### THE UNAPPRECIATED

REV. DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS IN BE-HALF OF HUMBLE EFFORTS.

A Sermou Showing That God Rewards According to Effort and Not According to Opportunity-The Disabled in Life's

Battles-Inconspicuous Spheres.

Washington, Nov. 3.-Dr. Talmage to-day preached his second sermon since coming to the national capital. If possible the audience was even larger than last Sunday. The subject was "The Disabled," the text selected being I. Samuel xxx, 24, "As his part the same request. Alas that before I

If you have never seen an army change quarters, you have no idea of and in a distinguished sphere, felt symthe amount of baggage—20 loads, 50 loads, 100 loads of baggage. David and pathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perfect the pathetic with those who had ordinary his army were about to start on a and in ordinary ways. A great many double quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expeditions, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march 30 miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight, who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are 200 of these crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the is ready, and to keep account of the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arms in a sling, and some of them walked on all the annoyances and vexations of crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While in her hand through hospitals, was these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed whole countries are celeprating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyration of heel and toe and some of them are examining the spoils of victory-the finger rings and earrings, the necklaces, the wristlets and the coffers with coronets and carnelians and pearls and sapphires and emeralds and all the wealth of plate and jewels and decanters, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet had gone on until the banqueters are maudiin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk. What atime it is now for David and his purchased with \$1? Of course not. If lish lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chedorlaomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So in our civil war more than once the battle was lost because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalegites are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccoughing off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobes,, the jewels and put them upon the backs of camels and into wagons, and they gather together the wardrobes, the jewels had been stolen and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come! Yonder they come! The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzza. The Bible says David saluted them-that is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men staid at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had staid in the garrison and he looked round and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that these wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looks up from under his helmet and says: "No, no, let us have fair play," and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver. And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man, who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn and sick he needs stimulants and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekitish banquet, and the 200 crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the 200 men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the

Christian rewards are for those who

sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for the man that stays me and minds his own busin and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garison duty is as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America, I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman coming to this is that goeth down to the battle, so got ready to do what he asked me to shall his part be that tarrieth by the do the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life! But that man, surpeople are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, and of Lusher, and of John Knox, and of Deborah, and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never preach on Mars Hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a Queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital." There are women who say: "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand, but my business is to get children off to school and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangulated by the whooping cough, and to go through housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal and so insignificant I am clear discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who, moving so often night by night, with a light called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as

> Suppose you give to two of your children errands and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give \$1 and to the other you give \$20. Do you reward the boy that you gave \$20 to for purchasing more with that amount of money than the other boy eloquence or 20 times the faculties to a man that he gives to the ordinary man, is he going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? Oh, no. In other words, if you and I were to do our whole duty and you have 20 times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because he gave you more? That would not be fair; that would not be right. These 200 men of the text who fainted by the brook Besor did their whole duty; they watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff, and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who

built and endowed theological semin-

ary buildings. Your reward will be

just as great as that of Hannah More,

who by her excellent books won for

her admirers Garrick and Edmund

Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards

are not to be given according to the

amount of noise you make in the world,

nor even according to the amount of

good you do, but according to whether

you work to your full capacity, accord-

ing to whether or not you do your

duty in the sphere where God has

There is high encouragement in this for all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You | pled, weak and old, by the brook Besor, know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks-the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination lock? A distinguished merchant that goes forth at the summer watering place and he flashes past and you say, "Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one, "don't you know? That is the great importer, that is the great banker, that is the great manufactur-

The confidential clerk has his week off. Nobody notices whether he comes or goes. Nobody knows him, and after awhile his week is done, and he sits down again at his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as he recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist, whose investments this unknown clerk so carefully guarded. Hudson River railroad, Pennsylvania railroad, Erie railroad, New York & New Haven railroad—business men know the names of the presidents of these roads and of the prominent directors, but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakemen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an engineer, or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Some men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives and I very often ask the question, as we shoot around some curve or under some ledge of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" And I am always surprised to ind how little for such vast responsibility. Do you suppose God is not going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the president of the Fennsylvania railroad, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was on the Eric railroad, was jammed to I hear the bleating of the fat lambs death amid the car couplings. his part it that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth

Once for 36 hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the

skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship, and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faith-

I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recogn the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Capt. Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism, and his continuance, and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the captain the midst of the howling tempest. "As the midst of the howlin gtempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the bat-

tle, so shall his part be that tarrieth A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every eventide, and the neighborhood in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal awhile away From every cumbering care And spend the hours of setting day

In humble, grateful prayer. Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting service? Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education. They call him a bcokworm. Wherever you find him-in the barn or in the house-he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "that Ed cannot get an education." His father, work as hard as he will, can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed has retired to his room and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: "Father, I wish you would send Ed to college. If you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do." The mother says: "Yes, I will get along without any hired help, although I am not as strong as I used to be. I think I can get along without and hired help." The father says: "Well, I thing by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance." Sugar is banished from the table, butter is banished from the place. That family is put down on rigid-yes, sufferingeconomy that the boy may go to college. Time passes on. Commencement day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Commencement day has come and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after awhile it comes to a climax of interest as the valedictorian is to be introduced. Ed has studied so hard worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause, sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the gal-

six years—and they get up and look over on the platform and they laugh and they cry, and they sit down, and they look pale and then they are very | And then it shall be found out that all and the old-fashioned group in the gallery have their full share of the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self sacrifices made for others, he will give grand and glorious recognition. "As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.' There is high encouragement in this subject, also, for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but through sickness or collapse of fortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These 200 men of the text were veterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him pull aside the turban and see the mark of a hattle axe. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men, crip-

to have no share in the spoils of tri-

leries are his sisters in their plain hats

and their faded shawls, and the old-

fashioned father and mother-dear me,

she has not had a new hat for six

years, he has not had a new coat for

umph? I was in the Soldiers' Hospital in Paris, and I saw there some of the men of the first Napoleon, and I asked them where they had fought under their great commander. One man said, "I was at Austerlitz." Another man said, "I was at the Pyramids." Another man said. "I was in the awful retreat from Moscow." Another man said. "I was at the bridge of Lodi." Some of them were lame; they were all aged. Did the French Government turn off those old soldiers to die in want? No; their last days were spent like princes. Do you think my Lord is going to turn off his old soldiers because they are weak and worn and because they fainted by the brook Besor? Are they going to get no part of the spoils of the victory? Just look at them. Do you think those crevices in the faces are wrinkles? No; they are battle scare. They fought against sickness, they fought against trouble, they fought against sin, they fought for God, they fought for the church, they fought for the truth, they fought for heaven. When they had plenty of money, their names were always on the subscription list. When there was any hard work to be done for God, they were ready to take the heaviest part of it. When there came a great revival, they were ready to pray all night for the anxious and the sin struck. They were ready to do any work, endure any sacrifice, do most unpopular thing that God demanded of them. But now they cannot go farther. Now they have physical infirmities. Now their head troubles them. They are weak and faint by the brook Besor. Are they to have no share in the triumph? Are they to get none of the treasures, none of the spoils of conquest? You must think that Christ has a very short

nemory if you think he has forgotten their services. Fret not, ye aged ones. Just tarry by the stuff and wait for your share of the spoils. Yonder they are coming. It makes me laugh to think how you

will be surprised when they throw a chain of gold over your neck and tell you to go in and dine with the king. I see you backing out because you feel unworthy. The shining ones come up on the one side, and the comes up on the other side, and the push you on and they push you up and they say, "Here is an old soldier of Jesus Christ," and the shining ones the was with me in the last sid And then the cry will go rous

discouraged because you could not go the front, but "As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part

be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high consolation, also, in this for aged ministers. I see some of them here to-day. They sit in pews in our churches. They used to stand in pulpits. Their hair is white with ssoms of the tree of life. Their names marked on the roll of the general assembly, or of the consociation, 'Emeritus." They sometimes hear a text announced which brings to mind a sermon they preached 50 years ago on the same subject. They preached more gospel on \$400 a year than some or their successors preach on \$4000. Some Sunday the old minister is in a church and near by in another pew there is a husband and wife and a row of children. And after the benediction, the lady comes up and says, "Doctor, you don't know me, do you?" "Well," he says, "your face is familiar, but I cannot call you by name." "Why," she says, "you baptized me and you married me and you buried my father and mother and sisters." "Oh, yes," he says, "my eyesight isn't as good as it used to be." They are in all our churches—the heroes of 1820, the heroes of 1832, the heroes of 1857. By the long grave trench that cut through half a century, they have stood sounding the resurrection. They have been in more Balaklavas and have taken more Sebastopols than you ever heard of. Sometimes they get a little fretful because they cannot be at the front. They hear the sound of the battle and the old war horse champs his bit. But the 60,000 ministers of religion this day the chariots of Israel and the horsegoeth down to the battle, so shall his reasting. part be that tarrieth by the stuff." Cheer up, men and women of unappreciated services. You will get your

reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment, and the thousands of souls which were wafted in to glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name the salvation of the millions of souls brought to God through the Methodism which he founded, he will take his throne. But between the two thrones of Charles Wesley and John Wesley there will be a throne higher than either, on which shall sit Susannah Wesley, who, with maternal consecration in Epworth rectory, Lincolnshire, started those two souls on their triumphant mission of sermon and song through all following ages. Oh, what a day that will be for many who rocked Christian cradles with weary foot, and who patched worn-out garments and darned socks, and out of a small income made the children comfortable for the winter. What a day that will be for those to whom the world gave the cold shoulder, and called them nobodies, and begrudged them the least recognition, and who, weary and worn, and sick, fainted by the brook Besor. Oh, that wi'l be a mighty day when the son of David shall distribute among them the garlands, the crowns, the scepters, the chariots, the thrones. who on earth served God in inconspicuous spheres receive just as much reward as those who filled the earth with uproar of achievement. Then they shall understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the pillared and domed magnificence of my text, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

### CONGO CANNIBALS.

THEY FATTEN THEIR VICTIMS AND SLOWLY ROAST THEM.

Strange Defense of the Custom-Captain Hinde's Remarkable Paper on Africa's Twenty Millions of Man-Eating Sav-

One of the most remarkable papers ever read before a scientific association was that presented by Capt. S. L. Hinde at the meeting of the British Association recently. Capt. Hinde was one of Baron Dahn's' force on the Congo, and in his paper he gave a description of the cannibal natives in that district and a startling account of their customs.

After Capt. Hinde had concluded, Mr. Elworthy took up the discussion on behalf of the cannibal, claiming that his appetite was not altogether reprehensible and that it should be in a measure considered with some leniency because it had been the origin of the most solemn of all Christian rites, the Sacrament. He argued that the idea underlying cannibalism was to be found in primeval belief of mankind which supposed that the person consuming another acquired in that way many of the desirable qualities that

had distinguished the victim. He cited the well-known belief on the part of certain savage tribes that in eating the heart of a particularly valiant enemy they introduced into their own nature the courage they had been compelled to admire in the man

Capt. Hinde said that cannibalism prevailed almost universally throughout the Congo basin, and that instead of decreasing, it is growing steadily, and a large trade is carried on among the various tribes in selling and exchanging slaves intended to be eaten. He stated, also, the heretofore unpublished fact that women were very seldom eaten, the savages, either from an innate sense of gallantry or from some peculiarity of the palate, prefer males as a diet, and furthermore that a victim intended for a feast, is never dismembered before being cooked, but roasted entire, the favorite joints and portions being sliced off after the

subject is done to a turn. The only exception is that the head is cut off, kept for several days, and then made into a stew. The brain is considered the greatest delicacy, and generally goes to the chief. The meat of human flesh tastes not unlike veal. The skin is never eaten, because when and tough. That human beings are eaten for any religious or superstitious reason, Capt. Hinde denied, and said it

done purely for food. unibals do not eat the flesh of The most horrible of all the facts given by Capt. Hinde was his descrip-

prepare victims for eating. It has been said that some of these people keep a stock of prisoners on hand, fattening them until suitable for killing. Capt. shows that among the tribes of the Bangala race these prisoners are that it makes their flesh more tender

and, consequently, more palatable. One method resembles in a painful degree the way in which the goose is prepared for pate de foie gras, all the joints of the man being broken, even to those of his fingers and toes. He is then buried up to his neck in a clayey earth, while around his temporary grave huge pits are dug wherein a fire is kept constantly burning. The heat keeps the buried man in a profuse perspiration. Men attend to the fires, so that the temperature may be kept up. head that is above ground, forcing in-

Other men take turns in feeding the to the mouth bananas, palm oil and other nutritious eatables that have a tendency to fatten. There is hardly any intermission in this compulsory eating and drinking during the three or four days the man is kept in this awful position. At the end of that time he is dug up, more dead than alive, but considerably fatter and softer than he was when he was put down. and then he is promptly killed. What merciful instinct prompts the cannibal to kill his victim before he roasts him is not known, but, with very few exceptions, this is done.

A modification of this method is keeping the victim under water for the same length of time. In such cases the joints are broken, as described, and the man is seated in a pit, his arms and feet being tied together, and then standing in the brunt of the fray shall | the pit is filled with water to the vichave no more reward than those re- tim's neck. He is fed in the same mantired veterans. "My father, my father, | ner as his unfortunate brother under ground, and when the time comes he men thereof." "As his part is that is clubbed to death preparatory to

The process of cooking is a rather elaborate one. Trenches are dug and carefully lined with large round pieces of rock, so as to make a floor and line enormous fires of branches and twigs are built in the trenches, and are kept slive until the stones are superheated. The body of the man to be eaten is then laid in this pit, the ashes of the has been mentioned in connection with | branches and twigs being the only protection between the skin and the stones. These ashes from the wood keep the skin from being burned.

Earth is then shovelled in loosely. and the body is left to cook for hours. After that, and when it is considered sufficiently done, the earth is shovelled away and the body is again brought to the surface. The cannibals sit about the fire, and cut off such slices as they desire. These are devoured, together with friuts, and a general holiday is

enjoyed. According to the captain's estimate, twenty millions of people in the Congo Basin are eaters of human flesh. The entire population is 25,000,000. The 1 ws made by the Belgians in the gov "nment of this district punish cannibalism with death, and a number of man-

eating chiefs have been hanged. In addition to this custom of eating human beings, another equally horrible exists. When a chief of any of these Congo tribes dies all his wives are buried alive with him. A hole is dug in the ground about as large as an ordinary room and in the middle of it the wives jumps down into the hole and seats herself cross legged at the head of the corpse, another wife squats herself at his feet and others sit around

on the sides. If there is any room some of his slaves are brought in and make the outer fringe of the circle. Neither the wives or the slaves manifest the slightest concern and accept the fate entirely as a matter of course .- N. Y.



She-Were you upset by the failure He-Not completely, but I lost my

The old proverb says that time was made for slaves. It is certainly true that it was not made for Alsacians, if the following story told by a traveler lately returned from Alsace be true. Says he: "On my return from Belch n, I looked upon the beautiful villages of Lewen Valley, and being a tour st who likes to poke his nose into everything, I turned, by chance, into the church at Kirchberg. On coming out I took out my watch to regulate it by the clock in the church tower. But there was no clock to be seen. Hence I went to the village inn, and there asked the time. But my host could not oblige me. 'I can't tell you exactfor, you see,' he said, 'we have no for clocks. In the morning we go by the smoke rising from the chimney at the parsonage up on the hill. The parsonage people are very regular. We dine when dinner is ready. At 4 p. m. the whistle of the train coming from Massmunster tells us that the time has come for another meal, and at night we know that it is time to go to bed when it is dark. On Sunday we go to church when the bell rings. Our parson is a very easy-going man, and he doesn't mind beginning half an hour sconer or later."-Harper's Round

"To the guillotine with him!" Napoleon bowed his head in deep thought, then murmured: "This is not personal revenge; I did it for the benefit of posterity—the man A look of beatific calm settled upon the stern features of the tyrant, for he

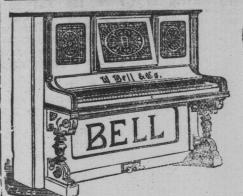
"There," said the playwright, "that

"Why, George, dear," said his wife, you've only been at it ten minutes." "I know it, my dear, but it isn't part



## JOB WORK

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# NO SUCH THING AS OLD AGE

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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.

ness about their every movement and three years ago.

fore 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 as 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 cenand they gave her case up, saying that it South American Nervine.

Wordsworth speaks of "An old age was one of old age and no one, nor any berene and bright, and levely as a Lap-land night." And elsewhere this same the kind of stuff that gives beauty to ago writer talks of "An old age, 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. 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 me of the old men and women on the the medicine, with the result that she is tage 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

Does someone tell us that cases like this must be the exception and not the rule with those who have approached to or gone beyond the allotted three score 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 There is nothing wonderful in the

She supposed her end had some. She doctored for one year with three doctors, wonderful discoveries, the discovery of

DRUGGIST

Agent for Lindsay.