

## EPILOGUE.

The past history of Canada is already recorded in many places in her monuments and the homes of her dead; but there is a fair city towards the sun-setting where the prophecy of her future may be read by those who have eyes and hearts. Paul and Grace Thorold believe they have so read it; in the sculptured stone above the flower-wreathed graves of those who laid down their lives at her call is the assurance that lasting as marble shall be the unity they died to save; in the weed-grown resting-place, by which the utmost that the heart can do is to pity and endeavour to forgive, lies the shadowing forth of their success, who, like him who lies below, are troublers of their country's peace.

Annie Rothwell, in *The Week*.

## A WOODVILLE MIRACLE.

## THE REMARKABLE CASE OF LITTLE GEORGIE VEALE.

After Three Years of Illness His Friends De-paired of His Recovery—Restoration Came When Hope Had Almost Fled—The Little Fellow is Now as Lively as a Cricket—A Story That Will Bring Hope to Other Parents.

Woodville Independent.

The Independent has published from time to time the particulars of some very remarkable cures following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These cases have been so fully verified as to leave no doubt that this now universally favorite remedy is one of the greatest medical achievements of an age that has been remarkable for the wonderful discoveries of science. Possibly some of our readers may have thought that the virtues of this medicine have been exaggerated, but there are many among them who can testify to its virtues, and now the Independent is able to give the particulars of a cure occurring in our village quite as remarkable as any that has hitherto been published, and which may be so easily verified by any of our readers that skepticism must be silent. We had heard that little Georgie Veale had been cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as all our people know, that little boy had been ill for a long time, and his recovery was thought to be hopeless. The report of his cure, therefore, created so much astonishment that we resolved to ascertain the facts, and accordingly we called upon Mr. Veale to get the particulars. Mr. George Veale has been a resident of this village for years, is a waggon-maker by trade, and is well known to all our citizens, as well as to most of the people of the surrounding country. He has a family of young children, who unfortunately lost their mother some six years ago. One of these children, named Georgie, is about seven years of age, and some three years ago was taken ill, and since has been practically helpless, and as a result, much sympathy was felt for the family, owing to the child being motherless. The case of the little fellow was considered hopeless and no one ever expected to see him able to rise from his bed again. On asking Mr. Veale about the report we had heard of the boy's recovery, he said it was quite true, and expressed his willingness to give us the particulars, declaring that he had no hesitation in saying that it was owing to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that the lad was now better. He said that some two and a half years ago little Georgie was taken ill with inflammation of the bowels, and received good medical treatment. After being ill for some time, the trouble seemed to take a new form, and settled in his bones, which became diseased. During the summer he got a little better, but when winter set in he was taken down, and the disease became worse. Swelling arose over the body, and several small pieces of bone came out. He could take but very little sustenance, and for seven months could not stand on his feet. He had to remain in bed or be carried about in his sister's arms. All the medicine he got did him no good, and his case was given up as hopeless, and it was thought that he would not long survive. Mr. Veale had read of the wonderful cures effected by the use of Pink Pills, and decided that all things else having failed, he would try what they would do for his boy. Accordingly he purchased some at Fead's drug store, and began giving them to his son. After about two weeks he found that there was an improvement in his condition, which warranted the further use of the Pink Pills, and accordingly he procured another supply. "And now," said his father, "the little fellow is running about as lively and as mischievous as ever." "There is no doubt about the matter," said Mr. Veale, "Pink Pills cured my boy when all other remedies failed, and I am glad to give this information so that it may be of benefit to others."

We called upon Mr. Fead, the druggist, and asked him his opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that the demand for them was so great as to be astonishing,

and that those who once use them, buy again, thus proving their value. Mr. Fead said he sold more Pink Pills than any other remedy, and the demand is still increasing, and he thought no better evidence could be given of their value as a medicine than this.

The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men, they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood, becoming "built up" and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminate disease from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark, and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medical Company, from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold, makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A child more than any other gift brings with it hope.—Wordsworth.

When a king is received into a city, the keys of the gate are delivered unto him, so a heart that has received Christ, no thoughts come in or go out without His special warrant.—Colville.

## How Long

will it take for a \$50 share to be worth \$500?

We guess three years; and this is how we reason.

We shall have land to sell for 100 times its cost as soon as water is on it. That runs free, except the canal has got to be paid for and managed. The water sells by the acre, just like land; and brings, besides, an annual revenue.

These items amount to too much to talk about. They are in the future, however, now. If that future is present in 2 or 3 years, \$500 a share is cheap. When the shares pay \$50 a year, they are worth perhaps \$1,000. We guess ten years for that.

Let us send you prospectus.

THE COLORADO RIVER IRRIGATION CO.  
66 Broad Street, New York, and  
CANADA LIFE BUILDING,  
Toronto.

## Missionary World.

## DOES SHE CARRY A THOUGHT?

I know a lady in this land  
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand;  
But in her heart does she carry a thought  
Of her Chinese sister, who carefully wrought

The dainty, delicate, silken toy,  
For her to admire, and for her to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlour floor  
A lovely rug from Syrian shore.  
Its figures were woven with curious art.  
I wish that my lady had in her heart  
One thought of love for those foreign homes

Where the light of the Gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draft  
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft.  
She takes the comfort its presence gives,  
But in her heart not one thought lives—  
Not even one little thought, ah, me!  
For the comfortless homes that lie over  
the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed;  
The fabric soft was in India made.  
Will she think of the country whence it came?

Will she make an offering in His name  
To send the perfect heavenly dress,  
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,  
To those who are poor, and sad, and  
forlorn,  
To those who know not that Christ is  
born?

—Woman's Work for Woman.

## AN INTERVIEW WITH LI-HUNG-CHANG.

Most of our time in Tien-tsin was spent in paying hasty visits to those friends by whom we were so kindly entertained during our longer stay in November last. When we were in Tien-tsin before, it was suggested that it would be as well if we should have an interview with Li-Hung-Chang, the Viceroy of Chih-li and the Grand Secretary of the Empire—by far the most important and influential man in China, after the Emperor. He may be fairly spoken of as the Prime Minister of China.

The Yamen, that is, the official residence of the viceroy, is an immense establishment, consisting of many courtyards, surrounded with buildings that are used as offices and dwellings, forming altogether quite a little town.

The inner room (the viceroy's private room) was furnished throughout in foreign style—the floor covered with a Brussels carpet; there was one gas pendant with two lights, and several European lamps; oil paintings hung on the walls, of no great value. Li-Hung-Chang sat in an easy-chair at the head of the table, and we sat close to him on either side. Soon after we were seated, tea was again served, and cigarettes for them that liked to smoke. His Excellency took one, but soon had his water-pipe brought in, his servant holding it by his side, and he taking an occasional puff. He kept plying us with questions as to our mission, our missionaries, ourselves, why we had come out, what we had seen, where we had been, and what were our general impressions of the country, the people, and the work which we had come out to inspect. The questions were those of a shrewd, clever man, accustomed to deal with men and things.

He seems to have some difficulty in understanding how large numbers of people should band themselves together and subscribe what seems, even to a rich Chinaman, an immense sum of money, to send out missionaries. . . . We told him that it was the wish of our society to avoid all occasion of friction among themselves (missionaries) and the Chinese authorities, and that we believed that the attitude of our missionaries was conciliatory; we felt sure that good Christians would be good subjects. He then told us that he had received a deputation some time before presenting two numerous signed petitions against the opium traffic, and he asked us if those petitions had originated in any way with our society. We said that the petitions had not originated with us, but that the friends and supporters of our society were strongly opposed to the use of opium, and were anxious to do all that could be done to lessen its use. He said, "You have been in Shansi, where opium is very largely

consumed; what do you think of the effects of it, so far as you have observed them?" We replied that it was impossible for any one to visit the Province, even for so short a time as we did, without feeling that opium was a great curse, and that we had constantly met with those who were evidently its victims; and, so far as we had conversed with the people, those who took opium admitted it to be an evil, though their will-power was so enfeebled by its use that they felt themselves to be powerless to shake off the habit.

He asked us what was the attitude of our missionaries in respect to its use. We said it was one of absolute and uncompromising opposition, and that no opium-smoker was allowed to be a member of our churches. He then asked if our missionaries had been really successful in saving any from this habit. We told him they had, and that, from all that we could hear, nothing but the gospel was potent enough to deal with this evil. Then he asked how we knew that those church-members who professed to have abandoned the habit did not secretly indulge in it. We replied that the habit was such that it could scarcely be kept a secret, and that, where any lapse became known, the offender was subjected to the discipline of the church.

The conversation then turned upon the conduct of the British Government in reference to the opium trade, and especially their conduct in forcing opium upon the Chinese. We freely admitted that we regarded the conduct of England in this matter as indefensible, and assured him that an ever-increasing number of people at home looked back upon it with feelings of shame and regret. The viceroy said that he was glad to hear that we took so just a view of the question, and somewhat satirically added that, as we were sending out missionaries to convert the Chinese, we might try to convert our own government. We told him that public opinion was being educated on this question, and that we quite hoped to convert the government. He laughed, and said he supposed that there was the money difficulty in the way, and that it was always hard to convince a government of the propriety of relinquishing a certain source of income, however questionable its moral character might be. We were then asked our opinion as to the medical missions. We told him that we had been greatly pleased by what we had seen of their work, and that, viewed in relation to our evangelistic enterprise, it had rendered valuable service in lessening prejudice, and that anti-foreign feeling which was so formidable an obstacle to the spread of the Gospel.

The viceroy seemed pleased when I told him that I had read the preface which he had written for Dr. Hunter's translation of the "British Pharmacopoeia," upon which he said that he valued very highly the labours of medical missionaries, but wanted to know if we could secure the services of first-class medical men at the salaries we paid. We replied that they were missionaries as well as medical men, and that they came out, not to make money, but to render service to a cause to which they were prepared to sacrifice the prospects and possibilities of money-making. The viceroy then said: "We are Confucianists,—that is good for us; you are Christians,—that is good for you. We Confucianists think that we are able to look after our own souls, but we cannot so well look after our own bodies. Our native doctors do not know much about our bodies, but your foreign doctors know a great deal, and I hope that you will send out a great many more medical missionaries." We said that we quite hoped to send out more medical missionaries, but that they would feel it was their work to heal the souls of men as well as their bodies.—From "A Winter in North China," by the Rev. T. M. Morris.

Only to think of it!—the Hunan Province, south of the Yangtse, contains probably 16,000,000 of people. It is the largest solid mass of heathenism in the world, and yet it is without one resident Protestant missionary. Better send one.