband liquor, and how they had laughed at her, saying they were ilcensed by government, and no one could stop them. A great wave of righteous indignation swept through me, and I realized how impotent we women were to combat such a power. I became an out and out suffragist, then and there.

God's law says: "Thou shalt not kill." Man's law reads: "Thou shalt not kill by sheeting or stabbing, by arsenic or opium, BUT we will license and protect you when you kill by ALCOHOL." mother who saw a man shooting her son would be counted inhuman if she did not rush to stay the hand that held the pistel, but when she sees a man holding out a class of liquer to her boy's lips and she tries to grasp and held it back the law says "hands off!" that arm is

HARRIET T. TODD. St. Stephen, N. B. (Concluded next week.)

a serious lack of principle in persons pleasantly and effectually what was formerly who can comfortably continue in debt.

on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails, Warranted by E. Gregory.—1854-ly.

Headache and Constipation varish when Burdock Pills are used. They cure where others fail,—89-5.

I have been greatly troubled with headache and bad blood for ten or twelve years. I started to take Burdock Blood Bitters in July 1892, and now (January 1893.) I am perfectly cured, Hugh Drain, Norwood, Ont.—29-2.

American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted E. Grepory, druggist.—48-ly.

'How to Cure all Skin Diseases." Simply apply "SWAYNES OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment. Lyman Sons & Co. Montreal, Wholesale Agts.—94-ly.

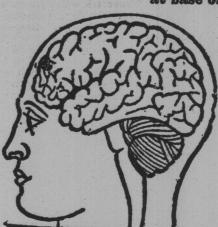
No child is safe from worms unless Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is at hand. It is a com-plete remedy both to destroy and remove worms of all kinds,—89-tf.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

## "For God and Home and Native Land." NERVINE TONIC

STOMACH AND LIVER CURE

The Wonderful HEALTH BUILDER & NERVE FOOD Chronic Diseases are eaused by Deranged Nerve Centres



ATE discoveries have absolutely proven that the Stomach, Liver, Lungs, and indeed all internal organs. are controlled by the nerve centres at the base of the brain. The manufacturer of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE has retudied this subject closely for more than twenty-five years, and has lately demonstrated that two-thirds of our Chronic Diseases, are due to the imperfect action of nerve centres, either within or at the base of the brain and not from a derangement of the organs themselves; hence that the ordinary methods of treatment are wrong.

As all know, a serious injury to the spinal cord, will at once cause Paralysis of the body below the injured part, it therefore will be equally well understood, how the derangements of the nerve centres, will cause the derangement of the different organs of the body which

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. 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

A WONDERFUL CURE FOR

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



WHAT EX-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, REUBEN

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 benefit 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.

(My signature) Ruben & Terrung July 16th, 1893.

Walkerton, Ontario.
Price, One Dellar



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

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. If y 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 years of age, and expect to live as long as the Lord has use for me and do all the good I can in helping the suffering.

Miss Ellen Stoltz.

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above, cure you?

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. 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 recommends it to her fellow sufferers.

(My Signature). Rev 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

E. GREGORY

Wholesale and Retail Agent for

LINDSAY.