

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1912.

Blind Girl, Helpless and Dying. Bathes in a Dazzling Light—Then Sees Perfectly and Dances Laughing Amid Sobbing Relatives

(Editor's Note.—This story is stranger than fiction. Maybe part of it is fiction. But London newspapers spent days investigating this young woman's story. They found that she was upon the verge of the grave and that she now is apparently well. They found that once she was blind, that she now sees. The miracle, if miracle it is, has filled the whole of England with wonder.)

London, March 20.—On the morning of Feb. 18, Dorothy Kerin lay dying at 204 Milkwood road, this city.

In the evening she was well. When the sun rose that Sunday she was blind.

Three hours after it set she could see as well as anybody.

At breakfast time she lay sunken with pain, unable to walk.

She ate supper at the table surrounded by a joyful father and mother and friends.

"An angel from heaven met me at the gate and brought me back!" That is how Miss Kerin explains her remarkable recovery. And nearly all England believes it.

Miss Dorothy is a beautiful girl, with dark flowing hair and large, lustrous eyes. She is 22. During most of her life she has been a helpless invalid. For five years she never stood upright. For a fortnight she was unconscious and delirious. That Sunday she seemed to be dying. The last of 37 physicians had made his last vain effort to prolong by minutes her life.

"We did not think she would live until sunset," her mother said. "As the shades of evening were falling we gathered about our loved daughter's bed expecting that she would leave us any minute. She suddenly gave a great sigh, and we thought she was gone. But with a wonderful smile, which none of us can forget, she stretched out her arms and held them up for a few moments."

"Then she lay still. Presently her lips moved. She stretched out her arms again, then drew her hands over her eyes, always smiling in that wonderful way. For weeks she had been blind and deaf. Her terrible weakness, due to tuberculosis and diabetes, had made her helpless."

"And then we saw a miracle performed before our eyes. She looked at us, her eyes at first squinting and then becoming quite natural in expression. I asked her, 'Dolly, do you know me?' and she replied, 'Of course, I do, mummy.' She sat up and cried, 'I am to get up!'"

"She seemed under some mysterious influence. 'You can't get up, my darling!' I answered. But she did get up! 'The angel told me to,' she said. She was the calmest person in the room. 'One moment,' she said, 'I am a professed atheist. He fell on his knees, sobbing and praying aloud.'"

Next day Dorothy laughingly ran up and down stairs. She was in the highest spirits when a newspaperman called to see her. "Yesterday (Sunday) I was lying there, conscious for the first time for several days. I seemed to feel slipping from life. I heard whispers and sobs and prayers of those who loved me best. Things grew blacker than even my blind eyes had made them before. I didn't fear. I didn't even think. I just drifted, without an effort, without a thought, into blackness."

"Suddenly I saw a dazzling light—brighter than any fire I had ever seen,



THE BLIND GIRL CURED AS BY A MIRACLE.

From out the great, golden flame I saw two hands, while a voice, clearer than any I had ever heard, said: 'Dorothy, your sufferings are over. Get up! You can walk!'"

"Then I heard mother asking me if I knew her."

Dr. Norman, an eminent London physician, had given her but a few brief hours of life that Sunday morning, was unpossessed when he saw his patient Monday. "Her's is the most unusual case I have known," he said. "I should have said Saturday evening that it was quite impossible for her to have ever stood for one moment again upon her feet, and now I just saw her run down stairs. I don't know what to say about it."

Meanwhile Dorothy is wearing her sister's clothes, for she herself has been invalid so many years that her wardrobe is extremely limited.

mean conceptions of our own times. What the fifty-storied skyscraper of New York is to the thatched and one-storied cottage of wood in a Western American young village, the fact is raised by old Egyptian hands are to the sublimity and grandeur of our modern monuments. St. Peter's in Rome thrills and astounds by its magnitude as well as by its beauty; but how poor it is in size, in impressiveness, in sublimity, to the temple at Karnak, near Luxor! Karnak was to ancient Egypt what Mecca is to Mohammedanism, what Rome is to Catholicism; but compare the awe-inspiring height and breadth and nobility of lines in the Hall of Columns in the central temple with anything in Rome, and you are astounded how the Egyptian conception outdistances the sublime thing in Rome, and I may add in the remains of the ancient Rome which governed the world politically, as well as in the modern Rome which has the real allegiance of so many millions of the human race.

Grandiose! Gigantic! Sublime! These are the terms that must be applied to all these ancient monuments of Egypt. I do not speak alone of the mighty pyramids just outside Cairo, or of the Sphinx; these things, though almost appalling in their majesty, are not more remarkable than many other of the monuments you see on your journey up the Nile. I never saw a facade that impressed me so much as that of the temple at Abydos. Greek influence had already begun to be felt in Egypt when that facade was built; but the Egyptian spirit of the grandiose is still the dominant note; and the facade, though it has Greek stateliness and tranquility of appearance, has also a grandioseness of conception and of size that only Egypt has ever attained. A picture you see on all the walls. They strike wonder in your soul by their perfection, either as sculpture or painting; in these pictures brilliant colors of red and blue—brilliant and distinct after four thousand years of existence. Somehow or other these statues and pictures produce on me a certain sense of revelation. These gods are often represented with the heads of animals; the head of the hawk, the head of the ram, and the cobra serpent and the beetle are frequently among the gods. I am astounded to see, as of an unclean and ugly religion. But I return to the special note of all these buildings, and that is their grandioseness. Tarnished by the second-hand historians of Egypt, rises in many of them in a majesty of size and dignity that makes all our modern monuments seem mere pigmies. And there is another feature in the grotesque and repulsive creations—they are a tribute to the great forces of Nature, and especially to those forces which are the making of Egypt, of the Egypt of four thousand years ago. Rainless, circumscribed to a narrow strip of land, with the circumambient, thirsty, barren desert of millions of acres all around. Egypt, for day depends entirely for fertility, for life or death on the Nile; and the Nile, with the sun and the earth, are the ideas which lie behind these gigantic images of the Egyptian gods. Repulsive as the deities of Egypt were, how we deities made in man's image, and for the relief of man's estate.

Finally I return again to the human and the modern Egypt. Cairo was my first glimpse of the East. I pass by Port Said, which is so much of an entrepot as to be cosmopolitan and almost European. The first impression of Cairo was not favorable. For you first realize a curious feeling of the hunger of the normal European for the sight of the soft and sweet face of woman. At first you think that half the people of Cairo are women, their heads are covered as by a woman's shawl, and they shuffle along with something of the same awkwardness as women in the poorest districts of the most regular, delicate, even and handsome. By and by you realize that these are all men. And then, passing into one of the narrow streets of the native part of Cairo, you come across a woman. Never shall I forget my first impression as I saw a woman in such a street in Cairo. It was not the lines of her face was veiled, but that all the lines of her body were hidden under the black and formless robe in which she was clad. All this was evidence enough of the servitude in which for more than a thousand years she has lived in Mohammedan lands. There was another badge which produced in me a sensation of fierce and angry revolt. To hold the veil in its place the Egyptian woman in the city places her nose a little bit of brass or wood in the ring in a pig's nose; it gave me such a sense of intentional deformation and was so loud-proclaiming a badge of inferiority that my blood boiled, and I saw red.

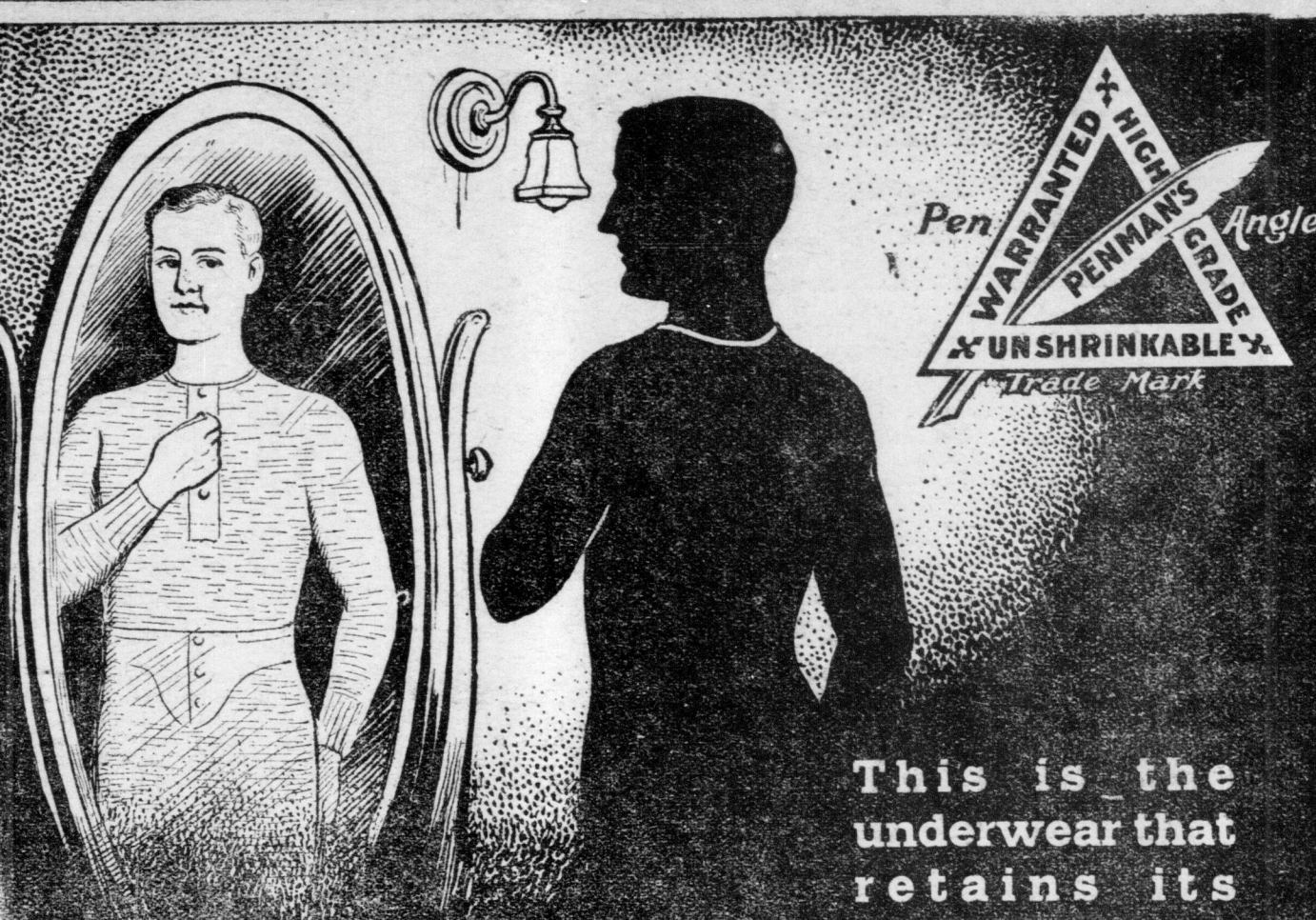
When you get to the country districts and the places where the women are poor and hard-working, the closeness of the veil is relaxed, though rarely relaxed altogether. As you approach, you see women become embarrassed and gather up their poor veils before their faces, and as you pass you see some of the ugliest and most hideous faces, but a young face, but a face hideously ugly in feature, and seamed, lined and devastated by poverty and toil. The black and full robe reduces their figures to the form of an obese feather bed. The only time you get any pleasant impression of Egyptian womanhood is when you see them on the banks of the Nile collecting the water for household use and for the irrigation of their little patches of land. They gather the water with their hands into a great heavy jar, and when this is done they lift the jar on their heads, especially a woman's, but they are so accustomed to the task—their ancestors were doing the same thing when the Prophets of Israel were thundering against the iniquities of their times—that they are able to carry the jar without putting one or the other hand to them. Nothing could exceed the beauty and the gracefulness of their walk as they pass from the bank to their homes. Tall, straight, almost motionless, they seem to come to your eyes with something of the rapture and the wonder with which their stories, and their pictures impressed our childhood in reading the pages of the Old Testament.

But the slavery is there all the same; and it is a slavery that is as destructive to the man as to the woman. I heard a Syrian Christian who is intelligent—the dragoman, Alexander Heik, who is on Mr. Penfield's steamer—discuss the domestic question in Mohammedan countries, and you will get some insight into the man and the woman away more or less hostile, and the first wife only band's money, so that he may not have to break down, and to use it as so astounding, and so pleasant and so human.

There is another aspect, of course, of the trip on the Nile to which I must make some allusion. That is the temples, the pyramids, the tombs and other great relics of Egyptian art and power. I will confess at once that my chief interest in life is men and women, and especially in the men and women of my own generation. To me there was infinitely more attraction and even knowledge in a stroll through a native village than in a visit to the most glorious of temples or tombs. But it would certainly be a mistake to take a trip on the Nile without seeing most of these extraordinary buildings. And the first impression upon one is a certain humiliation; even a certain change in point of view. For the most striking feature of these pyramids and temples and tombs is a humiliating comparison between the sublime grandioseness—if I may use the word—of the conceptions of these old Egyptians and the modest and almost

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Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



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are always in the vanguard of the constantly changing fashions. We have an organization to keep in touch with the latest and best shoe fashions wherever they occur.

One of the features that has contributed to the success of "McCready" shoes is the assurance the wearer has that they are the last word in style and good taste.

Those who value "looks" ask their dealer for "McCready" Shoes.

The Infinite Charm of a Trip On the Nile Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., Gives His Views

The Sun Makes Everything Lovely and Every Object Is Beautified, Exalted and Transformed as If by Subtle Magic—The Temples, the Pyramids and the Tombs—The Sights of Cairo—Slavery Is Still There—A Love Scene.

When my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Courtland Penfield gave me an invitation to accompany them on a trip on the Nile, I felt I could not refuse. Mr. Penfield was the representative of my country for four years in Cairo, and he has written the best book I have read on Modern Egypt, so I knew that I would make the trip under conditions not only the most agreeable, but the most instructive. I write a few lines for those who have often made the trip—for to those I could tell nothing new—but to those who contemplate making it, or who would, anyhow, desire to know what it is like to one who, like themselves, is not an Egyptian scholar, and saw the country for the first time.

Let me begin by a word of warning. The weather can be very hot, even in winter, in Egypt, but it is not always hot; and it is rarely hot—until you get far south—in the mornings or in the evenings. There is a theory that recent big developments in irrigation, especially the creation of the gigantic dam at Assouan, have changed somewhat the climate of Egypt and that it is now cooler than it used to be. Be that as it may, people who started up the Nile this year at the beginning of the month of January, as I did, had many cold days and nights to pass through; and one American told me that he had supplied himself with all the stoves for all his rooms, including his bathroom and bedroom. For myself, I hesitated a long time when leaving London whether I should take with me to the land of sun the big fur coat which I wear during the coldest and foggiest months of winter in London. I was very glad during some of these early days of January that I had decided that my fur coat should come with me. But

it is just as necessary to take very light summer garments—a wall, for now skirts to the sunnier south. I am glad that I have along with me flannels and ducks. The traveller on the Nile ought to be provided with clothes for both seasons.

What is the infinite charm of a trip on the Nile which accounts for many people returning to it year after year? I have heard of men and women who have taken the trip for twenty years in succession; my host, Mr. Penfield, with all the world before him where to choose, has made the trip already nine times. The charm is not in the diversity of the scenery; scenery more monotonous you could well imagine. Day after day, week after week, month after month, you pass along the same yellow-colored, muddy stream; you see the same narrow margin of green, and then beyond, the line of mountains which skirts the Nile almost through its entire course; and after that the illimitable desert, sinister, gray, without a shrub, a flower or a tree. Nor, outside Cairo, do you meet any cities of great size or importance. The native villages do not look inviting or very picturesque; at first you have the impression that they are all in ruins. For with scarcely an exception, all you see is a collection of mud-brick houses—or what appear to be roofless—built out of the mud of the Nile; and all apparently crumbling to ruin. This is a false impression, for the houses, though poor, and badly made out of bad material, are comfortable according to Egyptian ideas. To the tourist, however, present a lifeless appearance. The inhabitants are for the most part engaged in drawing water from the Nile on its banks; the women are rarely seen, except as they descend, with their erect gait and graceful walk, to the river with their big water vessels; and, dressed in black, with veils half concealing their often ugly faces, they strike you as mere bundles of skin and bone dressed in something like rags. You might often imagine that you had eaten of the lotus when you try to analyze the things that transform elements apparently so hopeless into one of those journeys in which there is scarcely a moment that is not one of keen enjoyment.

For you see everything in the state of feeling that comes to one who has taken of some opiated leaf. That monotonous river, that monotonous little strip of cultivated land, those wretched villages, this small, low, above all, the palm trees which meet you so often, are all beautiful, exalted, and transformed by some subtle magic so that they seem to you, suggest the peace that passeth all understanding. You are content to sit on deck all day long without moving and without wishing to move; in short, you have something of the feelings which find expression in the Quincey's marvelous book, "The Opium Eater." What has gone before, what may come after, in your life, ceases almost to exist for you; you live in the delicious and even intoxicating present, with no regrets for the yesterday and no misgivings as to the morrow. What is the secret of such a state of feeling? What is the real charm of the Nile? It is all the sun of Egypt and all the atmosphere of Egypt. That sun is so brilliant that nothing can appear ugly within its radiance. It makes everything look lovely. The atmosphere is so deliciously clear and transparent that you seem able to look into infinite distance, and to see everything again in its radiance. This is not dark yellow mud you see on the banks

and in the walls of the houses; it is something that has a greater beauty than the splendid pension of the dark and sunless town, in the same way as the Lagoon of the Lazzaretti, the sun of Naples have a beauty you could never attribute to the city's clothes made by the best tailor. And when you look at things so much better than the mud and the mud how the mud you look out at the palm tree and at the wheat field on the narrow strip along the banks—rise to a glory of color which you rarely see when looking at the tree, or the grass, or the wheat field of a European or American landscape.

I have said little about another, and an even greater, glory of the trip on the Nile—that is, of course, the sky effects. There is something strangely unreal in looking up, day after day, on a vast expanse of blue from horizon to horizon, unbroken, as a rule, by even a tiny fleck of white and fleecy cloud. There are hours of the day when the sun blazes down upon you so as to give you some discomfort, but up to noon, and then after 4 o'clock, the sky is delicious, the air soothing, and everything, near and far, looks beautiful. I prefer the early evening to any part of the day on the Nile. Then you discover all around you something that the light exalts into celestial glory. A flash of the setting sun illumines the mountains which skirt your constant companion throughout all your days, and then you see a distant palm tree and then a bit of green; and on the other side of the horizon you see darkness approaching and sending and, as it were, the world to a beautiful and dreamless sleep. And when the sunset does come, it is not as any other sunset you have ever seen. Often it is that light color which is called opalescent, and then, just as the sun is going down for the night, it bursts into a blood red, so that there is a dazzling and almost affrighting blaze of fierce coloring.

There is another aspect, of course, of the trip on the Nile to which I must make some allusion. That is the temples, the pyramids, the tombs and other great relics of Egyptian art and power. I will confess at once that my chief interest in life is men and women, and especially in the men and women of my own generation. To me there was infinitely more attraction and even knowledge in a stroll through a native village than in a visit to the most glorious of temples or tombs. But it would certainly be a mistake to take a trip on the Nile without seeing most of these extraordinary buildings. And the first impression upon one is a certain humiliation; even a certain change in point of view. For the most striking feature of these pyramids and temples and tombs is a humiliating comparison between the sublime grandioseness—if I may use the word—of the conceptions of these old Egyptians and the modest and almost

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Mrs. James Warren, Edmonton, Alta., writes:—"Just a few words in favor of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. A short time ago I contracted a bad cold, and tried several remedies, but had no good results. I asked my druggist to give me some good cough medicine he could recommend, so he told me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and I can safely say I have never tried anything like it. The first dose gave me relief, and I was completely cured of my cough before I had finished one bottle. It is the best cough remedy I have ever tried, and I can recommend it to everyone."

Obstinate coughs and colds yield to the grateful, soothing action of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is a remedy without an equal for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat or lungs. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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