

position he retained until given his present command. His works are published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House announce the following publications: "A Foolish Marriage," by Annie S. Swan; "A Veteran of 1812: The Life of Lieut. Col. James Fitzgibbon," by — Fitzgibbon. (We have already referred to this volume); "Hill Crest," by Jewell Emory. The same firm state that the first edition of McIlwraith's "Birds of Ontario" will soon be exhausted; that they are pressing the sale of Mrs. Curzon's drama—"Laura Secord"—a drama that should commend itself to all patriotic Canadians as a native work of undoubted literary merit and historic worth; and that a new edition of Dr. Tracy's "Psychology of Childhood," will probably soon appear.

Mr. Theodore Watts says in the current number of *The Idler*: "In a true and deep sense all pure literature is fiction—to use an extremely inadequate and misleading word as a substitute for the right phrase, 'imaginative representation.' 'The Iliad,' 'The Odyssey,' 'The Aeneid,' 'The Divina Commedia,' are fundamentally novels, though in verse, as certainly novels as is the latest story by Mr. Besant, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Hall Caine, or Mr. Zangwill. The greatest of all writers of the novelette is neither Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Bret Harte, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Cable, nor even Mr. Kipling, nor Mr. Stockton (great as these are in this line), but the old Burmese parable writer who gave us the story of the girl-mother and the mustard-seed."

The *Springfield Republican* has an appreciative sketch of that eminent American scholar, the late Professor William Dwight Whitney, of Yale College of which the following is taken: Thoroughness was the basis of his work and success, and exactitude marked all that he did, while that haste which is the great pitfall in American living never entrapped him. He took the time which sound growth always demands, and so his achievements will abide.

His fame meantime grow steadily and permanently. Prof. Whitney takes rank as one of the foremost Sanskrit scholars of his time, and his text-books have been awarded a high place for their exact statement of general grammatical doctrine. In the science of language, of which his expositions and classifications are accepted as authoritative, he claims that the development of speech is by the acceptance of conventional signs, and that its beginnings were imitative, in lieu of the view advanced by others who contend that language was spontaneously generated in the mind and co-existent with thought.

His treatises on philology were translated into many languages. Finally, and by no means least of the achievements of his life, Prof. Whitney was superintending editor of the *Century Dictionary*, and therein has given to us all the rich fruits of his life work.

He received the degree of Ph.D. from the university of Breslau in 1861, his alma mater, Williams College conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1868, William and Mary gave him the same degree in 1869, and Harvard in 1876, while that of J.U.D. was given him by St. Andrews, Scotland,

in 1874, and Litt. D. by Columbia in 1886. He was the first president of the American philological association in 1869, and in 1865 was elected to the National Academy of Sciences. Besides his membership in many other scientific bodies, both at home and abroad, he was a correspondent of the Berlin, Turin, Rome and St. Petersburg academies, the Institute of France, and a foreign knight of the Prussian order "Pour le merite." Prof. Whitney contributed to the *North American Review* when that once dignified publication was in its best estate, to the *New Englander* and similar periodicals, wrote many articles for cyclopedias, and contributed papers almost without number to the transactions of the many societies of which he was a member. He was also a large contributor of material to the great Sanskrit dictionary published by the Russian Government.

Personally he was one of the most lovely and attractive of men, fond of music and all the fine things in nature and art—a neighborly, genuine and simple man, as all well developed and great natures are apt to be.

### A NORTHWEST MIRACLE.

THE UNIQUE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. GEO. COLLISON OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Physicians Declared She Was in Consumption—A Victim of Deadly Night Sweats and Her Case Pronounced Hopeless—Her Pastor Encouraged Her to Begin the Use of a Medicine that Saved Her Life—The Days of Miracles in Healing Have Not Passed.

Mrs. George Collison is a well known and esteemed resident of Prince Albert, N. W. T. This lady has had a remarkable experience, having almost entered the valley of death when the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored her to health and strength, and she now relates her marvellous story for the benefit of suffering humanity. We cannot do better than give Mrs. Collison's story in her own words. She says,—"We formerly lived in Carberry, Man., where I lay ill for a year and a half. My case was pronounced hopeless by all the doctors there, and they agreed that I had not long to live, and in fact I had but little hope of recovery myself. The doctors stated that my trouble was consumption, and when they said they could do nothing for me I determined to go to my old home at Tara, Ont., and see if the doctors there could help me. I remained there for three months, and returned home not any improved. I was so weak I could scarcely walk across a room, and when I reached Carberry I was forced to take my bed and at times was so weak I could not turn myself in bed. For some months I was troubled with chronic diarrhoea and after returning home I called in another doctor who had just located there. He checked the diarrhoea, but held out no hopes of my recovery. This doctor stated that not only were my lungs in a very bad condition, but that abscesses had formed. I suffered from the weakening effects of night sweats, and had alternate chills and fevers. Then my trouble became aggravated by the cords in my legs drawing up to the extent that it was impossible for me to straighten them. I was bandaged from my chest to my ankles, and my feet and hands would swell terribly. I had severe pains about the heart and coughed and spit so much that I thought the end was coming fast. When my minister called one day I told him I would like to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but as other medicines had failed me I feared they might too. He told me to remember that we must do all we could to preserve life, and perhaps God would

bless the Pink Pills to the benefit of my health. I then began to take them, very lightly at first for my stomach was very weak. When I had taken the Pink Pills for a time I began to revive somewhat and there was an improvement in my appetite. After using Pink Pills for about a month I could sit up, and in four months from the time I began using them I could do my own work, and I am as strong, and I firmly believe healthier, than I ever was before. After I began the use of the Pink Pills I took no other medicine, but took with them occasionally juice of lemon and crushed sugar. It is a pleasure for me to speak strongly of the medicine which, with God's blessing, saved my life, and you are at liberty to give my experience the widest circulation, as it may be the means of benefitting some other despairing sufferer. My husband joins his grateful thanks with mine, and we both feel justified in saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a marvel among medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills furnish in a condensed form the constituents necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, assisting it to absorb oxygen, the great sustainer of organic life. By this means this great remedy strikes at the root of disease, speedily driving it from the system, restoring the patient to full health and strength. Most diseases afflicting mankind have their origin in an impoverished condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system, and acting directly upon these, Pink Pills are a specific for all such troubles. Thousands of grateful people testify to the benefits they have derived from the use of Pink Pills, and no other medicine has ever published such strong and carefully authenticated evidence of merit. If in need of a medicine do not be persuaded to try something else, but insist upon getting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Cheerfulness is health: its opposite, melancholy, is disease.—*Haliburton*.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—*Disraeli*.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DR. BOURINOT'S LIBRARY.

In the western wing of the Commons, overlooking the walks that concentrate in the great clock tower and the lawn that widens out to Wellington street, is a beautiful room whose purpose may be guessed at from the shaded windows and the glimpses of harmonious draperies that may be had while passing without. This is Dr. Bourinot's library and adjoining it is a well-appointed withdrawing room. After taking leave of my courteous cicerone of the Printing Bureau I went to call upon that gentleman, who is too little known to Canadians as the scholar and the enthusiastic historian, and more generally as the Clerk of the Commons. Dr. Bourinot is a man who, past the prime of life in years, gives no evidence of it physically or intellectually. In person he is over medium height, rather robust, fair, clean-shaven, and he wears that indispensable, unsatisfactory British adjunct, an eyeglass. Intellectually he is the peer of the best of his contemporaries, an historian whose patient, thorough researches have satisfied the demands of the most exacting—a scholar whose wide knowledge and experience place