

## Missionary World.

### NOTES FROM THE MISSION FIELDS.

At a meeting of the Executive of the F.M.C. (W.D.) on Thursday 2nd ult., letters were read from Dr. Webster, announcing his safe arrival in Beyrout, Syria, where he was very kindly received by the American missionaries stationed there. He at once began to study Arabic, one of the spoken languages of Palestine, and expected to start for Palestine early in January to try to fix upon a location at which to begin work. He experienced great inconvenience from the Turkish Customs officers. Every article that was in his 25 boxes was unpacked and appraised by men who had not the remotest idea of the use or value of any of them. A stomach pump was called a hypodermic syringe, and books were weighed and valued by the cwt. Books were afterwards sent for examination lest anything contraband or revolutionary should be amongst them. Missionaries of churches that have established missions in Syria are allowed to enter without duty, and our missionaries will come under that class in the future, after Dr. Webster has taken out necessary papers; but in the meantime he has had to pay 8 per cent duty, in all \$90.00. He had to stand by the officers five days; whilst they were ransacking his baggage; otherwise the officers themselves would steal anything they might covet. So much for Turkish misrule.

Letters from Honan indicate that the health of the staff is better, and that the doctors have had several successful major operations, some very delicate ones. The impression in the native mind is very helpful. Some come and profusely thank the doctors; and some of these grateful ones are prominent in the community.

Letters from Formosa are very hopeful. Mr. Gauld has entered upon his work with enthusiasm and Dr. Mackay is taking personal oversight of his instruction in the language. They have had recently many additions to the church; and very enthusiastic religious services.

No one has yet been appointed to succeed Miss Lister in Alberni.

### LETTER FROM MISS CALDER.

Under date Mhow, 29 Dec., 1892, Miss Calder writes to the W.F.M.S. as follows: You will have doubtless looked for a letter before this, but time has flown so since my arrival in India that I can scarcely realize that more than a month has come and gone since we landed at Bombay.

We had a very fine voyage across the Atlantic. We became acquainted on the voyage with Professor Robertson and wife, of Aberdeen, Scotland, who deserve very special mention for the assistance rendered us at Liverpool. We, as a matter of course, knew comparatively little of the English mode of travelling, and so would have been placed in a most trying position had not the Professor most kindly come to our assistance and rendered us all the help in his power, which, to us, was no small amount as you may easily understand. We had been warned of agents, so did not employ one at Liverpool, but, with the Professor's directions, managed quite easily until we reached London, where we met with friends who made our stay in "the modern Babylon," a very interesting one. These friends were Mr. and Mrs. Merry. Mrs. Merry was formerly Miss Mowat, of Stratford, Ont., and only came to London a few weeks before we reached there. Our stay in the great metropolis was necessarily a short one, and gave us little opportunity for sight-seeing.

Our voyage from London to Bombay was full of interest, and only for a short time Saturday morning after leaving London did we experience any sea-sickness, that being caused by the choppy waves of the English channel. We reached Gibraltar the following Tuesday, November 1st., passing, ere we arrived at Gibraltar, the rocks on which the Roumania was wrecked. We had not known of the wreck until we reached Gibraltar; but how thankful we then were to our loving, Heavenly Father who had so ordered our going that we were not on that fated vessel—the one on

which Miss Ross and Dr. Fraser crossed two years ago.

We landed at Gibraltar and walked about the strongly fortified city for some time. On our way back to the vessel visited the Soldier's Christian Institute, where we were very heartily received. We were accompanied by several American missionaries, two ministers among the number. Leaving that evening we reached Marseilles the next Thursday morning where we remained until Friday afternoon, two o'clock. We passed through Bonifacio Straits Sunday morning, November 6th, and then through Straits of Messina, Nov. 7th. Sardinia and Corsica, as seen from the straits, are nothing but rock. Italy and Sicily from Messina are very beautiful, and we were exceedingly sorry to lose sight of that beautiful country, as we steamed rapidly onward. Mount Etna looked sublime with its peak rising high above the clouds. Smoke could be seen quite distinctly issuing from the crater. Stromboli was also in sight but sunk into insignificance when compared with Mount Etna.

On Thursday, November 10th, we arrived at Port Said where we received home-mail greatly to our delight. We were in quarantine here a few hours on account of having gone to Marseilles where cholera and small-pox were prevalent. We passed through the Suez Canal Thursday night, reaching Suez on Friday morning at six o'clock, making the shortest run on record. We had now entered scenes of an intensely interesting character on account of associations. The scenery of itself was by no means attractive. The shores, when in view, consisted of bare, barren masses of rock, bleached and worn by the sun and atmosphere. On Tuesday, November 15, we reached Aden, having almost passed over the most dreaded part of the voyage, namely, the Red Sea, on account of the heat. However, the heat was not nearly so intense as expected, although we suffered considerably for a few days.

We arrived at Bombay on Sunday, Nov. 20th, and were met by Drs. O'Hara and McKellar and Rev. N. H. Russell, who welcomed us so warmly that we felt at once we had not left all our friends in Canada. It is impossible to tell all they did for us in Bombay to make our coming to India a happy one, but can only say they succeeded most happily.

We left Bombay for Mhow Monday evening, and were met here by Rev. Mr. Wilkie and Mrs. Wilkie, Miss Jamieson, Miss Sinclair, Dr. Oliver and Dr. Fraser. Miss Ross and Miss McWilliams having come to meet us two stations from Mhow, we formed quite a company when we landed at Mhow station. It was unspeakably kind of these older missionaries so to receive the new ones, and brighten our coming by their hearty and kindly welcome.

Speaking for myself since coming to Mhow, I have never spent happier days in my life. The missionaries of every station in Central India have done all they could to make me feel at home in this very strange land, at least strange people, for the land is not strange.

My home with Miss Ross and Dr. Fraser is an exceedingly happy one, and though we are far from home-friends we can never be unhappy while we have each other's love and sympathy. Those dear girls, although having work enough to overpower the ordinary home girl, can always find some time and way of giving me pleasure.

Then, too, Mr. and Mrs. Russell add more than I can tell to my happiness here. To Mrs. Russell I had become very much attached on the voyage, so that now it is a very great pleasure to be so near her. I like India greatly and know that I shall enjoy the work. And, oh, what need there is of workers! Such crowds and crowds of natives, whom it is simply impossible for so few workers to reach! "The harvest is truly plenteous, but the labourers are few." May the Church soon see her way clear to send out labourers in large numbers to these benighted people.

Dr. Buchanan's little girl died last Thursday, after an illness of a few weeks.

## 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 a 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 that 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 is 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 home, 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 about 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 anyone 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 women may be fortunate." Mrs. Kenyon is an intellectual lady-like woman, and her home bears evidence of her great capabilities as a house-wife. 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 malarial 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 ever 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 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 the 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 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 of her neighbours 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 known of her illness. I look upon her recovery as something marvellous. It is surely the unexpected that happened in her case. Of my own 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 was 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, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humours 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, 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. 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 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 make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.