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An Illinois Miracle.

A CASE OF DEEP INTEREST TO ALL WOMEN.

SAVED THROUGH A CASUAL GLANCE AT A NEWSPAPER—WEAK, PALE AND IN A DEPLORABLE CONDITION WHEN RELIEF CAME—ANOTHER REMARKABLE TRIUMPH FOR THE GREAT CANADIAN REMEDY.

Dubuque Times.

Among the peculiar conditions with which the people of the present age are endowed, is a remarkable capacity for doubting. A full belief only comes after a careful investigation, and after positive proofs have been presented. Current report said there had been a remarkable cure in the case of a lady of Savanna, Ill., but as current report is not always accurate, and as the story told was one possessing deep interest for the public, The Times determined upon a thorough investigation into the matter. The result of this investigation proved that not only was the story true, but that the case was even more remarkable than the public had been given to understand.

Mr. A. R. Kenyon is the fortunate owner of a comfortable house, well kept and with pleasant surroundings, situated on Chicago Avenue, Savanna, Ill., and it was there the reporter sought him to learn of the sickness of his wife, and the cure of which so much is being said. In answer to the bell a lady appeared at the door, and to an enquiry for Mr. Kenyon said, he was employed by the railroad company, worked at nights and was asleep. "Is Mrs. Kenyon well enough to see me?" the reporter then asked. With a very suggestive smile she said: "There is no doubt of it," and inviting the reporter in, informed him that she was the lady in question. When told the reporter's mission she said: "The statement of facts as you have made it is quite true. I did not think my case was of special interest to anyone outside of my own family and friends, but if what information I can give you will be of use to any one else you are welcome to it. I own my present good health to a casual glance at a newspaper, and, as with me, some other woman may be fortunate." Mrs. Kenyon is an intelligent lady-like woman, and her home bears evidence of her great capabilities as a housewife. She told her story as follows:—

"I was born in Warren county, New York, thirty-three years ago. I was married when I was 19 and came to Savanna seven years ago. With the exception of being at times subject to violent sick headache, I considered myself a healthy woman up to five years ago. At that time I was very much run down and an easy prey to the ever present malaria in and about the Mississippi bottom lands. I was taken violently ill and during the succeeding five or six months was the greater part of the time helpless. The local physicians said I had been affected by malaria and intermittent fevers. I continually grew weaker and finally went to see Dr. McAvoy of Clinton, Ia., who is reputed to be one of the ablest physicians in the Mississippi Valley. He treated me for a time without beneficial effects, and finally told me he thought he could help me if I would absolutely abstain from work. That was not to be thought of. If able to go about I had to look after my household duties. I then consulted Dr. Johnston of Savanna. My stomach would not retain the medicine he gave me and he came to the conclusion that my stomach was badly diseased. Occasionally I would choke down and nearly suffocate. I then went to Dr. Maloney and he pronounced it a case of heart trouble. He helped me temporarily, but like the rest said I must stop all work or nothing could be done for me. All this time I had grown weaker and paler until I was in a deplorable

condition. I had a continual feeling of tiredness, my muscular power was nearly gone, and I could not go up half a dozen steps without resting, and often that much exercise would cause me to have a terrible pain in the side. Seemingly the blood had left my veins I was pale as death; my lips were blue and cold, and I had given up all hope of ever being better.

"About the first of April last a young man boarding with us received a Fulton, Ill., paper. It was his home paper sent him by his mother. I picked it up one day and in glancing casually over its columns came across an account of a marvellous cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Candidly, I did not believe the story, and when my husband suggested that it would do no harm for me to try the pills I laughed at the idea. He insisted and I submitted, but I had no faith whatever in the pills. My husband sent for two boxes and I took them. When I had used these I was somewhat improved in health. I continued their use and I felt that I was growing stronger, my sleep refreshed me and it seems as if I could feel new blood coursing through my veins. I kept on taking Pink Pills until a short time ago and I now consider myself a healthy, rugged woman. My house is full of boarders and I superintend all the work. In other words, I work all the time and am happy all the time. I am positive that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life, and I believe there are thousands of women who would find great relief if they used them. The sick headaches I was subject to have disappeared, and I have not had a single attack since I commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"Were there any disagreeable effects from the medicine?" asked the reporter.

"None whatever," replied Mrs. Kenyon. "They are pleasant to take and the conditions imposed by the directions are easily complied with. In common parlance I took Pink Pills and they did the rest." Mrs. Kenyon stated that all her neighbors knew of her former condition and her restoration, and one of them was called in, and when asked of her knowledge of the case said: "I have been intimately acquainted with Mrs. Kenyon and know of her illness. I look upon her recovery as something marvellous. It is surely the unexpected that happened in her case. Of my knowledge I cannot say what the nature of her ailment was, but I know that she was reduced to a mere shadow; was the palest and most ghost-like person I had ever seen. Hers was a remarkable case. She would be helpless one day and the next would be supervising the work of her house, but all the time there was a noticeable loss of strength and the natural vivaciousness of her nature had disappeared. It was generally thought she must die, as none of the physicians who attended her seemed to understand her case or help her in the least. I was told of the sending for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and of course thought it the whim of a dying woman, or perhaps a sign that her husband still insisted in hoping against hope. But you can see the result for yourself, and if miracles are not performed in these days I would be pleased to know how to describe a case of this kind."

It is a remarkable case. There is no reason to doubt the sickness of Mrs. Kenyon and in just the form she describes it. Hundreds of people in that immediate neighborhood are fully conversant with the facts of both sickness and cure, and discuss it with sympathizing earnestness. But few persons have gone so close to the dividing line between life and eternity and returned; and from the facts stated there is but a single conclusion to be drawn—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did it.

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 headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give 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, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper at 50c. a box or six 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 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 Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 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.

Eleanor's Effort.

Eleanor Morton came slowly up the street with bent head, bowing absently occasionally, but passing others of her friends, who gazed at her in amazement, for she was usually brightly observant of people.

Though she was twenty years old, she was doing almost her first real thinking. How many minds fritter their strength away on nothings, calling dreaming or remembering, thinking. Other people's ideas are not thought to us, unless we arrive at their conclusions by going through the same process of thought. Many minds become inert sponges, able to receive, but to do nothing with that they receive unless some outside force compels them. True thoughts go with and are part of a real, true life.

Eleanor had happened in to a strange kind of meeting of six or eight people, and had heard an earnest woman talk about the great need of personal influence and the service rendered Christ and His cause by this simple means.

Eleanor had been a Christian for several years, but she had never once spoken to anyone about their need of the love and redemption of Christ. She ran over the household—father, mother, sisters, brothers, servants—how could she speak to any one of them. Some of them were professedly followers of Christ, yet, she thought bitterly, all were worldly, including herself. They never had family worship even. "How can I, oh, how can I; it will be such an effort, and I am such a miserable specimen myself," she murmured half aloud.

She reached her home, went in and up the broad staircase. In the square upper hall on a sofa lay her little lame sister Maisie.

"Nellie, have you come at last?" she cried, getting up and coming towards her on her crutch. "I am so lonesome; everyone is out, even Eliza."

"Poor wee Maisie, come into my room and see what I have that will amuse you." No thought of speaking to Maisie on the subject of her thoughts occurred to Eleanor. To Maisie, being with Eleanor and in her room was the perfection of enjoyment. A careless nurse had let the child fall in her infancy; the result was a painful affliction of the hip, and Maisie's eight years might have been doubled for the pain that had been crowded in them. In spite of suffering she was precocious and bright beyond her years and often made sarcastic, even cynical, speeches, surprising in a child.

"I am always glad to be with you, Eleanor," she said, nestling close to her sister, "but you are out so much or else people are in, so I hardly ever see you. At night when mamma sends me away from the library to go to bed,

if Eliza doesn't come up for me I often go round by the end door of the drawing-room and listen to you playing and singing. It sounds like an angel."

"You blessed little chick, what do you know about angels?"

"Nothing—that's the trouble," answered Maisie with a child's disregard of consistency. Was this Eleanor's opportunity? "You see," explained Maisie, "I have a Testament in a pretty cover, so Eliza won't let me have it to find out about angels and—the rest, for fear I should spoil it and because the print is fine. I asked her if she had a bigger one, but she wouldn't lend it to me because it is a doleful book, she said. Is it doleful, Eleanor?" Eleanor answered slowly. "The whole Bible would be the saddest history ever written if—only for—one thing."

"What is that?"

"The love and forbearance of God to wicked people," said Eleanor solemnly.

"Tell me something about him. I don't often go to church you know, and no one tells me."

Here was a stab for Eleanor. She began the sweet story of the star in the east—the wise men, the shepherds and angels. When she finished about the childhood of Christ and went on to His manhood, Maisie interrupted her: "Tell me more about when He was a little boy."

"I don't know any more; that is all there is told about him, except that He was obedient to his parents and everybody loved Him."

"Why didn't they tell more?"

"I don't know. Perhaps it is for us to find out when we get to heaven from the people who knew Him when He was little."

"Yes, that's so. When I get there I'll ask everyone I meet if they knew Him when He was little. I'll find them out. Well, go on."

So Eleanor told of the blind seeing, the deaf hearing, the lame walking, of the woman of Samaria, of His blessing little children, of Peter catching a fish with money in its mouth. Then when she described the terrible scene of the crucifixion, Maisie suddenly caught up her crutch and cried out furiously: "He should have got twenty billions of angels and killed them all—dead—dead!"

"Oh, hush, Maisie, darling. He didn't feel so; just listen to what He said," rapidly turning over the leaves of her Bible; "here it is: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

"Let me see it for myself." Then after a pause of consideration—"Now if He was just a man, a common man, He would have—spit at those people if He couldn't do anything worse, wouldn't He?"

"Perhaps if He felt as passionately wronged as you would, for instance."

There was a long pause of thought, then Maisie said:

"I know something in the Bible. Once the minister read it in church, and I made up my mind then I would go—there. It says: 'Nobody will be sick.'"

"Poor little girl," said Eleanor quickly, compassionate tears filling her eyes. "Yes, it says: 'The inhabitant shall not say I am sick,' and no one will cry from sorrow or pain."

"Some will for joy," said Maisie wisely. "I will. Do you know, when my body is sick and aches all over, something else is here," laying her hand on her breast, "is sick and I have to hold myself to keep from saying awful things. The doctor eases the pain that is outside, but I've got to find a cure for this inside pain or I can't hold in much longer."

The dark, passionate little face was raised wistfully, hopefully, to Eleanor's.

"Darling, why didn't you tell us!" and words of love rose to Eleanor's lips, and she told the sweet, good news—the Gospel. God's spell to attract the weary and labor-worn, and into the sick, broken spirit of the child was poured the healing balm of Gilead.

"I'll do something for Him every day I live," said Maisie fervently, the day she publicly proclaimed herself Christ's.

"So will I," echoed Eleanor.

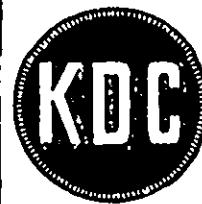
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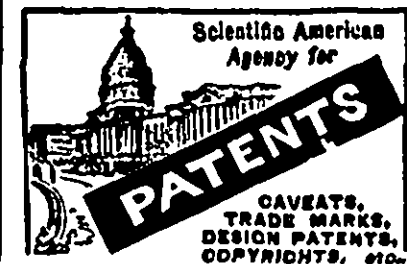
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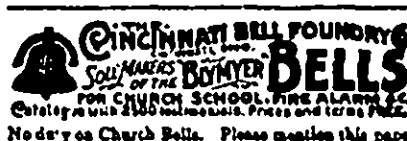
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