

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.

The Earl of Roseberry's Address—"Pegging out Claims for the Future."—Remember Our Colonies were taken "at Prairie value." "We have made them what they are."

On 1st March, last, the members of this Institute met at the Whitehall Rooms, Metropole, London, to celebrate by a banquet the 25th anniversary of the institution. The distinguished statesmen and citizens from all parts of the Empire who were present, and others not present but who wrote sympathetically regretting their absence, makes it more than an ordinary event and of more than usual interest.

The aims of the Institution are set forth as follows:—

"To provide a place of meeting for all gentlemen connected with the Colonies and British India, and others taking an interest in Colonial and Indian affairs; to establish a Reading Room and Library, in which recent and authentic intelligence upon Colonial and Indian subjects may be constantly available, and a Museum for the collection and exhibition of Colonial and Indian productions; to facilitate interchange of experiences amongst persons representing all the Dependencies of Great Britain; to afford opportunities for the reading of papers, and for holding discussions on Colonial and Indian subjects generally; and to undertake scientific, literary, and statistical investigations in connection with the British Empire. But no paper shall be read, or any discussion be permitted to take place, tending to give to the Institute a party character."

The good work done by the Institute is constantly evidenced by the numerous invaluable papers that are being read from month to month, dealing with every phase of the material interests and political welfare of all citizens throughout the Empire. Apart, too, from the value of these papers, the discussion following the reading thereof, by citizens whose knowledge of the Empire is the outcome of local residence in the portion chiefly concerned, or the result of wide travel, study and research, gives such interchange of thought a value only secondary to the paper itself—the good effects of which are seen at home and in the colonies every day by the increasing intelligence displayed in the handling of all great public questions affecting the political relationships of the colonies to the Motherland.

The Earl of Roseberry, in the absence of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, occupied the chair, who, in reply to the toast of "Prosperity to the Royal Colonial Institute," succeeded very happily in saying what should be said, and said it very nicely too. Referring to the duties of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs—the office occupied by himself—he pointed out an increasingly important fact that the British Governments troubles with foreign nations are so largely issues that in no direct way affects the taxpayers of the British Islands, but the citizens of the different colonies and dependencies. In apologizing, therefore, for the Ministers for the Colonies, he said:—

But I am not at all sure that if the Secretary for the Colonies cannot be here for an occasion of this kind, his proper representative is not the occupant of the office out which I hold. When I open the numerous boxes which it is my fate to receive in the course of the day and night, I sometimes wonder whether I am Secretary for Foreign Affairs or Secretary for the Colonies. The functions of those two offices have become so inseparably intertwined that it is not very easy for the Foreign Secretary of this country to discriminate exactly between functions that belong to his office and functions that belong to the kindred position which has been lately filled by my distinguished friend on my left (Lord Knutsford). I will give one instance. I have twenty questions of delimitation of frontier in progress at this moment: no less than ten of these are in Africa itself; and you may well imagine the perplexed condition of a Minister when he has half-a-dozen boxes sent to him containing maps and documents dealing with these questions, the documents being generally full of unintelligible expressions relating to unknown localities. When the proper charts are submitted it almost invariably happens

that the localities are not to be found. These are some of the privileges of a Colonial Empire, and these are some of the things which it is the duty of the Secretary to deal with when they have been forwarded to him from the Colonial Office.

In reference to the question of Imperial Federation he said he believed it would find its solution through conferences between representatives from all parts of the Empire, and in conclusion made the following thoroughly common-sense remarks:—

We have indeed a development of interest on all the subjects outside this island that concern the Empire, an interest which this Institute has done so much to foster. Since 1868 the Empire has been growing by leaps and bounds. That is, perhaps, not a process which everybody witnesses with unmixed satisfaction. It is not always viewed with unmixed satisfaction in circles outside these Islands. There are two schools who view with some apprehension the growth of our Empire. The first is composed of those nations who, coming somewhat late into the field, find that Great Britain has some of the best plots already marked out. To those nations I will say that they must remember that our colonies were taken—to use a well-known expression—at prairie value, and that we have made them what they are. Beginning with our oldest Colony, as I think it is, Newfoundland, which has been a heritage not altogether unmixed with complication, and coming down to the present time, we have found that the building up of the British Empire has been the result of constant effort pursued through centuries when other nations had enough to do to attend to their internal affairs. We may claim that whatever lands other nations have taken and rejected, and we have cultivated and improved, are fairly parts of our Empire, which we may claim to possess by an indisputable title. But there is another ground on which the extension of our Empire is greatly attacked, and the attack comes from a quarter nearer home. It is said that our Empire is already large enough, and does not need extension. That would be true enough if the world were elastic, but unfortunately, it is not elastic, and we are engaged at the present moment, in the language of mining, in "pegging out claims for the future." We have to consider, not what we want now, but what we shall want in the future.

We have to consider what countries must be developed either by ourselves or some other nation, and we have to remember that it is part of our responsibility and heritage to take care that the world, as far as it can be moulded by us, shall receive an English-speaking complexion, and not that of another nation. I think that we, as we struggle in our parties about questions which are relatively small, should remember that the task of the statesman is not merely with the present but with the future, and that the energies of politicians should not be exhausted by the mere third readings of various Bills. We have to look forward beyond the chatter of platforms and the passions of party to the future of the race of which we are at present the trustees, and we should, in my opinion, grossly fail in the task that has been laid upon us did we shrink from responsibilities and decline to take our share in a partition of the world which we have not forced upon us, but which has been forced upon us. In the moulding of such sentiments as these you of the Colonial Institute have had a prominent part, and there is not one here present, be he a pioneer settler, or one who has come later into the field, who will not drink with cordiality the toast which I now propose—"Prosperity to the Royal Colonial Institute."

A NORWOOD MIRACLE.

HEALTH REGAINED AFTER SEVEN DOCTORS HAD FAILED.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. John Slater Knox—Two Hours Sleep all the Benefit Derived From Six Weeks Medical Treatment—Rescue From Suffering Came After the Doctors Had Pronounced His Case Hopeless.

The readers of The Register will remember having read in this paper during the early part of last year of the very serious illness of Mr. John Slater Knox, who lives on lot 20, in the 3rd concession of Asphodel township. They will remember how in January, 1892, Mr. Knox was stricken down with la grippe, how from a man of about 185 pounds he fell away in flesh in a few short weeks until he was a mere skeleton of his former self, weighing only 120

pounds; how he was racked with the most excruciating pain; how he longed for death to relieve him of his suffering; how he consulted doctors near and far, and how they failed to successfully diagnose his case. In fact, they confessed their ignorance of his malady and said he could not recover. But so much for the profession. Mr. Knox is alive to-day. He has recovered his wanted vigor and weighs 180 pounds, and his many friends in Norwood look upon him in wonder. Of course Mr. Knox is questioned on every hand about his recovery, as to what magic influence he owes his increase in flesh, and his answer to each interrogator is "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it," and he is never too busy to extol the merits of his now world famous remedy. This is what he said to a reporter of the Norwood Register the other day when asked about his illness and his wonderful cure:—"I will tell you all about it. In January, 1892, I had la grippe, which was prevalent at that time. It settled into pains in the calves of my legs. I was drawing lumber at the time and thought it was caused by sitting on the load and allowing my legs to hang down. I consulted a doctor in the matter, who told me it was rheumatism. He treated me; but did me no good and I kept getting worse daily. Altogether I had seven doctors in attendance but none of them seemed to know what my ailment was. Some said it was rheumatism others that my nerves were diseased, one said locomotor ataxia, and another inflammation of the spinal cord, another inflammation of the outer lining of the spinal cord, and still another said neuralgia of the nerves. I did not sleep for six weeks and no drug administered by the medical men could deaden the pain or make me slumber. I will just say this: at the end of that time some narcotic administered made me doze for a couple of hours, and that was all the relief I received from the disciples of Esculapius. They said that I could not recover, and really I had given up hope myself. My pain was so intense I wanted to die to be relieved of my suffering. From a weight of 184 pounds I had dropped to 120. I was a skeleton compared with my former self. I had often read in the Register of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but did not think of taking the remedy. About this time my father purchased some from Dr. Moffatt, druggist, Norwood, and bringing them to me requested me to take them. They remained in the house perhaps a couple of weeks before I commenced taking them, and then I must confess I had not much faith in their efficacy. Before I had finished taking the first box I felt a little better, and when I had taken two boxes I was convinced that the Pink Pills were doing me good; in fact that they were doing for me what seven doctors had failed to do—they were effecting a cure. I felt so much better after having taken three boxes of Pink Pills that I ceased taking them, but I had not fully recovered and had to resume, and I then continued taking them until now I am as hale a man as you will meet in a day's travel. I am positive that this happy result has been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I recommend them to my neighbors and my friends as I am thoroughly convinced of their great curative properties. There is a case a short distance from my place of a man, who has been a cripple for some time, recovering after taking eight boxes of Pink Pills. In December last I could only manage to lift a bag of oats, now I can toss a bag of peas unto a load with ease. Isn't that gaining strength? At one period since I began taking Pink Pills I gained thirty pounds in six weeks. To-day I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I have been skidding logs in the bush all winter and can do a day's work with any of them. I believe it my duty to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills whenever I can."

"I hear you are making preparations to build a house, Mr. Knox," said the reporter.

"Yes," replied Mr. Knox laughingly. "I am about building a house and barn which I think will demonstrate that I am trying to enjoy my renewed lease of life." Calling on Dr. Moffatt, druggist, The Register reporter asked him if he knew of Mr. Knox's case, and that that gentleman ascribed his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "I have been talking to Mr. Knox and his is certainly a most remarkable cure. But speaking of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reminds me of the wonderful sale they are having in and about Norwood. I buy a hundred dollars worth at a time and my orders are not few. I sell more Pink Pills than any other medicine and always hear good reports of them," Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous head ache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom, the after effects of lagrippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., Pink Pills gives a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes 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 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, no matter what name may be given them. 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 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 the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Largest gold nuggets found in British Columbia:—

1864, Lightning Creek, Cariboo, value \$500; 1875, Dease Creek, Cassiar, \$800; 1877, McDames Creek, Cassiar, \$1,300; 1878, Defoe Creek, Cassiar, \$412.50.

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Yours faithfully,

H. F. ATWELL.

The Travellers' Safe-Guard.

AMACADUS FORD, N.S., Jan. 27, '90.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that I deal in Patent Medicines, including various kinds of Pills. I sell more of the Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills than of all the others combined. Their sales I find are still increasing.

Yours, &c.,

M. R. MCINNIS.
A valuable Article sells well.
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W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that I deal in Patent Medicines, including various kinds of Pills. I sell more of the Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills than of all the others combined. Their sales I find are still increasing.

Yours, &c.,

N. L. NICHOLSON.