CHEERING THOUGHTS

REV. DR. TALMAGE CONFIDENT THAT AMERICA IS FOR GOD.

He Believes That This Continent Was Referred to in Revelations and Presents a Glowing Picture of Our Future Possibilities and Prospects.

Washington, March 15.—This discourse presents a sublime theme and is of national importance, and coming from the capital of the nation must have a stirring effect throughout the land. Dr. Talmage chose for his text Revelations xiii. 11, "And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth, and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon."

Is America mentioned in the Bible? Learned and consecrated men who have studied the inspired books of Daniel and Revelation more than I have and understand them better agree in saying that the leopard mentioned in the Bible meant Grecia, and the bear meant Medo-Persia, and the lion meant Babylon, and the beast of the text coming up out of the earth with two horns like a lamb and the voice of a dragon means our country, because among other reasons, it seemed to come up out of the earth when Columbus discovered it, and it has been for the most part at peace, like a lamb, unless assaulted by foreign foe, in which case it has had two horns strong and sharp, and the voice of a dragon loud enough to make all nations hear the roar of its indignation. Is it reasonable to suppose that God would leave out from the prophecies of His book this whole western hemisphere? No, no. "I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth, and he had two horns like a lamb and he spake as a dragon."

Germany for scholarship, England for manufactories, France for manners, Egypt for antiquities, Italy for pictures, but America for God.

I start with the cheering thought that the most popular book on earth to-day is the Bible, the most popular institution on earth to-day is the church, and the most popular name on earth to-day is Jesus. Right from this audience hundreds of men and women would, if need be, march out and die for him.

Am I too confident in saying: "America for God?" If the Lord will help me, I will show the strength and extent of the long line of fortresses to be taken and give you my reasons for saying it can be done and will be done. Let us decide in this battle for God whether we are at Bull Run or at Gettysburg. There is a Fourth of Julyish way of bragging about this country, and the most tired and plucked bird that ever flew through the heavens is the American eagle, so much so that Mr. Gladstone said to me facetiously at Hawarden, "I hear that the fish in your American lakes are so large that when one of them is taken out the entire lake is perceptibly lowered," and at a dinner given in Paris an American offered for a sentiment, "Here is to the United States—bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos and on the west by the day of judgment." The effect of such grandiloquence is to discredit the real facts, which are so tremendous they need no garnishing. The worst thing to do in any campaign, military or religious, is to underestimate an enemy, and I will have no part in such attempt at belittlement.

This land to be taken for God, according to Hassel, the statistician, has 14,219,067 square miles, a width and a length that none but the Omniscient can appreciate. Four Europes put together, and capable of holding and feeding, as it will hold and feed, according to Atkinson, the statistician, if the world continues in existence and does not run afoul of some other world or get consumed by the fires already burning in the cellars of the planet—capable, I say, of holding and feeding more than 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. For you must remember it must be held for God as well as taken for God, and the last 500,000,000 inhabitants must not be allowed to swamp the religion of the first 500,000,000. Not much use in taking the fortress if we cannot hold it. It must be held until the archangel's trumpet bids living and dead arise from this foundering planet.

You must remember it is only about 3 o'clock in the morning of our nation's life. Great cities are to flash and roar among what are called the "Bad Lands," of the Dakotas and the great "Columbia Plains" of Washington state, and that on which we put our schoolboy fingers on the map and spelled out as the "Great American desert," is, though systematic and consummating irrigation, to bloom like Chatsworth park and be made more productive than those regions dependent upon uncertain and spasmodic rainfall. All those regions as well as those regions already cultivated to be inhabited! That was a sublime thing said by Henry Clay while crossing the Alleghany mountains and he was waitng for the stage horses to be rested, as he stood on a rock, arms folded, looking off into the valley, and some one said to him, "Mr. Clay, "what are you thinking about?" He replied, "I am listening to the oncoming tramp of the future generation of Ameria." Have you laid our home missionary scheme on such an infinitude of scale? If the work of bringing one soul to God is so great, can 1,000,000,000 be captured? In this country already planted and to be overcome, paganism has built its altar to Brahma, and the Chinese are already burning incense in their temples, and Mohammedanism, drunk in other days with the red wine of human blood at Lucknow and Cawnpur, and now fresh from the diabolism in Armenia, is trying to get a foothold here and from the minarets of her mosques will yet mumble her blasphemies, saying, "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Then there are the vaster multitudes with no religion at all. They worship no God, they live with no consolation, and they die with no hope. No star of peace points down to the manger in which they are born, and no prayer is uttered over the grave into which they sink. Then there is alcoholism, its piled up demijohns and beer barrels and hogsheads of fiery death, a barricade high and long as the Alleghanies and Rockies and Sierra Nevadas, pouring forth day and night their ammunition of wretchedness and woe. When a German wants to take a drink, he takes beer. When an Englishman wants to take a drink, he takes ale. When a Scotchman wants to take a drink, he takes whisky. But when an American wants to take a drink, he takes anything he can lay his hands

Plenty of statistics to tell how much money is spent in this country for rum and how many drunkards die! But who will give us the statistics of how many hearts are crushed under the heel of this worst demon of the centuries? How many hopes blasted? How many children turned out on the world, accused with stigma of a debauched ancestry? Until the worm of the distillery becomes the worm that never dies, and the smoke of the heated wine vats becomes the smoke of the torment that ascendeth up forever and ever! Alcoholism, swearing—not with hand uplifted toward heaven, for from that direction it can get no help, but with right hand stretched down toward the perdition from which it came up—swearing that it will not cease as long as there are any homesteads to despoil, any magnificent men and women to destroy, any immortal souls to damn, any more nations to balk, any more civilizations to extinguish.

Then there is what in America we call socialism, in France communism, and in Russia nihilism—the three names for one and the same thing—and having but two doctrines in its creed: First, there is no God; second, there shall be no rights of property. One of their chief journals printed this sentiment, "Dynamite can be made out of the dead bodies of capitalists as well as out of hogs." One of the leaders of communism left inscribed on his prison wall, where he had been justly incarcerated, these words: "When once you are dead, there is an end of everything. Therefore, ye scoundrels, grab whatever you can, only don't let yourselves be grabbed. Amen!" There are in this country hundreds of thousands of these lazy scoundrels. Honest men deplore it when they canont get work, but those of whom I speak will not do work when they can get it. I tried to employ one who asked for money. I said: "Down in my cellar I have some wood to saw, and I will pay you for it." For a little while I heard the saw going, and then I heard it no more. I went downstairs and found the wood, but the workman had disappeared, taking for company both buck and saw.

Socialism, communism and nihilism mean "too wicked to acknowledge God and too lazy to earn a living," and among the mightiest obstacles to be overcome are those organized elements of domestic, social and political ruin.

There also are the fastnesses of infidelity, and atheism, and fraud, and political corruption, and multiform, hydra headed, million armed abominations all over the land. While the mightiest agencies of righteousness on earth are good and healthful newspapers and good and haithful books, and our chief dependence for intelligence and Christian achievement is upon them, what word among the more than 100,000 words in our vocabulary can describe the work of that archangel of mischief, a corrupt literature? What man, attempting anything for God and humanity, has escaped a stroke of its filthy wing? What good cause has escaped its hinderment? What other obstacle in all the land so appalling? But I cannot name more than one-half the battlements, the bastions, the intrenchments, the redoubts, the fortifications, to be stormed and overcome if this country is ever taken for God. The statistics are so awful that if we had nothing but the multiplication table and the arithmetic, the attempt to evangelize America would be an absurdity higher than the tower of Babel before it dropped on the plain of Shinar. Where are the drilled troops to march against those fortifications as long as the continent? Where are the batteries that can be unlimbered against these walls? Where are the guns of large enough caliber to storm these gates? Well, let us look around and see, the first of all, who is our leader and will be our leader until the work is done.

Garibaldi, with 1000 Italians, could do more than another commander with 10,000 Italians. General Sherman, on one side, and Stonewell Jackson on the other, each with 10,000 troops, could do more than some other generals with 20,000 troops. The rough boat in which Washington crossed the icy Delaware with a few half frozen troops was mightier than the ship of war that, during the American Revolution, came through the Narrows, a gun at each porthole, and sank in Hell Gate. Our leader, like most great leaders, was born in an obscure place, and it was a humble home, about five miles from Jerusalem. Those who were out of doors that night said that there was stellar commotion and music that came out of the clouds, as though the front door of heaven had been set open, and that the camels heard his first infantile cry. Then he came to the fairest boyhood that mother was ever proud of, and from 12 to 30 years of age was off in India, if traditions there are accurate, and then returned to his native land, and for three years had his pathway surrounded by blind eyes that he illumined, and epileptic patients to whom he gave rubicund health, and tongues that he loosed from silence into song, and those whose funerals he stopped that he might give back to bereaved mothers their only boys, and those whose fevered pulses he had restored into rhythmic throb, and whose paralytic limbs he had warmed into healthful circulation—pastor at Capernaum, but flaming evangelist everywhere, hushing crying tempests and turning rolling seas into solid sapphire, and for the rescue of a race submitted to courtroom filled with howling miscreants, and to a martyrdom at the sight of which the sun fainted and fell back in the heavens, and then treading the clouds homeward, like snowy mountain peaks, till heaven took him back again, more a favorite than he had ever been; but, coming again, he is on earth now, and the nations are gathering to his standard.

Following him were the Scotch covenanters, the Theban legion, the victims of the London Haymarket, the Piedmontese sufferers, the pilgrim fathers, the Huguenots and uncounted multitudes of the past, joined by about 400,000,000 of the present, and with the certainty that all nations shall huzza at his chariot wheel, he goes forth, the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara—the mighty leader, he of Drumclog, and Bothwell Bridge, and Bannockburn, and the one who whelmed Spanish armada, "Comming up from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save," and behind whom we fall into line to-day and march in the campaign that is to take America for God, Hosanna! Hosanna! Wave all the palm branches! At His feet, put down your silver and your gold, as in heaven you will cast before Him coronets. With such a leader do you not think we can do it? Say, do you think we can? Why, many ramparts have already been taken. Where is American slavery? Gone, and the south, as heartily as the north, prays, "Peace to its ashes." Where is bestial polygamy? Gone by the fiat of the United States Government, urged on by Christian sentiment, and Mormonism, having retreated in 1830 from Fayette, N.Y. to Kirkland, O., and in 1838 retreated to Missouri, and in 1846 retreated to Salt Lake City, now divorced from its superfluity of wives, will soon retreat into the Pacific, and no basin smaller than an ocean could wash out its pollutions. Illiteracy going down under the work of Slater and Peabody funds and Sabbath schools of all the churches of all denominations! Pugilism now made unlawful by congressional enactment, the brutal custom knocked out in the first round! Corruption at the ballot box, by law of registration and other safeguards, made almost impossible! Churches twice as large as the old ones, the enlarged supply to meet the enlarged demand! Nihilism getting a stunning stroke by the summary execution of its exponents after they had murdered the policemen in Chicago, received its deathblow from the recent treaty which sends back to Russia the blatant criminals who had been regurgitated on our American shore.

The very things that have been quoted as perils to this nation are going to help its salvation. Great cities, so often mentioned as great obstacles—the centre of crime and the reservoirs of all iniquities—are to lead in the work of gospelization. Who give most to home missions, to all styles of humanitarian and Christian institutions? The cities. From what places did the most relief go at the time of the Johnstown flood, and Michigan fires, and Charleston earthquake, and Ohio freshets? From the cities. From what place did Christ send out his 12 apostles to gospelize the world? From a city. What place will do more than any other place, by its contribution of Christian men and women and means, in this work of taking America for God? New York city. The way Paris goes, goes France. The way Berlin goes, goes Germany. The way Edinburgh goes, goes Scotland. The way London goes, goes England. The way New York and a couple of other cities go, goes America. May the eternal God wake us up to the stupendous issue!

Another thing quoted pessimistically it the vast and overtopping fortunes in this country, and they say it means concentrated wealth, and luxuriousness, and display and moral ruin. It is my observation that it is people who have but limited resources who make the most splurge, and I ask you, Who are endowing colleges and theological seminaries? Did you ever hear of Peter Cooper, and James Lenox, and sainted William E. Dodge, and the Lawrences, Amos and Abbott, while I refrain from mentioning living benefactors who, quite as generous and Christian, are in this assembly at this moment planning what they can do in these days, and in their last will and testament in this campaign that proposes taking America for God? The widow's mite, honored of the Lord, is to have its part in this continental capture; but we must have more than that, and more right away. Many of the men that expect to get the blessing for bestowing the widow's mite will not get the blessing. In the first place, they are not widows, and in the next place, they have no "might."

The time is coming—hasten it, Lord—and I think you and I will see it, when, as Joseph, the wealthy Arimathaean, gave for the dead Christ a costly mausoleum, the affluent men and women of this country will rise in their strength and build for our King, one Jesus, the throne of this American continent.

Another thing quoted for encouragement, is foreign immigration—now that from Castle Garden we turn back by the first poor ship the foreign vagabondism—we are getting people the vast majority of whom come to make an honest living, among them some of the bravest and the best. If you should turn back from this land to Europe the foreign ministers of the gospel, and the foreign attorneys, and the foreign merchants, and the foreign philanthropists, what a robbery of our pulpits, our courtrooms, our storehouses and our beneficent institutions, and what a putting back of every monetary, merciful, moral and religious interest of the land! This commingling here of all nationalities under the blessing of God will produce in 75 or 100 years the most magnificent style of man and woman the world ever saw. They will have the wit of one race, the eloquence of another race, the kindness of another, the generosity of another, the aesthetic taste of another, and when that man and woman step forth, their brain and nerve and muscle an intertwining of the fibres of all nationalities, nothing but the new electric photographic apparatus, that can see clear through the body, mind and soul, can take of them an adequate picture. But the foreign population of America is less than one-eleventh of all our population, and why all this fuss about foreign immigration? Eighty-nine Americans to 11 foreigners! If 89 of us New Jerseymen, or 89 of us New Yorkers, or 89 of us Ohioans, or 89 of us Georgians, or 89 of us Yankees are not equal to 11 foreigners, then we are a starving, lilliputian group of humunculi that ought to be wiped out of existence.

But now what are the weapons by which, under our omnipotent leader, the real obstacles in the way of our country's evangelization, the 10,000 mile Sevastopols, are to be leveled? The first columbiad, with range enough to sweep from eternity to eternity, is the Bible, millions of its copies going out, millions on millions—this the monarch of books, that has made all the difference between China and the United States, between Africa and America; a book declaring in every style of phraseology that all nations are to be converted, and does not that include our nation? If the Apocalyptic angel is to fly across the continents, will he not fly across this continent? The worst insult I could offer you would be to doubt your veracity, and shall we doubt God's promise? Then there are all the gospel batteries, manned by 70,000 pastors and home missionaries, over the head of each one of whom is the shield of divine protection, and in the right hand of each one the gleaming, two-edged sword of the Infinite Spirit! Hundreds of thousands of private soldiers for Christ, marching under the one starred, blood striped flag of Emanuel! They are marching on! Episcopacy, with the sublime roll of its liturgies; Methodism, with its battery of "The sword of the Lord and John Wesley;" the Baptist church, with its glorious navy sailing up our Oregons and Sacramentos and Mississippis, and Presbyterianism, moving on with the battle-cry of "The sword of the Lord and John Knox," and then after awhile will come the great tides of revival, sweeping over the land, the 500,000 conversions in 1857 eclipsed by the salvation of millions in a day, and the four American armies of the Lord's host marching toward each other; the eastern army marching west, the western army marching east, the northern army marching south, the southern army marching north, shoulder to shoulder! Tramp, tramp, tramp, until they meet midcontinent, having taken America for God!

The thunder of the bombardment is already in the air, and when the last bridge of opposition is taken, and the last portcullis of satan is lifted, and the last gun spiked, and the last tower dismantled, and the last charge of iniquity shall have been hurled back upon its haunches, what a time of rejoicing! We will see it, not with these eyes, which, before that, will be closed in blessed sleep, but with strong and better vision, when the Lord once in awhile gives us a vacation among the doxologies to come down and see the dear old land, which I pray may alway be the lamb of the text, mild and peaceful, inoffensive, but in case foreign nations assail it, having two horns or army and navy strong enough to hook them back and hook them down, and a voice louder than a dragon—yea, louder than 10,000 thunders—saying to the billows of Asiatic superstition and European arrogance, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid!"

TWO CLASSES.

An Appreciative Characterization of This Country's Newspapers.

There are newspapers, and there are newspapers. In the one class is found the blanket-sheeted, sensational, high-pressure publications, constantly perspiring like a foaming boiler—and every one just as much afraid of it. This class of paper recognizes no inferiors and acknowledges no superiors. It is filled with charity to none—but itself; and malice to all that do not bow to its imperious will. It sometimes seems to prosper, and is not infrequently wound up by the sheriff. The other class does not consider it necessary to find a fresh sensation to publish each week, but gives what legitimate news there is in good shape, carefully sifting the facts in order to be able to vouch for what it says. If news is scarce this week, it moves on in its course, knowing that news, like any other article subject to supply and demand, fluctuates, and that next week is likely to be better filled. The paper contains not a line that the manly boy might not read to his mother and sisters in the purest home. It has no business secrets; is respected by its neighbors, though sometimes called an old woman by the other class; and dwells constantly on the sunny side of conscientious well-doing. — Thorold Post.

A Newspaper's Clever Advertisement.

The Los Angeles Times has hit upon a new scheme for advertising itself. It is decidedly novel. It has constructed for its business office a counter built of a great variety of woods, brought from a great many sources. For instance, the counter contains a piece of wood from Admiral Farragut's flagship Hartford; from the Confederate privateer Shenandoah; from the steamship Senator and other famous vessels; a piece of wood from Sutter's fort; woods from the City of Mexico, from the English frigate Somerset, from the battlefield of Droop Mountain, from the bedstead on which Abraham Lincoln died, from the first blockhouse built in the United States, from the Douglas room in Sterling Castle; pieces of the historic elm of Boston common; olive wood from the Garden of Gethsemane; and from "Bethlemen, of Judea"; also from many of the famous old California missions. The workmanship is very unique and handsome, and the historic counter of the Times office is one of the sights of the city of Los Angeles.

Easter This Year on April 5.

Easter Sunday this year falls on April 5, and Shrove Tuesday, the close of the carnival season in France and in the Latin countries, falls on Feb. 18.

The establishment of the Christian festival of Easter, typical of the resurrection of the Lord, was a matter of much controversy in the church for centuries, but was finally established by the Georgian calendar adapted by the Roman Church in 1752, and Easter is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21, which date is the beginning of the ecclesiastical year.

Therefore the earliest date upon which Easter may occur is March 22. If the full moon should fall on March 21, Easter is the following Sunday. The latest date upon which the festival may fall is April 25. In 1761 and 1818 Easter fell on March 22, but that will not occur again in this or the next century. In 1866 it fell on April 25, and will do so again in 1913.

The Cornfed Philosopher.

"Thrift," said the youth with the downy lip, who thought himself an aphorist, "is contagious by example."

"Even so," said the cornfed philosopher. "Turn loose two or three right thrifty persons in a community, and pretty soon the others have to be thrifty to keep from starving."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Big Hand.

Luke Pleasant—I read a story in the paper the other day about a woman that had the largest hand ever known in New York.

Stradlit—How much was the pot?—New York World.

The Host's Whereabouts.

Lord Hawke had a curious experience when he arrived at Johannesburg with the English cricket team. He and Sir T. C. O'Brien accepted an invitation to become the guests of Mr. Abraham Bailey during their stay in the Golden City. On arrival at Johannesburg, however, they were surprised to be met with the intimation from their host's representative that Mr. Bailey was sorry he could not personally welcome them, as he was in prison! Lord Hawke and Sir Timothy accepted the extraordinary circumstance in good part, and had a comfortable time at the residence of Mr. Bailey. The latter is undergoing trial at Pretoria, but has been liberated on bail. He is the son of the Hon. Thomas Bailey, formerly of Laycock, near Keighley in Yorkshire, where Mr. Abraham Bailey, though born in South Africa, spent the early part of his life.

Here Is an Interesting Experiment With Bewitched Eggs.

Let us tell you how you may have a little fun. Puncture the shell of a raw egg with a pin and through the hole thus made extract the contents. When this shell has become thoroughly dry pour fine sand through the pin hole until the egg is about one-fourth filled. Then seal up the hole with white wax, and your imitation egg will be as natural in appearance as a real one.

The next time boiled eggs are served at breakfast, substitute your sand egg for the one that you take from the dish and tell your companions that you are going to make the egg obey your slightest wish. You may make it stand on the edge of a knife or on the rim of a glass, no matter whether you put it sideways or endways.

The only precaution necessary is to tap the egg gently every time you desire to place it in any position, so as to make the sand settle at the bottom, and the weight of the sand will keep it as you wish it to be. This is called the Obedient Egg.

Now, let us tell you how to make the Disobedient Egg, with which you may have even more fun than with the obedient one. Make the hole in the shell large enough to allow you to introduce half an ounce of fine shot, together with a little powdered sealing wax.

This done, seal up the hole neatly with white wax, and then warm the egg gently over the fire. This will give you a fixed center of gravity in the egg, and no matter how you may pretend to place it, the weight of the shot, held in a mass by the sealing wax, will drag it away from its position just as soon as you release it.—Philadelphia Times.

Women in the Old Land.

In Roumania women both study and practice medicine.

Women medical students will, in all probability, be admitted to the University of Budapest during the next term.

As early as 1872 there was a woman medical student in Russia, and it was not long before many others followed in her footsteps.

In Germany, women are permitted to practice, but not to study, medicine. Six of the seven women physicians now practicing in Berlin pursued their studies at Swiss universities. The seventh took her course in Leipsic, where the study of medicine by women was favorably regarded by many of the professors.

A very curious sort of entertainment takes place every two years in Berlin. The lady artists, painters, sculptors, actresses, singers, etc., give a fancy dress ball, from which the male sex is excluded, though many ladies adopt a masculine garb. One of these balls is shortly to be held, and the costumes will be early nineteenth century.

Poor Princess Beatrice was fond of surrounding her husband with tokens of her love and care. The straw hats he wore were often plaited by her hands, and one of her delights was to carve his pipes, which she also designed. She put the most elaborate work into them, grudging no trouble, and only too happy to feel that she had some share in his pleasures.

How a Newspaper Made a Town.

That a good live newspaper helps a town is no longer disputed. Not only is this so, but the Brodhead (Wis.) Register vouches for the following incident, which shows how a newspaper actually made a town:

Once upon a time they say that a bright fellow took a printing outfit to one of the far western sates, intending to start a newspaper, but finding no place to suit he took up a claim and began farming. The crops failed, and he unpacked his printing material and issued a weekly paper from an imaginary town, with fictitious news and personals, breezy notices of social events, theatrical performances and court trials, all in his mind; filled several columns of wit, ads. of all kinds of imaginary business houses, until his paper attracted attenton and a town was built upon his farm.

Home Distilled Water.

Distilled water can be made easily at home and be continually on hand for cooking, drinking or bathing. It is the only water that should be used upon the face, while for a drink for dyspeptics it is unequaled, causing no discomfort after it is taken. Take a teakettle with a closely fitting cover and a gutta percha or lead pipe fastened to the spout. The pipe should lead through a pail of cold water into a receptacle for holding the distilled water. The steam from the boiling water goes off through the tube, condenses under the cold water and runs out pure into the receiver.

Grow More Small Fruit.

It has been stated, and with truth, that farmers do not produce a sufficiency of small fruits for their own use. Some of them have large crops for market, but there are thousands of forms upon which the strawberry, currant, raspberry, grape and gooseberry is never seen unless purchased. Farmers deprive themselves of the luxuries which they can produce at home in not growing such fruits.

Weak Women

In the spring suffer more severely that at any other season. Scott's Sarsaparilla would soon make them healthy, strong, active and vigorous. A weak, debilitated, played out, run down, suffering and complaining woman can build herself up so that her friends will hardly know her. Her sprightly carriage, cheery laugh and snappy conversation will make her welcomed, admired and appreciated wherever she goes.

MADE STRONG

by Scott's Sarsaparilla, the blotches and pimples cleared from her complexion, that tired feeling gone, no longer nervous, irritable and cross grained, she becomes a real new woman.

"I was so run down that I could not attend to my work," writes Miss M.J. Gould, Lloydtown, Ont. Mr. W.S. Bond, our storekeeper, recommended Scott's Sarsaparilla. I tried it. One bottle cured me and I am again strong and vigorous, wholly made so -BY-

Scott's Sarsaparilla

All dealers, $1.00 per large bottle. *One teaspoonful a dose.*

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With the greatest display of flowers ever seen in Lindsay.

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Everything you want in fact to be sold cheap.

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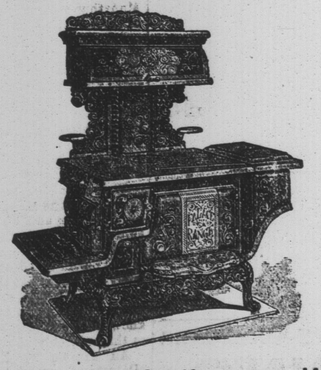
IT PAYS.—It is useless to expect a lean, run-down cow to have a good flow of milk, though she will eat more than an animal in good flesh. The difficulty is the nutriment is not all extracted from the food because her digestion is out of order.

Dick's Blood Purifier

will strengthen the digestion and make the food produce milk. It will cost but fifty cents to try it on the poorest cow you have and you will get back your money with interest in a few weeks.

For sale by Druggists, at general stores or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cts.
Dick & Co., P. O. Box 482, Montreal.

STOVES.



What will tariff reform do for YOU if you are cold and if your fire don't burn? It will not keep YOU warm, nor will it help the burning of your fire. I would advise you to see my stock of stoves. If it is for your kitchen get one of my

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if for your hall or parlor get the

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$500 FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be given to the charitable institution first named by the mayor of any city in Canada if any ingredient is found in the new medicine,

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that is injurious to the system. Read what it does:

1. Besides curing chronic rheumatism and blood diseases it has a wonderful effect upon fever and malaria if taken in time, and we challenge the production of a case of long standing sore, or hemorrhage of the kidneys Kootenay will not cure.

2. It is a splendid tonic and makes you eat and sleep. It cures indigestion.

3. It is a microbe killer and when used for the effects following the use of morphia preparations removes every trace of the poison from the system, as also mercurial deposits and the results of nicotine from the cigarette habit.

4. Mr. Child, McCracken, 124 Adelaide Street West, former night clerk at the Palmer House, Toronto, says that he was greatly troubled with eruptions on his face, in fact his skin was literally covered with pimples and blotches, which was attributable to dissolute smoking. Ordinary medicine did no good. One bottle of Kootenay left his skin entirely free from every trace of them. Write the S. S. Kootenay Medicine Co., Hamilton, for pamphlet of startling cures.

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