The Trip of a Missionary

Miss Ethel McPherson, of London, Tells of Journey to Chinese Mission Fields —An Interesting Story.

THE FOLLOWING interesting letters were written by Miss Ethel McPherson, a former West London lady, who is now a worker in the fields of China as a Methodist missionary. The letters were penned while Miss McPherson was en route to the scene of her labors, in the early days of January:

"It seemed strange to hear of the snow at home with no sign of it here. In Japan the noonday sun was very warm, the evenings and mornings very cold. In Shanghai the weather was bitterly cold, but a raw, damp coldness without any suspicion of snow. I had

MISS ETHEL McPHERSON.

all my winter clothing on, and at night we piled on so many bedclothes that we were uncomfortable from the weight before we could get warm. The climate is so entirely different that you could hardly understand from this just how strange it is. However, since leaving Shanghai it has been a bit milder, and today was quite balmy.

"Now, to continue about our trip. I have decided to write just one letter instead of trying to write five, as now we are so busy that I have not written a letter since leaving Japan. I think I wrote about our experiences in Yokohama, sleeping all night on the floor, in a Japanese inn. Well, we came on board, and met the rest of the party—Dr. and Mrs. O. L. Kilborn and Kenneth, Mr. and Mrs. Johns, Mr. and Mrs Abrey (both couples newly wedded), Mr. Jones (single), Miss Norman (matron of school for missionaries' children), and Miss McDonald, who is going out to marry Dr. Thompson. They are all just splendid, and I cannot imagine a finer party.

In Japan.

"We had a beautiful trip around the south of Japan to Kobe, where we stopped some little time. The others all went ashore, but I took the opportunity to rest. The last port, Nagasaki, was reached at dusk, Sunday night. Here the C. P. R. takes on coal, and so from 7 until about 3 o'clock the coal came down the chutes in great style. It is all put on by hand labor, and there is no union scale of wages, either. Dozens of barges were towed up alongside the steamer, loaded with coal. Rope ladders were built up to the deck, and up these ladders climbed the little Japs, men and women. Then buckets or baskets were filled with coal by a little gang down below on the barge, and hastily passed up the line, quicker than you could watch them change hands, and dumped by the top-most man into the coal chute. Eleven hundred tons were put on in this way in eight hours. Approximately this average ten tons each man and woman, and they received 25 sen (12½c) for their hard night's labor!

"Well, then we had a couple of days through the Inland Sea to Shanghai. The sailing was pretty smooth, and we reached the port about noon Tuesday. The Empress stops twelve miles out from the city, which is built on the Worsung River, and we went in on a little tender. Some time was spent looking up, and identifying baggage, each man his own, and I was aghast to find that little box of mine in pieces, both hinges off, and the lock broken open, so that the lid was quite loose, and one end nearly out. The lid of that heavy box was also smashed, but others of our party had things in like condition. We had them all loaded on large wheelbarrows and taken to the C. P. R. baggage-room, called in the east the go-down, and during our stay we got new boxes and repacked what was necessary. I had my large box simply nailed up, and if the customs kick, they will have the task of opening it.

A Week in Shanghai.

"About our week in Shanghai. We stayed at a very comfortable place, the Evans Missionary Home, where there were some forty or fifty other missionaries besides ourselves some new ones on their way to the field, others waiting for vessels to go home. Dr. and Mrs. Service and three children were waiting us here, and immediately after lunch Tuesday, we set out shopping. What to buy you ask? Perhaps, I have not already explained that we six new girls are to live together in a native house, next the W. M. S. Compound in Chengtu, for one year, so not having had this home previously, the W. M. S. had to furnish it as best they could for us. Now, anyway, we would have to provide our year's provisions, as all our canned fruits, meats, canned butter, sugar, flour, tea, coffee, cocoa, baking powder, extracts, oatmeal, cornmeal and the hundred other things used in keeping house, come from Shanghai. Then, separate from this, we had to buy provisions for nine weeks on the houseboat, and dishes and cooking utensils and hardware, etc., and a camp bed to sleep on. Our groceries amounted to over eight hundred dollars Mexican, or about four hundred gold. Then, we each had to buy a Poo Kai, or mattress, one chair, lamps, Books ($20), mosquito netting to cover bed ($9), Pith hat ($3), and so you will not wonder that I have spent my first quarter's salary—$125—before I commence to earn it, and so have the other girls. If anyone thinks missionaries have a picnic, I can assure him or her it is not on the start. Those days in Shanghai were the busiest I ever lived. From morning until noon, and from 1:30 until 6 we toiled at long lists, not only for ourselves, but we had over three thousand dollars' worth of stuff to buy for those now in West China—supplies for next year. Then after dinner the evenings were spent comparing notes, revising shopping lists and planning for the next day's campaign. Miss Brooks, our chaperon, took cold, and she was in bed three days. A great number of the Chinese merchants understand just enough English to make business possible, but always they ask twice as much for an article as they expect one to give, and so you must haggle and haggle until you have the proper prices, and then make your purchase. One day I was shopping, and not being able to purchase article wanted (viz., canvass for camp beds, which we had to buy by the yard, and then have made up by a Chinese tailor), I set off down one street, and the other girls in other directions. But when I finished and directed my jinrikisha man home, he started off in the wrong direction, and before I realized it, I was lost. I could speak no Chinese, except the name of the street on which we were staying, which he did not understand, so for a while we had an interesting time. I hardly know how I got out of the Chinese quarters into the foreign district, but eventually I did, a very thankful girl, although I was not a bit afraid of the Chinese, only I knew the other folks would be worrying.

At Church in China.

"Well the days passed until Sunday came, and we observed it as a day of rest. In the morning we attended church service in the Union Church. We slept all afternoon, and then went to the cathedral at 6 o'clock, for that is the hour for evening services, and had dinner at 7:30, after church.

"Monday and Tuesday were also busy days, packing things in readiness for our long journey 2,100 miles inland. After dinner Tuesday, about 9:30, we came aboard the Loongwo, a little steamer, accommodating only about 25 passengers, but carrying a lot of freight, and now we average 2,000 pounds baggage apiece, for, you see, we have three stoves, three dozen beds, and several dozen blankets, in addition to stores and personal stuff. About midnight we left the city, and have had ever since a nice trip up river. The scenery has been very beautiful, mountains, plains, picturesque little Chinese villages and towns, and hundreds of pretty sailing boats. The table board is good for China, but not very appetizing. Of course, the butter is canned, the milk condensed, or so we supposed, but this morning, Dr. Kilborn made an examination of it as he had been suspicious, and found it was simply starch, chalk and water. The meats are poor, hardly edible. This morning I thought to have a poached egg, but one mouthful was quite enough, as it had evidently been cooked in the pan used for frying fish. However, we have lots of fruit, oranges, delicious little Chinese oranges at that, bananas, pears and all the peanuts we can eat. We also have a variety of vegetables and fairly good bread. If I was not a bit particular I could no doubt thoroughly enjoy it all, and probably will be able before I see Canada again.

The first day out we commenced our Chinese language study with Dr. Kilborn, and we are hard at it nearly all day. It is going to be uphill, steady work, but not at all impossible, and I am quite enthusiastic over my feeble attempts at Chinese tones.

A Famous River.

Now, before I close, I want to tell you about the water. The Yangtse River is just the color of coffee with milk in it, and it is this muddy color all the way into Szchuan. So great tubs are kept purposely into which our drinking water is poured, after being baled from the river. With the aid of a little alum, the mud and sediment soon sinks to the bottom. The water is then poured through a filter, after which it is boiled. We never drink water that has not undergone this process, so don't worry about typhoid.

There is a lot of smallpox about, so we are all going to be vaccinated again as soon as we board the houseboat, just as an extra precaution.

Tomorrow morning early we land at Hankow, 600 miles from Shanghai. We hope to get away before night on a steamer for Tchang, 400 miles further up, where we take our houseboats.

We left our last postoffice a week ago yesterday, and now in two days we hope to reach Kuri Foo, where we may post letters again. There are so few mailing offices that I must really take advantage of this opportunity to send word home that "all is well."

We had such a long stay in Tchang that we despaired of getting started before the year 1911. There was so much formality to be observed in hiring houseboats, procuring necessary permits, and then our captain would not leave until a certain lucky day, declared so by his gods. He is a very religious man, and offers prayer and incense almost every day. There is an immense pan hanging up in the captain's quarters, and whenever we near a rapid or a difficult place this great pan is beaten with a bronze hammer to supplicate the gods for a safe passage. Then as we go through the rapids, firearms are fired almost constantly to chase away evil spirits. A drum is beaten continually, too.

The Houseboat.

Oh, how I wish you were all here to enjoy the trip and the novelty of everything. This houseboat is like a house afloat all right, but a very crude one without paint or varnish. However, our part is clean, and that is the main thing. I am drawing you a little diagram on a separate sheet to give you some idea, and a map of it going through the rapids. When our mast is up to the top she looks very pretty. You cannot see the trackers in this as they are such a long way ahead, but you can see some of the boatmen rowing at the front. That is the pilot standing at the prow, and that great long log protruding out from the front of the boat is a rudder or guiding oar, and is used to direct the course of the vessel, especially when in bad places. I can hardly tell you how our 73 men sleep in the cramped quarters that they have to. The front part, 32 feet, is all roofed over at night, and our men lay one on "pu kais" on the floor. In addition to this, our trackers have two small boats (a sailing vessel and a little sampan) and these are also roofed over with bamboo and grass mats at night, but they certainly must be close to all that room. The little part marked "native kitchen" is a fire with, and is merely a hole in the front deck with a great, round Chinese stove, on which the cook keeps his rice pot all day, and beside which he stands guard. In rough places he turns in and helps the boatmen, he also washes the rice-bowls. These trackers and boatmen work dreadfully hard, very often without garment from the waist up, so strenuous is the exercise. The trackers climb over the stones and boulders and clamber up the precipitous mountain sides along the rocky ledges and often come back bruised, cut and bleeding, as they are mostly barefoot, and at best with only straw sandals.

The captain sits on the roof most of the time in a very dignified fashion. His name is the Chinese word for thunder, and you would think him well named if you could hear him thundering out orders to the boatmen. His family live on the boat with him, consisting of wife, two boys and one girl. His wife is very good-looking, and the children are, too. They climb over the roof when they want to go to the front of the boat.

Chinese Neighbors.

Enough about our neighbors, indeed I might say our "friends," for these are very kindly disposed fellows, and night after night as we anchor in the gorges or below the rapids, or by some little Chinese village, we do so with perfect confidence that these men are our friends, and what matter though we are hundreds of miles from other foreigners. Inside the boat things are cozy. I have tried to show you how we sleep. We each have camp beds, but there was not room for them all, so four of us doubled up. Now there is not room to "swing a cat," as Tom Sawyer would say.

The piano is taxed up, of course, and is one belonging to a missionary in Chengtu, which we are taking up, so we dared not put it in the hold for fear of water. Today when we went through a rolling, surging rapids, it nearly went over, and we do hope it does not flop over yet, and come to grief.

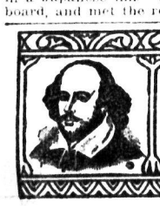
We eat and study and write in the tiee dining-room. We have two little square tables, one two or three inches higher than the other, and we have "bandans" to sit on, which are nothing more nor less than narrow, long benches. We study all morning with our Chinese teacher, and a couple of hour each afternoon; outside of class we study individually, and oh, my those Chinese characters are awful. I can see where this language study is going to give ample scope for all my powers of concentration and ability, but not by any means an impossibility. Then our housekeeping takes up some time. We are taking it in turns, by pairs, and this week Miss Mary Smith and I are trying to do things. We have two Chinese "boys," but neither of them very good, and with a very limited knowledge of the language we have lots of fun. Mother would hardly believe that I made tea biscuits, and actually taught the boy how to make them, too, but such is the fact. We have fairly good meals, too. Now we can buy chickens almost any place along the line, so we have chicken once a week. Then we bought canned goods in Shanghai, and have it proportioned so that we can have one can of salmon, one can of beef, one of tomatoes, one of corn and one of fruit each week. We bought potatoes, carrots, native cabbage and native tomatoes at Tchang. Then we also have dried apples, prunes and apricots. But, oh, we have all the native oranges we can eat, and they are perfectly delicious. They cost us only 4 cents (gold) a dozen, and so we can afford to have them every day. Peanuts are very cheap, too, but not as good as those bought at home, but we have lots of them. We make our own bread, and I tell you we need three batches a week. Then we have rice as a porridge, a vegetable and a dessert. We had plenty of eggs last week, but, alas! this week we have not been able to purchase any along the way, and Mary and I have had hard times to plan menus without eggs for cooking. Tonight we managed to get 33, and so we are happy again.

We have enjoyed the days since leaving Tchang very much, although few of them have been sunny. Every day but two we have been able to get out by means of our small boat and clamber along the rocks, following the trackers, or striking off on a path of our own. You can imagine the speed, when after nine days we have traversed only 115 miles. Some days we could get far ahead of the boat going smoothly, but when we came to rapids we were sometimes hours. One day this week we wet only about a mile all day, but we had two very bad rapids. Usually we get out at the rapids, but for the smaller ones we stay in. The boat rolls from side to side, and sometimes our things roll about. Yesterday the porridge took a tumble off the stove, but that was because it was really too near the edge.

Like Niagara.

There are dozens of houseboats going up and down stream all the time, although most of them are Chinese cargo boats, but when we come to the foot of a rapid we have to wait our turns, as several dozen extra trackers are required and they pull along with our men. Tonight we have anchored at the foot of two rapids, and there are twelve boats ahead of us, so we will be here several hours. As I write, the noise of the rushing, swirling waters, sounds like a miniature Niagara. In fact, there is a beautiful falls rushing and tumbling down the mountainside to the right of us. The scenery has been superb, great mountains with clouds lowering down at the top, deep ravines, and oh, the most glorious coloring in the stones, green, gray and actual terra cotta. Our own Rockies are beautiful, and Niagara has a beauty all her own, but really, these gorges are the most magnificent and beautiful of anything it has been my lot to see. Yesterday and all today we passed through the "Woo Shan" gorge, which is 30 miles in length, at some places quite narrow, and with great, stony precipices overhanging the river; at others the stream widens out, and the current is swift and strong throughout the whole gorge. You might think "no one was ever drowned," and none of our missionaries ever have been, but I am sure hundreds of Chinese meet death every year in this treacherous river. You don't hear of it in Canada because there is neither telegraph nor wireless to flash the news across space, but you will see from the little book I am mailing how dangerous the trip is. Several times our boat has grazed the rocky bottom of the river bed, and once yesterday we were stuck on a rock for ten minutes. But the worst rapids are passed, and most of the gorges. This morning we passed the boundary line between the province of Hupeh and Szchuan, and there is such a gladness in our hearts that at length we have reached the province of our life work in the land of our adoption. We will be two weeks on the boat before reaching Chungking, and after a few days spent there we hope to push on to Chengtu, reaching that city some time early in March.

I have taken some pictures, and am sorry to state that two rolls were spoiled somehow or another in developing, but am inclosing a few prints and will have more later. We find it hard work to do amateur photography with the dirty Yangtse water, and by candle light, and it is very slow, but I will send on by installment all I have. Am sorry I did not bring more films with me as I have only three more, and they cost so much to send from home.



SERMON FROM SHAKESPEARE

There's a divinity that shape our ends,
Rough hew them how we will
Hamlet, Act V., Sc. 2

SHAKESPEARE is frequently spoken of as the supreme mind of the race. This may seem to many an extravagant claim. Some will point to Michel Angelo and give him the palm for greatness as he occupies a high position in four arts, architecture, painting, sculpture and even verse, whereas Shakespeare was supreme in but one, the drama. Shakespeare's exalted position is due to the fact that he concentrated his mind on life. Mankind is the highest study of man, and Shakespeare, more fully than any other thinker in the world's history, has in a practical way investigated and solved man's relationship to society and to the universe in which he lives. It would be difficult to find a character that has not its parallel in Shakespeare's works. It would be hard to discover a situation that has not its like on his pages.

It is most natural that the minds of thinking men should longingly turn to him to find out his attitude towards the Infinite. Was he atheist, deist or theist? is frequently asked. The loftiest genius of all times was distinctly a believer in a Supreme Being who was not only the creative impulse in the universe, but is the guiding principle in it and in the lives of the individual inhabitants of even one of the least of the worlds, the Earth. Men may rough hew their lives how they will, but they "are in God's hands." Their ends are shaped by infinite wisdom. It is only necessary to read Shakespeare's great tragedies to see this principle at work. Vice and virtue are shown in all of them in conflict. Shakespeare invariably makes good triumphant. The fate of Macbeth, of Richard III., and Antony are but manifestations of retributive justice.

It is maintained by many that Shakespeare was merely an artist that he constructed plays to please, that from them it is impossible to form a judgment as to his belief or character. The mental attitude of Scott, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Victor Hugo and Balzac can be arrived at from their creations, and equally is it true of Shakespeare. His pages as a whole show that he was intensely and broadly religious, and utterances of his noblest characters emphasize this. Hamlet was evidently very dear to Shakespeare and the poet has used him to express many of his own points of view with regard to the problems of existence. It is on Hamlet's lips that he puts the words that have solaced many a heart puzzled by the mysteries of life.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

To this speech Horatio, Hamlet's good angel, replies by way of emphasis, "That is most certain." Yes, it is certain; and was most certain to Shakespeare. His work, like all really great work, is largely inspired by the overwhelming sense of Deity.

"In the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:"

He could say with Hamlet, "There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow," or with old Adam of "As You Like It" he could speak sympathetically of the being that,

"Doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrows."

Shakespeare no doubt often paused, as did Hamlet, to wonder at the character of the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns, but never on his page is there anything to lead the student to believe that he doubted the existence of God, and there is much to convice that he held that the universe and society are sustained and regulated by an overruling Providence. Shakespeare frequently makes his noblest characters appeal to God in their difficulties and doubts, and acknowledge His influence in their successes. Henry V. is peculiarly Shakespeare's hero, and Henry V. is a sturdy soldier of unquestioning faith. It was God who "brought to light the dangerous treason" of his nobles. After notable victories his cry was, "Praised be God, and not our strength", or

"O God, thy arm was there;
And not to us, but to thine arm alone
Ascribe we all."

Portia of the "Merchant of Venice" in her speech on mercy is clearly voicing Shakespeare's thought on the subject. In this speech mercy is called an attribute of God Himself.

One of the most remarkable instances of Shakespeare's recognition of Divine providence is where Banquo, tempted, is battling with the tempter, and, as he retires to rest, prays that "the merciful powers" may restrain in him the cursed thoughts that nature gives way to in repose. There are a hundred such instances of Shakespeare's belief in an omnipotent being whose attributes are love, justice and mercy, who is n pagan deity sitting apart unmindful of his worlds or his children, but a vitalizing principle in the universe and in the hearts of men.

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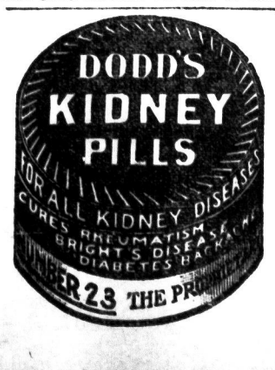

TRAGEDY OF NEGRO

Continued From Page Thirteen.

torney began the prosecution of all violations of the concubinage law.

The study of the registry has already caused some sensations. In New Orleans, On Washington's Birthday the statue of Jefferson Davis, the only president of the Confederate States, was unveiled. It was a notable event for veterans of the civil war, and their descendants and it caused a shock to have several members of the reception committee resign on the ground that one of its members, a confederate, is of mixed negro and white blood. Imagine the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis monument facing this phase of the negro question.

Judging by past experience the present movement, if it can be so called, the result of a street car accident, or rather of the use of the word "colored" applied by a single newspaper to the victim of that accident, will probably bring to light a number of people of negro blood who have struggled out of their class and who are passing for whites. Such disclosures occur every few years.

In spite of them, however, a number of people of mixed blood do escape and are lost among the whites. In the middle '40s the white Legislature of Louisiana, alarmed by the large number of free negroes of mixed blood, quadroons and octoroons, and their rapid increase through emancipation by the white owners, passed very stringent laws making emancipation more difficult and making the life of the "colored people" of mixed blood so much harder that many thousands of them left Louisiana, mainly for France, among them the Belots, Dedes, Rillieux and others who attained distinction there in several lines. They kept secret any taint of blood and mixed with and married into the white families until the "tar brush" was altogether forgotten.

There was another such exodus after the fall of the Republican party in Louisiana, the exiles going mainly to the north and east. It need not be said that they told no stories as to their negro blood, claimed to be white creoles and were swallowed up in the mass of the white population.

These people will not mix with the negroes, whom they detest, and they cannot mix with the whites. They have been slipping away, a few every year, going where there is no registration of color in births, deaths and marriages and where no one can disprove their claim that they are white. In the last few years since the extreme segregation laws separating the whites and the negroes have been in force in Louisiana, and especially since the anti-concubinage law has been made so effective, an unusually large number of colored persons have left Louisiana, declaring that is far as they are concerned conditions are much worse here than in ante-bellum days.

The laws now force them to mingle with the uneducated blacks, they point out, and many of these blacks were their own slaves in ante-bellum days, for the free negroes were nearly all slave owners. From Ascension parish an entire colony of colored people whose founders had been free for over a century before the civil war, and who were generally well off and land owners, recently emigrated to Chicago, declaring that conditions were impossible in Louisiana today for the old free negro aristocracy.

In several of the parishes around New Orleans the same conditions exist, dating from the early French and Spanish days. There are traditions that certain families are of negro descent, and perhaps some of the older inhabitants will remember that their ancestresses wore the tignon or head handkerchief, which was symbolic of old of slavery or negro blood; but the only certain evidence is that of the church or parish records, which are generally in an excellent condition of preservation in New Orleans and the neighboring parishes.

In one of these parishes the same question recently came up as in the Thibaut case through a threat of damage suit for charging a family with having colored blood in its veins. The matter was carried to the sheriff, who proceeded to examine the parish records on this subject and found that the charge was true. The records proved very interesting as he proceeded further, and discovered that a number of his neighbors, who had been passing for white, had a dash of the tar brush, but he was dumfounded when a few pages further back he found the fatal letters "F. W. C." against the name of one of his ancestors. A fire in the court house soon after did no damage beyond destroying the records of births, marriages and deaths; but it has had the effect of destroying all positive proof that certain families are colored.

The late Charles Gayane, the historian of Louisiana, who had examined all the records, possessed, it is said, a list of all mixed families and actually began a history of the negro in Louisiana, several chapters of which promised that the book would prove most interesting; but he died, and the supposed list was never heard of.

As matter of fact these families which have suffered from the stigma are likely to continue to suffer so long as they are here, where tradition is so strong; and most of those that can get away to the north and east, where their family antecedents are not so well known. New Orleans people at northern hotels or watering places frequently run across such families known to be of negro blood but mixing in white society or married into it; but it is usual not to uncover these old skeletons or to interfere in such cases.

By this process of benevolent assimilation the lighter colored people of African descent are rapidly disappearing in New Orleans and generally in Louisiana being crowded out, and either swallowed up in the great mass of the black negroes or slipping in among the whites by pretending to be wholly of that race. The Thibaut tragedy, with the suspicions it has aroused and the investigations into the registry and other old records, is only too likely to start more of these unfortunate people north, where they are less likely to attract attention.

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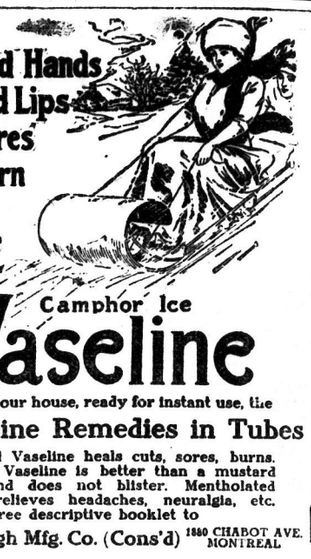

Camphor Ice Vaseline

Mentholated Vaseline, EXTERNAL APPLICATION For Nervous Headache, Sore Throat, Croup, Neuralgia, Aches and Pains, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, Bruises, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Piles, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Insect Bites, Sunburn, Etc.

Keep in your house, ready for instant use, the

12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes

Carbolated Vaseline heals cuts, sores, burns. Capsicum Vaseline is better than a mustard plaster and does not blister. Mentholated Vaseline relieves headaches, neuralgia, etc. Send for free descriptive booklet to

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An Encouraging Message

I have a message of hope and good cheer of encouragement and inspiration to every suffering woman. I have endured the torture due to female troubles and the consequent despondency and mental agony almost to the point of despair, and I have been restored from this condition to a state of vigorous health, and to the happy, exhilarating frame of mind which accompanies physical well being. This change has been brought about wholly by the use of ORANGE LILY.

In addition I have had the privilege and pleasure of inducing multitudes of other suffering women to give ORANGE LILY a trial, and have received thousands of enthusiastic acknowledgments of the blessings it has brought to them. The following is a sample:

Truro, N. S., April 5, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it.

For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks, each attack lasting several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go, and soon after the raging down pains seized me and I had to remain on the floor until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week.

Then Mrs. L. came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine. I got my husband to send for it right away, as I was too sick to go myself. (My doctor could do nothing for me.) I have used 5 boxes of ORANGE LILY, have had three months of good rest, and am now well, never suffering, my life. I have not had the old pains since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world. I cannot speak enough in its praise.

Your friend, MRS. E. H. F.

Receiving, as I do, dozens of such reports each day, I feel justified to make known to my suffering sisters the merits of ORANGE LILY. It differs from other so-called remedies in that it is not taken internally, but is a strictly local treatment, and is applied directly to the affected organs. The active elements are absorbed into the congested tissues, expelling the stagnant foreign matter which has been irritating the membrane and oppressing the nerves, and a growing feeling of physical and mental relief is noticeable almost from the start. It is a positive scientific remedy and even if you use no more than the Free Trial treatment you will be very materially benefited.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I want every reader of this, who suffers in any way from painful monthly periods, irregularities, leucorrhoea, inflammation or congestion of the womb, pains in the back, etc., to send me their addresses, and I will forward at once, without charge, 10 days' treatment. If your case is not far advanced it may entirely cure you, and in any event it will do you much good. I am so earnest in making this statement, and so positive that it is true, that I trust every sufferer who reads this notice will take advantage of my offer and get cured at home, without a doctor's bill. Address, enclosing 3 stamps, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

ORANGE LILY IS RECOMMENDED AND SOLD IN LONDON BY ANDERSON & NELLES.