THE SAIL IN A STORM.

Christ Hushing the Tempest-Necessity for Christ on the Rough Voyage of Life Nothing to be Frightened About-The

for to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage discourses viour's life among the Galilean fishermen and draws from it a striking lesson for the men and women of the present day. The subject was "Rough storm of wind."

Tiberias, Galilee and Gennesaret were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance, The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, gorged, were so many hanging foam and agony could not hurt them, gardens of beauty. The streams rumbled down through rocks of gray and red their cheeks. Let the breakers boom limestone, and flashing from the hill all is well, Christ is in the ship. Here side bounded to the sea. In the time are other men, the prey of uncertainof our Lord the valleys, headlands ties. When they succeed they strut and ridges were covered thickly with | through the world in great vanity, and vegetation, and so great was the variety of climate that the palm tree others. Disaster comes and they are of the torrid and the walnut tree of rigorous climate were only a little on a fair day, when the sky is clear way apart. Men in vineyards and olive and the sea is smooth, but they cangardens were gathering up the riches not outride a storm. After awhile the for the oil press. The hills and val- packet is tossed abeam's end, and it leys were starred and crimsoned with seems as if she must go down with all flowers, from which Christ took his thecargo. Push out from the shore text, and the disciples learned lessons with lifeboat, longboat, shallon and of patience and trust. It seemed as pinnace. You cannot save the crew. if God had dashed a wave of beauty on The storm rises up to take down the all the scene until it hung dripping from the rocks, the hills, the olean- that ship. ders. On the back of the Lebanon range the glory of the earthly scene was carried up as if to set it in range with the hills of heaven.

a setting as beautiful Gennesaret. The The skies clear, the sea smooth. The waters were clear and sweet, and thick- crew exhilarant. The boat, stanch, will ly inhabited, tempting innumerable bound merrily over the billows. Crowd nets and affording a livelihood for on all the canvas. Heigh ho! Land great populations. Bethsaida, Chora. ahead! But suppose that sickness puts zin and Capernaum stood on the bank, its bitter cup to your lips; suppose roaring with wheels of traffic and that death overshadows your heart; flashing with splendid equipages, and suppose misfortune with some quick shooting their vessels across the lake, turn of the wheel hurls you backward; bringing merchandise for Damascus suppose that the wave of trial strikes and passing great cargoes of wealthy you athwart ships, and bowsprit shivproduct. Pleasure boats of Roman ered, and halliards swept into the sea, gentlemen and fishing smacks of the and gangway crowded with piratical country people who had come down to disasters, and the waves beneath and cast a net there passed each other with the sky above and the darkness around nod and shout and welcome, or side by are filled with the clamor of the voices side swung idly at the mooring. Pa. of destruction. Oh, then you will want lace and luxuriant bath and vineyard, Christ in the ship. tower and shadowy arbor, looked off I learn, in the next place, that peoupon the calm sweet scene as the ple who follow Christ must not always Hermon with its head covered with disciples got into the small boats they perpetual snow, in the glow of the said: "What a delightful thing this is! who would not be a follower of Christ prophet ready to ascend in a chariot when he can ride in one of these small or a ripple disturbs the surface of down these disciples found out that Gennesaret. The shadows of the great following Jesus did not always make Gennesaret. The snauows of the great smooth sailing. So you have found you. You know that the old hand looked so grim and ghastly as here, cidedly object, or she would have reneadlands stalk clear across the water.

The voices of evening tide, how drowsily they strike the ear—the splash of the boatman's oar and the thumping ought to have a good time in getting of the captured fish on the boat's bot- out of this world, the apostles of Jesus tom, and those indescribable sounds Christ ought to have been the men. hasten up the beach of the lake a lit- out of the world? St. James lost his tle way, and there you find an ex- head. St. Phillip was hung to death citement as of an emparkation. A notilla is pushing out from the western struck to death by a halberd. St. Mark much in bank stock, so much I have in full dress, their skulls still grinning kissing a woman against her will is shore of the lake-not a squadron with was dragged to death through the deadly armament, not a clipper to ply streets. St. James the Less had his front ship; his friends and admirers Covenanters-did they always find are in the small boats following after. smooth sailing? Why go so far? Christ, by the rocking of the boat and There is a young man in a store in the fatigues of the preaching exercises New York who has a hard time to of the day, is induced to slumber, and maintain his Christian character. All

even the passengers hear the moan of to religion. The Christian girl does not sky. Deep to deep, billow to billow. the storm, which comes on with rapid slways find it smooth sailing when she strides and with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The boat, caught heart. As seafarers, when winds are fact is that from the back part of the in the sudden fury, trembles like a dead ahead, by setting the ship on boat a voice sings out, "When thou deer at bay, amid the wild clangor of starboard tack and bracing the yards, the hounds. Great patches of foam are make the winds that oppose the course flung through the air. The loosened propel the ship forward, so opposing sails, flapping in the wind, crack like the white cliff of the driven sea, trem- heaven, when, if the winds had been ble like ocean petrels, and then plunge abaft, they might have rocked and into the trough with terrific swoop until a wave strikes them with thunder crack, and overboard go the cordage, the tackling and the masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the stern of the boat and shout amid the hurricane, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great Personage lifted his head from the fisherman's coat and walked but to the prow of the vessel and looked upon the storm. On all sides were the small boats tossing in helplessness and from them came the cries of drowning men. By the flash of lightning I see the calmness of the uncovered brow of Jesus and the spray of the sea dripping from his beard. He has two words of command-one for the wind, the other for the sea. He looks into the tempestuous heavens and he cries, "Peace!" and then he looks down into the infuriate waters and he says, "Be still!" The thunders beat a retreat. waves fall flat on their faces. The extinguished stars rekindle their torches. The foam melts. The storm is dead. And while the crew are untangling the cordage and the cables and bailing out the water from the hold of the ship, the disciples stand wonder-struck, now gazing into the calm sea, now gazing into the calm face of Jesus and whispering one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

I learn, first, from this subject that when you are going to take a voyage of any kind you ought to have Christ in the ship. The fact is, that those boats would all have gone to the bottom if Christ had not been there. Now, you are about to voyage out into some

new enterprise-into some new busin relation. You are going to plan some great matter of profit. I hope it is so. If you are content to go along in the treadmill course and plan nothing new,

What you can do by the utmost ten-sion of body, mind and soul, that you and to do. You have no right REV. DR. TALMAGE'S LESSON OF THE to be colonel of a regiment if God calls you to command an army. You have no right to be stoker in a steam-er if God commands you to be admiral of the navy. You have no right to engineer a ferryboat from river bank to river bank if God commands you to engineer a Cunarder from New York World Moves.

New York, Sept. 22.—In his sermon to Liverpool. But whatever enterprise you undertake, and upon whatever voyage you start, be sure to take Christ

in the ship. Here are men largely proson a dramatic incident during the Sa. pered. The seed of a small enterprise grew into an accumulated and overshadowing success. Their cup of pros-perity is running over. Every day sees a commercial or a mechanical tri-Sailing," and the text Mark iv, 36, 37, umph. Yet they are not puffed up. They "And there were also with him other acknowledge the God who grows the little ships, and there arose a great harvests and gives them all their prosperity. When disaster comes that destroys others, they are only helped into higher experiences. The coldest winds that ever blew down from snow-capped Hermon and tossed Gennesaret into

wipe their feet on the sensitiveness of utterly down. They are good sailors vessel. Down she goes! No Christ in

I speak to young people whose voyage in life will be a mingling of sunshine and of darkness, of arctic blast and of tropical tornado. You will have No other gem ever had so exquisite many a long, bright day of prosperity.

evening shadows began to drop, and expect smooth sailing. When these I think we shall have a quiet boats after the ship in which Jesus is Not a leaf winks in the air sailing?" But when the storm came which fill the air at nightfall. You Have you ever noticed how they got the wrinkled forehead under the oldcitement as of an embarkation, A flo- against a pillar. St. Matthew was with valuable merchandise, not pirate brains dashed out with a fuller's club. vessels with grappling hooks to hug to St. Matthias was stoned to death. St. death whatever they could seize, but Thomas was struck through with a a flotilla laden with messengers of light spear. John Huss in the fire, the Aland mercy and peace. Jesus is in the bigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch

I see him in the stern of the boat, with the clerks laugh at him, the employers a pillow perhaps extemporized out of in that store laugh at him, and when a fisherman's coat, sound asleep. The he loses his patience they say, "You breezes of the lake run their fingers are a pretty Christian." Not so easy through the locks of the wornout sleep- it it for that young man to follow Christ er, and on its surface there riseth and If the Lord did not help him, hour by falleth the light ship like a child on hour, he would fail. There are scores of the bosom of its sleeping mother. Calm young men to-day who would be willnight. Starry night. Beautiful night. ing to testify that in following Christ Run up all the sails and ply all the one does not always find smooth sailoars and let the boats, the big boat ing. There is a Christian girl. In her and the small boats, go gliding over home they do not like Christ. She has The sailors prophesy a change in the which to say her prayers. Father opweather. Clouds begin to travel up posed to religion. Mother opposed to the sky and congregate. After awhile religion. Brothers and sisters opposed troubles through Christ, veering around the bowsprit of faith, will waft you to of the destined port of heaven you could not have heard the cry of warning and would have gone crashing into

the breakers. Again, my subject teaches me that good people sometimes get very much frightened. From the tone and manner of these disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fearfully scared. And so it is now that you often find good people wildly agitated. "Oh!" says some Christian man, "the infidel magazines, the bad newspapers, the spiritualistic societies, the importation of so many foreign errors, the church of God is going to be lost, the ship is going to founder! The ship is going down!" What are you frightened about? An old lion goes into his cavern to take a sleep, and he lies down until his shargy mane covers his paws. Meanwhile the spiders outside begin to spin webs over the mouth of the cavern and say, "That lion cannot break out through this web," and they keep on spinning the gossamer threads until they get the mouth of the cavern covered over. "Now," they say, "the lion's done, the lion's done." After awhile the lion awakes and shakes himself, and he walks out from the cavern, never knowing there were any spiders' webs, and with his voice he shakes the mountains. Let the infidels and skeptics of this day go on spinning their webs, spinning their infidel

gossamer theories, spinning them all over the place where Christ seems to be sleeping. They say: "Christ can never again come out; the work is done. He can never get through this cal web we have been spinning. day will come when the Lion The day will come when the Bull of the Judah's tribe will rouse himself and come forth and shake mightily the nations. What then all your gossamer threads? What is a spider's web to an about

aroused lion? Do not fret, Liber, --the world's going backward. It is go-

ing forward. You stand on the bank of the sea when the tide is rising. The almanac says the tide is rising, but the wave comes up to a certain point and then it recedes. "Why," you say, "the tide is going back." No, it is not. The next wave comes up a little higher, and it goes back. Again you say the tide is going out. And the next time the wave comes to a higher point, then to, a higher point. Notwithstanding all these recessions, at last all the shopping of the world knows it is high tide. So

it is with the cause of Christ in the world. One year it comes up to one point, and we are greatly encouraged. Then it seems to go back next year. We say this tide is going out. Next year it comes to a higher point and falls back; and next year it comes to a still higher point and falls back, but all the time it is advancing, until it shall be full tide, "and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ is God and man in the same person. I go into the back part of the boat, and I look on Christ's sleeping face and see in that face the story of shadow comes over his face, and I think he must be dreaming of the cross our village street." that is to come. As I stand on the back part of the boat looking on his face, I say: "He is a man!" He is a man!" But when I see him come to the prow of the boat, and the sea els in his presence, and the winds fold their wings at his command, I say, "He is God! He is God!" The hand that sets up the starry pillars of the When I want pity and sympathy, I go into the back part of this boat, and I look at him, and I say, "O Lord Jesus, thou weary one, thou suffering one, have mercy on me."
"Ecce homo!" Behold the man! But when I want courage for the conflict and I say: "O Christ, thou who couldst hush the storm, can hush all my sor- Drums, medals, crosses and flags, rows, all my temptations, all my fears." 'Ecce Deus!" Behold the God!

took the sweetest child out of your rious questions, the one that hung in the ceilings and paper peeling from around you with greatest fondness. the walls. The gravedigger's spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Or perhaps it was the only one that you had, and your soul has ever since been like a desolated castle, where the birds of the night hoot amid the falling towers, and along the crumbling stair-Or, perhaps it was an aged mother that was called away. You used fashioned bonnet in the church in the man lie well apart, separated by a that an assault includes every touchhouses, so much I have in lands, so defiance of the foe. much I have in securities." Suddenly it is all gone. Alas! for the man who village are taking the place of the disonce and plenty of money, but who has hardly enough now for the morning marketing. No storm ever swept over Gennesaret like that which has gone trampling its thunders over your quailing soul. But you awoke Christ in the back part of the ship, crying, "Master, carest thou not that I perish?" And Christ rose up and quieted you.

Jesus hushing the tempest. There is one storm into which we must all run. When a man lets go this life to take hold of the next, I do not care how much grace he has, he will want it all. What is that out yonder? That is a dying Christian rocked on the surges of death. Winds that have wrecked magnificent flotillas of pomp and worldly power come down on that Christian soul. All the spirits of darkness seem to be let loose, for it is their last chance. The wailing of kindred seems to mingle with the swirl of the waters and the soream of the wind, and the thunder of the Yet no tremor, no gloom, no terror, no with thee." By the flash of the storm the dying Christian sees that the harbor is only just ahead. From heavenly castles voices of welcome come over the waters. Peace drops on the angry waves as the storm sobs itself to rest like a child falling asleep amid tears and trouble. Christ hath hushed the tempest.

Trouble From Lack of Thought. "You would be surprised at the frequent unnecesary accounts of missing persons that we are compelled to register," said Detective Allmendinger, "If a woman misses her child for a few minutes, without taking the trouble to look around the neighborhood for it, she rushes up here to me and registers the case. We no sooner have it telegraphed throughout the city than she returns and says the little one was in a neighbor's house, or makes some sim-Har statement. They little realize the trouble we are put to, for we have to send word throughout the city that the lost one is found."-Philadelphia

A boy's fishing pole was fastened to the root of a tree on the river bank, and he was sitting in the sun playing with his dog, idling the time away, as

he had been fishing all day and caught "Fishing?" inquired the man pass-"Yes," answered the boy.

"Nice dog you have there; what is "Fish? that's a queer name for a og. What do you call him that for?" "Cause he won't bite." Then the man proceeded on his way.

A Big Frog. A petrified frog found in an Elmira, N. Y., stone quarry in 1886 was two feet and eight inches in length and weigh-

How It Looks After Twenty-Five Years

To-day (August 31), writes a corre spondent of the Westminster Gaette, I made acquaintance with Widow Bourgerie, the one survivor of the one surviving house in the once prosperous village of Bazeilles, which bore the brunt of the fight on August 31 and September 1, 1870, before the famous retreat which brought to a conclusion that terrible scene of carnage known as the battle of Sedan. "And where were you all through

those two awful days?" I queried.
"Down in the cellar with the children; but my husband, he fought to the last. The French soldiers were quartered in this village, where they were surrounded by the Bavarians, The whole village was set fire to in the course of the fight, and our house which stood somewhat apart, was the only one left standing. They call it the battle of Sedan, but really the main struggle took place here, and it began the day before, as the advancing Germans came upon the French Marine sorrow and weariness, and a deeper Infantry who had posted themselves in the houses and behind barricades in

"That I have read; it is generally admitted that Bazeillies was the most creditable feat of arms performed by the French on that dreadful day." "Yes," went on Widow Bourgerie, "they were driven out by the fire, but made a determined stand here. My husband could have told you all about it, but he's gone. He did not die of universe wiping away the tears of an his wounds, they weren't serious, it was rather a broken heart, for he never lifted up his head after the terrible scenes he witnessed. It was literally a hand to hand fight, when the last

shot was fired." The widow's little house remains just as it was a quarter of a century of life, when I want some one to beat ago save that her parlor has been condown my enemies, when I want faith verted into a museum, where some for the great future, then I come to 5,000 relics of the famous battle are the front of the boat ,and I see Christ stored. It looks like a miniature arstanding there in all his omnipotence, mory, hung with bayonets and swords sabres and pistols, helmets and bombs. stray cask here and there left by a flying vivandiere, eagles and other in-I learn from this subject that Christ | signa, knapsacks, broken lances, ambucan hush the tempest. Some of you, lance wagons, epaulettes, etc. combine my hearers, have a heavy load of trou- to make up an indiscriminate assort-Some of you have wept until ment of relics from the field. Three you can weep no more. Perhaps God | bedrooms upstairs are left untouched, with broken glass, walls, and furni house, the one that asked the most cu- ture riddled with bullets, large holes

Back across the main road and down a lane to the right the cemetery is reached, where foremost in the main path is a small monument the Germans have been allowed to raise to the 800 Bavarians who fell in and around Bezeilles. The custodian of the mortuary next opened the gate and conducted us down a corridor on the right to send for her when you had any kind side of which, in a series of vaults, the welcome your children into life, and to the left their German foes lies in when they died she was there to pity the same array. Never had death not actually consent, she did not deyou keep so well in the casket of the sanctity of age resting upon them. locket does not look well as it did on Their dust is mingled. But here, so the day when she moved it back from far as dress or relic of any kind has this kind ever coming up in an Illincountry. Or perhaps your property has corridor and a couple of stout iron ing, however trifling, in any angry, gone. You said, "There, I have so gates. Some of these skeletons are in The fine streets of the new Bazeilles

mantled fortifications of Sedan.

Very Frank.



Mrs. Kindhart (to tramp)-Poor fellow! How long have you been out of Weary Walker-Ever since I was

The great Manchester canal, which makes Manchester a seaport, has not realized the expectations of its originators. It cost \$75,000,000, and its net receipts last year were only \$125,000. Instead of injuring it has benefitted Liverpool, that city having secured lower rates by railway, while Manchester is obliged to submit to a he vy increase of taxation to meet the interest on the debt it has incurred in constructing the canal.

Out of Love for His Mother. when a 76-year-old son came to the office of an aid society to claim his mother, from whom he had been separated by the long illness of both. It was shown that the man had remained a bachelor all his life in order to for London. While proceeding up the care for his mother. They came from River Thames she collided with an-Ireland thirty years ago and had lived other steamer, and the stowaway was together since that time, as they had prushed to death." previously in the old country, until five months ago, when both were taken sick and had to be removed to a hos-

Marie-That actress says that she al-Hills—No; it's force of habit with the stolen?

Example of the cows can learn your whister. She's so used to putting them in the cows can; keep the dogs will as dogs can; keep the dogs walk, you know.—Toledo Blade, ways put her diamonds on wher she afraid they will be stolen?

LINCOLN AS A LOVER.

How He and His Sweetheart "Made A writer in the Chicago Times-Her-

ald says: C. C. Brown of Springfield tells the following story, which he has every reason to believe is absolutely true: "Some time in the autumn of 840, after Lincoln and Mary Todd had been 'keeping company,' and after it was understood they were engaged, some trouble arose between them, and they became estranged. Each was anxious for a reconciliation, yet neither would make the initial advance. Indeed, Miss Todd felt herself so much aggrieved that she had once or twice

pulsed Mr. Lincoln's overtures.
"John J. Hardin of Jacksonville, made a party, and a number of Springfield people were invited. Among them was Mary Todd. Lincoln did not acstart that the whole party had arranged itself into couples mounted and prepared to ride, before it was discovered that Miss Todd had no escort.

"Deeply chagrined, but in perfect control she disclaimed having had any intention of going with them, and, rallying her woman tact, speeded them

"Then she sat down on the porch in no very pleasant mood, and Hardin and his wife left her alone. While she sat there Lincoln arrived, entirely without a suspicion of his coming so far as she was concerned. And it was there their differences were arranged; and when the party returned, they thought they understood why Mary Todd had refused to go riging with

"In the following November Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married

"Kissing a person contrary to his or her inclination is an assault and battery," said Judge Carter of Chicago. The statement was caused by the decision of an Indiana judiciary, which decided that kissing was an assault. The case was first brought up in a Packerton, Ind., justice court, which found a man named Schaffer guilty of kissing Mrs. Charles Brown. Schaffer's defense was that Mrs. Brown was willing, as shown from the fact she forgot to speak to her husband in regard to the matter until August, although the kiss was inflicted in March. The justice decided that Schaffer was guilty of assault and fined him. Schaffer appealed to the Circuit Court, and the jury, without leaving the box, decided that kissing was no assault, and in any event, Mrs. Brown should have complained earlier.

Chicago judges were a unit in deciding kissing, without the consent of the second party, constituted an assault, although in the Indiana case it of trouble. She was in your home to bones of the French are ranged, while clearly appeared the defendant was innocent, because, if Mrs. Brown did

though I do not remember a case of rude or revengeful manner.' Now, then, certainly rude, and therefore is an assault within the meaning of the statute."-Chicago Tribune.

Some novel facts about stowaways are related by a writer in Chambe'sr Journal. As showing what a number

of voyages can be made by one stowaway within a short space of time, a good illustration is on record, and is as follows:

"The individual in question began at Glasgow, and concealed himself on a boat about to start for Liverpool. Upon reaching that place, he shipped himself o na liner bound for Boston, Mass. This vessel had to bring him back again by direction of the United States officials. Again an Atlantic liner was patronized; but he was discovered at Queenstown. Some of the passengers, pitying his wretched appearance when brought on deck, subscribed sufficient money to pay the culprit's passage to New York. Two or three more times he managed to reach Liverpool, subsequently having his fare paid,, before again reaching American ports. This game, however, got played out, and he set out for the Far West, traveling as usual free of expense. Arriving at San Francisco he stowed himself away on a ship loading for Melbourne. Thence he got to Yokohoma, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Port Said and Malta. At each place he landed and traveled by another vessel. At Malta, this enterprising stovaway actually concealed himself (3) board a British warship-H. M. S. Serapis. At Port Said he was conveyed ashore and given into the hands of the British Consul with directions that he be sent to England. This was done; and in due course the prisoner was brought up at a London police court, where being remanded, all the foregoing facts were elicited. Were the neidents not so well authenticated, it

would be very difficult to credit such a "In addition to being a nuisance and expense, stowaways incur great danger of a violent death. In one instance a man hid himself away in a chainocker, and when the anchor was heve up the unfortunate creature was rushed to death, the noise made by the steam-winch and the rattling of the chain drowning his cries. Upon another accasion a man was found lead under the main hatch of one of A notable case of filial love came to the National Line of steamers. He had light in Pittsburg a few d ys ago, concealed himself before the vessel left Liverpool, and died of suffocation, Curiously enough, in his pocket was found a novel entitled 'Doomed on the Deep.' In a third case, a man hid himself in the forepart of a steamer bound

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> None but a careful and level-headed
> person should break in a heifer to milk. Learn that cows' natures vary, and that they cannot all be treated

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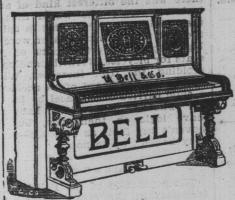
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horses and took the young women for a gallop to the places of interest in the vicinity. So skillfully kild Mr. Hardin and his wife manipulate the start that the whole were hose and took the young women for a gallop to the places of interest in the vicinity. So skillfully kild Mr. Hardin and his wife manipulate the start that the whole were hose whole were hose were hose were hose were hose whole were hose whole were hose who have hose whole were hose whole whole were hose whole whole were hose whole whole who have hose whole whole who have hose whole whole who have hose whole who hose whole who have hose whole whole who have hose whole who have hose whole whole who have hose whole who have h

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MRS. JOHN DINWOODY, Flesherton, Ont.

Wordsworth speaks of "An old age was one of old age and no one, nor any land night." And elsewhere this same the kind of stuff that gives beauty to age writer talks of "An old age, beautiful at any time she did not despair. She their years may border close on to a cen- to show her that her end was not yet ness about their every movement and three years ago.

rule with those who have approached to out this broad land, that with old age or gone beyond the allotted three score itude and disease. Why should we not come acquainted with the virtues contained in South American Nervine. Before us in this sketch is the picture of South American Nervine, whether the Mrs. John Dinwoody, of Flesherton, person be young or old, gets at the nerve Ont, a resident of that town for forty centers, and when they are kept in proyears. No person in the town and per condition the system is as well able country side around is perhaps better to withstand disease at eighty as at known than this lady, and none more thirty. With this prospect in view who highly esteemed. Three years ago it would not live to an old age and enjoy was her sad lot to loose a daughter who the pleasures of family, friends and sohad been all the world to her. The ciety, and take a part in watching the shock sustained by this event completely marvelous progress and developments of broke up the system of Mrs. Dinwoody. these closing days of a wonderful cen-She supposed her end had come. She tury, which marks as not the least of its doctored for one year with three doctors, wonderful discoveries, the discovery of and they gave her case up, saying that it South American Nervine.

serene and bright, and lovely as a Lap- medicine could do her good. Made of and free." These are conditions was influenced to try Nervine. She that come to the man or woman, though took three bottles, and this was sufficient tury, when in the enjoyment of good From these she obtained relief. She perhealth. In fact it is difficult to think of severed, and in all took twelve bottles of ome of the old men and women on the the medicine, with the result that she is stage of life to-day as old people, there to-day completely cured of that breakseems to be such a perennial youthful- ing-up of the system that threatened her

There is nothing wonderful in the Does someone tell us that cases like fact that Mrs. Dinwoody would proclaim this must be the exception and not the to the thousands of old people throughcross the border of the century?

Agent for Lindsay,