

Foreign Missions.

Nanking.

(From our Correspondent.)

NANKING, Jan. 9th, 1893.

I went to day to see the officials pray for snow, and a short account of the ceremony may be interesting to your readers. I arrived at the Dragon King Temple at about 10 o'clock a.m., when all the large officials, except the Viceroy, had already assembled. One of the Masters of Ceremonies did not seem anxious to have me about, but I pressed forward and succeeded in getting into conversation with some military officers. I waited till about 12 o'clock, when the Viceroy arrived and was carried in a handsome furnished chair into the temple court—the other officials had left their chairs outside. When His Excellency arrived the other officials came out of a side building to the right of the court, and formed in rank to meet him, after which he went back into the room with them. Viceroy Lui looks well, but seems older, with his gray moustache, than the other mandarins. In a short time the arrival of His Dragon Majesty was announced, when all the officials went right outside the gate of the Temple and prostrated themselves before the Dragon's chair, and then returned. The Dragon was borne in an open yellow chair into the Court, and the Master of Ceremonies, who had been gruff to me, carried the bottle containing his high and potent Majesty in and placed it on the altar of the temple. The bottle containing his godship (bottled god) was wrapped in yellow—the Imperial color. When the bottle was placed, the officials arranged themselves according to rank, the Viceroy only occupying the place in the temple before the altar, his inferiors taking places in the Court. Each had a mat, many of them of fur, which a servant spread for them. Candles were lit, incense burned, a band of fifers and drummers commenced to play, and an old Buddhist priest beat a drum, while all these great mandarins prostrated themselves three times on the ground before the four-footed and tailed god. When the Viceroy had retired I went into the temple with one of the military officers to see the god, but they had not emptied him out of his bottle then. The bottle was rather over a foot high and about six inches in diameter. My military friend asked me to come again and the Dragon would be then poured out. Some evolutionists would no doubt be gratified to learn that they had been anticipated in their theory, if they had seen these dignified, well-dressed, educated and intelligent Chinamen worshipping their distant ancestor, but would be perhaps somewhat disappointed that they had not followed their origin further back and bowed down to their original monad. Imagine men bowing down to *amaba*.

Jan. 10th, 1893.

A sprinkling of snow has fallen, showing to the Chinese mind the efficacy of the lizard. The Chinese often know not the difference of a *post hoc* and a *propter hoc*.—*Shanghai Mercury*.

If you want to buy or sell a farm, advertise in the *Toronto Weekly Mail*. That paper reaches 100,000 farmers homes every week and your advertisement should meet the eye of some one who wants to purchase. Advertisements of this class are inserted in the *Toronto Weekly Mail* for Five Cents a word for each insertion or Twenty Cents a word for five insertions. Address, *The Mail*, Toronto, Canada.

For coughs, use Slocum's Emulsion, 35c

A Frontenac Miracle.

RELIEF COMES WHEN HOPE HAS ALMOST FLED.

AN EX-COUNCILOR OF OSO TOWNSHIP TELLS OF HIS RELEASE FROM SUFFERING—HIS NEIGHBORS VERIFY HIS STATEMENTS—A MARVELLOUS CURE THAT IS NOW A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

Kingston Whig.

The readers of the Whig will remember that our reporter at Sharbot Lake, on two or three occasions last winter, wrote of the serious illness of Edward Botting, a well-known and respected resident of the township of Oso. Mr. Botting was so low that his friends had no hope of his recovery, and although of an energetic disposition and not the kind of a man to give up easily, he even felt himself that life was slipping from him. Later we heard that Mr. Botting's recovery was due entirely to the use of that remedy which has achieved so many marvellous cures that its name is now a household word throughout the land—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Our reporter visited Mr. Botting at his home on the picturesque shore of Succor Lake. Mr. Botting is a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, some seventy-five years of age, but looking and acting as smartly as a man twenty years younger. He is probably one of the best known men in this section. He was postmaster at Fermoy for fourteen years, and a councillor of the united townships of Bedford, Oso, Olden and Palmerston for ten years. He gave the Whig representative a cordial greeting, remarking that it was his favorite paper and that he had been a constant subscriber for forty-nine years. Mr. Botting readily consented to give his experience in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that he believed it was a duty he owed to humanity to let the public know what they had done for him. "It was about two years ago," said Mr. Botting, "that I first began to feel that I was not my old self. Up to that time I had been exceptionally strong and rugged. My illness first came in the form of kidney trouble, which seemed to carry with it general debility of the whole system, and none of the medicines that I took seemed to do me any good. I am not of a disposition to give up easily, and I tried to fight off the trouble and continued to go about when many another would have been in bed. Things went on in this way until about a year ago, when I had a bad attack of la grippe, and the after effects of that malignant trouble brought me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I did not give up myself, for that is not my disposition, but when I found that the remedies I tried did me no good, I must admit I was discouraged. I was troubled with severe and constant pains in the back, sensations of extreme dizziness, weakness, and was in fact in a generally used up condition. I had read frequently in the Whig of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last the conviction forced itself upon me that they must have some special virtue else they could not obtain such strong endorsements in all parts of the country. The upshot was that I determined to try them, and I bless the day that I came to that conclusion. Before the first box was finished I felt benefited, and I continued their use until I was as strong as ever. I have lately worked hard and find no ill effects therefrom. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine sold, and you may say I would not be without them in the house if they cost \$5 a box. All my neighbors know what Pink Pills have done for me," said Mr. Botting, "and I would just like you to ask some of them."

Your reporter acted upon the hint, and first saw Mrs. L. Kish, a daughter of Mr. Botting. Mrs. Kish said: "What my father has told you is quite true. It was Pink Pills that cured him and we are very, very thankful. Father is now as smart as he was twenty years ago." Charles Knapp, a prominent farmer, said: "I consider Mr. Botting's cure a most wonderful one and I believe he owes his life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Your reporter called at John W. Knapp's, but found that gentleman away from home. His wife, an estimable and intelligent lady, said: "We are aware that Mr. Botting was sick for

a long time and considering his age thought it unlikely that he would recover, but he is now as smart as he was ten years ago and he ascribes it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Avery, Reeve of the Township of Oso, and Warden of the County of Frontenac, merchant, told your reporter that he has a large and constantly increasing sale for Pink Pills, and from all quarters has good reports of their curative qualities.

H. W. Hunt, a commissioner and school teacher, said he had known Mr. Botting for a number of years and considered him a well-read and intelligent gentleman, who, if he said Pink Pills had cured him, could be depended upon, as he is a very conscientious man, who would not make a statement that was not accurate.

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.

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A Remarkable Case.

GENTLEMEN.—About five years ago I noticed on my hands a great number of soft, spongy warts, very painful, and which bled when touched. I never witnessed anything like it, and was quite alarmed. We are never without Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and one evening my little girls applied it to each wart. They did this several nights, and in the morning the pain and itching were so bad I had to cool my hands with snow, but finally the warts dropped out and I have never been troubled since.—Mrs. WM. CRAIG, Brighton, Ont.

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F R E E I

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1. Anyone now a paid up subscriber, who wishes to present a friend or neighbor with the EVANGELIST for one year, may do so by sending us 50c.

2. Should our agents or other friends, who are soliciting subscriptions, find any brethren or sisters who are anxious to have the EVANGELIST, but not able to pay for it, if the names and addresses of such persons are sent to us, we shall put them on our complimentary list, and give them the paper one year for nothing.

3. By the kindness of J. M. Warner, proprietor of the Hamilton Carpet Sweeper Manufacturing House, we are able to offer to anyone sending ten new yearly subscriptions to the EVANGELIST a **Grand Rapids Carpet Sweeper**, the retail price of which is \$3.50. This offer will hold good throughout the year.

4. We have great pleasure in making the following offer to all subscribers to the EVANGELIST, old and new: For \$1.25 we shall give the EVANGELIST for one year, and a copy of "*On the Rock; or Truth Stranger than Fiction*." "*On the Rock*" until recently was only issued in cloth binding, and sold for \$1.50. The edition we offer is bound in paper—good, tough paper, though—and sells for 40 cents a single copy. "*On the Rock*" is one of the most popular and most useful books ever written by a Disciple. This is an opportunity to procure it for a trifle.

5. We are very anxious that "*On the Rock*" should have a large circulation in Canada this year. It is admirably adapted to the religious situation in this country at the present juncture. We should like to place a copy of it in every home the EVANGELIST visits, and in every family in the brotherhood in our land, and we are confident that it would be of great benefit to the cause of Christ were it widely distributed among our religious neighbors. To further such distribution we make this offer: If any paid-up subscriber will send us 50 cts. with the name and address of some person, not a Disciple, we shall send that person the EVANGELIST for three months, and a copy of "*On the Rock*."

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