REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Soul's Crisis." (Preached in London.

TEXT: "Seek ye the Lord while He may found."-Isaiah lv., 6.

Isaiah stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ; others a bust of Christ; but Isaiah gives us the full length portrait of Christ, Other Scripture writers excel in some things. Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime, but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all His grandeur and glory, you involuntarily turn to Isaiah.

So that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah," the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus," where all the batons ways and all the trumpets come. Isaiah

wave and all the trumpets come. Isaiah wave and all the trumpets come. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus and Philo and Sirach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles, Isaiah was among the

My text finds him standing on a mountain all text inds him standing on a mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing and anxious that all men might know Him, his voice rings down the ages, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." "Oh," says some one, "that was for olden times." No, my hearer. If you have traveled in other lands you have taken a circular letter of said you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking house in London, and in St. Petersburg or Venice or Rome or Antwerp or Brussels or Paris you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age or for one land is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and whenever it is presented for help, the help comes. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I come to-day with no hairspun theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition, but with a plain talk on the matters of personal religion. I feel that the sermon I preach this morning will be the savor of life unto life or death unto death. In other words, the Gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine; it either kills or cures. There are those who say: "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the side. been waiting a good while for the right kind of influence to come." And still you are waiting. You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Caristian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of

Now you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeav-or. If you want to see a certain man in London, and there is a matter of much money connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him, you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but cannot find the name; you go in circles where you think perhaps he may mingle, and, having found the part of the where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street and from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and for months.
You say, "It is a matter of £10,000

whether I see him or not." Oh, that men were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one half that persistence you would long ago have found Him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never seek God, never gain heaven. Oh, that the spirit of God would help this morning while I try to show you, in carrying out the idea of my text, first, how to seek the Lord, and in the next place, when to seek Him. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot scated on a throne, with His arms resting on brazen lions and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for His children to come and climb on His knee and get His kiss and His benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water" and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask of water to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fast-ened to the torone of God, which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much what posture you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly, and there would be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within, your cry would not go farther up than the shout of a plowboy to his oxen. Prayer must be believing, eary st, loving. You are in your house some summer day, and a shower comes up, and a bird affrighted darts into the window, and wheels around the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say, "Poor thing, poor thing?" Now a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and He catches it and He feels its fluttering pulse. and He puts it in His own besom of affection

Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is the electric battery which, touched thrills to the throne of God. It is the diving bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There is an instance where prayer made the waves of Gennesaret solid as granite pavement. Oh, how many won lerin things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted and the enemies were after them one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: Lord, we be as dead men unless Thou shalt help us. O Lord, throw the lap of Thy cloak over these poor things." And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled. "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

will hear." Oh, impenitent soul, have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says: "He is loving and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the Goopel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to Him and say: "O Lord, I know Thou canst not ile. Thou hast told me to come for pardon, and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep Thy promise and liberate my captive soul."

Oh, that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn! for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He

again to the manger to hear prayer. He will come in your place of business as He confronted Matthew. At ax commissioner.

If a measure should come before Congress that you thought would ruin the Nation, how you woult send in petitions and remonstrances. And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all around the earth to get back your physical health. Have you made any effort, any expenditure, any exettion for your importal and existing

any exertion for your immortal and spiritua health? No, you have not taken one step. Oh, that you might now begin to seek after God with earnest prayer! Some of you have been working for years and years for the support of your tamilies. Have you given one-half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here this morning with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we meet face to face, and I tell you, first of all, if you want to find the Lord you must pray and pray and pray and pray and pray.

pray and pray.

I remark again, you must seek the Lord I remark again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is the newest book in the world. "Oh," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old, when God, by His blessed spirit, retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page, you will find that these promises are page, you will find that these promises are not one second old and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your

There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they morely look at the outside beauty, why it will no more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address or the Koran of Mahomet or the Shaster of the Hinloss. It is the in-ward light of God's Word you must get or die. I went up to the church of the Made-leine in Paris and looked at the doors, which were the most won lerfully constructed I ever saw, and I could have staid there for a whole week; but I had only a little time, so, having glanced at the wonderful carving on the doors, I passed in and looked at the ra-diant alters and the sculoture I dome. Alas! that so many stop at the outside door of God's holy Word, looking at the rhetorical beauties, instead of going in and looking at the altars of sacrifice and the dome of Got's mercy and salvation that hovers over every nitent and believing soul!

Oh, my friends, if you merely want to study the laws of language, do not go to the Bible. It was not made for that. Take "Howe's Elements of Criticism." It would be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics, better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned, and at last to gain the blessedness of heaven, search the Scriptures, "for in them ye have eternal life."

When people are anxious about their souls —and there are some here to-day—there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote "A Call to the Unconverted." but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote "Advice to the Anxious Inquirer," but the Bible is the best advice to the auxious inquirer.

Oh, the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul! A dying soldier and to his mate, "Comrade, give me a drop!" The comrade shook up the canteen and said, "There isn't a drop of water in the canteen." "Oh," said the dying soldier, "that's not what I want feel in my knapsack for my Bible." And his comrade found the Bible and read him a few of the second the Bible and read him a few of the gracious the Bible and read name tew of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: "Ah, that's what I want. There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, is there, my comrade?" Oh, blessed book while we Blessed book when we die.

I remark, again, we must seek God through church ordinances. "What," say you, "can't man be saved without going to church?" I reply, there are men, I suppose, in glory, who have never seen a church; but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God; and if truth affects us when we are alone, it affects us more mightily when we are in the assembly—the feelings of others emphasizing our own feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play, and a truth that would take hold only with the grasp of a sick man beats mightily against the soul

with a thousan'l heart throbs.

When you come into the religious circle, come only with one notion and only for one surpose—to find the way to Christ. Waen le critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voices, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to death, but the officer of the Government brings a pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison and savs: "Here is your pardon. Come and get it." "What! Do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, and with such an awkward manner as you have? rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions?' Ah, the man does not say that; he takes it! It is his life. He does not care how it is banded to him. And if this morning that pardon from the throne of Go1 is offere I to our souls, should we not seize it, regardless of all criticism, feeling that it is

a matter of heaven or heil? But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us when we are to seek the Lord, "While He may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. To-morrow? You may not see to-morrow. -night? You may not see to-night. Now Ob. if I could only write on every heart in three capital letters that word N-O-W-

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say, with the toss of the head and with a trivial manner, "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has celled and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough, but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday or this morning I could have cured the patient. It is too late now; the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul; there is a crisis. Before that, life! After that, death! O my dear brother, as you love your soul, do not let the crisis pass unattended to!

There are some here who can remember instances in life when if they had bought a certain property they would have become very rich. A few acres that would have cost them almost nothing were offered them. They refuse? them. Afterward a large village or city sprang up on these acres of ground and they see what a mistake they ground and they see what a mistake they made in not buying the property. There was an opportunity of getting it. It never came back again. And so it is in regard to a man's spiritual and eternal fortune. There is a chance; if you less that go, perhaps it never comes back. Certainly that one

never comes back.

There is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board you miss your passage for heaven. As in law courts a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year, till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time, and from year to year, until heavenly bits is the bill of costs the man would have to year for it.

man would have to pay for it.

Why defer this matter, O my dear hearer? Have you any idea that sin will wear out? that it will evaporate? that it will relax its grasp? that you may find religion as a man accidentally finds a lost pocketbook? Ab, no! No man ever became a Christian by accident or by the relaxing of sin. The embarrassments are all the time increasing. The hosts of darkness are recruiting, and the longer you postpone this matter the steeper the path will become. I ask those men who are before me this morning whether in the ten or fifteen years they have passed in the postponement of these matters they have come any nearer God or heaven?

I would not be afraid to challenge this I would not be afraid to challenge this whole audience, so far as they may not have found the peace of the Gospel, in regard to that matter. Your hearts, you are willing frankly to tell me, are becoming harder and harder, and that if you come to Christ it will be more of an undertaking now than it ever would have been before. Oh, fly for refugs! The avenger of blood is on the track! The throne of judgment will soon be set, and if you have anything to do toward your eternal salvation you had better do it now, for the redemption of the soul is precious and it ceaseth forever!

Oh, if men could only catch just glimpse of Christ, I know they would love Him. Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of Righteousness Joseph's sepulcher? He is a blessed Saviour! Every nation has its type of beauty. There Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty and Swiss beauty and Italian beauty and English beauty, but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ, he pronounces Him "chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely" O my blessed Jesus! Light in darkness! The rock on which I build! The Captain of salvation! My joy! My strength: How strange it is that men cannot love Thee.

The diamond districts of Brazil are care.

The diamond districts of Brazil are carefully guarded, and a man does not get in there except by a pass from the Govern-ment, but the love of Christ is a diamond district we may all enter and oick up treas-ure for eternity. Oh, cry for mercy! "To-day, if ye will hear this voice, harden not your hearts." There is a way of opposing the mercy of God too long, and then there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for judgment and flery in-dignation which shall devour the adversary. My friends, my neighbors, what can I say to induce you to atten! to this matter—to attend to it now? Time is flying, flying—the

city clock joining my voice this moment, seeming to say to you: "Now is the time! Now is the time! Oh, put it not off!"

Why should I stand here and plead and you sit there? It is your immortal sou! It is a soul that shall never die. It is a soul that must soon appear before God for reviewal. Why throw away your change for viewal. Why throw away your chance for heaven? Why plunge off into darkness when all the gates of glory are open? Way become a castaway from God when you can sit upon the throne? Why will ye die mis-erably when eternal life is offered you, and it will cost you nothing but just willingness to accept it? "Come, for all things are now ready." Come, Christ is ready, par-don is ready! The churca is ready. Heaven is ready. You will never find a more convenient season if you should live fifty years more than this very one. Reject this and you may die in your sins.

Why do I say this? Is it to frighten your soul? Oh, no. It is to persuade you. I show you the peril. I show you the escape. Would I not be a coward beyond all excuse it believes the state of the state if, believing that this great autience must soon be launched into the eternal world, and that all who believe in Christ shall be saved, would I not be the veriest coward on earth. to nice that truth or to stand before you with a cold or even a placit manner? My dear brethren, now is the day of your re-

demption.

It is very certain that you and I must soon appear before God in judgment. We cannot escape it. The Bible says: "Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierce's Him, and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." On that day all our advantages will come up for our glory or for our discounding these same and the same and th glory or for our discomfiture—every prayer, every sermon, every exhortatory remark, every reproof, every call of grace; and while the heavens are rolling away like a scroll, and the world is being destroyed, your destiny and my destiny will be announced. Alas! alas! if on that day it is found that we have neglected these matters. We may throw them off now. We cannot then. We will all be in earnest then. But no parion then. No offer of salvation then. No rescue then. Driven away in our wickedness-banished, exiled forever!

Have you ever imagined what will be the soliloquy of the soul on that day unpardoned, as it looks back upon its past life?
"Oh," says the soul, "I had glorious Sabbaths! There was one Sabbata in autumn when I was invited to Christ. There was a Sabbath morning when Jesus stood and spread out His arms and invited me to His holy heart. I refused Him. I have destroyed myself. I have no one else to blame. Ruin complete. Darkness unpitying, deep, eternal! I am lost! Notwithstanding all the opportunities I have had of being saved, I am lost! Oh, Thou long suffering Lord God nighty, I am lost! Ob, day of judgment, I am lost! Oh, father, mother, brother, sister, childing lory, I am lost! And then as the tide goes out your soul goes out with it-farther from God, farther from happiness, and I hear your voice fainter and fainter, "Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost!" O ye dying, vetimmortal men! "Seek the Lord while He may be foun i."

But I want you to take the hint of the text that I have no time to dwell on—the hint that there is a time when He cannot be There was a man in this city, eighty years of age, who said to a clergy man who came in, "Do you think that a man at eighty years of age can get par lone i?" "Oh, said the ciergyman. The old man "I can't; when I was twenty years of Tae old man age—I am now eighty years—the spirit of God came to my soul, and I feit tae importance of attending to these things, but I put it off. I rejected God, and since then I have had no feeling? "Wall?" said the have had no feeling," "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" "Yes," replied the old

pray with you? "Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to."

The minister knelt down and prayed, and commended the man's soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After awhile the last hour of the man's life came, and the world him delivers a man's life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelli-gence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said. "I shall never be forgiven?" "O seek the Lord while He may be found,"

How to Repair Straw Hats.

It is convenient to know how to repair straw hats, as those of the children of the household get sadly battered in brim and crown. One should always keep one old straw hat of each of the ordinary colors-black and brown and white-to supply materials for repairing, and to this end it is wise to avoid buying the fancy straws, as the plain braids are much more durable and useful. Black thread No. 40 is used for all sewing of straw, except the finest grades of hand-sewed hats, and the domestic milliner may well follow the trade rule. The straw should be wet or dampened as it is sewed, as this will prevent its breaking. When a brim is ragged, rip off the torn braid and, taking a braid that matches, deftly weave the ends together and sew around the hat's edge as many rows as are wished. The brim can be made to turn down by stretching the upper edges of the braid tightly as it is sewed, or made to roll up by holding the upper edge of the braid loosely, the mender guiding the results by her taste and judgment as she sews. Torn crowns are replaced in the same way. Braids that do not match can be utilized wherever the trimming will hide the patch, and unfashionable low crowns may thus be transformed into those of any desired height. - Harper's Bazar.

A Large University. Many will be surprised to learn that the largest university in the world is at Cairo, Egypt, and has 11,. 000 students. They come from every part of the Mohammedan world, and they study Mussulman law, history, theology and other branches needed to confirm them in the faith of Mohammed. They sit on the floor of an enormous court and study aloud, and the Western visitor who calls on them during study hours thinks he has struck the original Tower of Babel.

A DETROIT MIRACLE.

CREAT TRIUMPH FOR CANADIAN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

ARTICULARS OF ONE OF THE MOST REMARK-ABUE CURES ON RECORD DESCRIB D BY THE DETROIT NEWS-A STORY WORTH A CAREFUL PERUSAL.

(Detroit News.) The following paragraph, which appeared The following paragraph, which appears in the News a short time ago, furnished the basis of this information—a case that was so wonderfully remarkable that it demanded further explanation. It is of sufficient importance to the News' readers to report it to them fully. It was so important then that it attracted considerable attention at the The following is the paragraph in question:

C. B. Northrop, for 25 years one of the best known merchants on Woodward avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxis, or creeping paralysis, has secured a new lease of life and has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey."

Since that time Mr. Northrop has steadily improved, not only in looks, but in condition.

improved, not only in looks, but in condition, till he has regained his old-time strength. It had been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that this miraculous change had been wrought by a very simple remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When asked about it Mr. Northron fully verified the statement, and not only sc, but he had taken pains to only sc, but he had taken pains to inform any one who was suffering in a similar manner when he heard of any such case. Mr. Northrop was enthusiastic at the result in his own case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could hope to give him relief. He had been in the care of the best physicians who did all hey could to alleviate this terrible malady, but without any avail. He had given up hope, when a friend in Lockport, N. Y. wrote him of the case of a person there who had been cured in similar circumstanc's by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The person core! at Lockport had bitained his information respecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from an article ublished in the Hamilton, Ont. Times The case was called "The Hamilton Miracle" and told the story of a man in that city who, after almost incredible suffering, was pronounced by the most eminent physicians to be incurable and permanently disabled. He had spent hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment and appliances only to be told in

the end that there was no hope for him, and that cure was impossible. The person al-luded to (Mr. John Marshall, of 25 Little William St., Hamilton, Ont.,) was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and after baving been pronounced perma-nently disabled and incurable by the physisians, was paid the \$1000 disability insurance provided by the order for its memoers in such cases. For years Mr. Marshall had been utterly helpless, and was barely able to drag himself around his house with the aid of crutches. His agonies were almost unbear able and life was a burden to him, when at last relief came. Some months after be had been paid the disability claim be heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was induced to try them. The result was miraculous; almost from the outset an improvement was noticed, and in a few months the man whom medical experts had raid was incurable, was going about the city healthier and stronger than before. Mr. Marshall was so well known in Hamilton that all the city newspapers wrote up his wonderful recovery in detail, and it was thus, as before stated, that Mr. Northrop came into possession of the information that led to his equally marveious recovery. One could scarcely conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop, His injury came about in this way: One day, nearly four years ago, he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store, send and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his ho ing paralysis very soon developed itself, and on spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could no nothing to sup-port his strength in the least effort. He had to be wheeler about in an invalid's chair. He was weak, pale and fast sinking when his timely information cam; that veritably snatched his life from the jaws of deato. Those who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store on an invalid's chair would not recognize the man now, so great is the change that Dr. Williams' Fink Pills have wrought. When Mr. Northrop learned of the remedy that had cared Mr. Marshall in Hamilton, and the person in Lockport, he procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Bassett & L'Hommedieu, 15 Woodward avenue, and from the outset found an improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northern

Williams' Pink Pills, and they have restored him to hearth. Mr. Northrop was asked what was claimed for this wonderius remedy, and replied that he understood that the proprietors claim is to be a blood tunde, and herve restorer; supplying in a concensed form all the elements necessary to enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. is claimed by the proprietors that Pink Pills will cure paralysis, rheu-natism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, and all liseases peculiar to females, loss of appetite lizziness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, and all diseases arising from overwork, mental worry, loss of vital force, etc.

he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no donot as to

Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration to health, as all other removies and medical

treatment left him in a condition rapidly go-

ing from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him and he was pronounced incurable. He was in this

terrible condition when he began to use D.;

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I don't bave much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors and the sult of years of careful stuly and experi-ment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale. Mr. Northrop declares that he is a living ex-ample that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nerve diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were man-ufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Coufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred), at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either above addresses. The price at which there above addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment with them comparatively inexpensive as compared with other renuglies or medical treatment. This case is one of the most remarkab'e on record, and as it is one right here in Detroit, and not a thousant miles away, it can be easily verified. Mr. Northrup is very well known to the people of Detroit, and he says he is only too giad to testify of the marvelous good wrought in his case. He says he considers it his duty to help all who are similarly afflicted by any word he can say in behalf of the wonderful edicacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Paper car wheels ceased years ago to be a

LEND YOUR

The Ant as an Egg-Layer.

Some silkworms lay from 1,000 to 2,000 eggs, the wasp 3,000, the ant from 3,000 to 5,000. The number of eggs laid by the queen bee has long been in dispute. Burmeister says from 5,000 to 6,000, but Spence and kirby both go him several better, each declaring that the queen of average fertility will lay not less than 40,000 and probably as high as 50,000 in one season. The white ant is possessed of the most extraordinary egg-laying propensities of any known creature; she often produces 86,400 eggs in a single day. From the time when the white ant begins to lay until the egg-laying season is over-usually reckoned by entomologists as an exact lunar month-she produces 2,500,000 eggs. In point of fecundity the white ant exceeds all other creatures.

THE proper place for undressed kid is in the bath-tub.

A Philadelphia church is making trouble pecause its pastor's misfit set of false teeth interfere with his enunciation.

The article," A Detroit Miracle," taken from a Detroit paper, is quite interesting reading. It tells how one of the best-known merchants of that city suddenly appeared at his business with apparently a new lease of life, when it was supposed that he was a very sick man.

The mole can swim excellently and it often sinks wells for the purpose of obtaining water to drink.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

The deepest perpendicular shaft is in the Kuttenberg mine in Bohemia, 3778 teet deep

LADIES needing a tonic, or shidren who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, indigestion, Bilio sness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

The largest Masonic library building and the only Masonic library in the world are at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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