

A LONDONER IN CHINA;

STORY OF A FORCED MARCH

Over the Mountainous Regions in the Interior to Reach a Stricken Missionary—Dr. Elliott's Graphic Narrative—the Hardships of China Travel.

Dr. C. C. Elliott, of this city, son of Mrs. J. H. Elliott, of 565 Ridout street, writes in an entertaining and instructive vein of his experiences in China as a medical missionary. Dr. Elliott is stationed at Hsuting, in the interior province of Si-Chuan. His letter, which is appended, explains itself:

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 5th, a runner brought in a message from Wansien, asking me to go over as quickly as possible; one of the missionaries being ill. By the usual route it is five days' journey from here, but a more direct road, which goes over the tops of two mountain ranges, instead of through a pass farther west, is reckoned as four stages and a half. By taking this road and making forced marches, I hoped to do it in three days. The distressing part of it was that as the crowd flies my patient and I were only thirty-five miles apart! Tortuous paths and a mountainous country lengthen it out to three hundred and eighty li (about one hundred and twenty miles), while primitive modes of transport account for the time consumed.

Preparations began at once. The Yamen had to be notified, chair-bearers and an extra coolie hired, bedding, mosquito net, food basket, etc., all packed up. At a quarter to six next morning our cavalcade sallied out of the hospital compound—nine men in all—to try to do in three days what might be done by a railway in a very few hours. After riding for three hours one could look back through a gap in the hills and see the city nestled down inside its high wall, while the smoke rising from thousands of roofs (not chimneys), told that the citizens were preparing to eat "early rice."

The road this first day, though hilly enough in all conscience, was not a bad one for the province of Si-Chuan. At 6:30 p.m. found us still fairly fresh, being ferried over a stream to the village of Ku-lu-tan, where we were to spend the night. In order to spare the bearers one likes to walk up all the hard hills at the very least. This under a hot sun means a fair day's work, unless one is in very good form. Still, if one could be sure of resting in the inn when night came it would not matter. But to be put into a low-roofed, grimy place, six feet by eight, with no opening save the door from the common room (which is kitchen, dining-room, office and, at times, bedroom for nine host, his family, his "staff" and his so-called guests—not including the myriads of guests unbidden), to be sweltering here, hoping in vain that the noises will soon cease, catching the odors from the cooking, from the opium pipes, from the foul tubs of pig feed, from everything thinkable and unthinkable; to watch the hours pass till it is time to be off again—this, in a word, was Ku-lu-tan. It was a sorry preparation for the day ahead of us. Amid such surroundings I was gratified to find, on weighing the whole matter impartially, that I was glad to be there; yes, very glad to be in the place and doing the work which I believed was intended for me.

At 2:30 a.m. feeling that I had had about as much as I could stand, I roused the men—no light task—and half an hour later bade the inn and the village a tearful farewell. For two hours we followed the course of a stream up a deep, rock-gorge; the moon kindly lingering above the heights on our right, till the sky in the east began to glow with the light of dawn. Then came a wide and fertile valley, where the road, winding in and out among the rice fields, seems quite unbecoming as to when, if ever, it will reach the other side.

Early in the afternoon we found ourselves at the foot of one of the two ranges of hills lying between Hsiting and Wansien. In the steeper parts of the ascent, good stone steps are either built up, or in some places, cut into the rock, the roughness of the height with that of hills at home. I began to count as I climbed, but when I reached number 850, I abandoned it; feeling that I cared far more about seeing the top (still out of sight) than about being able to tell you how high it was.

Towards evening the pace began to tell on the men. The coolie with my baggage was miles in the rear. The chairmen, though I had walked forty li or more out of the one hundred and thirty, were fagged out. The hue of their yellow faces were now something between ashy and leaden. We tried to hire fresh men, but all were busy with

the rice harvest. How they could keep on I did not know; yet keep on they did, and without one word of complaint. I have always admired the Chinese coolie—everyone does who knows him—but never more than I did that night, when they landed me at San-ta-ho and sank down on the benches in the inn, too exhausted to speak.

Five o'clock next morning found us already some distance on our way. The coolies' plan, which I also adopt to save time, is to take no food before starting, but to halt after one or two hours for rest and breakfast. Having fared sumptuously on rice, bean-curd and a sort of melon, we began the steepest climb I have yet had in China. It was the second of the two ranges of hills. Its height above the level of the plain would be between 2,000 and 3,000 feet. Distance from base to summit he may tell you that a hill is 30 (9 miles), but I felt sure it was not so far. The truth is that ten li, though usually taken as being equal to three English miles, is in reality the distance that a coolie can cover in an hour, carrying his load of 80 catties (100 lbs.). Thus he may tell you that hill is 30 li going up but 20 coming down! Smile if you wish. Like many other strange customs of the Chinamen, it is adapted to the conditions of his life and illustrates his intensely practical turn of mind, concerned not with distance in the abstract, but with the time it will take him to "get there."

From the top of our mountain a wonderful view was to be had of range after range of hills stretched out below us. The Yangtze, itself invisible, was marked out by a long line of mist hanging over one of the valleys. Along another valley could be traced the main road from Wansien to the provincial capital (Chen-Tu). Over in the distance one could just see where Wansien itself must lie concealed by the surrounding heights; yet we were still 83 li away!

It was dusk when our tired-out party, scattered along a mile or two of the road began to dribble into the city and up to the mission compound.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

If you have a baby or young children in the home, always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets on hand. Don't wait until the little one is sick, or sometimes an hour's delay will prove fatal. This medicine will cure stomach troubles, constipation, diarrhea, simple fevers and makes teething painless. If children are sick Baby's Own Tablets make them well and better still. I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing to keep children well. These tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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DR. AGNEW

WITH THE FORESIGHT OF A PROPHET, BY THE AID OF THAT GREATEST OF KNOWN TREATMENTS—"DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART"—IS LEADING THOUSANDS OUT OF "EGYPTIAN BONDAGE," OUT OF ILL-HEALTH AND UNTOLD SUFFERING TO THE "PROMISED LAND" OF PERFECT HEALTH

DOES YOUR HEART ACHE?

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Is there palpitation—Is there fluttering—Is your breath short—Is it hard to find your pulse sometimes—Do you have smothering spells—Do your feet and ankles swell—Do you have fainting turns—Do you have nightmarish—Do you have pain in the left side, shoulder or arm—Ever experience great hunger and exhaustion—Do you have chilly sensations? Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has saved thousands of sufferers, and it can help and cure you; but you cannot afford to toy with heart troubles, so if you have any of the heart symptoms to-day then to-day is the day to put yourself in touch with a remedy—this great heart treatment that never fails.

"I was under treatment," says Mr. A. Lavers, of Collingwood, Ont., "with some of the best physicians in London (England) for what they diagnosed as incurable heart trouble. I suffered agonies through pain about my heart, fainting spells, palpitation and exhaustion. As a drowning man grasps at a straw I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. The first bottle relieved me greatly; two bottles took away all traces of my heart trouble."

DR. AGNEW'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS cure all liver ills—10 cents. DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER a sure cure for catarrh. SOLD BY G. McALLUM AND CAL LARD & McALLAN.

where, of course, we were warmly welcomed, and where I found that there was abundant reason for having summoned me.

Do not think that chair travel is all a weariness to the flesh. The country is a most interesting one—fields of rice all yellow and bending under weight of the ripe grain, long slopes covered with sugar cane, little plots of cotton with their pods just beginning to burst open, farmers reaping various crops, women out in the hot sun drying tobacco, or corn, or sorghum (to be used I fear, in making gin), pears, figs, pomegranates, "Buddha's fingers," persimmons, etc., being gathered and taken into the towns for sale. And as for variety of scenery! One might almost say that in Li-Chuan variety becomes monotonous and monotony would itself be a pleasing variety.

These incidents of travel may serve to make our life out here more real to you! Still they are only the externals, the fringe of the life. Thus far I have not tried to tell you much about the state of the people nor about the prospects and the difficulties of our work. It will take a long time to fully grasp

these things. Yet they are never absent from one's waking thoughts; the injustice and oppression on every hand, the bondage of their horrible idolatry, the ruin wrought by opium, the pitiable condition of the children, the women, the prisoners; the sufferings of the sick for lack of proper help. In spite of all that has been, or can be said to the contrary, these people are essentially peaceable, industrious, friendly. Moreover, they are going to make wonderful progress in the next two or three decades. No one who lives in the Far East has any doubts on that score. It is by no means so sure, however, what the net result of all this progress will be. Without doubt it will depend largely upon the extent to which they are influenced by Christianity, so that, looked at from any standpoint—religious, political or social—the greatest boon we can bring them is the full gospel of Jesus Christ, with the light which everywhere follows the entrance of His word.

Why there should be so few young men willing to come out and bring them this boon is one of the things which are too wonderful for me.

FAMOUS PASSAGES FROM THE BEST PROSE AND ORATORY

SPEECH OF LORD CHATHAM, IN THE HOUSE OF PEERS, AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR, AND AGAINST EMPLOYING THE INDIANS IN IT.

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their

as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature, that noble lord may exclaim, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature, to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn—upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine—to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood, to exterminate the wretched natives of Mexico! We, more ruthless, lose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a restitution, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong, to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

A well-known Lowell man recently invited a dozen friends to his house on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday anniversary, and here is the way he informed them relative to the event: "Bawled, September 3, 1846, Bald, September 3, 1906."

The greater the irritation in the throat the more distressing the cough becomes. Coughing is the effort of nature to expel excess, Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will heal the inflamed parts, which excite state, the cough, and restore them to a healthy state, the cough disappears, and the curative effects of the medicine. It is pleasant to the taste, and the price, 25 cents, is within the reach of all.

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"November, 1902, my son Lauren was taken down with pneumonia. Two physicians in town attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen that his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting weaker. We commenced Dr. Sionon treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy is well and strong now, and able to enjoy life to the full, and has not taken a drop of medicine since that time."

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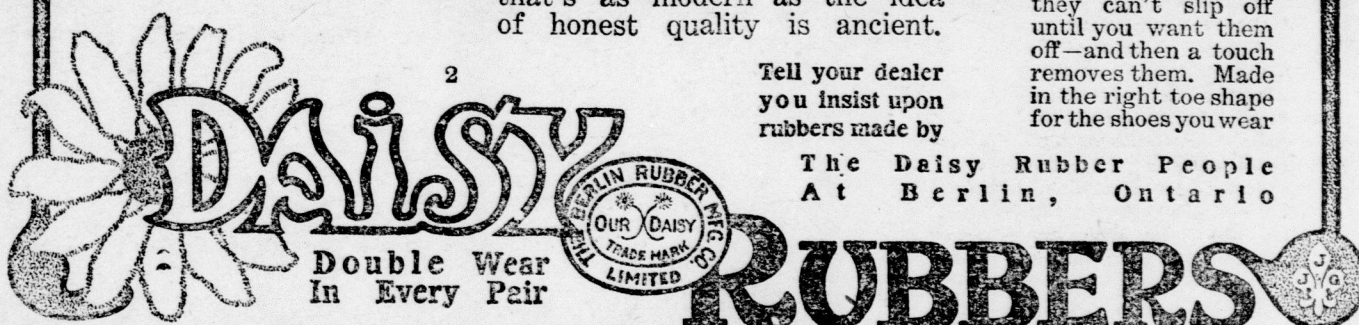
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REMINISCENCES OF LADY HAMILTON

VANITY, AVARICE AND LOVE OF GAMBLING HER RULING PASSIONS.

Lady Hamilton's ruling passions were vanity, avarice and love for the pleasures of the table. "She shows a great avidity for presents, and actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing." And here is a night at Palermo, described by Lady Minto in a letter to her sister, "Nelson and the Hamiltons all lived together in a house of which Nelson bore the expense, which was enormous, and every sort of gaming went on half the night. Nelson used to sit with large parcels of gold before him, and generally go to sleep, Lady Hamilton taking from the heap without counting, and playing with his money to the amount of \$300 a night. Her rage is played, and Sir William says when he is dead she will be a beggar. However, she has about \$250,000 worth of diamonds from the Neapolitan royal family in presents. She sits at the councils, and rules everything and everybody."

As a matter of fact, Lady Hamilton, while flattering herself that she was "ruling everything and everybody," was the outcast of the cruel and crafty Queen of Naples, who used her successfully as an instrument to recover, through Nelson, her rickety throne. It is humiliating to find Nelson, who, as Lord Minto said, was "at once a great man and a baby," allowing himself and a British fleet to be tied to Lady Hamilton's apron-strings, to be towed whithersoever these two women chose. "Lord Keith," writes Lady Minto in another letter to her sister, "told the Queen of Naples that Lady Hamilton had had command of the fleet long enough." The Queen is very ill with a sort of convulsive fit, and Nelson is staying at Leghorn to nurse her; he does not intend going home till he has escorted her back to Palermo. His zeal for the public service seems entirely lost in his love and vanity, and all three sit and flatter each other all day long.

"Dined at Mr. Elliot's," writes Mrs. St. George in her journal, "with only the Nelson party. It is plain that Lord Nelson thinks of nothing but Lady Hamilton, who is totally occupied with the same subject. She is bold, forward, coarse, assuming and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet, which are hideous, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly unpoetical. She resembles the bust of Ariadne, the shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head, and particularly her ears."—T. P.'s Weekly.

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OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear, the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency vanish; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and vital systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. We will cure you or no pay.

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