Missionary World.

MISSIONS TO THE INDIANS-JOHN PASSAGE. The Western Missionary says: We who are engaged in carrying on missionary work under denominational auspices can usually see with considerable clearness the disadvantages under which undenominational agencies must labour. Such a missionary usually spends a considerable portion of his time in the home land securing the sinews of war: he does his work independently of supervision on the part of those who contribute to his support, and so on. These objections do not apply to a mission, non-denominational in character, which has been carried on for several years by John Passage, a treaty Indian, among his countrymen in the northern part of this province. He receives no salary whatever, and so no time is lost in collecting it. The utmost given him has been an small honorarium ranging from \$25 to \$40, given annually since his work came under the notice of some of the friends of missions in Winnipeg. His work on the other hand is near enough to enabls us to obtain recent and reliable information about its progress. Two or three times in the year these reserves are visited in the way of business by gentlemen who are so impressed by the genuineness and value of this humble missionary's labours that they co-operate actively in contributing or transmitting to him the assistance which is sent to cheer his heart. The editor gladly avails himself this month of a communication on this subject written by a lady who, from the beginning, has been deeply interested in John Passage's self-denying labours, and he commends this simple-minded follower of the Lord Jesus Christ to the prayers and good-will of all Christians, who like Barnabas are "glad" whenever "they see the grace of God" under whatever circumstances or auspices it may manifest itself.

JOHN'S VERSION OF THE GREAT COMMISSION.

The Western Missionary says: John Passage, in common with the other Indians on reserves bordering on our lakes, is engaged in fishing during the winter season, and in summer settles down to cultivate his plot of ground. By example as well as by precept he encourages his neighbours to do the same, instead of following their old, irregular habits. We first heard of him three years ago, through a trader who told us of seeing John sitting in an old tent mending his nets and singing heartily from his Cree hymn-book:

The great Physician now is near-The sympathizing Jesus.

On being asked "why he did not stay in a larger and more comfortable house with the " he replied, "There's too Other fishermen? much smoking and swearing in there, and I feel my Lord nearer me alone here." Our informant added: "I thought of Andrew and Peter mending their nets by the lake shore. And we have no doubt but John, too, had a special call to become a "fisher of men." takes great pleasure in sharing the results of his labours—fish and potatoes, with "the poor widows"—evidently on the "inasmuch", Principle. And we have heard that John's donations are nearer a fourth than a tithe of what he possesses.

Last winter, as well as the previous one, collections were made for him among some friends of the cause in Winnipeg, to enable him to devote more of his time to the work for which he is peculiarly adapted. Those who have heard him addressing crowded meetings in school-houses declare that "in his own language, John is a born orator!" sums are well bestowed, as was instanced by the fact that he had to pawn his gun for his ticket from Westbourne the last time he was in Winnipeg. It is a privilege to entertain John during these annual visits of two or three days, as his simple faith, and devotion to the spiritual and temporal interests of his poor people," cannot tail to impress one that he possesses a true missionary spirit; while his genial smile and courteous bearing give evidence of his being one of "nature's gentle-

During his last visit, on being questioned as to the motives which led him into this line of work, his reply was: "I think all the time of what my Lord tell the men what go round with Him before He go back to heaven,-He say: -Go, tell everybody about Me, and my heart, he burn, and I gone and done it." On being further asked about his special Sunday work, he said: "I have service at my place Lake St. Martin—in the morning; then I go to Sandy Bar in the afternoon, eight miles, and run to Fairford, twelve miles, in the evening, for service." We remarked, "Then you stay at Fairford on Sunday nights?" He stay at Fairford on Sunday nights?" He simply replied: "Oh, no, I run home by midnight because I have to work for my living next day."

As we listened to his story, so refreshingly devoid of self-consciousness, we became enthused, and at once resolved on doing our utmost to get a pony for him before the next Christmas. John's interests not being

specially connected with our own missionary claims, we could hardly expect assistance toward this object from our Auxiliaries or Mission Bands. As friends in Winnipeg had already done something for him, we thought of appealing to some young friends in Ottawa -to interest their Sunday School classes, and other church organizations, in his behalfknowing how pleased children are to contribute to any definite object of which they approve. Nor were we disappointed, as, through various sources-primary classes, Young Peoples' and Ladies' Associations, as well as from private subscriptions—the sum of \$52.50 has been forwarded for the purpose. We nave also been promised the proceeds of a Christmas Missionary Service from the Stewarton Sunday School, which—with a donation from the Primary Classes of St. Andrews Church, Winnipeg, and one expected from another Sunday School in the east—we trust will be sufficient to enable us to present the pony, free from debt, to John as a Christmas gift.

A good and suitable horse has been bought for him for \$75, but we have thought it advisable, for various reasons, not to give him the entire proprietorship, one being that, when not required for his own special work, it may occasionally be utilized by our missionary students when in that locality.

It will be seen that the missionary pony has already covered considerable ground, and if the good which we earnestly trust will, through his means, be proportionately accomplished, our efforts are more than rewarded.

A DUFFERIN COUNTY MIRACLE.

ERNEST DUKE'S GREAT PERIL AND WON-DERFUL ESCAPE.

HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED AFTER HIS CONDI-TION HAD BEEN DECLARED HOPELESS BY THREE DOCTORS-AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE GIVEN TO A "POST" RE-PORTER BY THE BOY'S MOTHER AND OTHER WITNESSES.

Dufferin Post, Orangeville.

The great Edmund Burke once exclaimed. in a moment of sadness and despair, that the age of chivalry was gone forever; and on every side of us we hear it remarked that the days of miracles are a part of the dim, superstitious and romantic past. We are not going to enter into a discussion on the merits of either statement. Much of the chivalry that we read of had a great deal of the wild and grotesque about it, while not a little that was attributed to miraculous agencies was the work of men of talent and genius, wiser and greater than their generation, who had explored and comprehended the treasures of Mother Nature, within whose bosom is said to be locked a panacea for every ill of fallen flesh. A newspaper's chief mission is to faithfully and attractively record interesting current events, and to make such comments and suggestions as it deems advisable, and it is this role the Post is desiring to fill in this article. The neighbouring township of Mono furnishes an instance of a marvellous cure, which, in less-enlightened times, would undoubtedly have been credited to supernatural influences, and which has, even in this stern and practical era, created a genuine sensation. In a recent issue we gave the particulars of the restoration to physical strength and activity of George Hewitt, of Mono Mills, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which are now household words on this continent. Many who read the article on Mr. Hewitt might be disposed to doubt, but the least credulous were silenced and convinced by the striking evidence of the patient himself—evidence which was corroborated by several reliable persons who had an intimate knowledge of the facts. The fine banner township of Mono supplies equally striking and conclusive testimony of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as an effectual remedy where the physician's skill and knowledge have been utterly baffled. Men may be disposed to be skeptical, and to fancy that much that is said in praise of these pills is mere hyperbole, but it is hard to confront the logic of facts, and in this respect an enduring monument is fast being built in support of the merits and claims of this greatest medical preparation of the century. Mr. William Duke, lot I, concession 6. Mono, is pected pioneers of this section. A few weeks ago we heard that his little twelve-year-old boy had been snatched from the very jaws of death by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we determined to fully investigate the reported cure. Mr. Duke resides about six miles from Orangeville, and is one of the most prosperous farmers of the banner township. When the representative of the *Post* called at his quiet and comfortable home, Mr. Duke was at a neighbouring threshing, but the reporter was courteously received by Mrs. Duke. We enquired as to the condition of Ernest, the little boy who was reported to have been cured, and were somewhat nonplussed when told that he was at school. From our information as to his state of health last spring, we did not expect to find him able to leave the

house, and were not prepared for the news that he was once more strong enough to mix with the gabbling schoolboy throng. Ernest the little boy that was so sick last winter and spring?" was our next interrogative. was our next interrogative. "He is, indeed," replied Mrs. Duke, "and to tell you the truth, we had at one time no hope that he would ever again be able to leave his

bed."
"To what do you attribute the boy's recovery?" the reporter asked.
"Oh, to nothing but Dr. Williams' Pink

was the ready and emphatic response of Mrs. Duke, who is a very intelligent lady, and who then gave the interviewer the following interesting and well-nigh incredible nar-rative: "Last winter Ernest had la grippe, and he never seemed to fully recover from the effects of it. In February last, some time after he had la grippe, he was so unwell that we took him to Dr. Bonnar, of Mono Mills, who examined him, and said that what was troubling him was a decaying tooth which required to be extracted. He pulled the tooth and said to take the boy home and he would be all right shortly. Instead of getting better, however, Ernest got far worse, and was soon confined entirely to his bed. He failed in strength and appetite, and was becoming more nervous every day. Sometimes he would get twitching and nervous fits, and shake so hard that he would frighten you. The shaking was so strong that the whole bed shook with him. We became alarmed and sent for a second doctor, who prescribed for the boy, and who gave it as his opinion that his recovery was impossible. At this time Ernest had lost the power of both legs and arms, and they had to be tied down to ease the sufferer by lessening the nervous agitation. The second physician called in attended the boy some time, but the case was getting so bad, every day becoming more hopeless, that a third was sent for to This last one said that there was no consult. chance for poor Ernest, and that all the trouble seemed to be in the nerves. I need not tell you how grieved we felt over the prospect of losing our boy, and would have tried anything to save his life. We had been reading in the Post about the wonderful cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and often thought of trying them as we were told they would do no harm if they did not do any good. Nearly every week we read about miracles wrought by the Pills, and one day I determined to ask the doctor if we might try them. 'Well,' said he, 'The boy can't get better, and the Pills are not likely to hasten his end. You can do as you like.' Shortly after we bought a box of the Pills. This was in May last. Little Ernest had not been taking them two weeks when we noticed a wonderful change. We quit the doctor's medicine altogether, and kept using the pills only. The boy improved so rapidly that, in a short time, he was able to be out of bed., One can hardly believe a story like this, but every word of it is true. I tell you there is a wonderful change in our boy, and we ought to be thankful to the Pink Pills. Ernest is growing stout and strong, and this is his first day at school. The doctor said he would be dead before the last Toronto exhibition, but my little fellow was so well then that he was able to be around, and even went with his father to the exhibition. We have been buying the pills from Mr. Stevenson, one of the Orangeville druggists, and Ernest is still using them, although not so often as at first. It would not be much out of your way to call at the school, and there you will find Ernest, who will be able to speak for himself."

Just as Mrs. Duke was concluding her interesting narrative, the teacher of the school, Mr. Thomas E. Langford, who boards at Mr. Duke's, entered the house. It was the dinner hour, and the reporter expected that Ernest would turn up, and save him a visit to the school. He was informed, however, that the boy had taken his lunch with him in the morning, and would spend the dinner-hour at play. Mr. Langford accompanied the reporter to the road, and on the way the teacher said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis could not be too widely known. "I have been boarding all along at Mr. Duke's," said he, "and I tell you little Ernest was in a bad state last spring. No one ever thought he would get better, and it seems so strange that he was cured by such a simple remedy. Why, three doctors pronounced his case hopeless, and yet he is at school to-day! He is a bright little boy, and the Pink Pills saved his life."

The reporter was full of thought as he hastened to the school to interview the little fel-low who may be said to have heard the summons of death, and to have been saved from an early grave by Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills, which the teacher had truly described as a simple remedy. When we reached the school, several children were playing in the yard, and, in answer to our call for Ernest Duke, a bright little boy started out from the romping throng. We asked him if he was the boy who had been so sick, and he answer-ed with a mild and clear "yes." "Are you well now?" "O, yes, I'm as well as ever again." "What cured you?" "Pink Pills!" was the ready and smiling response. The little fellow did certainly appear to be in the full enjoyment of health, and no one who did

not know the facts would think that he had so recently been in such a feeble and precarious condition as to be despaired of by three local physicians of standing and experience. We shook hands with the boy, and started for Orangeville fully convinced that there was a good deal in the stories we had been reading miracles wrought through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The reporter also interviewed several of Mr. Duke's neighbours, and found them all of one opinion. This was that his son would now be sleeping in the silent churchyard had it not been for the timely use of Pink Pills. He also learned that many others were using the pills with gratifying results, while many more had made up their minds, since the miraculous saving of young Duke's life, to try the great remedy for lesser ailments with which they were troubled. We had anticipated that our mission would be disappointing in some respects, never expecting to have the strange story which we had heard of Ernest Duke's recovery so fully substantiated; but here we were returning to Orangeville with everything that was flying rumour before conclusively established upon investigation.

WHAT THE DRUGGISTS SAY.

On arriving at Orangeville we determined to interview the local druggists as to the popularity of the remedy that is working such wonders and causing such genuine sensations in many parts of the country. Mr. Thomas Stevenson was the first druggist interviewed. "Do you sell many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" we asked Mr. Stevenson. "I should think we did," was his prompt reply. There is no remedy in my store for which there is such a demand, and while the number we sell "How do you account for this large sale?"
we asked. "I believe it due entirely to the merits of the preparation. Those who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills report the best re-The remedy is certainly a wonderful

When Mr. A. Turner was questioned, he said the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was a surprise to himself. In his experience as a druggist no remedy had made such a reputation or produced such wonderful results. Scarcely a day passed that he did not hear of parties who were benefited by the use of Pink Pills.

Mr. J. R. Dodds was equally enthusiastic. " If you call Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a patent medicine," said he, "they are the most popular and best-selling patent medicine in my store to-day. The sale is undoubtedly on the increase, and I can say that scores who have bought from me are loud in their praises of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for them. They are certainly a great remedy, and my experience is that they effect all that is claimed for them."

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 humours in the blood, such as scrosula, 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, over-work 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 cents 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

A WHOLESOME PAPER.

Boys will find thrilling stories somewhere; The Youth's Companion meets this natural craving by providing adventure tales which present only the highest ideals of manhood and duty. Its Home, School and Folk-lore stories hold the first rank as specimens of chaste fiction.