

being surrounded with flowers. On Monday evening the ladies prepared a tea, which was partaken of by a large number of people, after which, an address was given by Rev. Principal Grant. Before introducing Mr. Grant, Mr. R. Lawrie in a short address, gave a brief history of the establishment of Knox Church. Addresses were also given by Revs. Radcliffe, of First Presbyterian Church, Grades, of Haynes avenue Church, W. W. Smith of the Congregational Tabernacle, and Principal DeMill, of the Ladies College. The chairman, Rev. Jas. Murray, then introduced the speaker of the evening, Principal Grant. He did not choose a text from which to speak, but interested his hearers by a recital of various incidents in all parts of the world that have come under his observation. He narrated the origin of Queen's University, and how it received its name by a delegation from Canada visiting Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and asking aid to build this now widely known Canadian institution. Mr. Grant has been Principal of Queen's for twenty years, and was proud to tell of the good work that is being accomplished. The choir furnished excellent music, and this intellectual feast was brought to a close by singing the national anthem.

Owing to the inclement state of the weather, the anniversary services in the Albert St. Presbyterian Church, Sarnia, on Sabbath, May 2, were not as well attended as they undoubtedly would have been had the weather proved favorable. Rev. F. N. Larkin, of Chatham, preached both morning and evening, handling his texts in a thorough and able manner, so as to make them both interesting and instructive. The choir gave some special music at both services. The church was nicely decorated with pretty flowers—a handsome addition to the numerous other attractions on the occasion. The anniversary social held in the Albert St. Presbyterian Church on Monday night, May 3, was a decided success. Those who were there enjoyed themselves immensely. The singing, reading, and speeches were all excellent. After the musical and literary part of the programme was concluded, refreshments were served, after which God Save the Queen was sung and the benediction closed the evening's entertainment.

The Gaelpa Presbyterian Sabbath school—St Andrew's, Knox and Chalmer's—hold a union service in the latter church on last Sabbath afternoon to meet Dr. Buchanan, missionary from the Presbyterian Church to Central India. The Sabbath schools and Bible classes completely filled the body of the church. The gallery was reserved for visitors. Rev. J. C. Smith, Rev. Mr. Glassford, Rev. Dr. Buchanan, Messrs. J. A. McCrae, D. McCrae, J. Davidson, and D. D. Christie occupied seats on the platform. Mr. Glassford opened the meeting, and Rev. J. C. Smith and D. McCrae led in prayer. Dr. Buchanan, upon being introduced by Mr. Glassford gave a graphic account of the strange peoples he was called to work among. His portrayal of the sufferings of the lower castes was very pathetic. The doctor is endeavoring to raise \$5000 to build a hospital for the treatment of the

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loathsome diseases from which the people suffer, this being the open door to practical evangelization.

"The regular monthly meeting of the Leper Mission will be held as usual, in the China Inland Mission Home, Church St. Toronto on Monday the 17th inst, at 3.30 p.m. all are cordially invited."

BICYCLING IN THE TYROL.

Col. George E. Waring, has written for "The Century" two papers descriptive of his experiences. The second one, "Bicycling Through the Dolomites," appears in the May number. Col. Waring says:

We found that the bicycle fever had reached even to our landlord, who was experimenting with an iron-rimmed wheel over which the saddle was supported by a pair of elliptic springs. I tried it, and said it went very well, though not so soft as the "pneu." I lifted it, and did not care to go farther. I told him it was too heavy. He said, "Mawknix, muss starker sein" (That's nothing; you must be stronger). Probably the extra weight of his wheel would not be considered in fixing the load that a Tyrolean peasant would carry over the hills from the fields and need not be regarded as an obstruction to sport. The wheels here are all much heavier than ours, and much stronger. They can be sent uphill by the tougher thows that grow in this land, and for safety in going downhill they have very effective brakes. The best brake has two pieces of rubber, about two and a half inches long and three quarters of an inch square, which are held flat against the two quarters of the tire. It holds very firmly, and its friction does not come on the part that is subject to the greatest wear. It is used, not with a steady pressure, but with successive light squeezes. When one becomes accustomed to it, it gives excellent control to any degree desired—even to holding the machine stock-still under any load and on any grade. Even the usual flat brake has a rubber face which holds better and lasts longer than metal. My American brakes were "not in it" on these hills, as compared with those of the local wheels I rode.

The use of the brake is enacted by law in all towns, and it is almost universal on country roads; so is the furnishing of the wheel with a bell, but the better riders in Innsbruck do not use this in the city streets. They say they can make their way safely at a moderate speed, if the people keep on their way, while if they are disturbed and made nervous by a bicycle bell, they are liable to make some unexpected movement that may lead to a collision. I remember a case of mutual dodging at a street crossing in New York, between myself and a lady whom my bell had startled, which came near being annoying. Perhaps the custom in Paris of hanging a little sleigh-bell loosely from the handle-bar is safer. It jingles all the time, somewhat to the annoyance of the rider; but it has a faint horse-car suggestion which keeps the public on the look out. Nowhere in Europe did I see the brutal quadrupedal "scorching" that is such a nuisance and such a danger with us.

As we left our lunching place we found the young towheads of the farm standing in mute and respectful wonderment about our wheels. We gave them a bit of a ride, two at a time, and left them enriched with the memory of a sensation they had never before known, and will never repeat—and will never forget.

General Horace Porter tells the following anecdote of the explosion of the Peteraburg mine in his "Campaigning With Grant," in the May "Century": A surgeon told us a story, one of the many echoes of the mine affair, about a prisoner who had been dug out of the crater and carried to one of our field hospitals. Although his eyes were bunged and his face covered with bruises, he was in an astonishingly amiable frame of mind, and looked like a pugilistic hero of the prize ring coming up smiling in the twenty-seventh round. He said: "I'll jest let you that after this I'll be the most unpopular man in my regiment. You see, I appeared to get started a little earlier than the other boys that had taken passage with me aboard that volcano; and as I was comin' down I met the rest of 'em a-goin' up, and they looked as if they had kind o' soured on me, and yellow after me, 'Straggler!'"

HARD STUDY IN SCHOOL.

Brings on a Severe Attack of St. Vitus' Dance.

A Young Girl's Life for a Time Made Miserable Could Not Use Her Hands and Found it Difficult to Walk—Health Restored.

From the Napanee Express.

Nervousness is the frequent cause of much misery and suffering. One of the effects of this breaking up of the nerves, particularly among young people, being chorea or St. Vitus' dance. A correspondent tells of a young lady at Selby who was badly afflicted with this trouble. He says:—"I never saw anyone suffering so badly before from nervous disorder. She was violently jerking and twitching all the time, and could not use her right hand at all. Anything she would try to pick up with it would instantly fall. When she would attempt to walk, her limbs would twist and turn, the ankle often doubling down and throwing her. Lately I heard that she had been cured but doubted the truth of the statement and went out to see her. The statement proved quite true, and believing



that a recital of the facts of the case would be of advantage to some one who might be similarly suffering, I asked permission to make them known, which was readily granted. The young lady is Miss H. M. Gonyou, a general favorite among her acquaintances, and it is thought that her trouble, as is not infrequently the case, was brought on by hard study in school." Miss Gonyou gave the following statement:—"All through the fall of 1894 I had been feeling unwell. I did not speak to anyone about it, for I was going to school and was afraid if I said anything about it to my parents they would keep me at home. I kept getting worse, and at last grew so nervous that I could not hold my pencil. My right side was affected most, though the trouble seemed to go through my whole system. In January I was so bad that I had to discontinue going to school, and I was constantly growing worse. I could not use my hands, because I would let everything drop, and frequently when I attempted to walk, I would fall. My brother had been ailing for a long time and was then using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and getting better, so I thought as they were helping him so much they would be a good medicine for me. Before the first box was done I was feeling much better, and after using the Pink Pills for about a month, my health was fully restored. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use of the pills, and I have not had the slightest trace of the malady since. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from a life of misery, and I would strongly recommend them for nervous troubles.

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