

ble out of it. The State chose, employed, and paid the artist, and the chief of the State hang over his work with love and pride, as if the artist were the best of his own colleagues. The whole work was to the honour of the great patron deity of the State, and the completion of it was a sort of national sacrament and thanksgiving day. That was the most perfect and typical work of art that this earth ever saw. What would it have been if Theseus and Hissus, Centaurs and Lapithae, had been stuck in galleries in the midst of busts of a prominent citizen, dancing girls, children at play, and the like, numbered 4,576 in the official catalogue, "the work of Phedias, the studios, Acropolis, price to be had of the secretary; if in Parian marble twenty-five per cent. extra?" The Theseus and Hissus look forlorn enough, as it is, in their stately exile in our Elgin gallery in London. How would they look in the Paris Salon, when poor Phedias came day by day to the office to ask if some rich soap-boiler or pork-dealer had given him his price? The mere thought of an ideal perfection is enough to convince us how impossible is any high type of art under a system of trade and money-making. The pecuniary standard, which more or less affects every form of intellectual and spiritual activity, seems to have a peculiarly deadening influence upon the visual arts. The arts are necessarily a part of luxury, public or private. And, now that private luxury has almost completely superseded public magnificence, the result on art is disastrous.—Fred. Harrison, in *The Forum*.

A CHATEAUGUAY MIRACLE.

PHYSICIANS PRONOUNCED RECOVERY IMPOSSIBLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. L. Jos. Beaudin, of St. Urbain—His Friends Called to His Supposed Deathbed—How He Regained His Health and Strength—A Public Acknowledgment of His Gratitude.

From *La Presse*, Montreal.

There has appeared in the columns of *La Presse*, during the past few years, many articles bearing witness to the great good accomplished in various parts of the country by a remedy the name of which is now one of the most familiar household words in all parts of the Dominion. And now comes a statement from the county of Chateauguay, over the signature of a well-known resident of St. Urbain, which speaks in positive and unmistakable language as to the value of this wonder-working medicine.

MR. BEAUDIN'S STATEMENT.

"I feel that I owe my life to your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I desire to make grateful acknowledgment and to give you a complete statement of my illness and cure in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other sufferer. About the middle of October, 1891, acting on the advice of an American doctor whom I had consulted, I left home for the north to invest in farming lands with the intention of cultivating them myself. I had been afflicted with a species of paralysis caused by the rupture of a blood vessel over the right eye, and which stopped the circulation of the blood on the left side. I was at that time employed as a book-keeper by Messrs. Lacaille Bros., Lawrence, Mass. The doctor had advised a change of work so as to have less mental and more physical exercise. This I resolved upon, but delayed too long as I did not leave until the following October. Arrived at my destination I perceived symptoms of my previous illness making themselves felt once more. I went at

once to a local physician who declared himself unable to understand my case. However, he gave me some medicine to ease the pain I felt in my head, particularly at night. This afforded me relief for a few minutes, and sometimes enabled me to get a little sleep, but the awakening was always worse than before. On the last of October I went to bed as usual after taking my medicine as directed, and slept the whole night, but the following morning on trying to rise I found myself so weak that I could not stand and could scarcely speak. My wife, surprised to see me in such a state, ran to a neighbour's and requested him to go for a doctor and the priest. The doctor arrived almost immediately, but could not afford me the slightest relief. The priest then arrived, and seeing the condition I was in, told me my case was critical and to prepare for death. On the following day both the priest and the doctor advised my wife to telegraph to my friends, as they considered death approaching, and two days later my two brothers arrived. The doctor then asked if I preferred that he should hold a consultation with another physician, and on my replying in the affirmative, he telegraphed to a doctor living at a distance of about fifteen miles. They both came to see me, asked some questions and retired for consultation. The result of this was that my wife was told that I could not possibly get better. Said the doctor to her, "with the greatest possible care he cannot live a year." "When my wife told me this I determined to pay the doctors and discontinue their services. It cost me about \$30 to hear their verdict. Two or three weeks passed without any improvement in my condition, and I was so weak I could barely move around the house with the aid of a cane. One day I noticed a parcel lying on the table wrapped in a newspaper. Having nothing better to do I began to read it, and after a while came across an article headed "Miraculous Cure." I read it, and the longer I read the more interested I became, because I saw the case of the person referred to resembled my own in many respects. When I finished the article I saw that the cure had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It seemed as though there was a struggle within me between the facts I had read and my own incredulity, so small was the faith I had in medicines advertised in the papers. I read the article and re-read it several times. I seemed to hear the doctor's words, "he cannot live a year," and then I saw the effects of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case I had just read about. The result of these reflections was that I decided to give Pink Pills a trial, and I immediately wrote the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. for a supply. On their arrival I commenced using them according to directions, and before the first box was done I found they were helping me, and it was not long before I was able to walk to the village, a distance of half a mile, without the aid of a cane, and I was rapidly gaining health and strength. At the time I was taken sick I weighed 212 pounds, and at the time I began the use of the Pink Pills I was reduced to 162 pounds, a loss of 50 pounds in a little more than

a month. I took the pills for about three months and in that time I gained 40 pounds. To-day I am as well as I ever was in my life and my recovery is due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot recommend them too highly to those who do not enjoy the blessing of perfect health.

Yours gratefully,

L. JOS. BEAUDIN.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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, 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 men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

BUDDHIST ADDRESS TO A CEYLON JUDGE.

An address was presented to the Hon. Justice Lawrie, in Kandy, the other day, by the Sangha of the Asgiri Vihara. The translation is as follows:—

To the Hon. A. Campbell Lawrie, Senior Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of the Island of Ceylon.—May the gods always guard the noble and learned Judge Lawrie, who, delighting the hearts of the good, is like a lamp unto Lanka, shining in the splendour of wealth, who, decked in the pure and lovely garb of wisdom, wears the necklace of law, and is an abode of virtue and an ocean of love. May the gods long preserve in health and happiness the illustrious and good Judge Campbell Lawrie, endowed with all the personal attractions, who, having rooted out all prejudices, administers law with justice. Is there an illustrious Judge Campbell Lawrie by name, who is like the lotus attracting the bee-like great, whose words are pleasant and cordial? Him may the gods keep for a long time to come endowed with all blessings. Is there a Judge Campbell Lawrie by name, who, as the noble lion does the elephants, conquers his opponents by unyielding firmness? Him may the gods preserve from all harm! Is there a famous and honourable Judge Campbell Lawrie by name, who, well versed in various branches of knowledge, and perfectly self-subsided in disposition, loves to supply the needs of the poor, pressed down by want, and is free from every form of evil? Him may the gods always protect!

Belgium is the first country to make hypnotism a crime.

What is civilization? I answer, the power of good women.—Emerson.