A DISTURBING FORCE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SER-MON ON THE CONSCIENCE.

Christ Before Pilate-The Power of the "Still, Small Voice"-The True Conversion-A Wash In the Glorious Gospel Laver-Pardoning Mercy.

NEW YORK, May 5.—Rarely does any discourse hold an audience with such intense interest as did that which Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered this afternoon in the Academy of Music. He chose for his subject "Conscience," the text selected being Matthew xxvii, 24: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye

At about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace, and across the floors of richest mosaic, and under ceiling's dyed with all the splendors of color, and between snowbanks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of 33, already condemned to death, on his way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth

Coming out to meet him on this tessellated pavement is an unscrupulous, compromising, timeserving, cowardly man, with a few traces of sympathy and fair dealing left in his composition— Governor Pontius Pilate. Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midnight

The bloated lipped governor takes the cushioned seat, but the prisoner stands, his wrists manacled. In a semicircle around the prisoner are the san-hedrists, with flashing eyes and bran-dished fists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest persecutions have been religious persecutions, and when satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old religious sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross questions the prisoner and finds right away he is innocent and wants to let him go. His caution is also increased by some one who comes to the govenor and whispers in his ear. The governor puts his hand behind his ear, so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the danger of executing him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife, and the voice of his own conscience, and the entire failure of the sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolves to discharge the prisoner from

But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the governor an equinoctial storm of indignation. They will report him to the emperor at Rome. They will have him recalled. They will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius Pilate compromises the matter and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar. and on his bent and bared back come the hongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be the more awful. Christ lifts himself from the scourging, with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his

greatest masterpiece. But the sanhedrists are not yet satisfised. They have had some of his nerves lacerated; they want them all lacerated. They have had some of his blood; they want all of it down to the last corpuscle. So Governor Pontius Pilate, after all this merciful hesitation, surrenders to the demoniacal cry of "Crucify him!" But the governor sends for something. He sends out a slave out to get something. Although the constables are in haste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to glare upon their victim a pause is necessitated. Yonder it comes, a wash basin. Some pure, bright water is poured into it and then Governor Pilate puts his white, delicate hands into the water and rubs them together and then lifts them, dripping, for the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. I wash my hands of this entire responsibility. You will have to bear it." That is the meaning of my text when it says: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying; I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to

Behold in this that ceremony amounts to nothing, if there are not in it correspondencies of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three-quarters of the world water, and in that commanded cleanliness, and when the ancients did not take the hint he plunged the whole world under water and kept it ther some time. Hand washing was a religious ceremony among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna gave particular direction how that the hands must be thrust three times up to the wrists in water, and the palm of the hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that well enough for a symbol, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin which he does not quit and of which he does not make any repentance. Pilate's wash basin was a dead failure.

Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypocritical ablution. In infancy we may be sprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersions and yet never come to moral purification. We may kneel moral purification. without prayer, and bow without reverence, and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds and liturgies and sacraments and genufications and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heart life go into them. When that bronzed slave took from the presence of Pilate that wash basin, he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty, or Pilate's wickedness, or Pilate's guilt.

Pilate's wickedness, or Pilate's guilt.

Nothing against creeds; we all have them, either written or implied. Nothing against ceremonies; they are of infinite importance. Nothing against sacraments; they are divinely commanded. Nothing against a rosary, if

there be as many heartfelt prayers as beads counted. Nothing against incense floating up from censor amid Gothic arches, if the prayers be as genuine as the aroma is sweet. Nothing against Epiphany or Lent or Ash Wed-

nesday or Easter or Good rricay or Whitsuntide or Palm Sunday, if these symbols have behind them genuine repentance and holy reminiscence and Christian consecration. But chremohy is only the sheath to the sword, it is only the shell to the kernel, it is only the lamp to the flame, it is only the body to the spirit. The outward must be symbolical of the inward. Wash the hands by all means, but more than that, wash the heart.

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust his hands into this wash basin the power of conscience. He had an idea that there was blood on his hands—the blood of an innocent person, whom he might have acquitted if he only had the courage. Poor Pilate! His conscience was after him, and he knew the stain would never be washed from the right hand or the left hand, and until the day of his death, though he might wash in all the lavers of the Roman empire, there would be still eight fingers and two thumbs red at the tips.

Oh, the power of conscience when it it is fully aroused! With whip of scorpions over a bed of spikes in pitch of midnight it chases guilt. Are there ghosts? Yes, not of the graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest.

And thus, Brutus, amid his slumbering host, Startled with Cæsar's stalwart ghost. Macbeth looked at his hand after the midnight assassination, and he says: Will all great Nepture's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rathe The multitudinous seas incarnadine, The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.

For every sin, great or small, conscience, which is the voice of God, has a reproof, more or less emphatic. Charles IX, responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memories, and in his dying moment said to his doctor, Ambrose Perry: "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me; I am in in a fever of body and mind and have been for a long while. Oh, if I had only spared the innocent, and the imbecile, and the cripple!" Rousseau declared in old age that a sin he committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. Charless II. of Spain could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor and two friars. Catiline had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. Cardinal Beaufort, having the Duke of Gleveester of the interest of the confessor and the confessor and two friends and the least sound. slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say: "Away, away! Why do you look at me?" Richard III., having slain his two nephews, would sometimes in the night shout from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions. Dr. Webster, having slain Parkman in Boston, and while waiting for his doom, complained to the jailer that the prisoners on the other side of the wall all night long kept sin, and clease me from mine inicharging him with his crime, when there were no prisoners on the other side of the wall. It was the voice of

his own conscience From what did Adam and Eve try to hide when they had all the world to themselves? From their own conthemselves? From their own conscience. What made Cain's punishment greater than he could bear? His conscience. What made Ahab cry out to the prophet, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" What made Felix tremble before the little missionary? Conscience. What made Belshazzar's called the brazen sea, and, oh, how teeth chatter with a chill when he saw deep were the floods there gathered! teeth chatter with a chill when he saw a finger come out of the black sleeve of the midnight and write on the plaster- at the right and five at the left-and ing? Conscience, conscience!
Why is it that that man in this audi-

ence, with all the marks of worldly prosperity upon him, is agitated while I speak and is now flushed and is now pale, and then the breath is uneven, and then beads of perspiration on the fore-head, and then the look of unrest comes to look of horror and despair? I know not. But he knows, and God knows. It may be that he despoiled a fair young life and turned innocence into a waif, and the smile of hope into the brazen laughter of despair. Or it may be that he has in his possession the property of others, and by some strategem he keeps it according to law, and yet he knows it is not his own, and that if his heart should stop beating this moment he would be in hell forever. Or it may be he is responsible for the great mystery, the disappearance of some one who was never heard of, and the detectives were baffled, and the tracks were all covered up, and the swift horse on the rail train took him out of reach, and there are only two persons in the universe who know of it-God and himself. God present at the time of the tragedy and present at the retrospection and conscience-conscience with strings, conscience with pinchers. conscience with flails, conscience with Spain, and it will yet stand on the furnaces—is upon him, and until a Ural and beckon to Russia, and it conscience with flails, conscience with man's conscience arouses him he does will stand at the gate of heaven and not repent. What made that farmer converted to God go to his infidel neigh-bor and say: "Neighbor, I have four of your sheep. They came over into my fold six years ago. They had your mark upon them and I changed it to my mark. I want you to have those sheep and I want you to have the increase of the fold. If you want to send me to prison, I shall make no com-plaint?" The infidel heard of the man's conversion, and he said : "Now, now, if you have got them sheep, you are welcome to them. I don't want nothing of those things at all. You just go away from me. Something has got hold of you that I don't understand. I heard you were down at those religious meet-But the converted man would not allow things to stand in that way, and so the infidel said: "Well, now, you can pay me the value of the sheep, and 6 per cent. interest from that time to this and I shan't say anything more about it. Just go away from me." What about it. Just go away from me. was the matter with the two farmers? In the one case a convicted conscience leading him to honesty and in the other case a convicted conscience warning against infidelity.

Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley's preachers. The early part of his life had been full of recklessness, and he had made debts wherever he could borrow. He was converted to God, and then he went forth to preach and pay his debts. He had a small amount of his debts. He had a small amount of property left him and immediately set out to pay his debts, and everybody knew he was in earnest, and to consummate the last payment he had to sell his horse and saddle and bridle. That was conscience. That is converted conscience. That is religion. Frank Tiebout, a converted rumseller, had a large amount of liquor on hand at the time of his conversion, and he put all the kegs and barrels and demijohns in a wagon and took them down in front of the old church where he had been converted and had everything emptied into

there would be money enough to pay all the state debts and all the United States debt by day after to-merrow.

Conversion amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocket-book is converted, and the cash drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the fireproof safe is converted, and the pigeonhole containing the correspondence is converted, and his improvement is noticed even by the canary bird that sings in the parlor, and the cat that licks the platter after the meal, and the dog that comes bounding from the kennel to greet him. A man half converted, or quarter converted, or a the kennel to greet him. A man half converted, or quarter converted, or a thousandth part converted, is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the day of judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. Alas, for this governor, Pontius Pilate! That night after the court had adjourned and the sephedrists had gone home and nothing after the court had adjourned and the sanhedrists had gone home and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, I see Pontius Pilate arise from his tapestried and sleepless couch and go to the laver and begin to wash his hands, crying: "Out, out, crimson spot! Tellest thou to me and to God and to the night, my crime? Is there no alkali to remove these dreadful stains? Is there no chemistry to disno alkali to remove these dreadful stains? Is the no chemistry to dissolve this carnage? Must I to the day of my death carry the blood of this innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot!" The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good conscience. But is there no such things as moral purification? If a man is a sinner once,

must he always be a sinner and an un-forgiven sinner? We have all had conscience after us. Or do you tell me that all the words of your life have been just right and all the thoughts of your have been just right and all the actions of your life just right? Then you do not know yourself and I take the responsibility of saying you are a Pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a Pontius Pilate and do not know it. You commit the very same sin that Pilate committed. You have crucified the Lord of Glory. But if nine-tenths of this audience are made up of thoughtful and earnest people, then nine-tenths of this audience are saying within themselves, "Is there no such thing as moral purification? Is there no layer in which yes, yes, yes. Tell it in song, tell it in sermon, tell it in prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That is what David crued out for when he "Wash me thoroughly from said, quities." And that is what in another place he cried out for when he said, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Behold the laver of the gospel. filled with living fountains. Did you ever see the picture of the laver in the ancient tabernacle or in the ancient temple? The laver in the ancient tabcalled the brazen sea, and, oh, how deep were the floods there gathered!
And there were ten lavers besides—five each laver had 300 gallons of water. And the outside of these lavers was carved and chased with palm trees so delicately cut you could almost see the leaves tremble and lions so true to life that you could imagine you saw the nostril throb, and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent layer of the old dispensation is a feeble type of the more glorious laver of our

dispensation-our sunlit dispensation. Here is the laver holding rivers of salvation, having for its pedestal the Rock of Ages, carved with the figure of the lion of Judah's tribe and having palm branches for victory and wings suggestive of the soul's flight toward God in prayer and the soul's flight heavenward when we die. Come, ye auditory, and wash away all your sins, however aggravated, and all your sorrows, however agonizing. Come to this fountain, open for all sin and uncleanness, the furthest, the worst. You need not carry your sins half a second. Come and wash in this glorious gospel laver. Why, that is an opportunity enough to follow up all nations. That is an opportunity that will vet stand on the Alps and beckon to Italy, and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to beckon to all nations. Pardon for all sin and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God. A little child that had been blind, but through skiltul surgery brought to sight, said: "Why, mother, why didn't you tell me the earth and sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother, "my child, I did tell you often. I often told you how beautiful they are, but you were blind and you couldn't see!" Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to see the glories in Jesus Christ, we would feel that the half had not been told us and you would go to some Christian man and say, "Why, didn't you tell me before of the glories in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were blind and could not see, and you were deaf and could not

History says that a great army came to capture ancient Jerusalem, and when this army got on the hills so that they saw the turrets and the towers of Jerusalem, they gave a shout that made the earth tremble, and tradition, whether true or false, says that, so great was the shout, eagles flying in the air dropped under the atmospheric percussion. Oh, if we could only catch a glimpse of the towers of this gospel temple into which you are all invited to come and wash these would be accordingly which you are all invited to come and wash, there would be a song jubilant and wide resounding, at New Jerusalem seen, at New Jerusalem taken, the hosannas of other worlds flying midair would fold their wings and drop into our closing doxology! Against the disappointing and insufficient layer of Pilate's vice and Pilate's cowardice and Pilate's s'n. I place the brazen sea of a Saviour's pardoning mercy.

Gen. Neal Dow may profitably cite his own case in proof of the benefits of total abstinence. There is probably no livethe old church where he had been converted and had everything emptied into the street. That is religion. Why the thousands of dollars sent every year to the United States treasury at Washington as "conscience money?" Why, is simply means there are postmasters and there are attorneys, and there are attorneys, and there are attorneys, and there are officials who sometimes retain that which does not belong to them, and these men are converted or under powerful pressure of conscience and make restitution. If all the moners out of which the state and the United States treasuries have been defrauded should

A CAT'S WONDERFUL LEAP.

Fifty Feet to the Ground and Safety at a

New York Fire. An incident of the Columbus avenue apartment house fire on Thursday night which was unobserved by many of the thousands of spectators was the escape from cremation of a cat from a window on the fourth floor facing Ninety-fourt! street. While the multitude was gazing with bated breath upon Detective-Sergeant Armstrong's rescue of the sick man, Caesar Pinto, it was apparent that the flames had eaten back into the rear of Prof. Kern's flat on the top floor. A dull red glow was soon followed by the breaking of the window. At this instant a large black cat with shining yellow eyes appeared upon the sill. It

arched his back, and his uplifted tail further bespoke his terror. He hesitated but a moment, and then he lauched himself into space. His flight through the air was like that of a squirrel. His poise was perfect and his legs were spread out as wide as possible. He descended in a long, graceful plane, seeming to move slowly, as if buoyed up. There was a curve to the descent, as if the animal were an aeroplane. A reporter stood within five feet of the spot where Tom landed.

was apparent that the rooms behind were a seething mass of flames. Ton

There was no dull thud, although those who had followed the black streak through the air naturally expected to see a cat with all of its proverbial nine lives crushed out in an instant by the impact. The perpendicular distance was all of fifty feet, and the cat landed at a point about thirty feet east of the line of the window from which he had

The spreading feet of the flying animal seemed to group together just before the asphalt pavement was reached. For a single instant did the animal pause, as if to recover from the shock it had experienced, and then, with a long-drawn meouw that spoke only of terror, and with every hair on end, it dashed down the brilliantly lighted street and disappeared in the shadows near Central Park. The cat was a pet in the family of Prof. Kern. So far as known it has not as yet come back to the scene of its great scare and still greater exploit.-New York World.



"Don't you object to your wife going about in that rational dress?" "Well, no, I don't; you see it keeps off the men—they don't tall in love with

The fact that cooks rarely have much appetite for the food of their own preparation is illustrated nightly, at a wellknown up-town chop house. There may sistant chefs of one of the first hotels in New York. These men can have anywhich they are employed free of cost. The greatest luxuries of the market are at their disposal, and furthermore. they know that everything is beyond reproach. The kitchens are supplied with all the latest improvements, and are so clean and appetizing that visitors are taken through them. As for the cooking, the fact that many of the bestknown gourmets of the city have forsaken their old resorts for this one is ample recommendation. Yet the men who are responsible for all this go nightly to a simple chop house, where they have to pay the same as other customers for their suppers. The chef gave

this explanation: "When is constantly surrounded by food stus he gets tired of the sight of | them. It is so with any other business. It is all right while you are at it, but when your work is done you want to get away from it. We come here to forget our work, and to eat things we have not seen nor handled."-New York Sun.

Warned to Eat Sparingly. Every housewife has experienced that delightful pleasure of being caught scantily prepared at meal time and a number of unexpected guests on hand

Recently such a situation presented itself to a lady in this city. Turning over in her mind the condition of the larder, she decided that the supply was sufficient if the members of her family would curb their appetites and the unoldden guests were not ravenous. Taking her seven year old son aside

she said: "Now, Johnnie, I want you to be a good boy and remember this, eat sparingly, and don't ask for a second help of anything. Mind that, and I'll see if your father won't buy you that bicycle.' At dinner the lady was so busily en-

gaged in measuring things and figuring

out whether the quantities would be

sufficient that little Johnnie was entirely neglected. For a long time he struggled between his craving for food and his fear for losing the bicycle. At last nature obtained the ascendant and he wailed out, to the shame of his mother and the information of the

guests: "Say, mamma, how can I eat sparingly if I don't get nothing to eat

"Any number of people complain that fortune never comes their way," said Prof. Edwin J. Houston the other day, "and when it does come they fail CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are 1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent I hysician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to 3 of only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, 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 praise of thousands who use them—one Pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

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
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felt cold all the time, appetite moor stomach.

stant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day; Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy 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

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 endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

UP-TO-DATE PHOTOGRAPHS.

They are Costly, but Their Charms May

elaborate process. Heretofore, when a woman wanted her photograph taken, she went to the studio and arranged about the size of the picture and the number she wanted. She gave a reassuring touch to her hair, sat down before the camera, turned her head a little to the right or to the left, as the artist desired, and, clamped on either temple, gazed fixedly, inspiringly or otherwise, at a spot on the wall. Now the subject's "possibilities" are studied in detail. Nothing is left to accident. The fashionable woman carries her various gowns to the studio with her, and tries them on, each in turn, that the artist may decide which suits her best. She pays \$50 for the photographs. Her hair is arranged by skillful hands In different ways, that a style of coiffure may be chosen which will be appropriate, not only to the contour of ber face and head, but to the environments of the picture. The subject's hands and arms are criticised, likewise her throat and neck, to see whether a severe high costume or an evening gown shall be used. The topics of backgrounds and accessories are discussed. All of these tinted carbon photographs are taken full length. Maybe the subject will pose as a dame of the first empire, with skimpy satin gown, elaborate coiffure, jewelled girdle, fan and inaigrette. Perhaps she stands, half turned about, with her back to the spectator, and her pure profile deftly brought out on a dark velvet curtain. All women would not look charming in such a position. The artist knows whom to choose, and the subject will wonder at her beauty when she sees the picture. A wilful, coquetish girl is posed as a modern Priscilla. The quaint spinning wheel and high-backed chair, the small-paned form a charming contrast with her rich brocade gown and beaming face. The scant, puffed sleeves set off the rounded arms, the curve of the wrist, the painting, and the undulating outlines of the figure are suggested, not revealed, by the prim folds of the flowered silk frock. These latter-day photographs are like paintings, and are likely never be found the chef and several of the as- to grow old-fashioned. They have the charm that distinguishes the portrait painters of the old English school; a thing they want from the kitchens in charm that custom will not stale. They will not become out of date and grotesque, like the photographs of twenty years ago, found in family albums. In those days a woman was hired to put the lights in the eyes, color the cheeks. and paint the ribbon bows and artificial flowers of the ladies and the gay neckties and buttonhole bouquets of the gentlemen. The new photographs, be it a hundred years hence, no matter what

> evolutions, contractions, or diminutions may befall woman's dress.



'I saw you entering a public house' again, yesterday, Griggs."
"Well, mum, they told me as how
gold was found in quarts, so I went and
took pot-luck, as it were."

The last duel-the last fatal one at least—was fought in a field in Maiden Lane in a solitary part of Holloway, in 1843. The district acquired consider able notoriety from the event. It was the duel fought between Col. Fawcett and Lieut. Munro. The former was killed. The duellists were not only brother-officers; they were also brothersin-law, having married two sisters.

in-law, having married two sisters.

The coroner's jury, on the inquest, returned a verdict of wilful murder, not only against Lieut. Munro, but against the seconds also. The latter, however, were acquitted. Munro evaded the hands of justice by seeking refuge abroad. Four years later he surrendered to take his trial at Old Bailey. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was, however, strongly recommended to mercy, and the sentence was eventually commuted to twelve months' imprisonment.

The neighborhood in which this duel was fought is no longer solitary; a wide thoroughtare, known as the Brecknock read, runs through it, and a rifle-ground beside the Brecknock Arms appropriately indicates where the final shot wes fired.—Chambers' Journal.

woman's need

Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney and poison, and poor blood. Uric Kidneyand polson, unsuspected, weakens the nervestand polsons 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 ferments of the Kidneys and Liver. of the Kidneys and Liver, wy will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the source and sustainer of health

the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something is needed to insure free nd natural action of these 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.

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it cannot be kept pure except

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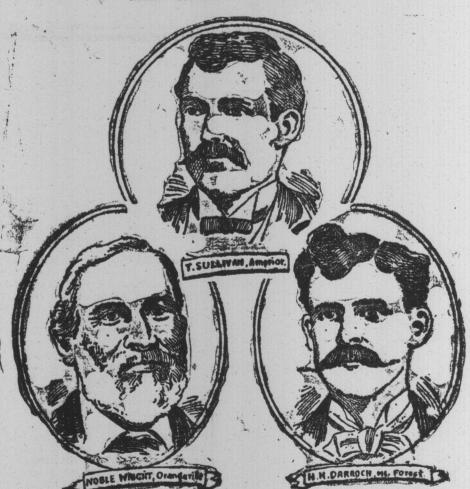
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"In a multitude of counsellors there is of indigestion. In a brief sentence, he mfety," said a wise man centuries ago.

A multitude of counsellors testify that

Mr. Noble Wright, of Orangeville, was volume would be needed to contain all cured, the evidence that comes to the discoverer Baffled though doctors often are with

of this medicine. faces of three well known people who add the entire success of South American their testimonials to the others. Here we Nervine. Certain nerves control entirely have Mr. H. H. Darroch, of Mount Forest, the stomach, liver and all the internal who found himself weak to desperation organs of the body. Let these become after an attack of la grippe. South weakened and disease follows and will American Nervine was the only medicine continue until strength is given to these to be found that gave him back his nerve centers. The motor power is cen-

himself completely relieved of swelling of effects an absolute, positive and unmisstomach and other disagreeable evidences takeable cura

South American Nervine cures disease a sufferer for a long period with indigesand removes suffering as no other medicine will do. In these pages, from week to week, has appeared the testimony of well tors and doctors' medicines were unavailknown people-men and women, in all ing to cure. Having taken only two parts of the Dominion, telling in distinct bottles of South American Nervine he and thankful terms what this wonderful found himself greatly benefited, and discovery has done for them. A large after six bottles had been used he is

disease, when the root trouble is discov-This talk is to-day illustrated with ered a cure is not difficult. Here rests tered there. Attempts to heal an organ Mr. Thomas Sullivan, a second figure is only patchwork of the worst kind and in the group, was a sufferer for a number cannot possibly be effective. South of years with aggravated indigestion. American Nervine heals at the nerve Re had been treated by several doctors, centres, and for this reason people, after with very little benefit. A friend recommended South American Nervine, and cines without success, because the effort after taking a few bottles he has found is only to give temporary relief, find is

DRUGGIST.

Agent for Lindsay.