REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINES SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Astray, But Recovered."

TEXT · "All we like sheep have gone astray · * * * and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—Isaiah liii.,6. Within ninety years at the longest all who hear or read this sermon will be in eternity. During the next fifty years you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swath among the people. The year 1891 will to some be the finality. Such considerations make this occasion absorbing and momentous. The first half of my text is an indictment, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says: "Can you not drop the first word? That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man issee in the audience and he looks over one not drop the first word? That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and he says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there is an impure persons and he has gone astray. And there is an impure persons and he has gone astray."

person, and he has gone astray."

Sit down, my brother, and look at home.

My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room and comes back to the point from where it started, when it says: "All we like sheep have gone astray." I can very easily under-stand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh! my sins, my sins," and why the publi-can according to the custom to this day in can, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me a

I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of country, and I know some of the habits of sheep and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways, either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of distant streams or under great oaks on the other side. streams or under great oaks on the other side of some hill we might be better fed.

We wanted other pasturage than that which God through Jesus Christ gave our soul, and we wandered on and wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread and and we were lost. We wanted bread and we for ad garbage. The further we wanted ered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharpened rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the worldly groups when you lost your child? Did they come around and console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associations? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you, perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her

There is a happy land, far, far awar, Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left limp as a rag, business made nad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him. The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was in-different and somnolent spoiled all the occa-sion for him, and he cried. "Wake up! wake

So one little annovance has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilpervaoing to your mind than all the bril-iant congratulations and successes. Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misin-terpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his hay; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood bought and

What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle-ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destines of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can boundhim. The archangel be-fore the throne cannot outlive him. The stars fore the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow On nature's barren soil; All we can boast till Christ we know is vanity and toll.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasthe dogs. The houng gets over into the pas-ture field. The poor things fly in every di-rection. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, the bedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God, that the company of the company that honest men go down and thieves pros-per!" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. O man! that was the last time when you ought

Standing amid the foundering of your Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to belp you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way, and chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way, and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God this morning, your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry: "God have mercy?" Sinal's batteries have occu unimbered above your sou, and at times you have heard it thunder: "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon ali death by sin; and so death passed upon ali-men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor throwing a glare upon the frembling fortress, and some of you are standing in the night of your soul'strouble. The cannonade and the confagration, the multiplication of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door

shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "Him." Him of the manger. Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

"Oh," says some man, "that is not generous, that is not fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I walking down the street, both hale, hearty and well, I ask you to carry me, you say, and say rightly, "Walk on your you say, and say rightly, "Walk on your own feet." But suppose you and I were in a regiment and I was wounded in the battle and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation. you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I walking down the street, both hale, hearty and well, I ask you to carry me, you say, and say rightly, "Walk on your own feet." But suppose you and I were in a regiment and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I wou do be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would Would there be anything mean in your doing that?
Would there be anything bemeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ

If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying.
"Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are
the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt; cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the re-

way for the Son of God.

Christ comes down to see us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon His knee, and then with a dead lift He raises us to honor and to glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as weil put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Ales on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime! Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days and through all the tempests of the says." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly, and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say: "Canst Thou bear them?" "Yea," He says, "more."

Canst Thou bear them?" "Yea," He says, "more."

Says: "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly, and Jou the shoulders of the Son of God, open the door and let Him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysin, and you hear the long reverber-the down in you let Him take away your sins to-day? Or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself; I will fight my own battles; I will these days and through all the tempests of the son of God, open the door and let Him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysin, and you hear the long reverber-them are the same and looks down in your face and says: "I will fight my own battles; I will these days and through all the tempests of the son of God, and I say: "Canst Thou bear them?" "Yea," "He says, "more."

And I say: "Yea, more." And I gather up all the shoulders of the Son of God, Open the door and let Him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysin, and you hear the

ness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace.
Gossamer and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the poweep. They do not realize that just the po-sition they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men

who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gal-lery who would say: "I had brilliant sur-roundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, ''ou are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land I had really comagainst the law of the land I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—
the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true, 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'

Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself, I destroyed my home; my chiliren cowered when I entered the house; when they put up

se; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until the day I got a letter saying:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND-I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made marging them. That hope seems took here my nope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite and hasten the day when we shall be again living heavyly together. This will be applied. living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your loving wife, MARY.

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

All may come, wnoever will, This man receives poor sinners still.

"And I dropped right there where I was and I said, 'God have mercy,' and He had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim, 'On Him the Lord had laid the iniquity of us

Yonder is a woman who would say: wandered off from my father's house: I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and my soul, when one night Jesus met the and the said: 'Poor thing, go home! your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing.' And, sir, I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out; I sobbed out my sine and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said, 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all,'"

Him the iniquity of us all. There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said, "George, come with me and I will do you good." I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest and I said, "What do you mean, sirf "Well," he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come? Said I, 'I will.'

"I went to the place where I was tarrying.

"I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church, and the young man met me and we went in; and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just gave my heart to iod, and I know this morning that what you say is true; I believe it in my own experience. 'On film the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

saluting a friend.

As he did so, he was astonished to feel what was apparently a slight fall of snow upon his head, he found several unmistakable flakes of snow.

It is supposed that the freezing outer air condensed the moist warm air within the gentleman's tall hat so suddenly that a veritable snow storm of miniature proportions was produced upon his head.

are bound, pardon for all sin, and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes here this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place He spreads abroad His hands and they were nailed. You see His hands and they were nailed. You see His feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you His wounded heart. I say, "Art Thou weary?" "Yes," He says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest Thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with Thee," He says, "No one; I have trodden the winepress alone?" I say, "Why comest Thou here?" "Oh," He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And He kneels and He says: "Put on My

And He kneels and He says: "Put on My ulders all the sorrows and all the sins And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst Thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says: "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the Church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and put them on Christ's shoulders and sins and put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst Thou bear any more?" He Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell, of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God.

Christ comes down to see us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon His knee.

and looks down in your face and says: "I or do you say, "I will take coar so have come through all the lacerations of these days and through all the tempests of these nights. I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts. Put them on My shoulder; put them on My heart." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquitylof us all."

Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the bright-life in the lacerations of these days and through all the tempests of risk eternity on my own account." A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath, "Before next Saturday night on of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him, "I don't believe it. I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said, "Perhaps it will be yournext to him said, "Perhaps it will be your-self." "Oh, no," the other replied; "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

breathed his last.

To-day the Saviour calls. All may come, God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "Whosoever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever! In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated among us during a service was a man who came in and said, "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said, "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we kneit. He said: "I have found Him, There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel Him

There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel Him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said, "My op-portunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, not now; the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting during the week repeal out of the

great auk now in this country," says an oologist, "and they are valued at \$500 each. It seems odd to think of a bird becoming extinct, but no one has seen a Labrador duck, either, since 1856. There are but five mounted specimens in existence, and none of the eggs are in existence. Kirtland's warbler is another bird that is rare. Until recently but seven had ever been captured, and these all were found in a region near Cleveland, Ohio, less than a mile square. Specimens were worth \$100 apiece. But a little while ago a naturalist who chanced to visit the Bahama Islands came upon a colony of the birds, and knowing what a mine he had struck, shot about twenty and took them to this country. When he began to unload, the story came out and the market sagged, so that now you can get a Kirtland for \$5 or \$6. The Connecticut warbler is another bird of interest to oologists, because no one has yet seen its eggs. It passes upon the Mississippi River in the early spring and probably mates far in the interior of British North America, and goes south in the fall by the way of the Atlantic seaboard. If any one can find the nest of this little fellow with four eggs in it, it will be \$200 in his pocket."-Times-Democrat.

The Tonic Effect of Bathing.

The tonic effect of bathing is caused by the contraction of the surface blood ressels, which drives the blood back to the larger blood vessels and the heart. These react and send the blood rushing back to the skin, causing the glow which follows the bath or ought to follow it, the free respiration and the vigorous feeling of the muscular system. The bath should always be followed by friction with the hand, a brush or a towel. The frequency with which it should be taken depends entirely on circumstances. It should be often enough to keep the pores open and the skin clean; for the skin does one-third of the breathing, and if it is clogged the lungs must do the work and they will be overburdened. As a rule the more rapidly a bath is taken the better will be its effect. - Brooklyn Citi-

Home-Made Snow in His Hat.

La Nature, a French journal, relates that a gentleman who was walking rapidly along the street on a cold, fair day, and had, by violent exercise, brought himself into a condition of profuse perspiration, took off his tall hat in saluting a friend.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Jet is used on everything. Perfumed gloves are a novelty. Epaulets are lower and squarer. Jet is the very height of fashion. New challies are in cheviot finish. The fashionable skirt gets tighter. The corselets and girdles are laced. Taffeta silk grows rapidly in favor. The straight braided belt is pretty. White gloves are worn in the street. Cornflower blue is favored by fashion. Milanese jewelry has again found

There are bracelets with diamond bow-

Thumb-rings are the latest fancy of Tea color is the favorite tint for fash-

ionable laces. Black and gold is a favorite combina-

tion for small bonnets. A bird's wing of diamonds affords an effective hair ornament.

Blonde hair is improved by being crimped a little in the back. Black melton is considered the best

and finest material for riding habits. Miss Charlotte M. Younge, in her sixty-seventh year, is writing her 101st

The summer bell skirt is wider and fuller than the original model of the early

The tendency is again for gold linings in silver cups, bowls, cream jugs, and

The Empress of Japan excels in playing the "koto," a Japanese instrument like a zither.

The Queen of Italy does the most difficult pieces of Italian and German composers on the piano. Lady Macdonald enjoys the reputation

of being the most accomplised conversasionalist in Canada. There is a startling rumor abroad to

the effect that befurbelowed white petticoats are coming in again. Heavy cords 'and milliners' folds are

used by French and English designers on plain skirts of silk or satin. The gifted Queen of Roumania is cel-

ebrated among her subjects for her fine playing on the harp and piano. Of belts there is an unlimited variety. Leather belts, Russia, crocodile skin,

and Suede, are in many designs. The latest freak of fashion puts revers and sleeves of shaded feathers on the

light cloth jackets for outdoor wear.

The new fashionable envelope is not only long and narrow, but very long and very narrow, not at all pretty, though it is stylish. A unique finger ring is a solid dia-

mond heart, surmounted by a diamond crown. This double design also figures as a brooch. Paris milliners sell half a dozen veils with each hat. The newest fashion is that of the tiny embroidered rosebud on

a black ground. Emma Abbott's cremation dress was a \$5000 one, and the veil which covered that globules of gold were found in her

ashes. Steel tape measures that coil up inside a circular shaped silver case, and are marked by a thumb slide, are numbered with elegant little conveniences enjoyed

by both sexes. Catherine Weed Barnes, a niece of Thurlow Weed, resides at Albany, N. Y., and is recognized as the leading woman amateur in this country in the art of photography. *

American women are getting to have a mingled look of English and French women-the superb indifference of their English sisters and the exquisite trimness of the French.

Mrs. W. C. Whitney and Mrs. Levi P. Morton have laces worth from \$50,000 to \$70,000. The Belmout laces are almost priceless. Mrs. Marshall Roberts and Mrs. Bradley Martin have exquisitely fine, choice and rare laces.

The eccentric Wall street operator, Mrs. Hetty Green, who is popularly reputed to be worth something like \$40,-000,000, has a daughter now about eighteen years old. There is also a son, to whom, Mrs. Green declares, she will leave the bulk of her fortune. .

London now has a number of women of aristocratic lineage who are in trade as milliners or dressmakers. The pioneer of them all is Lady Granville Gordon, who six years ago opened a little shop in Park street. Her capital at the start was only \$750, but she has been remarkably successful.

So the doctors are rebelling against skirts that drag. They say that women and children are bringing all sorts of diseases into the house via the pestilential train. One family physician recommends that the dresses be thoroughly brushed and disinfected after each wearing.

Miss Emily Dickenson, whose poems have been published only since her death, is said to have left 800 manuscripts of complete poems and fragments of nearly as many more. Her shyness amounted almost to a mania, and her late years were spent entirely in her own home, but she loved children and had a habit of lowering gifts to them from her win-

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nd particular at meals, after taking Hood's Saras-rilla a few days, find themselves longing for and ling the platnest food with unexpected reliah and

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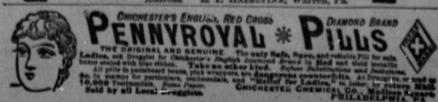
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Two servants in two neighboring houses dwelt, But differently their daily labor felt; Jaded and weary of her life was one, Always at work, and yet 'twas never done. The other walked out nightly with her beau, But then she cleaned house with SAPOLIO.







"WHY, ARE YOU SICK?" "I know precisely how you feel; it is that nervous, irritable feeling, your back troubles you, and when you try to read a little, your head aches. Isn't that so? I knew it. Oh, bother the doctor! Get a bottle of Vegetable Compound, and take it faithfully, as I have done. I've been through this thing myself, but am never troubled now. Do as I tell you, dear."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Compound has stood the test of many years, and is to day the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for those peculiar weaknesses and aiments of women, all organic diseases of the Uterus or Womb, and Ovarian Troubles, etc. Every druggist sells it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pilis or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. Br. Finkham's book, "Guide to Moulth and Riignotte," beautifully illustrated, sent on receipt of two 2c. stamps,

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

'August Flower'

What is petually on your little boy's lips. And he is It For? no worse than the big-

ger, older, balder-head-Life is an interrogation ed boys. point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is August Flower for ?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along-it cures Dyspepsia. G. G. corns Sole Man'fr. Woodbury, N.J.

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First reward, \$1,500 in gold; 2nd, \$1,000, 3rd, \$500; 4th, \$750 Grand Planos, 5th, \$500 Organ, 5th, 8300 Team of Propies and Carriage: 7th, \$150 Gent's Gold Watch; 8th, \$100 Ladies' Gold Watch; 30 prices \$22 each, China Tea Set, 50 Hunting Case Silver Watches, 140 Boy's Silver

Ladies' Gold Warch; 30 prices \$25 each, China Tea Set, \$50 Hunting Case Silver Watches, 130 Boy's Silver Watches (ail fully warranted), 25 prizes \$10 each, 190 prizes \$2 each, and 200 at \$1 each, making a total of 569 spiendid rewards, ranging from \$1 up to \$1,560. All prizes delivered free in U. S. and Canada.

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