A. Leflar.

DISEASED LUNGS

CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, neglected it. I then consulted a doctor, who found, on examining me, that the upper part of the left lung was badly affected. The medicines he gave me did not seem to do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."
—A. LEFLAR, watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cure Indigestion.

BLOWN INTO ETERNITY.

FRIGHTFUL BOILER EXPLOSION NEAR ORANGEVILLE.

Two Men Working in a Sawmill at Monticello Instantly Killed By the Bursting of a Boiler—A Dozen Others Were More or Less Injured and Some May Die.

A despatch from Orangeville says:—By the explosion of a boiler in a sawmill at Monticello on Wednesday afternoon, two men were killed and several seriously injured. Some of the wounded were badly hurt and may die.

The names of the killed are:

Robert McQuarrie, age 24, single, lived in Orangeville.

Alex. Darraugh, married, lived in Orangeville.

Those wounded were: Otto Hendrickson arm torn off; James Bowers, ——Walker and——Cooper, seriously hurt. Several others were more or less injured.

In the afternoon about 5 o'clock the sawmill of T. E. Essery, at Monticello, was running in full blast. The mill was crowded with workmen. The water in the boiler grew low, but little attention [illegible] Suddenly there was a deafening [illegible] of blinding flame and the huge piece of metal flew into innumerable pieces. Crashing through the roof it went, scattering death all around. Then there was a terrible silence for a moment. From the ruins of the mill came the feeble cries of those mortally stricken.

The remnants of his arm hanging by his side, Otto Hendrickson staggered from the wreck. Other workmen who were uninjured came to his assistance, and the hunt for those buried among the debris was begun. Guided by the cries of the wounded, the work of rescue was eagerly commenced and soon every man who was in the building at the time of the explosion was accounted for.

The bodies of the two dead men were tenderly carried away. The wounded were taken to a farm house near by, where kind hands ministered to their hurts.

The cause of the explosion is unknown, although it may be elucidated by the inquest which was commenced this evening.

UNCLE SAM AND JOHN BULL.

Working Harmoniously They Could Easily Rule the Commercial World.

Taking an average of the last five years, says the London Times, we find that our imports from the United States have been worth about $500,000 a year, of which 80 per cent. consists of food stuffs and raw materials and is essential to the existence of our manufactures and our export trade. The full significance of the figures, alike to ourselves and to the United States, is realized only when we remember that the total value of the exports of domestic produce of the United States is $1,000,000,000. We are, therefore the consumers of the United States for exactly half of their domestic produce. It may be assumed that the United States would not lose the customer of half of its export without being willing to make some concessions in the direction of a mutually advantageous union. It is hardly necessary to allude to the large amount of British capital invested in the United States, which would have everything to gain by a profitable union. The gradual shifting, which is believed by some economists to be taking place, of the center of the coal and iron industry from Great Britain to the United States supplies—if we accept the fact—another and very serious reason in favor of commercial union with America. The conditions are such that the United States and the British empire must either compete for, or unite to hold, the command of the commerce of the world. United, we safely might defy competition from any of the other machine-using peoples. The dominating forces in commerce are usually held to be food, fuel, iron and copper. If to these we add the human factor, man, America and Great Britain may claim to own them all in a supreme degree. The exact centre of each special industry would matter little. With coal and iron to spare for each other, we should be invincible.

Health Not Risked.

Mrs. Suburb—"I never noticed until we moved into this house that the pump is out-doors."

Agent—"That's so the water will be nice and cool in summer, ma'am."

"But I don't want to be running out-doors dozens of times a day in winter."

"No need to, ma'am. The pump always freezes up in cold weather."

THE SICK GENERAL.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE DWELLS ON THE LEPROSY OF SIN.

Suffering Sent Into the World to Show the Way to Higher Joys—Spiritual Happiness Attained Through a Humble Spirit, Moral Lepers.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 18.—Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen as the subject of to-day's sermon through the press "The Sick General," the text selected being II Kings v, 1, "He was a leper."

Here we have a warrior sick, not with pleurisies or rheumatisms or consumptions, but with a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Naaman, the commander in chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence! If his breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander in chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out, "Is it possible that our great hero, who slew Ahab and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?"

Yes. Everybody has something he wishes he had not—David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a termagant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister, and you and you and you and you something which you never bargained for and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright. Otherwise we would always want to stay and eat these fruits and lie on these lounges and shake hands in this pleasant society.

We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stay on the doorstep, and therefore he sends aches and annoyances and sorrows and bereavements of all sorts to push us on and push us up toward riper fruits and brighter society and more radiant prosperities. God is only whipping us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show to you a brighter one. If he sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because he is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of when the mortal shall put on immortality.

It is to push you on and to push you up toward something grander and better that God sends upon you, as he did upon General Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion, all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle, the corridors crowded with admiring visitors who just wanted to see him once, music and mirth and banqueting filling all the mansion from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling, Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better and would have been glad to stay there 10,000 years. But, oh, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang, as you read the closing words of the eulogium: "He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor wringing her hands and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon general and the doctor of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say, "No cure, no cure!" I think that the office seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employes of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story, as sometimes, when overborn by the sorrows of the world and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose or Dinah or Bridget—a help which the world could not give in.

What a scene it was! One of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with a waiting maid over the declining health of the mighty general. "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "Oh, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land cannot cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: "This is a judgment upon you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they snatch me off in the night, breaking my father's and mother's hearts, and many a time I have lain and cried all night because I was so homesick." Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said: "Good for them. I'm glad Naaman's got the leprosy. I wish all the Syrians had the leprosy!" No. Forgetting her personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering of her master and commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

No wonder the advice of this little Hebrew captive threw all Naaman's mansion and Ben-hadad's palace into excitement.

Good-by, Naaman! With face scarified and ridged and inflamed by the pestilence and aided by those who supported him on either side, he staggers out to the chariot. Hold fast the fiery coursers of the royal stable while the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet and pain struck limbs into the vehicle. Bolster him up with the pillows and let him take a lingering look at his bright apartment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him, an expired chieftain seeking sepulture amid the lamentations of an admiring nation. Good-by, Naaman! Let the chariot drive over the hills of Hermon, lest he jolt the invalid. Here goes the bravest man of all his day, a captive of a horrible disease. As the ambulance winds through the streets of Damascus the tears and prayers of all the people go after the world-renowned people.

Perhaps you have had an invalid go out from your house on a health excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said, "Ah, he will never come back again alive!" Oh, it was a solemn moment, I tell you, when the invalid had departed, and you went into the room to make the bed, and to remove the medicine vials from the shelf, and to throw open the shutters, so that the fresh air might rush into the long-closed room. Good-by, Naaman! There is only one cheerful face looking at him, and that is the face of the little Hebrew captive, who is sure he will get cured, and who is so glad she helped him. As the chariot winds out, and the escort of mounted couriers, and the mules, laden with sacks of gold and silver and embroidered suits of apparel, went through the gates of Damascus and out on the long way, the hills of Naphtali and Ephraim look down on the procession, and the retinue goes right past the battlefields where Naaman, in the days of his health, used to rally his troops for fearful onset, and then the procession stops and reclines awhile in the groves of olive and oleander, and General Naaman so sick, so very, very sick!

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by and had stood aghast at the clank of his war equipments, but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man! He will never get home alive. Poor man!"

General Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer, "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to a waysider, "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says, "Two miles." "Two miles?" Then they whip up the lathered and fagged-out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers shout "Whoa!" to the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out. You have company. The grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming and just how to treat him. Indeed when you are sick and the Lord wants you to get well he always tells the doctor how to treat you, and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business.

General Naaman and his retinue waited and waited and waited. The fact was Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy. The one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he says to a servant, "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the river Jordan out yonder, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out. "What!" says the commander in chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunamite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?' And will he treat a poor unknown woman like that and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Charioteer, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha! ha! The slimy Jordan, the muddy Jordan, the monotonous Jordan! I wouldn't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the jasper paved river of Pharpar. Besides that we have in our country another Damascene river, Abana, with foliaged bank and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

I suppose Naaman felt very much as Americans would feel if, by way of medical prescription, some one should tell us to go and wash in the Danube or the Rhine. We would answer, "Are not the Connecticut and the Hudson just as good?" Or as an Englishman would feel if he were told, by way of medical prescription, he must go and wash in the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. He would cry out, "Are not the Thames and the Shannon just as well?" The fact was that haughty Naaman needed to learn what every Englishman and every American needs to learn—that when God tells you to do a thing you must go and do it, whether you understand the reason or not. Take the prescription, whether you like it or not. One thing is certain. Unless haughty Naaman does as Elisha commands him he will die of his awful sickness. And unless you do as Christ commands you you will be seized upon by an everlasting wasting away. Obey and live; disobey and die. Thrilling, overarching, undergirding, stupendous alternative!

So, after all, it seems that this faith excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told him of the prophet, and this long journey might as well not have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment his servants clamber up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the prophet had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try this Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of his chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river and steps in until the water comes to the ankle and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle and now, standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him. He bows once into the flood and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye and his attendants look at him and say, "Why, general, how much better you do look!" And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shriveled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and he bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester, or a scale, or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him.

He steps out on the banks and says, "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say, "Is it possible?" And as, with the health of an athlete, he bounds back into the chariot and drives on there goes up from all his attendants a wild "Huzza! Huzza!" Of course they go back to pay and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house, they went off mad. They have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion.

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid, but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband. He was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting: "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the King's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O Lord God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

THE OX TEAM.

I sit upon my ox team, calm,
Beneath the lazy sky,
And crawl contented through the land
And let the world go by.
The thoughtful ox has 'earned to wait,
And nervous impulse smother,
And ponder long before he puts
One foot before the other.

And men with spanking teams pass by
And dash upon their way
As if it were their hopes to find
The world's end in a day.
And men dash by in palace cars—
On me dark frowns they cast,
As the lightning-driven Present frowns
Upon the slow old Past.

Why do they chase, these men of steam
Their smoke flags wide unfurled,
Pulled by the roaring fire-fiend,
That shakes the reeling world?
What do ye seek, ye men of steam,
So wild and mad you press?
Is this—is this the railroad line
That leads to happiness?

And when you've swept across the day
And dashed across the night,
Is there some station through the hills
Where men can find delight?
Ah, toward the depot of Content,
Where no red signals stream,
I go by ox team just as quick
As you would go by steam!

—S. W. Foss.

Diamonds the Popular Stones.

Through all changes, when every stone seems to have its day, the diamond stands alone, incomparable. In these days stones are brought into prominence to meet the demand for variety, and such stones as the amethyst, the aquamarine, the chrysoberyl, the golden carnelian and many other stones known as semi-precious are so wonderfully cut and set as to greatly increase their intrinsic value. These stones are very fashionable just at present in the form of collar and girdle. The turquoise has been more universally adopted in recent years than any other stone. The greatest number, and some of the most beautiful, have of late years been found in our own country. During the last three years $400,000 worth of American turquoises have been sold. And the opal—that exquisite stone with its fairy light dancing over its delicate surface—just now is finding its reward, after many years of prejudice. Indeed, so far has the old superstition regarding this stone been removed that it has become, when set in diamonds, one of the chosen stones for the engagement ring, and the woman who can claim among her associates the most beautiful opal is to be envied, not pitied.—Jeweler's Circular.

He Knew His Business.

Proprietor—Why did you tell the lady you would not return her money if the tie did not suit?

New Clerk—She was buying it for her husband.—Life.

Only Five Times in the Bible.

The capital letter "Q" will be found but twice in the Old Testament, and three times in the New.

Then it Comes Out.

We are never willing to admit there is insanity in our family until some member of it makes a will that doesn't suit us.

Not Their Fault.

Teacher—What was the reason our ancestors did not have any knowledge of the earth being round? Speak out, Johnnie.

Johnnie—Perhaps it was because they didn't have any school globes in those days.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON DEC. 2.

"Christ's Testimony to John" Luke 7. 24 35. Golden Text, Luke 7-27.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Jesus is now in the happy, busy days of his early popularity. John's eagle spirit is caged at "Black Castle." His disciples like Paul's friends at Cæsarea, have access to him. Through them he learns something of the movements of Jesus. Calling two of his disciples, John sends them to Jesus with this question: "Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?" Two views are held as to the purposes of John's embassy: 1. That it was for his disciples' sake. He was conscious that his own work was done. He had full faith that Jesus was the Messiah. He desired before closing his career that all his disciples should transfer their faith and allegiance fully to Jesus; hence the embassy and question. 2. That it was for his own sake. This seems the more natural view. The first appears like an unnecessary invention to save the reputation of John. After all, John was but human. True, he had beheld the heavens parted, and the Spirit descending on Jesus, and heard the divine voice. On the strength of that scene he had pointed Jesus out as the Christ. But all this is far clearer to us than it was to him. And then, like the greatest of natures—like Moses and Elijah before him, like Savonarola and Luther since—he had moments of despondency. Even John never rose to adequate conceptions of Christ's kingdom. We know how far below any just comprehension of it the most spiritual of the apostles fell, even after years of training by Jesus himself. It was a conception that could not be grasped till after the ascension of Christ and the descent of the Spirit. Jesus was not doing the work John expected. Herods and Pilates and Caiaphases were still in power. John was languishing in prison. Where was his winnowing fan? Why did he not sift the nation and garner his wheat, and burn up the chaff? "Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?" Jesus did not directly answer the question, but with an evident allusion to Isa. 61 sends back the message, "Go, tell John what ye have seen and heard; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have the Gospel preached to them;" and tenderly adds, "Blessed is he, whosoever shall find none occasion of stumbling in me."—B. S. Dean. The messengers depart, and then follows the testimony which constitutes the present lesson. Christ exalts John above all human rivals, then astonishes his hearers by saying, "He that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." This "testimony to John" marked a sharp line of division between the common people who had heard John gladly and the Pharisees and doctors who refused his baptism. Our Lord's final words show how lacking in deep sincerity were both classes.

EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 24. The messengers of John. See "General Statement" and Luke 7. 17—23. Were departed. (1) The true friend is he who speaks to us in warning and of us in praise. Recall what John had said about Jesus (John 1. 26, 27, 29—36; and 4. 25—36. Into the wilderness. The shores of Jordan. A reed. This question has the force of a negative. John was not, then, what the people might have inferred from his question, a fickle, vacillating man, now believing and now doubting; but a man of firm character, constant in prosperity and firm against the hate of Herod and the neglect of the people. (2) God's heroes must be men of firmness and strength of purpose.

25, 26. A man clothed in soft raiment? An alluson to John's rough garb and self-denying life, and his superiority to influences that control ordinary mortals. In King's courts. Where they might look for a Herod, but never find a John. (3) God's eyes often look with interest upon the cottage than upon the palace. A prophet? John not only held a place with Samuel, Isaiah, and Elijah, and the rest of the goodly fellowship of the prophets, but in honor he was above them all. More than a prophet. The others had foreseen a Saviour centuries distant; John alone of the prophets beheld him and pointed to him close at hand, and baptized him for his work, thereby witnessing the fulfillment of his own predictions.

27. Of whom it is written. In Mal. 3. 1. Before thy face. Heralds were usually sent out to prepare the way for oriental monarchs.

28. There is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist. (4) God's estimate of greatness is very different from man's. This should not be explained to mean that he was the most eloquent or the most marvelous in miracle-working power or the most godly. A prophet was a herald of the kingdom of God on earth. A prophet's business was to tell men about Christ's coming, and to do what he could to hasten his coming. So the greatest of the prophets was he who did the most to bring the kingdom of God; and our Lord says that none was greater in this regard than John. He that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he. Simply because he is in the kingdom, and John was only on its threshold; as a child on a mountain summit can see farther than a giant on the plain. (5) There was not an inspired prophet of the ancient day whose privileges were equal to those of the least of the followers of Christ now.

29, 30. All the people*** and the publican (contrasted with the Pharisees and lawyers) justified God, being baptized. They obeyed John's message, repented, and were baptized, and thus honored God. Rejected the counsel of God against themselves. That is, thy frustrated the plans of God, of which John's preaching and baptism were parts.

31. Whereunto then shall I liken. Jesus was a model for teachers in that he seldom told a truth without telling what it was like.

32. Sitting in the market place. The only open part of an Eastern city where children can play. We have piped, etc. The meaning of this is, "We wanted to make believe we were having a wedding, and you wouldn't play with us; now we want to make believe we are having a funeral, and you won't play that either. You won't play anything, and nothing suits you." We have heard our own children make similar complaints.

33, 34. Neither eating bread nor drinking wine. Jesus says, "You people are like these children; you find fault with John on one ground, and with me on another."

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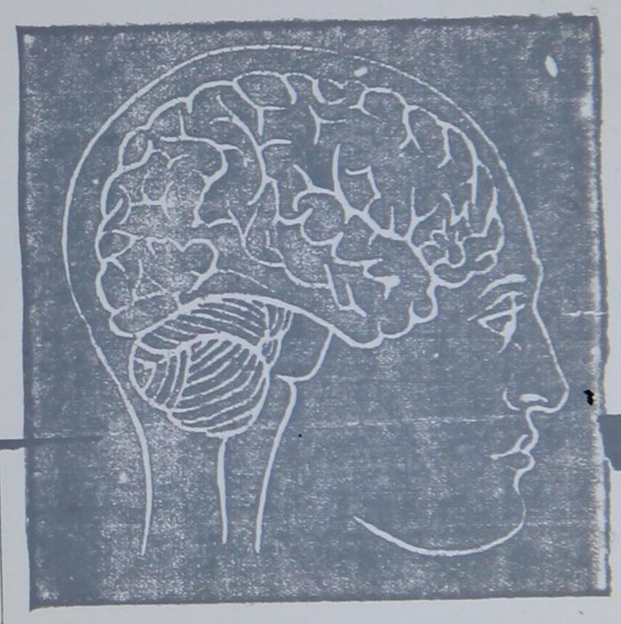
Mysteries of the HUMAN BRAIN!



The latest discovery in the scientific world is that nerve centres located in or near the base of the brain control all the organs of the body, and when these nerve centres are deranged the organs which they supply with nerve fluid, or nerve force, are also deranged. When it is remembered that a serious injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis of the body below the injured point, because the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion, it will be understood how the derangement of the nerve centres will cause the derangement of the various organs which they supply with nerve force; that is, when a nerve centre is deranged or in any way diseased it is impossible for it to supply the same quantity of nerve force as when in a healthful condition; hence the organs which depend upon it for nerve force suffer, and are unable to properly perform their work, and as a result disease makes its appearance.

At least two-thirds of our chronic diseases and ailments are due to the imperfect action of the nerve centres at the base of the brain, and not from a derangement primarily originating in the organ itself. The great mistake of physicians in treating these diseases is that they treat the organs and not the nerve centres, which are the cause of the trouble.

The wonderful cures wrought by the Great South American Nervine Tonic are due alone to the fact that this remedy is based upon the foregoing principle. It acts by rebuilding and strengthening the nerve centres, and thereby increasing the supply of nerve force or nervous energy.

This remedy has been found of infinite value for the cure of Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Paroxysms, Sleeplessness, Forgetfulness, Mental Despondency, Nervousness of Females, Hot Flashes, Sick Headache, Heart Disease. The first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain.

South American Nervine is without doubt the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all Chronic Stomach Troubles, because it acts through the nerves. It gives relief in one day, and absolutely effects a permanent cure in every instance. Do not allow your prejudices, or the prejudices of others, to keep you from using this health-giving remedy. It is based on the result of years of scientific research and study. A single bottle will convince the most incredulous.

ROWAN & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail [illegible]

Sectarianism in Canada.

MAX O'Rell tells the following apropos of the strictness of the sects in Canada: The keeper of a lodging-house, a lady with very decided Presbyterian views, only opened her house to those whose orthodoxy was as unquestionable as her own. However, business flagged somewhat, the house was half empty, and she pondered over many things. "Perhaps business would mend if I relaxed my views a little," she said to herself. One day an old gentleman presents himself at the door, looks at the apartments and makes choice of some rooms. "Excuse me," says the landlady; "before anything is decided I must know whether you are a strict Presbyterian?" "I scarcely understand what you mean," replied the worthy man. "Well, for instance, do you believe that all children who die unbaptised will be eternally burnt?" "Upon my word," says the new lodger, his memory perhaps alighting upon some unruly little imp of his acquaintance, "I should scarcely like to say all, but some will, no doubt." "I will let you the rooms," replied the good woman; "some is scarcely to my liking, but at all event s it is better than none.'

Consideration.

Magistrate (severely)—"Five witnesses testify that you tied a tin kettle to a poor dog's tail."

Bad Boy—"Please, sir, that was only to balance 'im so if he falled off anythink he wouldn't land on his head."