

The hope is expressed that as England has taken possession of the Gilbert Islands, this inveigling of men into peril and practical slavery may be stopped in that quarter, but as British sentiment has not been strongly enough against it in Australia and Fiji to stop the business at that end of the line, it is well not to be over confident about her course in the Gilbert group. An international compact is being sought to stop this whole nefarious business, and to bring these South Sea Islanders under the same protection from Christian—God save the mark—rum and firearms. Heaven speed the effort. Let the United States Government not take the back place in this humanitarianism, which for somewhat plausible reasons she did in the Brussels Treaty for the Congo. Let our people make the Government know that the humanitarianism of this country demands prompt action in the premises. The Pan Presbyterian Council at Toronto wisely appointed a deputation to go to Washington to urge action of the Government in this matter, and also to restrain the traffic in firearms and liquors with Western Pacific natives.

It is twenty years since Dr. Mackay, missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, began to labour in North Formosa. The result is in that part of the island at this day 2,605 baptized Christians, fifty native preachers, two ordained pastors, and many other workers.

From Tahiti and adjacent islands a band of not less than 160 evangelists have gone forth, carrying the message of salvation to other benighted tribes, and yet less than a century ago the ancestors of these evangelists were living in the grossest darkness and superstition.

It is estimated that the Presbyterian churches of the world have 4,093,000 members, of whom 1,709,000 are found in North America, 1,436,000 in Great Britain, and 753,000 on the Continent; and, therefore, the Presbyterian population, or adherents, cannot be much less than 20,000,000.

The North African Mission has opened work in Lower Egypt by sending there recently five missionaries, two of whom are males. In this part of the land there is a population of 4,500,000, mostly Mohammedans, and almost wholly without the Gospel. There are about forty towns with from 7,000 to 40,000 inhabitants, and five hundred towns with from 2,000 to 7,000 inhabitants.

There are said to be 3,000 spoken languages. The Bible has been translated into about 200 of them, but is accessible to fully two-thirds of the human race. The Mandarin Chinese affords communication to 200,000,000 souls: the English to 120,000,000; the Hindustani to 82,000,000; the German to 54,000,000; the Arabic to 50,000,000. The English-speaking people have translated most of the versions that now exist.

### A MONO MILLS MIRACLE.

A TALE THAT READS LIKE A NOVEL.

THE STORY OF GEORGE HEWITT—HELPLESS FOR THIRTY YEARS—AT LAST FINDS RELIEF IN A SIMPLE WAY—THE STORY CORROBORATED BY RELIABLE WITNESSES.

Orangeville Post.

For several months, the *Post*, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago the *Post* despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked if he knew a man named Hewitt, in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quill-driver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was not too busy, however, to spare time to tell the *Post* all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson

was not at home, and the *Post* at once suspected that a gentleman between fifty and sixty years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other than the famous George Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative.

#### MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty-eight years ago I came to Canada and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this I would rest my arms. Not only was all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why, you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain, was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigour and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed, utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in the *Post* and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, that case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular and kind-hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced using with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up, I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than I am now I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. "Oh, I tell you, sir," said the grateful man with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

#### THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mrs. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt, and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Mr. Hewitt's lavish expressions of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this village of Mono Mills mightily closely bordering on the miraculous all the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and anyone that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Mr. Hewitt's condition. It was I first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of the *Post* conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Every one in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know all about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On the *Post's* return to Orangeville Mr. Richard Allan, ex warden of Dufferin County, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had read all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astonishing." The *Post* was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively known in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprised to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us, that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore 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 excess of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper, at fifty cents a box, or six bottles for \$2.50. 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 is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

#### A GRAND SCHOOL.

The Canadian Business College, of Hamilton, presents the best advantages for acquiring practical knowledge that this country affords. It has been established for thirty years and has to-day over a thousand graduates in business life. Those desiring particulars should send for the catalogue, to R. E. Gallagher, Principal, Hamilton, Ont.

WE would call your attention in another column to the well known clothing house, Oak Hall, King street east, opposite St. James Cathedral, which is the largest Clothing House in the city, and forms one of the many Stores of the Largest Clothing Corporation in the Dominion. Those desiring to purchase supplies for the winter should not fail to see them before placing orders.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.  
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THAT sting on my finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

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