

THE PRESENT POSITION OF ISLAM.

In the December number of the *Allgemeine Mission-Zeitschrift* appears an article on the above subject from the pen of the able Director of the Rhenish Mission House at Barmen, the Rev. Dr. Schreiber. After referring to the thrusting back of the great Mohammedan invasions in past times, and to the diminution in our day of the Sultan's power Dr. Schreiber proceeds to show how peculiar is the position which Islam at present occupies. Of the total number of Mohammedans, generally reckoned at one hundred and seventy-five millions, one hundred million are subject to Christian powers, fifty millions in India, and twenty-five million in the Dutch East Indian colonies, and the rest subject to Russia, France (Algiers), and England (Egypt), and that soon the remaining seventy-five millions will also probably come within the province of Christian rulers. Islam's political downfall is all but a *fait accompli*. He then draws a contrast between the Papacy and Mohammedanism. It is an article of faith with Catholics that Rome must possess temporal power. As a matter of fact, it never prospered more than since it lost it. It is otherwise with Islam, as it is nothing if it has not political power. Indeed the growing feeling in the Mohammedan world that its power is declining is the cause of the reaction, symptoms of which have been numerous in our time, both in India, Egypt and elsewhere. Growing hatred towards the Dutch Government is shown in Sumatra, Java, etc. Many smaller or greater attempts at revolt in those islands have been made. Secret societies have been formed, and the speedy downfall of Dutch rule there is prophesied. Moreover, within a recent period, Mohammedan schools have been opened, and have gathered in more than 350,000 scholars. In Turkey new mosques are being built, schools opened, young men's associations formed, and prayer-meetings established; and, at the same time, every artifice is being used to limit and destroy the grand work of the American societies.

All these facts lead to the question: "Will there be a revival of Islam?" Dr. Schreiber thinks not. In Western China, Islam seems to have gone back rather than forward, notwithstanding some reports to the contrary. In India its increase does not exceed that of the ordinary increase of the Mohammedan population. In the Dutch possessions there is at the present moment—the Government no longer extends to Islam the favour it once did—rather a decrease than increase. Some of the Mohammedans are relapsing into heathenism, and others are accepting Christ. In Africa there has been an extension among the negro races, by means of the sword rather than of persuasion; but should the various European powers now dividing the Dark Continent between them succeed in putting down the iniquitous slave trade carried on by the Arabs, the power of Islam will be vastly diminished in those regions. Much has been said about the preachers of Islam who are being sent forth from Cairo, but, as they only carry the Koran in Arabic with them, they can only appeal to the peoples speaking that language. Little, therefore, is likely to come of that movement.

Meanwhile, Christianity is making its way among Mohammedans. The Church Missionary Society reports having 1,000 converts from Islam. The Rhenish Missionary Society has double that number in Sumatra and Borneo, while in Java there are 12,000 Christians, the vast majority of whom were formerly Mohammedans. Dr. Schreiber thinks, therefore, that in the presence of such figures, and with a more determined effort to extend this branch of mission work, it will prove to be as fruitful, and perhaps more so, than that among the heathen.

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A SARATOGA COUNTY MIRACLE.

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THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF CHAS. QUANT, AS INFERRED BY AN ALBANY (N.Y.) JOURNAL REPORTER. A STORY OF SURPASSING INTEREST.

Albany, N.Y., Journal, March 7th.

SARATOGA, March 4th.—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga county of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Morristown, N.Y., and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the *Evening Journal* reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbours, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumour. And so he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story and interviewing his neighbours and fellow townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of about 400 people, delightfully located near the centre of the town of Galway, in Saratoga county, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon enquiry, the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him, and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway, and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was opened by a man who, in reply to an enquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said, "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the *Journal* reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while travelling on business, and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick, and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds, and was very strong. For twelve years I was a travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly, and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs, and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads, and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the *Journal* reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely, and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists, and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth Street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless, that he could do nothing for me, and that she had better take me back home and save my money.

But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill, and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down, and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible. My legs felt as though they were freezing, and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put seventeen big burns on my back one day with red-hot irons, and after a few days they put fourteen more burns on, and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better, lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and was paid the \$1,000 total disability claim allowed by the Order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some fifteen boxes was fully restored to health.

"I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad, I felt warmer, my head felt better, my food began to relish and agree with me, I could straiten up, the feeling began to come back into my limbs, I began to be able to get about on crutches, my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of only \$4—see—I can, with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone, I have gained ten pounds, I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other citizens of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Saxton, a sufferer from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured. Mr. Quant had also tried Faith cure, with experts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S.C., but with no beneficial results.

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian church, Prof. James E. Kelly, principal of the academy, John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer. Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease.

The remarkable result from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Quant induced the reporter to make further enquiries concerning them, and he ascertained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer, and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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 or sallow cheeks. In the case of men, they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work, or excesses of whatever nature.

On further enquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

'TIS EASY,

And I can tell you how to get rid of heartburn, belching and misery. After eating or smoking the nasty burning and flow followed. I was induced to try St. Leon Water, and found it a certain cure. I now can use any food I desire with accompanying pleasure, also tobacco. No burning, belching or any ill-feeling, but the best of rugged health.—Charles Osterleg, Coldwater.