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The dust arose from the troubled herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good-will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man. No shining ladder to let the angels down into ing ladder to let the angels down into his dream; but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an un-known visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maining him for life.

As on the morning sky the clusters of As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "the day breaketh."

ighly of their experi-practice with Castoria, You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man; but here he is left alone in y have among our t is known as regular the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's axe; for ree to confess that the ness diet and the executioner's axe; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos: for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated V York City. Mesley, stones huried by an inturated mob; for Catherine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the Cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumb-screws? one Corsets. For the sons and daughters of the Lord

God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world." I will go further, and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the Bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Red-hot disasters have dropped into your store from loft have dropped into your store from lott to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fied. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms, and grip like death, took hold of you in an arms, larger than the second of the second control of the sec awful wrestle, ire yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether will throw you or you will throw it. Here is another soul, in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how steathily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this l' And behold he found him-self alone, by the brook Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it; and oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heavens draws itself out in a long line of light, to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myrmidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lips, and clenched their fists, and cried with a blood-red earnestness and a

rain of scalding tears, "God help me!"
From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit, but that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted a soul from its standng, and with a force hurled from the pit, hurled it into utter darkness. First, I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures, and musical instruments, and the rich upholstery in his family parlors. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams, and Christian households are silent with slumber, angelwatched, I heard him give the sharp shrick that followed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from a honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose altars he had been consecrated; he fell—forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling.

They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of corn put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all-consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails into the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the Cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-touched.

Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of corn put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all-consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails into the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the Cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-touched.

Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain to us in tears! Under this gentle rain to us in tears! Under the grandest to us in tears! Under this gentle rain to us in tears! Under the god for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under the grandest to us in tears! Under this gentle rain to us in tears! Under the god for the sweet, the mys God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and defiant. They clenched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver; and at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell; and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart, that first was desolated by bereavement, and since, by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages; but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was a humble home, and passer-by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the Mannibal c that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the Pass of Thermopyles, or Balaklava, where. "Into the jaws of death, rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on; but there were none to applaud the struggle in the bumble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night, by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No! contending soul.

SPIRITUAL CONFLICTS.

TALMAGE TELLS HOW WE WRESTLE

WITH THE SUPERNATURAL

Ged Allows Good People Sometimes to Get Into a Terrible Struggle—Every Christian Has Difficulties to Contend With.

BROOKLYN, April 29.—The Tabernacle was crowded this morning with the usual throng of eager listeners. Dr. Talmage preached on the Spiritual conflicts of life, taking for his text Genesis 32; 24-26: "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.' And he said, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.'"

The dust arose from the troubled herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good-will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man. No shining ladder to let the angels down into

that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you, have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and ship-wreck, could have made Paul what he was, When David was fleeing through the wilderness pursued by his own son. the wilderness pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best school at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children, prepared the man of Uz to write the mangificent poem that has astounded the age. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it there own way. They are pround, discontented, useless and unhapy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves?" But, amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills, and trouble While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations and hardships they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat; and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails; and these quails fell in large multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle on the march, amid great privations and yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God, come down to bless and save.

Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble may be triumphant, we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him and his thigh-bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed these premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah! it is because the augel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on the way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did.

Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they been trouble-touched. Stoics, that we can, unmoved, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept Him-self, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we love best? Lazarus more dear to Him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle.

was sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the Holy Communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist Church, and sat at a love feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episopalian Church, and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breakath."

of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cossistion of hostilities. You shall not go always saddened and heart-broken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will staunch the heart's bleeding. I know He will. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing

ing star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. The day breaketh.

Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the Church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile, Luther got up and said to Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm of David, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah."

Death to many, nay to all, is a strug-

Death to many, nay to all, is a strug-le and a wrestle. We have many gle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is, it is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world, and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood, or counselled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper; or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhood; or the Church of Christ may mourn over our going; but if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrestling of the brook will cease; the hour of death's night will pass along; one o'clock in the morning; four o'clock in the morning; two o'clock in the morning; the day breaketh.

ing; the day breaketh.
So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with the world is that it treats me too well; but when the time treats me too well; but when the time comes to go, I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want, then, to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestltng, my arm enfeebled with sickness, and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out, to hold me heads I want the heads. me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light, and be able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, exclaiming, Let me go—let me go! The day break-

THE YOSHIWARI IN JAPAN.

Social Respectability of Its Inmates in This Land of Vast Toleration.

Most Americans, however virtuous, who have visited Yokohama, must have seen the disreputable portion just destroyed by fire, for the Yoshiwari is found in every great Japanese town, and is one of the sights that every visitor sees. Sometimes an archway across the chief street leading to the Yoshiwari proclaims in large letters the nature of the place. There is no pretence in Japanese cities to blink the existence of the social evil, and, indeed, there is no disgrace attached to a residence in the Yoshiwari. Young girls while resident there learn household arts, mu needlework, and what not else of useful and ornamental. Their temporary homes are open to the street, and passers-by see the inmates beautifying themselves with cosmetics, dressing their hair, playing musical instruments or otherwise amusing themselves.

Some of the most admired scenes in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" are close copies of actual scenes common in the Yoshiwari of every Japanese town. A famous song, sung constantly in the Yoshiwari, was partly reproduced in "The Mikado." A residence in the Yoshiwari is no bar to a girl's subsequent marriage, nor does it lose her the respect of the social circle to which her husband's family belongs.
Consistent with the attitude of the

Japanese toward the Yoshiwari is the common habit of selling young girls. Parents offer them to strangers, and the purchase of girls by European and American residents is not uncommon. United States naval officers tell of little tea parties at the houses of acquaintances were these purchase girls preside over the household. The orginal price is not large, the cost of maintaining such an establishment is small, and the purchased girl keeps her master's clothing in perfect order and his home cosey. Ob-jectionable as the morality of the thing is, otherwise respectable Americans and Europeans fall into it, and the people of the country expect it of strangers. An American artist visiting Japan was an object of some astonishment because he failed to conform to the custom. It is a matter of common notoriety at the clubs of Yokohama that this or that me mber or guest maintains an establishment of the sort described. As to the Yoshiwari, the names and numbers of its famous houses are known the world over.—N.Y. Sun.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

It Was Considered a Pretty Good Thing Way Back in Plinty's Time, All authorities that have treated on longevity place exercise, moderate and regularly taken, as one of the main factors of a long life. That there are many exceptions does not alter the fact that physical exercise is as useful in keeping one healthy as it is to prolong life. Good walkers are seldom sick, and the same may be said of persons who daily take a certain prescribed amount of exercise. Exercise is both a preventive and a remedial measure. In my own practice, I have seen a case of persistent transpiration that followed the least bodily effort, and which annoyed and debilitated the person at night—this being a condition left after a severe illness—disappear as if by magic after a day or two of exercise on a bicycle. Pliny relates that a Greek phy-All authorities that have treated on after a day or two of exercise on a bicycle. Pliny relates that a Greek physician who took up his residence in Rome was wont publicly to declare that he was willing to be considered a charlatan if at any time he should ever fall ill, or if he failed to die of any other disease but old age. Celsus, in speaking of the same physician, observes that his faith in the benefit to be derived from exercise was so great that he had in a great measure abandoned the administration of internal remedies, depending mostly on hygienic measures, and exercises. As an evidence of the correctness of his views, Pliny tells us that this physician lived to be a centendrain, and then only died from an accident.—Popular Review.

THE BRAIN AND THE MEMORY.

Separate Lodger in the Brain.

Separate Ledger in the Brain.

What is the brain like in its capacity of storehouse, and what should we see if we could reduce our stature to infinitesimal proportions and travel along the corridors of the brain? Does it contain galleries of pictures? It is furnished with shelves and pigeon-holes for the classification and care of records and messages? It is impossible to conceive what kind of apparatus or fittings can at once be suitable for storing up pictures and sounds and all the varieties of impressions received from all the senses. Nor can we discover any curious machinery, even with the microscope, for the structure of the gray matter is so minute as to defy the powers of the lens, and all that we can detect is an agglomeration of minute cells.

A calculation has been made regarding the number of these brain cells. It is assumed that every thought or perception is a separate lodger in the mind, requiring an apartment of the brain to itself, and the cells are theapartments. We have to provide accomodation for all the incidents of our everyday life, for all we read in the daily papers, for all that our schoolmasters or ammed into us, and all that we have learned since. How is this possible in one small skull? Our conception is assisted by photography, which can print the Lord's prayer so small that it requires a powerful microscope to read it. Surely, then, minute portions of the brain may contain a great deal? The cells vary in size from 1-300 of an inch in diameter to 1-3000; and this being know it is not difficult to estimate the entire number of them in the brain. Dr. Hooke, the mathematician, said 3,155,-760,000; but according to Maynert's calculation the number of experts cells is

the narrow limits of the skull. If it the narrow limits of the skull. If it were spread out flat it would be found equal to a layer one inch in thickness and twelve inches long by eleven inches broad—or slightly more—giving a total of 134 cubic inches. If all the cells were one-three-hundredth of an inch in diameter there would be room for 27, 000,000 of them in one cubic inch, and therefore for 3 618 000 000 in the whole: therefore for 3,618,000,000 in the whole; but since many of the cells are smaller, the total number must be greater. Let us, however, be content with 3618 million. What is a million? The Bible, Old and New Testament together, is said to contain about 3½ millions of letters; we should therefore, have to pile up 1113 copies of the Scriptures to get a heap containing as many letters as the brain contains cells. As each cell may accommodate one idea or thought, probably even a smaller storehouse would suffice for the wants of the average human creature. On the other hand, when therefore for 8,618,000,000 in the whole; man creature. On the other hand, when great thinkers require more accommodation they may, perhaps, be able to grow more brain cells; and Webster did tell a great American scholar that he had to change the size of his hat every few years .- New York Weekly.



Mrs. Honeybun (showing her new frock)-Don't you think I have very good taste, dear? Mr. Honeybun-Excellent, dear. I've thought so ever since you chose me for pedestrian.

A Transformation Scene. There is never a road in Morocco in

any place whatsoever. There are goat

tracks that have been widened and deepened by the caravans, and one is at liberty to ford the rivers where he likes.

* * You scarcely ever see a tree; but, as if to atone for this, there are the grand tranquil lines of the virgin land-scape, unbroken by roads, houses or fences. * * * We are about to change from one territory to another, and all the men of the tribe we are approaching are under arms, their chief at their head, to receive us. Perched on their lean little horses, on their high-peaked saddles that are almost like easy chairs, they look like so many old women shrouded in long white veils, or like old black-faced dolls, or nummies, * * We draw near, and quickly, at the word of command given in hoarse tones, the whole army scatters like a swarm of twenty bees, horses curveting, arms jingling, men shouting. Under the spur, their steeds rear, leap, gallop like frightened gazelles, mane and tail flying in a wind, clearing rocks and great stones at a bound. The old dolls have been restored bound. The old dolls have been restored to life; they, too, have become superb; they are metamorphosed into tall, active men, with keen faces, standing erect in their great silver-plated stirrups. The white bournouses fly open, and stream behind them in the wind with the most behind them in the wind with the most exquisite grace, revealing beneath robes of red, orange and green cloth, and saddles with housings of pink, yellow and blue silk embroidered with gold. And the fine symmetrical arms of the men, to the color of light bronze, emerge from the wide sleeves, brandishing in the air in their headlong course the heavy bronze muskets which in their hands seem no heavier than reeds. It is a first welcoming fantasia (exhibition of Arab hard-riding) given in our honor. * * * Men pass us with the speed of a flash, standing erect upon their saddles, or standing on their heads with their legs waving in the air; two horsemen make for each other on a mad gallop, and as they meet, without two horsemen make for each other on a mad gallop, and as they meet, without drawing reign or coming in collision, exchange muskets, and give each other a kiss. An old gray-bearded chief proudly calls our attention to a squad of twelve horsemen who charge down on us abreast—and such handsome fellows as they are! They are his twelve sons.—"Into Merocco." From the French by

She Had a Good Deal to Try Her, but She Wouldn't Get Angry.

The best natured woman in the world resides in the city of Austin. She has been married a number of years to a man named Peterby, who is one of the most disagreeable, quarrelsome men man named Peterby, who is one of the most disagreeable, quarrelsome men outside of the Texas legislature. And yet Mr. and Mrs. Peterby have never had a quarrel, for the reason that it is impossible to make her angry. He has scowled at her and occasionally wafted impossible to make her angry. He has scowled at her and occasionally wafted a chair at her, just to see if she wouldn't get angry, but he suffered disappointment in each and every instance. Peterby had been bragging to his friends about what a good natured wife he has, and Gilhooly offered to bet \$50 that if Peterby were to go home, raise a fuss and pull the table-loth full of dishes off the table she would show signs of temthe table she would show signs of temper. He had tried that with his wife once, but he never repeated the experi-

friend of his money, but he knew he could win. At last he made the bet. The friend was to watch the proceedings through a window. Peterby came home apparently fighting drunk, She saw him coming, went out to the gate, opened it, kissed him and assisted his tottering steps into the house. He sat down hard in the middle of the floor and

"Confound your ugly picture, what did you pull that chair from under me

"I hope you did not hurt yourself?" she replied, smiling kindly. "I was to blame for it. I am so awkward. But I'll cells vary in size from 1-300 of an inch in diameter to 1-3000; and this being know it is not difficult to estimate the entire number of them in the brain. Dr. Hooke, the mathematician, said 3,155,760,000; but according to Maynert's calculation the number of cerebral cells is only 60,000,000.

Seeing that the doctors differ, let us use the slate and pencil ourselves. The thinking power of the brain is believed to reside in the gray matter of the surface. This is a sheet of cellular nerve substance, which is crumpled into convolutions through being confined within the narrow limits of the skull. If it Some women might have lost their tem-

we used to go to before we were married," and then the angelic woman de-

A WONDERFUL MOTOR.

Run Street Cars by Air.

Since the Metropolitan Traction Company several months ago offered a prize of \$50,000 to any one devising a better system for street car propulsion than any at present in use the efforts of inventors have been greatly stimulated, with the result that some surprising contrivances have been pressed upon the attention of that company with the hope of winning the prize.

Philadelphia composer and music teac er, Signor W. A. Vallo. The system which he has devised is so entirely unique in many of its features and promises so much in the way of comfort and luxury to the traveling public that a description of it reads like a fairy tale. Not the least important feature of this new system is the assertion by Signor Vallo that the entire cost of operation after the plant is once established will be considerably less than one-half that of any other system.

The objectionable features of the trolley, cable and horse systems of propulsion have all been eliminated. No electricity and no wires are used, no cable and no digging up of streets, and no slot to catch wagon wheels, no horses and no foul smelling stables are some of the merits which are claimed for the new system. Among the advantages set forth is safety to both passenger and

The cars are to be run by a specially constructed motor driven by compressed air. The air after it is used comes out of an exhaust pipe with terrific force. This exhaust may be used in winter to blow the snow from the tracks, thus doing away with a sweeper. In summer the exhaust air will, by a series of pipes, be conducted back to the car. A special-ly designed airbrake that is claimed will act as quickly and with as much certainty as the Westinghouse break will enable the motorman to stop the car suddenly when going at high speed, thus lessening the danger of running over people.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Astounding Memories. Horace Vernet is the best example of visual memory. He could paint a striking portrait of a man, life size, after having once looked at his model. Mozart had a great musical memory. Having heard twice the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, he wrote down the full score of it. There are soloists who during twenty-four hours can play the composition of other masters without even skipping a note.

A MARRIAGE LICENSE FOR \$2.00, Hughan & Co'y jewelry store, 45 Kent street Lindsay.—17-ly.

Shiloh's cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipent Consumption. It is the best of Cough Care. Only one cent a dose; 25c, 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold by A Higinbotham

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY,—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system i remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted E. Gregory, 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 akin 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.

SHEDS

Alsike, Timothy, Red Clover, Mammoth Mangel, Cabbage, Onion, Carrot, Beet, Turnip, Peas, Beans, Cucumber, in fact all kinds of Seeds Just received fresh at HIGINBOTHAM'S Drug Store.

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OF PETERBORO.



Mr. W. S. Barker is a young force is diminished, and as a result minister of Peterboro who has by his the stomach will not digest the food great earnestness and able exposition the liver becomes torpid, the kidneys of the dectrines of the Bible earned will not act properly, the heart and for himself a place amongst the lungs suffer, and in fact the whole foremest ministers of Canada. He, system becomes weakened and sinks with his most estimable wife, believe on account of the lack of nerve force. in looking after the temporal as well | South American Nervine is based as the spiritual welfare of mankind, on the foregoing scientific discovery hence the following statement for and is so prepared that it acts

"I have much pleasure in recommending the Great South Ameri-enabling the different organs of the can Nervine Tonic to all who are body to perform their work perfectly, afflicted as I have been with nervous when disease at once disappears. prostration and indigestion. I found It greatly benefits in one day. very great relief from the very first Mr. Solomon Bond, a member of to her fellow-sufferers.

"REV. W. S. BARKER."

directly on the nerve centres. immediately increases the nervous energy of the whole system, thereby

bottle, which was strongly recom- the Society of Friends, of Darlington, mended to me by my druggist. I Ind., writes: "I have used six bottles also induced my wife to use it, who, of South American Nervine and I I must say, was completely run down consider that every bottle did for me and was suffering very much from one hundred dollars worth of good, general debility. She found great because I have not had a good relief from South American Nervine night's sleep for twenty years on and also cheerfully recommends it account of irritation, pain, horrible dreams, and general nervous prostration, which has been caused by It is now a scientific fact that cer- chronic indigestion and dyspepsia of tain nerve centres located near the the stomach, and by a broken down base of the brain have entire control condition of my nervous system. over the stomach, liver, heart, lungs But now I can lie down and sleep all and indeed all internal organs; that night as sweetly as a baby, and I is, they furnish these organs with feel like a sound man. I do not the necessary nerve force to enable think there has ever been a medicine them to perform their respective introduced into this country, which work. When the nerve centres are will at all compare with this as a weakened or deranged the nerve ours for the stomach and nerves."

E. GREGORY

Wholesale and Retail Agent for

LINDSAY.