NEW FIELD OF WORK.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S FIRST SERMON AS A WASHINGTON PASTOR.

Preached Befere a vast Multitude-An Eloquent and Picturesque Discourse on "All Heaven Looking On"-Paul Stand-

krow that no church in this or foreign countries has been able to hold audiences that have assembled when it was announced that Dr. Talmage would preach will not be surprised that vast multitudes attempted in vain to hear his first sermon as pastor in Washington. The subject of his opening sermon at the national capital was "All Heaven Looking On." the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xit, 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In this my opening sermon in the national capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers besides Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly 43 years in this conspicuous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel or sheathe the sword with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world better, and I hope to see you all in your homes and have you all come and see me, but don't all come at once, and without any preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all Heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world-the amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count 40 elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it

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a: Ephesus.' The gala day has come. From all way up to the fortieth. Every place chariots of God and of the 10,000 times is filled. Immensity of audience sweep- 10,000 angels. ing the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim with firm grip in his right hand. The heaven hear the command and go forth 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear on the high behest. the door at the side of the arena creak know how strong a stroke a man will first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back thou trample underfoot." toward the side of the arena; then, up with fiercer eve and more terrible rear than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the com-

feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble. Sometimes the audience came to see fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts. To an amphitheatrical audience Paul

batant comes in with stroke after

stroke until the monster is dead at his

refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of

The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink

the blood of your soul. Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it 20 years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen, reach up and get it from God's armory-the sword of the spirit. With that thou

mayest drive him back and conquer. But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him I have offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were stain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which bcdy; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the

jungle; this is with the roaring lion

pathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abra-ham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barah and then says, "Being compaswith se great a cloud of wit-

Before I get through, I will show on that you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the thetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch your struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our king, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns! The Roman Emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but cur king hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman Emperor sat, with folded orms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our king's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of condescensions! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by

the right hand of my power!" They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly. and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our king has no pleasure in our wounds. for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

In all the anguish of our heart,

The Man of Sorrows bore a part. Once, in the ancient amphitheatre, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his hnife from his girdle and slew the The king, sitting in the gallery, "That was not fair, the lion be slain by a sword." Other hons were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the king, in this case, is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The king is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him!" I look again, and I see the angelic

gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden. the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child: that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation. All these are messengers of light. Those drove the Spanish armada on the was not only figuratively, but liter- rocks. This turned Sennacherib's livally, that he had "fought with beasts ing hosts into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas over Bethlehem until the chant the world the people are pouring into awoke the shepherds. These at crea-Verona, Men, women and children, or tion stood in the balcony of Heaven ators and senators, great men and and serenaded the newborn world small, thousands upon thousands come wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. until the first gallery is full, and the And there, holier and mightier than second, the third, the fourth, the fifth all, is Michael, the archangel. To com--all the way up to the twentieth, mand an earthly host gives dignity, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the but this one is leader of the 20,000

I think God gives cammand to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the into the arena. Let him get his sword cherubim until all the lower orders of

Now, bring on your lions. Who can open. Out plunges the half-starved fear? All the spectators in the angelic lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and, gallery are our friends. "He shall with a roar that brings all the galler- give his angels charge over thee to ies to their feet he rushes against the keep thee in all thy ways. They shall sword of the combatant. Do you bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou strike when his life depends upon the shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shall

Though the arena be crowded with rallying his wasting strength, he comes temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of God and leap on their fallen carcasses. Oh, bending throng of bright angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot, I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Whe are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea a race, sometimes to see gladiators and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the fast Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon. They have been in the fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about fions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre, the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza, huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they canont keep their peace. Danies cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not afraid not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with

shouting and hallelujahs, I look again, and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of 6,666? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—884,000—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas of

Rome and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood at this moment goes on in many a soul. encouraging them. One son was whip-That combat was for the life of the ped to death by thorns; another was Men think when they contend against an evil habit that they have to fight it all alone. No. They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sym-

for Christ!" The great throng of martyrs! They had hot lead poured down ir hands and other norses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals, and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheated and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the angu to all the injustice, all the privation: They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! "he fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot de-Courage, down there in the

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation

they give, and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!" I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved! There is Albert Barnes, and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him: Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There are George Whitfield and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries-David Abeel, talking of China redeemed, and John Scudder of India saved, and David Brainerd of the aborigines avangelized, and Mrs. Adoniriam Judson, whose prayers for Burma took heaven by violence. All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the liors, I seem to near Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, Or sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn: Your harps, ye trembling saints,

Down from the willows take. Loud to the praise of love divine, While Charles Wesley, the Methodist,

breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied: A charge to keep you have,

A God to glorify; A never dying soul to save And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! Theay sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life? Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children, do they look on with stolid inthis battle for eternity? Nay. I see that child running his hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret; mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sor-They speak our menes. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the king to call us, saying, "Come up higher." Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from all good investments and the attendmy brow and stand on tiptoe, reach- ant serious decrease in the loan value ing up my right hand to clasp theirs of all capital. The enormous rise in in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown." But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and joy of the scene. Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martryrs! Galery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh. majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us. shall we give up the fight and die? No. Son of God, who didst die to save us! No. ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us! No, ye prop and apostles, whose warnings startle us! No, ye loved ones, whose arms are

outstretched to receive us! No, we will never surrender! Sure I must fight if I would reign-Be faithful to my Lord, And bear the cross, endure the pain, Supported by thy word. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die,

And seize it with their eye. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thine armies shine In robes of victory through the skies The glory shall be thine.

They see the triumph from afar,

My hearers, shall we die in the arent or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier

ing to my name." I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorifled, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cry, "Here! Here!"

THE LONDON TIMES.

It is a One-Wan Power Rot Has an Immense Force of Writers.

the editor. Mr. Buckle, is the sole

judge of what shall and what shall not be printed. He is not only a brilliant scholar with a phenomenal memory, but also ranks amongst the first political minds of England. Journalism is his religion. In the office he is a priest at the altar. Contrary to the general idea, there is no formal council or committee in The Times. It is a one-man power. The editor writes nothing himself, but he controls all that is writen. When in doubt he consults his assistants, chief among whom is Sir Donald MacKenzie Wallace, the foreign editor, whose opinion on international affairs is said to be more in demand than that of any other British diplomat, with the exception of Lord Dufferin, whose secretary he was in India. Sir Donald was spoken of at one time as the probable ambassador to Russia. Next in rank is the financial editor, who is simply the adviser of the paper on financial matters, for another editor directs the financial reports. There are six permanent editorial writers, and five others "on call." In addition to these the editor sometimes employs famous experts to write on their specialties. One editorial writer never begins his work until midnight. Then come intermediate grades-the colonial editor, the ecclesiastical news writer, the agricultural writer, the art critic, the council of five military experts, the naval writer, the geographical writer, the dramatic critic, and so on. The legal department has 18 trained law reporters for the principal civil courts, eight for the assizes, and 17 for the Police Courts. London is mapped out into 19 districts, and there is in each district a reporter responsible for all news not covered by departments. Then there is a labor reporter, cricket reporter, a golf and football reporter, a yachting reporter and two racing reporters. There is a special writer for fires, one for railways, one for astronomical news. So the staff ramifies out into almost every department of life in an orderly and well-balanced system. The chief of the staff of parliamentary reporters, Mr. Broadrib, has 18 stenographers under him, two of whom are "summary writers," There is also a Times representative in each of the 670 electoral districts of Great Britain.-McClure's Magazine.

KAFFIR GOLD STOCKS.

THEY ARE THE CRAZE OF THE BRIT-ISH SPECULATING PUBLIC.

Everyone Seems Mad to Invest and Shares Triple and Quadruple and Jumin Value Until the Onlooker Becomes

heard of Barney Barnato and the Kaffir gold stocks, speculation in which is running wild in England at present. Bernato is an ex-circus clown who is the centre of the mad rush, and is coining millions out of the insane desire of the English public to bite and to be bitten. How long it will be before the craze will reach this side can only be conjectured. The stocks are already here and some trading is being done in them. In view of the fact that this movement is the present feature of the financial world, the following exdifference as to whether we win or lose | tracts from an article in the Nineteenth Century, written by S. F. Van Os,

will be of more than usual interest: "The indirect cause of the boom lies in the inevitable results of the period of stagnation which followed in the wake of the wild financiering of 1887-1890. We are always producing fresh capital, and we have so much of it that unless there is a constant outflow to foreign ccuntries we become glutted with 'money' to an extent which most seriously reduces the yield of capital. Since 1891 but little of our surplus wealth has found its way abroad, by reason of the lack of confidence in foreign borrowers, and the consequence has been the gradual appreciation of consols, home railway stocks and the like has, as is generally known, been one main result of an excessive store of loanable capital.

"As we kept on creating more wealth every day, the position became at last so untenable that any fair field for irvestment was bound to receive due attention on the part of the capitalists. At the same fime the financiers of the city, who had passed three most unprofitable years of stagnation, were sure to support anything that could revive their business. The 'financial' press, which had been languishing from the same cause, could be relied upon to encourage any movement that was likely to bring grist to its mill. Hence conditions were extremely favorable for any promising sphere of investment. Yet where could such a field be found? South America was practically still in the bankruptcy court, Australia had not nearly recovered from the economic ordeal through which it had just passed, there was war in the Far East, and in the United States, the greatest employer of British capital, acute depression continued to prevail and transatlantic railway securities still sighed under the stigma of their recent misfortunes, of some flagrant instances of mismanagement and dishonesty and of the apparent dangers of injurious silver or

"At this juncture South African mining stocks began to attract attention. the caynide process on a large scale resulted in vastly increasing profits. The monthly output kept on growing steadily, there was a gradual improvement in dividends, and there cam giowing reports of new discoveries known mines began to impress people The German Government dispatched an expert, Dr. Schmeisser, who, after

well-authenticated as his German con-"Of these and other reports, which created a profound impression, the leading South African financiers made

good use. These magnates had been biding their time for years, and were ready to promote a rise. People were new only more favorably impressed with the same shares which they had with excellent reason denounced five short years ago. The investor was waiting, yearning for a profitable field of investment; the talented leaders of Rand finance, full of resources, set their levers in motion, and within a very short time they 'engineered a bocm' more acute and widespread than anything seen since the days of the

railway mania. Within little more than half a year the condition of timid enterprise had gradually degenerated into a craze for reckless speculation, and a huge advance in values has taken place. The aggregate quotation of Witwatersrand shares alone has risen from £30,000,000 markable increases in quotation recorded during the great railway speculation. Some shares have within a few years risen 3000 per cent., where so far they never yielded a farthing in dividends. Instances of stocks which quote 1000 or 1500 per cent. of their face value are common, and a rise of a few hundred per cent. during the whole campaign is small and unsatisfactory. Almost every new issue of shares is sub scribed for many times over, and in some instances millions of money are readily supplied without questioning or conditions for purposes which nobody can define."

Then turning to the mines and their resources. Mr. Van Oss writes thus: "Of the gold mines and of the industry one could not speak otherwise than in terms of praise. Long before the Cape mail train reaches Johannesburg, one perceives an endless row of huge works with tall chimneys and huge yellow heaps of tailings, which over a distance of more than a score of miles lines the top of the escarpment called Witwatersrand. These works, which now directly employ 50,-006 native miners and 8000 Europeans, crush with their 2700 stamps enough rock to produce over 200,000 ounces of gold a month, and the output of ore is so regular and reliable that there is literally no possibility of disappointment in any of the well-established mines, for the great feature of the Witwatersrand gold fields is a singular regularity of the auriferous strata. Everywhere else gold has been found erratically distributed, and es-

pecially in California and Australia, we called pockets have been the feature, but here there are always in the wellexplored parts of the 'rand' certain reefs which never fail, which run down with an almost even dip of from 25 to do degrees, and which, making allowance for certain well-known graduations, contain a proportion of and that is not subject to great variations. Hence the contents of the older, wellestablished mines are almost exactly krown, and as the reefs never break or disappear, gold mining on the 'rand' possesses an element of certainty which in other countries has so far been for-

eign to it. "This Witwatersrand formation is almost 50 miles long, and over at least 20 miles of the distance-chiefly in its central parts-it is as just described. At the extremities the veins seem to Every reader of a newspaper has be less rich and slightly less uniform, and the properties on them being less thoroughly explored, their merits are still more or less problematic, although geologists assert that everything points to identity with the better-known portions. Dr. Schmisser and Hamilton Smith concur in estimating the value of the gold in this district down to a depth of about 1200 feet at somewhere between £300,000,000 and £350,000,000.

"Whether it will be possible to work the reefs at greater depth than the one just mentioned, and whether they continue lengthwise underground beyond the present known limits, are in Johannesburg the questions of the hour." The product of the mines is next touched upon, as follows:

"A ton of ore yields on the average £2 6s. 6d. in gold, to extract which. costs only £1 10s. 6d. Hence, over onethird of the gold product is profit. In 1894, with a production of over 2,000,000 ounces, worth £7,500,000, the industry yielded, therefore, a profit of over £2,-500,000, of which £1,580,000 was paid in dividends, the remainder being used for improvements or development of the properties. This year the output will be 2,500,000 ounces, the profits £3,-250,000 and the dividends perhaps £2,-500,000 next year, the increase in the number of stamps warrant this assertion-there will be an output of 3,000,-000 ounces and £3,500,000 may be pand in dividends, but even this huge figure, which I believe is the maximum, one can safely assume represents only a poor 2 1-4 per cent. upon the present market value of gold shares, which, on the basis of the present prices and dividends, yield on the average considerably less than 2 per cent. net Returning again to the financial side

of the question the writer thus tales up the characteristics of "Rand" flnance and of the mining market: 'The beginning of the industrial activity in and near Johannesburg coincided with the abatement of speculative activity in Kimberley, where the gradual consolidation of the diamond in dustry spoiled business. Hence the moving spirits of the diamond fields, good and bad, migrated to the 'Rand' When the foreign public was first invited to lend its capital to makers of the 'Rand' the feature of the formation and the possibility of those tech nical perfections were not realized even by the most sanguine. Even had they en, we might have seen 'Raud' on a basis entirely different from what it is

"There would perhaps have been a few concerns with a large capital is suing bonds and shares of a large nominal amount to investors, but the actual state of affairs became widely different. A bond issued by a mine would have been a kind of financial monstrosity, and adhesion to the custom of using £1 shares was dictated by the conditions of the moment. This small share was eminently suited to all concerned. By virtue of its low nomanal amount it appealed to the multi-tude with savings, and by reason of its mous comparative fluctuations, often 12 1-2 per cent., and never less than 2 1-2, it appealed to the speculator and the wire-puller.

Mrs. Billus-Don't you believe it's true John, that a person partakes to a considerable extent of the nature of the creatures he eats? Mr. Billus-No. I've been eating fish all my life, and I can't swim a stroke.

Skirt Beco Featherbone

Ladies' Dresses.

For giving STYLE and SHAPE proper shape to Skire or dress.

A light, pliable, elastic bone made from quite. It is solt and yielding conforming readily o folds, yet giving

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last autumn to some £150,000,000 now.
There have been some phenomenal rises, eclipsing by far the most remarkable increases in question was a constituted on the constitution of the const

of all descriptions neatly and promptly done at "The Warder" office



ORGANS, - PIANOS,

SEWING MACHINES,

Of best makes, at lowest prices and easy terms.

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NO SUCH THING AS OLD AGE

To those who use South American Nervine

A Lady of 80 Years Permanently Cured by this Wonderful Medicine.

Three Doctors said "Old Age was Her Complaint" and Gave Her Up-Three Bottles of Nervine Gave Relief-Twelve Bottles Cured Absolutely.



MRS. JOHN DINWOODY, Flesherton, Ont.

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

or gone beyond the allotted three score itude and disease. Why should we not years and ten? Not so, if they have become 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 doctored for one year with three doctors, wonderful discoveries, the discovery of and they gave her case up, saying that it

ury, when in the enjoyment of good From these she obtained relief. She persealth. In fact it is difficult to think of severed, and in all took twelve bottles of me of the old men and women on the the medicine, with the result that she is

There is nothing wonderful in the Does someone tell us that cases like fact that Mrs. Dinwoody would proclaim Does someone tell us that cases like this must be the exception and not the this must be the exception and not the rule with those who have approached to out this broad land, that with old age does not necessarily come decline, decreplive into the eighties and nineties, and cross the border of the century?

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 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

Agent for Lindsay,