

the employment of armed force under European officers who represent the secular arm of their work, is not one of which we can approve; moreover, as suggested above, it is likely to lead to complications in the future. Still, without doubt, they are establishing chains of strong mission stations throughout the interior.

Glancing far away to the south, one sees that the Church of England Missions in Mashonaland, under the energetic guidance of Bishop Knight-Bruce, promise well, and now comes to hand a report of the establishment of the East African Scottish Mission, in the territories of the Imperial British East Africa Company. A handsome quarto pamphlet, with excellent maps, road charts, and some twenty photographs, illustrating the work already commenced, has been issued for private circulation, and this report is decidedly encouraging. An expedition has safely reached Kibwezi, the proposed site of the mission, and has already settled down to work. Houses of the bungalow type, workshops, stores, a dispensary, a small church 50 feet by 25 feet, also smaller houses for the use of natives attached to the Mission, are in course of erection. Nearly two miles of roads and paths, varying from seven feet to twelve feet, have been made with in and around the station, and the transformation which these roads have made of that small bit of the African wilderness is, we are told, most marked. Dr. Stewart, formerly of Lovedale, the superintendent of the Mission, has returned to this country after seeing the work started, and speaks most hopefully as to the prospects of the Mission. Their purpose is to develop and strengthen the present station, and to make it a strong centre of missionary operations. Dr. Stewart advocates the formation of strong educational evangelistic centres, in contradistinction to solitary and scattered stations, or rather in addition to them. This was the plan of Mackay, of Uganda, or, rather, was the new plan which, after fourteen years of toil, sorrow and disappointment, he had resolved to act upon.

FIRST MEETING OF THE NATIVE PRESBYTERY.

Mr. Webster writes: This year will be ever memorable in the history of the Christian Church in Manchuria. For the first time the Supreme Court of the Manchurian Presbyterian Church met in the name of the Lord. There were only nine native members, but they represented a score of Churches, and a total membership of nearly 2,000 souls. One could not but think of William Burns! How he would have rejoiced to see the day! But his prayers have been answered. God has carried on the work, as Burns on his deathbed was assured He would do. It is interesting in this connection to note that one of the Newchwang elders—an old carpenter—knew Mr. Burns, and assisted in the last services man could render to the saintly missionary.

Although the court was in every respect native, it was thought wise for a year or two that a foreigner should be Moderator. The Rev. James Carson, senior missionary of the Irish Mission, was unanimously chosen. Mr. Carson made an admirable "Hui Cheng" (Moderator). He had a difficult daily task to do, but he did it well. To keep the native brethren to the subject before the house was sometimes necessary, but Mr. Carson was very gentle with them, and they were very tractable. One thing he set his face against from the first—and very rightly—was the use of the English language. If any hapless foreigner attempted to give expression to his views in the tongue in which he was born, the Moderator was down upon him at once, with a courteous invitation to address the Chair in the Chinese language. There was the saving of a week's time in the rule, besides being an act of simple justice to our native brethren. We were anxious to hear the voice of the natives on such subjects as opium, and held our tongues while they spoke out the thoughts of the Christian Church about it. And here is what they said with one voice, and the lines on which they legislated. "Opium smoking destroys the bodies and souls of men, therefore it is a sin, and cannot be tolerated in the Church. No opium smoker can be admitted until he has given up the evil habit. Not only so, but no dealer in opium, no one who cultivates the poppy, no one who sells the drug in any shape or form, even in the most sugared of all forms, as pills for the cure of the evil habit, is to be tolerated. Enquirers who are opium smokers are to seek the aid of the foreign doctor; and if, by reason of long use or other cause, it is impossible to effect a cure, and if the doctor certifies that to abandon the habit means to forfeit life, then a special dispensation is granted, and, other things being satisfactory, he may be baptized." Drastic enough all this; but they know better than we do.

LETTER FROM ALFRED GRUNFELD.

(Translated from the German)

WM. KNABE & CO.—During my six months' concert tour through the United States of America, I have used exclusively the Knabe Pianos, and am pleased to be able to state, with fullest sincerity, that I consider them the best instruments of our times.

In particular, is the action absolutely incomparable, enabling the rendering of effects which I considered heretofore impossible.

I congratulate Wm. Knabe & Co. heartily to their superb instruments, and feel convinced that most of my colleagues will join me in my judgment.

ALFRED GRUNFELD.

Imperial and Royal Austrian Court Pianist, and Royal Prussian Court Pianist.

New York, April 1, 1892.

A SOLSVILLE MIRACLE.

ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH FOR A CANADIAN REMEDY.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS AND RESTORATION OF PHILANDER HYDE—HELPLESS, BED RIDDEN AND LONGS FOR DEATH—HIS RECOVERY FROM THIS PITIABLE CONDITION—A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

From the Syracuse Standard.

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the *Standard* the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the *Albany Journal*, the *Detroit News*, *Albany Express* and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as just stated. That the term miraculous was justified will be admitted when it is remembered that in each of the cases referred to the sufferer had been pronounced incurable by leading physicians, and at least one of the cases was treated by men whose reputation has placed them among the leaders of the world's medical scientists, but without avail, and the patient was sent to his home with the verdict that there was no hope for him, and that only death could intervene to relieve his sufferings. When some months later the restoration to health and strength of the former sufferer was announced it is little wonder that the case created a profound sensation throughout the country. Recently the following letter, which indicated an equally remarkable cure, came under the notice of the *Standard*.

SOLSVILLE, N. Y., June 25, 1892.

* * * Five weeks ago father (Philander Hyde) was very low and not expected to live but a short time. He was in such agony that we had to give him morphine to relieve the terrible pain from which he was suffering. The doctors had given him up. They said there was no help for him, and my dear father, longed for death as being the only certain relief from his sufferings. One day he saw in the *Albany Journal* an account of how a man by the name of Quant, living in Galway, Saratoga county, and who was afflicted like father with locomotor ataxia, had been very greatly benefited and hoped for permanent cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On learning that these pills could be had of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, and that they were not expensive, my husband sent \$2.50 for six boxes of them. And what a blessing they have been! Father has taken but four boxes of the Pink Pills. He is no longer confined to his bed, but is able to get up without assistance and with the aid only of a cane to walk about the house and all around out of doors. He has a good hearty appetite, his food agrees with him, the pain in the back from which he suffered so long and so terribly has left him. He has no more creeping chills and he appears and says he feels like a new man. The doctors had pronounced his disease to be creeping paralysis and said he could not be cured. How glad we are that we heard about these wonderful Pink Pills, and how thankful we are for what they have done for father. Indeed they have done wonders, yes, even a miracle for him. Respectfully yours,

MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSON.

The above letter indicated a cure so remarkable as to be worthy of the fullest investigation, and the *Standard* determined to place the facts, if correctly stated, before the public for the benefit of other sufferers, or if unfounded, to let the public know it. With this end in view a reported was sent to Solsville with instructions to give the facts of the case as he found them. With these instructions he went to Solsville, and on Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1892, called upon Philander Hyde and learned from him and from his relatives and neighbours and friends the whole story of his sickness and his terrible suffering, of his having been given up by the doctors, and of his cure and rapid convalescence by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that Solsville is a postoffice village in Madison County, N.Y., about thirty miles from Ithaca, on the line of the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad. It is the station at which to get off to go to Madison Lake, the charming and attractive objective point of a great many picnic and excursion parties. On reaching Solsville the reporter enquired of the station agent, who is also agent there of the National Express Company, if he knew a man by the name of Philander Hyde, and where he lived, and also if he knew a man by the name of William Johnson. "Yes," said he, "I am William Johnson, and Philander Hyde, who is my wife's father, lives with me in that white house over there on the side hill; that's him sitting on the piazza."

When told that your reporter's errand was to interview Mr. Hyde and to learn about his sickness and alleged cure, Mr. Johnson said: "That's all right; you go right over to the house and see Mr. Hyde and my wife. I will come over pretty soon, and we will be only too happy to tell you all about it."

"Will you walk in?" said Mrs. Johnson. "Those children (who are playing about the piazza, are my twins, and this is my father, Philander Hyde."

Mr. Hyde walked into the sitting room and taking a seat said he would willingly tell the story of his sickness and cure, and had no objection to its being published, as it might be the means of helping to relieve others whose sufferings were the same or similar to what his had been.

His story was as follows:—

"My name is Philander Hyde. I am nearly seventy years old—will be seventy in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison County, where all my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless, my son-in-law was kind enough to take me into his home, and from him and my daughter I have had the kindest care. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always prosperous and well and strong and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When the grip left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the bowels and stomach and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil.

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and streak up my legs to my back and would follow

the whole length of my backbone. These spells, which occurred daily, would last from two to four hours, and were excruciatingly painful. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I became helpless, and life was such a burden that I prayed for death. Why, my dear sir, the pain I suffered was more to be dreaded than a thousand deaths.

"While in this condition I was treated by Dr. Green, of Poolville, and Dr. Nicholson, of Solsville, and Dr. Weed, of Utica. They did me no good. I soon became perfectly helpless and lost all power of motion even in my bed."

"On the 24th of February last," said Mrs. Johnson, "we had him brought to our home. He had to be carried all the way in a bed. He was so helpless and such a sufferer the doctors gave him up. They said he had locomotor ataxia and that he could not be cured. They stopped giving him medicine and said they could not relieve the pain, and for the purpose he took a pint of whiskey a day for three months and morphine in great quantities.

"It was while father was in this dreadful condition that we saw in the *Albany Journal* the story of the miraculous cure of a Mr. Quant in Galway, Saratoga County, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We hadn't much faith, but we felt that it was our duty to try them, and so we sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, and got six boxes of the pills. We read the directions carefully, and resolved to comply with them as fully as possible. We stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, cut off all stimulants, and gave him the Pink Pills and treatment according to directions in which each box is wrapped. The effect was wonderful and almost immediate. In ten days after father began taking the pills, he could get out of bed and walked without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my back and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more chills, my digestion is good, and I have an excellent appetite," and then after a pause: "But, ah, me, I am an old man; I have seen my best days and cannot hope to recover my old vigour as a younger man might, but I am so thankful to have the use of my limbs and to be relieved of those dreadful pains."

Mr. Hyde has continued to take the pills regularly since he began their use, and was on his tenth box at the time he told his story.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, other people in Solsville confirm the accounts of the sickness of Mr. Hyde and of his most remarkable recovery, and a number of others for various ailments are using the Pink Pills. The mother of Abel Curtis is using them with satisfactory effects for rheumatism, and Mrs. Lippitt, wife of ex Senator Lippitt, is using the Pills with much benefit for nervous debility.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. 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, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tire 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 case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses 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 the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. 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 in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may 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 makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

ROMAN CATHOLICS claim that their numbers in Glasgow have increased at the rate of 1,300 a year for the past ninety-one years. The present Catholic population of the city is put down by them at 120,000, all Scotland being credited with over 350,000. In 1778 the professing Catholics in Glasgow were but thirty.

TO PREVENT THE GRIP

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

GENTS.—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her, and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack, another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feelings determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost.

Parkdale, Ont.

J. H. BAILEY.