so Old That It is New-There is no Philosophy About the Gospel-A Plain Matter of Bible Statement and Child-

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—Several thousand persons were turned away from the doors of the Academy of Music, after the huge building had been filled to overflowing, the crowds having begun to assemble fully two hours before the time fixed for opening the services. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject, "The Glorious Gospel," the text chosen being, "According to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust." I. Tim. 1;11.

The greatest novelty of our time is the Go pel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups, and curious ware like those of nineteen hundred years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups, and pitchers, and curious ware are universally admired, so anyone who can upshovel the real Gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried, will be able to present something that will attract the gaze, and admiration, and adoption of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls, "The glorious Gospel." There has been an hemispheric apostasy. There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the Gospel r ally is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Hindoo, the first copy of which I saw I purchased in Calcutta, India, last September, The old Gospel is fifty feet under and the work has been done by the shovel of those who have been trying to contrive the philosophy of Religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plain matter of Bible statement, and of child like faith. Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity, because they have tried to teach the "Philosophy of Religion." By the time that many a young theological student gets half through his Preparatory Cours, he is so filled with doubts about Plenary Inspiration and the Divinity of Christ and the questions of eternal Destiny, that he is more fit for the low st bench to the infant class of a Sunday school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The ablest theological professor is a Christian mother, who out of her own experience, can tell the four year-old how beauti ul Christ was on earth and how beautiful he now is in Heaven, and how dearly He loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the roseate cheek of the little one, consecrates him for time an leternity to Him who said 'Suffer them to come unto Me." What an awful work Paul made with the D.D.'s, and LL.D.'s, and the F.R S.'s when He cleared the decks of the old Gospel ship by saying: "Not many wise men, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to contound the mighty.

There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on Inspiration, and Exegsis, and Apologetics for the Almighty, and writing out his own elaborate work on the Philosophy of Religion, and his little grandchild coming up to him for a good-night kiss, he accidentally knocks off the Liggest book from the table and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ himself said: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou has perfected praise." Ah! my triends, the Bible wants no apologetics. The Throne of the Last Judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity wants no apolo-Scientists may tell us that natural light is the "propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies;" but no one knows what Gospel Light is until his own blind eyes by the touch of the Divine Spirit have opened to see the noon-day of pardon and peace. Scientists may tell me that natural sound is "the effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air, caused by a collision of bodies, or by other means;" but those only know what the Gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly. saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace."
The theological dude unrolls upon the plush of the exquisitely carved pulpit a learned discourse, showing that the Garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's Song a rather indelicate love ditty, and the Book of Job a drama in which Satan was the star actor, and that Renan was three-quarters right about the miracles of Jesus, and that the Bible was gradually evoluted, and the best thought of the different ages, Moses, and David, and Paul, doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of Heaven and Earth, get us out of the London fog of Higher Criticism!

The night is dark and the way is rough, and we have a Lantern which God has put in our hands, but instead of employing that Lantern to show ourselves and others the right way, we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material, and which is the better light-kerosene, lamp oil, or candle; and while we discuss it, we stand all around the Lantern, so that we shut out the light from the multitudes who are stumbling on the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found one morning around Bartholdi's statue in New York harbor. They had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the night before. Poor things! And the great Lighthouse of the Gospel-how many high-soaring he out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy, and to the crystalline wharves of the Heavenly City, where the immortals are waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks, when they might have been flying seraphs.

Here also come, covering up the old Gospel, some who think they can by law and exposure of crime save the world, and from Portland, Maine, across to San Francisco and back again to New Orleans and Savannah, many of New Orleans and Savannah, many of the ministers have gone into the detec-tive business. Worldly reform, by all means; but unless it be also Gospel re-form it will be a dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses. We had a Demo-eratic boss, and now it is to be a Repub-lican boss; but the quarrel is, who shall

be the Republican? Politics will save the cities the same day that Satan evangelizes perdition.

Here comes another class of people who in pulpit and outside of it cover up the Gosp I with the theory that it makes

no mai difference what you pender, how you act-you are bound for Heaven anyhow. There they sit, side by side, in Heaven: Garfield, and Guiteau, who shot him; Lincoln, and John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated him; Washington, and Thomas Paine, who slandered him; Nana Sahib, and the missionaries, whom he clubbed to death at Cawnpore; Herod, and the children whom he massacred; Paul, and Nero, who beheaded him. As a result of the promulgation of such a mongrel and promulgation of such a mongrel and conglomerate heaven, there are millions of people in Christendom who expect to go straight to heaven from their seraglios and their inebriation and their suicides, when among the loudest thunders that break over the basaltic island to which St. John was expatriated was the one in which God announced that "the abominable and the murders,

and the whoremongers and sorcerers, and idolaters and all liars, shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." I correct what 1 said when I declared the Gospel was buried fifty feet deep; it is buried a thousand feet deep. Had the glorious gospel been given full opportunity, I think before this the world would have had no need of pulpit, or sermon, or prayer, or church, but thanksgiving and hosannas would have resounded in the have been pillars, and the blue skies the dome, and the rivers the baptistery, and all nations the worshippers in the auditorium of the outspread world. But so far from that, as I remarked in the opening sentence of this sermon, the greatest novelty of our time is the Gos-And let me say to the hundreds, and thousands of educated and splendid young men about to enter the Gospel ministry from the theological seminaries of all denominations, on this and the other side of the seas, that there is no drawing power like the glorious Gospel. "Him hath God lifted up to draw all men unto Him.". Get your souls charged and surcharged with this Gospel, and you will have large audiences, and will not have to announce in order to assemble such audiences, a Sunday night sacred concert, with a brief address by the pastor; or the presence of "Black Pattis," or Creole Minstrels, or some

new exposure of Tammany, or a sermon

accompanied by a magic lantern, or

stereopticon views.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that Go: pel gets full swing it will have a momentum and a power mightier than that of the Atlantic Ocean, when under the force of the September equinox it strikes the Highlands of the Navesink. The meaning of the word "Gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is glorious good news, and we must tell it in our churches, and over our dry goods counters, and in our factories, and over our threshing machines, and behind our ploughs, and on our ships' decks, and in our parlors, our nurseries, and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawl in our voice, and a dismal look on our faces, as though rheumatism were a rheumatic twinge, or a dyspeptic pang, or a malarial chill, or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "bless-eds" or "happys" Christ began his sermon on the Mount: Blessed the poor; blessed the mourn-er; blessed the meek; blessed blessed the hungry; blessed the merciful; blessacemakers: blessed the pure; blessed the persecuted; blessed the re-yiled; blessed, blessed, blessed; viled; blessed, blessed, blessed happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the young, as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled and for a life-time all the angels of God their coadjutors, and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the mid lle aged as through Christ they may have their perplexities disentangled and their courage rallied and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged, as they may have the sympathy of Him of whom St. John wrot :: head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defence of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying, as they may have ministering spirits to escort them and opening gates to receive them and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them and the welcome of a loving God

to embosom them.
Oh, my text is right when it speaks of

the glorious Gospel. It is an invitation

from the most radiant Being that ever trod the earth, or ascended the heavens, to you and me to come and be made happy, and then take after that a Royal Castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cupbearers. price paid for all of this on the cliff of imestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an Agony that with one hand tore down the rocks, and with the other drew a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for anyone of the million sins of our life, but confessing all of them, we can point to that cliff of limestone and say, There was paid our indebtedness, and God never collects a bill twice." am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pens in extolling the matchless One of the Gospel. Isaac Watts, how do you feel concerning Him?
And he writes, "I am not ashamed to
own my Lord." Newton, what do you
think of the Gospel? And the writes, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound. Cowper, what do you think of Him? And the answer comes, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Charles Wesley, what do you think of Him? And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Horatius Bonar, what do you soul." Horatius Bonar, what do you think of Him? And he responds, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Ray Palmer, what do you think of Him? And he writes, "My faith looks up to Thee." Fannie Crosby what do you think of Him?" And she writes, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." But I take higher testimony: Solomon, what do fhink of Him? And the answer is, "Lily of the realley." Ezekiel what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "Lily of the valley." Ezekiel, what do you think of Him? And the answer is "Plant of renown." David, what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "My Shepherd." St. John, what do you think of Hmi? And the answer is, "Bright and morning star." St. Paul, what do you think of Him! And the answer comes, "Christ is all in all." Do you thinks as 'Christ is all in all." Do you think as well of Him, O man, O woman of the blood-bought immortal spirit? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it, "The Glorius Gospel." And then as a draggist, while you are waiting

for Him to make up the doctor's pre-scription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this, and so many grains of grains of this, and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this and so many of that and the intermixture taken, though sour or bitter, restores to health; so Christ, the Divine Physician, prepares this trouble of our lifetime, and that disappointment and this persecution and that hardship and that tear and we must take the intermixture, yet though it be a bitter draught under the Divine prescription it administers to

our restoration and spiritual meaning, things work together for good, "Glori-

And then the Royal Castle har which we step, out of this life, without so much as soiling our foot with the upturned earth of the grave. "They shall reign for ever and ever." Does not that mean that you are if saved to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years an abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. Though an abandoned castle while Christ was here achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "Chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up, and waiting for you are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the king's gardens where immortals walk linked in eternal friendship; and the banqueting hall of that castle has princes and princesses at the table; and the wine is "the new wine of the kingdom," and the supper is the marriage supper of the Lamb; and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music that trembles with no grief, and the light that falls upon the scene is never beclouded, and there is the kiss of those re-united after long separation. More nerve will we have there than now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger car will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy, and the clapping of that acclamation, and the boom of that hallelujah, we would be deafened. Glorious Gospel! You thought religion was a strait-jacket, that it put you on the limits, that thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no. It is to be castellated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha set your faces toward the shining pinnacles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here-for at the longest our stay is short-if we can only land there. You see there are so many I do want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet; and John among the evangelists; and Paul among the apostles, and Wycliffe among the meeting. cliffe among the martyrs, and Bourda-loue among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelock among the heroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us, so many darlings of the heart, their abs nce sometimes almost unbearable, and, mentioned in this sentence last of all because I want the thought climacteric, our blessed Lord, without whom we could never reach the old Castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He wept our woes. He suff red our stripes. He died our death. He assured our resurrection. Blessed be His glorious name forever! Surging to His ear be all the anthems! Facing Him be all the thrones!

Oh, I want to see it, and I will see it -the day of His coronation. On a throne already; methinks the day will come when in some great hall of eter-nity all the nations of earth whom He has conquered by His grace will assemble again to crown Him. Wide and high and immense and upholstered as with the sunrises and sunsets of a thousand years, great audience room of Heaven. Like the leaves of an Adirondack forest the ransomed multitudes, and Christ standing on a high place surrounded by worshippers and subjects. They shall come out of the tarthest past out of the early Gospel days led on by the Apostles; they shall come out of the centuries still ahead of us, led on by champions of the truth, heroes and heroines yet to be born.

And then from that vatest influence ever assembled in all the universe there will go up the shout, "Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!" and the Father who not long ago promised this His only Begotten Son,"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession" shall set the crown upon forehead vet scarred with Crucifixion bramble and all the hosts of heaven down on the levels and up in the galleries will drop on their knees crying, "Hail king of earth! King of heaven King of saints! King of seraphs! kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and to Thy dominions there shall be no end! Amen and Amen! Amen and Amen.

Sterilized Water Wanted.

The invention most needed now is some cheap and practical process of sterilizing drinking water without rendering it less palatable. The growth of population is steadily toward the cities, and in the cities good health depends more on good water than on any other one thing. Indeed, it is believed by some that if the germs of disease can be kept out of food and water there will be little or no danger of the spread of the germ diseases. It is thought that pure water would reduce death rate of any large city from 10 to 25 per cent. at least. - New York

Napoleou's Marksmanship.

Apropos of the great Napoleon, it may be remarked that he was as poor a marksman as the average woman. is related that on a certain occasion he was hunting, when the dogs brought a fine stag to bay. It was the custom to leave it for the Emperor to kill, but at that moment he could not be found, so the master of the staghounds put the animal out of its misery with a knife. Just then the Emperor came in sight, and the dead stag was propped up on its legs. The great Napoleon fired and the stag fell over, at the same time there was a piteous whine from one of the hounds, which had been shot through hounds, which had been shot through the head. The Emperor, who was on horseback, wheeled around and said to Fouche: "Apres tout, je ne suis pas aussi mauvais tireur qu'on le pretend!" (After all, I am not so bad a shot as they make me out to be.")—Truth.

No Escape From It. "Ah, mon ami! Is it that you are well, h'est ce pas? Je suits herex." "For Heaven's sake, old fellow, I'm no Frenchman!"

"Pardonnez moi. I've been reading Trilby, and I can't help it, hein!"—

Fast Telegraphing. In September of last year a Manchester packing company had occasion to telegraph to their manager at Victoria, B.C. The message was handed in at the office of the cable company in Moult stret, Manchester; a trial of speed was attempted and the answer came back in ninety seconds, the total distance of the reines being 18 000 miles. Equally the wires being 13,000 miles. Equally sensational was the dispatch and receipt of a message over the New York and London wires in five seconds, a feat performed in October last.—New Science

NO LACK OF PERSEVERENCE,

Modern Woman Has Pleuty of Stendy Push About Her. Sorosis declared with much emphasis the other night that the modern woman is not persistent enough. This view of the case, it is safe to say, has not yet impressed itself upon the modern man. Not so very many years ago the modern woman became convinced that she wanted a collegiate education on substantially the same terms with her brothers. Conservatives shook their heads, and sedate professors declared that the thing was preposterous. But the lady in the case persisted, and to-day she has not merely invaded, but has conquered a large portion of the realm of the higher education. Then she declared that she proposed to enter the pursuits which have been the exclusive possession of masculinity for un-numbered ages. Again obducate man-kind said no; but women doctors, lawyers, journalists and merchants are now so common that they do not even

excite comment. Whatever the modern woman has really set her heart upon she has generally succeeded in obtaining. In most of the western states she has the franchise in one form or another; in Colorado she has exactly the same political privileges as men and has elected three representatives of her own sex to the legislature. If she doesn't vote in the east as yet, it is simply because she hasn't quite made up her mind whether on the whole the ballot would be becoming to her. When the bicycle, most unruly and diabolic of vehicles, made its appearance, the world remark d: "Lo! here is something that must forever belong to man alone. The modern woman heard this mandate, smiled a knowing little smile and forthwith set about mastering this novel epitome of mechanical depravity. At present she not only rid's the wheel with calmness and determination; she Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead wagerrides it in Turkish trousers, and hints ominously of knickbockers in the near

future.

Decidedly, f fin de siecle femininity has faults, lack of persistence is not among them. Sorosis does not need to worry over the up-to-date woman. She has triumphed over everything she has under-taken to subdue—Greek roots, business difficulties, political methods and the bicycle. And the end is not yet .- New York Press.

What Are Heathens?



"What are heathens, uncle?" "Heathens? Oh—ah—heathens are people who don't quarrel over religion."

How a Fish Comes to the Surface.

A curious physiological discovery has een made in the past year by Prof. Bohr, of Copenhagen, in regard to the mode of storage by which a fish accumulates so much oxygen in the air that distends the swimming or air bladder. The air contained therein has a per-

centage of oxygen that may rise to as much as eighty-five, an amount much in excess of the percentage in atmosoheric air. Prof. Bohr tapped the air pladders of codfish and drew off the gas by means of a trocar and airtight syringe. The gas had 52 per cent. of calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall and on the pieces being counted there proved to be an odd one. oxygen. In a few hours the air-bladder was refilled, apparently by a process of secretion of gas from the blood in the capillaries on the wall of the bladder. In one experiment the gas thus secreted had 80 per cent. of oxygen. When the nerves connected with the organ were severed the secretion ceased and the organ was not refilled.

It thus appears that when a fish descends to a great depth, and his body is reduced in size by increased pressure of the water about him, he is able to attain his former size and rise by secreting the gas he needs, and not by absorbing it from the water. Support is thus given to the theory that the gaseous exchanges that occur in the lungs of animals are not purely physical.—Balti-

Advice From A Money Lender.

"Here's your money," said a city hall officer, handing \$1 to a lawyer associate. Smiling, he added: You're a robber, a usurer, to exact compound interest on such a loan,

"Yes, but I wanted to give you a lesson on the evils of borrowing," said the lawyer. "It's a pernicious practice, because it is a habit easily acquired and leads to very bad results. The money-lender usually gets the big end of the horn, unless the loan is unsecured, in which case, nine times out of ten, the cance is worsted. Take my advice, lon't borrow at any price."

Then addressing a group of interested friends, the lawyer said: "Compound interest is a funny thing to run up against. Not long ago the Bank of England had to pay a large sum to settle a compound note for \$25 which had been mislaid for many years The custedian of the note claimed \$3,000,000, a much smaller sum. The loan I made to-day, by way of a joke, affords an interesting study. It is payable in 100 years (or earlier, if possible) at compound interest, at the end of 100 years. At nt was glad to accept a compromile for the rate of interest charged, 1 per cent, the borrower or his heirs will owe me \$2.75. Now if I had charged 4 per cent \$2.75. Now if I had charged 4 per cent interest, he or his heirs would owe me \$50.50 at the end of 100 years. By charging usurious rates of interest, say 12 per cent—well, I'd have \$84,675 due in the year A. D. 1995, and at 24 per cent interest the original \$1 would accumulate in a century just \$2,551,-799, 404,"—Buffalo Courier.

much gusto and relish as if it had been the most delicious cordial. The money he had won was immediately converted into strong beer, which with a penny loaf soaked in another portion of oil, he likewise swallowed. About two hours after this repast for another wager he swallowed twenty eggs with the shells in twenty minutes, but the last having a young chicken in it he complained it spoiled his stomach. Feats of strength, too have been a fruitful source of wagering. In 1792 a wager for \$50 was made between a Mr. Hopkins and a Mr. Dalton. that the litter could not carry 500 sacks of flour weighing twenty stone twenty yards in twelve hours. Mr. Dalton began the undertaking, but there not being a sufficient number of sacks in the town he used but one weighing twenty stone eight pounds, Mrs. Nuborder—That's a very pretty motte you are working, Mrs. Browne-Haash—"Learn to say no." Is it for

CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the emineral Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chare, with view to only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troobles, but also tone the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the project of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—one Pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the

that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landirg, who says: I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomacl cour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Fill a day

Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble

Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjey a good meal and a good nights sleep; they cured me. 3. Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endors ed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

nes had a conventional form Ca Tatify

king from their finger the which

ed in the Castle yard, York, as to which

eter. Umpires were selected, whose

should assume the most original char-

duty it was to decide upon the compara-

ive absurdity of the costumes in which

netted purse of gold around his heat,

Whitehead was dressed like a woman

on one side, one-half of his fact was painted and he wore a silk stocking

and slipper on one leg. The other half of his face was blackened to resemble

that of a negro; on the corresponding

side of the body he wore a gaudy long-

tailed linen coat, and his leg was cased

with leather breeches, with a boot and

spur. Much to the astonishment of the crowd, the stakes were awarded to

The Duke of Queensbury laid a sin-

gular wager with Sir Charles Bunbury about the end of the last century. The

tormer was to produce a man who was to

walk from his grace's house in Picca-dilly (London) to the 10-mile stone, be-

yond Hounslow in the space of three

hours, advancing four steps and at

every fourth step retiring one step backward. The bet was for \$1,000.

Most probably the Duke of Queensbury

had borrowed the hint from a circum-

stance recorded in the history of Cath-

erine Medicis. This celebrated and

beautiful queen made a vow that if an

enterprise of consequence in which she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, traveling on foot in the manner describ-

ed. Having succeeded in her first point, it remained to discover a man with

vigor and patience enough to undertake

the journey. A citizen of Veiberris,

Picardy, presented himself and promis-

ed most scrupulously to accomplish the

vow. He fulfilled his engagement with

great precision, of which the queen was

well assured by those whom she had ap-

pointed to travel by his side and watch

end of the last century who ruined him-

self finally by a very extraordinary bet.

He had been playing with Lord Lorne; their stakes had been very high, and

luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up

from the card table, and, seizing a large punch bowl, said, "For once I'll have a bet when I've got a chance of

winning! Odd or even for 15,000 gaineas?" "Odd," replied the peer,

The rash gambler paid his 15,000

guineas, but if tradition be correct, it

was only by selling the last of his es-

Another curious wager was that of

two gentlemen who were settling their

account at a hotel. One of them drew

out of his pocket a lot of bank notes,

which induced a gentleman standing by

to exclaim that he wished he had as

many as he could carry in £10 notes

'as much as the national debt amounts

offered to lay him a wager of £50 that

he and nine more of the strongest men

that he could get could not carry the

amount of the national debt a distance

of one mile without pitching. The wager was immediately accepted, and

a calculation took place, when it was found that 512 bank notes weighed one

pound. This divided among 100 people each would have to carry 417 pounds

ounces. The money was paid without

recourse to a trial.

Here is a record of another wager:

A member of parliament bet a gentle-man well known on the turf that a man should go from London to Edinburgh in

any mode he chose while another made

a million of dots with a pen and ink

upon writing paper.

Eating and drinking have at all times been the subject of bets and we hear of

a courier, by name Aristocratic Tom, of

the Old Lion, London, for the trifling bet of one shilling undertook to drink three gills of lamp oil of the most rancid

and nauseous quality that could be pro-

cured, which he performed with as much gusto and relish as if it had been

weighing twenty stone eight pounds, which he carried 250 times each way twenty-one yards, and notwithstanding he carried above the weight and the distance one yard more than agreed upon, the feat was performed with great ease in seven hours and twenty-nve minutes.

Upon which the other gentleman

tates that he was enabled to do so.

There was a notorious gambler at the

his motions.

WOMAN'S NEED

Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidneyacid poison, unsuspected, weakens the nervesiand poisons the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the blood, then comes prolapsus, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and STAY well. If their blood is free from the poisonous crments of the Kidneys and Liver ' will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source and sustainer of health it cannot be kept pure except he Kidneys and Liver do heir work naturally. Some-hing is needed to insure free

organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to women, can be used with perfect confidence by those of delicate constitution. One Kiuncy-Liver Pill taken weekly will effectually neutralize the formation of Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

For purifying the Blood and renovating the system. especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, forento.

Advertise in The Warder so tar as we can go bick into the world's history, we find the rage for making wagers prevalent. The Roman; and a great inclination for betring, and



Modern

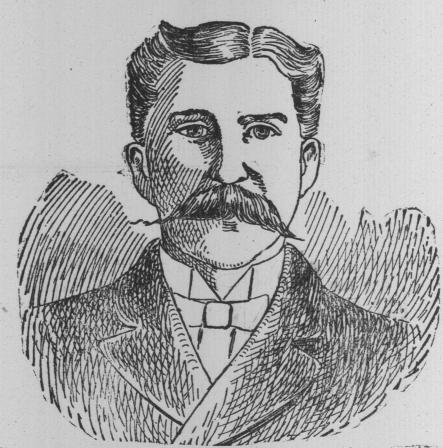
Featherbone Corsets must not be confounded with those which were made five or six years ago. The Featherbone Corset of to-day is as far removed from the old style, as black is from white.

BUY A PAIR AND YOU WILL DE PLEASED.

AN EMINENT MINISTER

REV. W. S. BARKER

OF PETERBORO.



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 publication:

"I have much pleasure in recommending the Great South American Nervine Tonic to all who are body to perform their work perfectly, afflicted as I have been with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found It greatly benefits in one day. very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I 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.

"REV. W. S. BAREER."

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 doctrines of the Bible earned will not act properly, the heart and for himself a place amongst the lungs suffer, and in fact the whole foremost ministers of Canada. He, system becomes weakened and sinks

> directly on the nerve centres. It immediately increases the nervous energy of the whole system, thereby enabling the different organs of the when disease at once disappears.

Mr. Solomon Bond, a member of the Society of Friends, of Darlington, Ind., writes: "I have used six bottles also induced my wife to use it, who, of South American Nervine and I consider that every bottle did for me one hundred dollars worth of good, because I have not had a good night's sleep for twenty years on 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 cure for the stomach and nerves."

DRUGGIST. P. MORGAN

Agent for Lindsay.