

one with ours. Tell me, could Infinite Love have invented anything more simple than this? and is not such an invention just like what we know of that Love?

Now ponder what I have said, and pray over it. Lay aside all prejudices, all foregone conclusions. Perhaps you have hitherto regarded our religion as the creation of logicians or of visionary enthusiasts. Pray that you may find it true, if it is true. And, believe me, the hour will soon come when, instead of calling it "too good to be true," you will joyfully testify, with us, that it is "too good NOT to be true."

A HOSPITAL MATRON'S MISHAP.

KICKED BY A HILLSTON JOCKEY IN DELIRIUM.

HE THOUGHT HE WAS IN A STEEPLECHASE.

A BLOOD VESSEL BROKEN.

PAINFUL STOMACHIC COMPLICATIONS.

FOR several years the tireless matron of the Hillston Hospital was Mrs. F. Enwright, a lady who was one of a noble band of five nurses of the Nightingale Sisterhood, who left England to join the staff of the Sydney Hospital twenty-five years ago. A certificate from the president and secretary of the Hillston District Hospital eloquently testifies to the singular devotion of Mrs. Enwright to her duties, and the ability, care and accuracy she displayed in all departments of the institution, from nursing to dispensing. A stalwart young patient was in the Hillston Hospital, and in a fit of delirium he fancied he was riding in a steeplechase, and while being held by the matron (Mrs. Enwright) he kicked ought and struck her violently in the side. The kick broke a blood vessel in the stomach, and hemorrhage set in. Many other complications followed in the train of this unfortunate accident, and Mrs. Enwright was in a pitiful and perilous plight. Her medical attendants succeeded in arresting the flow of blood, and, after six weeks, Mrs. Enwright was able to leave her bed. But the matron was by no means out of her trouble. She was unable to resume her duties in the hospital, and the most assiduous efforts of her medical advisers failed to restore her to health. She was in a desperately feeble condition, and she despaired of recovery.

"It was with a heavy heart," said Mrs. Enwright, "that I recognised I could no longer fulfil my duties as matron. I had scarcely strength to attend to myself. There were pains all over me, and I never knew a moment's ease. At times the pains in my stomach bent me double. They resembled internal rheumatism, or neuralgia, and I feared that, at any moment, they would reach my heart, and prove fatal. And they were very near the heart. During my long experience as a nurse I never knew a case similar to mine, and I was puzzled completely. Instead of getting stronger I rapidly grew weaker and more languid. Nothing could induce an appetite for food, and existence became almost unendurable. And, as generally happens, other maladies beset me, including constipation. The doctors warned me to leave Hillston and try a change of sea air. They also warned me to lay up for six months as a complete rest was imperative in my case. Acting under instructions, I came to Sydney, and slightly benefited by the change; but the trouble was only calmed, it was not cured."

"Did you try any other remedies, Mrs. Enwright?"
"Yes; scores of them. But they failed to relieve me even. My health was completely broken down, and stimulants did me no good whatever. But I was not surprised at this, for I had a professional prejudice to patent specifics; nevertheless, I tried them hoping, against hope. I yearned for some escape from the plight I was in. And, while I fell away in flesh, there seemed no relief for the terrible pains which racked me. Yes, I can pity any poor mortal invalidated as I was."

"Well, you don't look like an invalid now. How did this change come about?"

"In the simplest way imaginable. Although I had swallowed innumerable drugs and purchased all kinds of patent medicines, and had been advised by many, I felt that my infirmities needed a specific which I had not yet tried. The case was puzzling, but I could not bring myself to believe that it was hopeless. Well, one day I was reading an account of the wonderful cure of Thomas Jarvis by means of the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I pointed it out to my husband, but he thought that these pills would fail like the other patent commodities I swallowed. However, he was as anxious as I to happen upon something to suit my case. Without a moment's delay I sent for a box, and took two pills, and would you believe it, within two hours I felt distinctly relieved. The pains miraculously and mysteriously ceased, and instinctively I knew that my salvation was assured. I followed the directions carefully and the results were astounding. Incredible though it appears, the pills brought about a complete recovery. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills only, and no other remedy, and now I am as well and as robust as ever. There is a pain nowhere; my appetite is perfect, my vitality was magically revived, and I was never stronger. The cure is absolute, and the past debility is completely blotted out. And, at every opportunity, I let people know the marvellous change wrought in me with lightning rapidity by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for these"—and Mrs. Enwright took down a box from the mantelpiece, and eyed the pills proudly.

"Then you are still using the Pills?"

"Oh, no; there is no necessity for them as far as I am concerned. I merely keep this second box here that I may recommend them to others."

Mrs. Enwright, who was looking the picture of health and vigour, was warmly congratulated on her remarkable recovery.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not like other medicines, and their effects are permanent. Nothing else is so prompt in pulling up the system when, from some temporary depression or otherwise, tone is needed. They have cured more than fifty-five hundred cases of diseases arising from impoverished blood, such as anemia, pale and sallow complexion, muscular weakness, depression of spirits, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pains in the back, nervous headache, loss of memory, early decay, all forms of female weakness, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism and sciatica, scrofula, rickets, hip joint diseases, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs.

The genuine pills are sold only in wooden boxes about two inches in length, in a white wrapper with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, printed in red. They are never sold in bulk, or from glass jars, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. In case of doubt it is better to send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z., enclosing the price 3s a box, or six boxes for 15s 9d. These pills are not a purgative and they contain nothing that could injure the most delicate.

Science Notes.

WE CAN FLY AT LAST.

PROFESSOR LANGLEY gives an interesting account in the *Strand Magazine* of his successful efforts to solve the problem of aerial flight. When he first began to think of the subject and to observe the flight of birds, as all other experimentalists had done before him, and to reflect that no matter how often people had failed man ought after all be able to solve a problem for which nature had given him the model, he turned in vain to books for the principles on which to proceed. He found, indeed, that Sir Isaac Newton had indicated a rule for finding the resistance to advance through the air which seemed, if correct, to call for enormous mechanical power, and a distinguished French mathematician he discovered had made a formula showing how rapidly the power must increase with the velocity of flight, and according to which a swallow to attain the speed it is now known to reach must be possessed of the strength of a man! Discarding these theories, which were absurd on the face of them, Professor Langley set himself to discover the principles upon which flight should be based, and on those he spent three years. The general conclusion arrived at was that by simply moving any given weight of a plate-like form fast enough in a horizontal path through the air, it was possible to sustain it with less than one-twentieth of the power that Newton's rule called for. Instead of an increased power being required by increased velocity the power demanded became less and less. The experiments were first made with a plate of brass one pound in weight, and the final calculation was that two hundred pounds of such plates, if we could insure horizontal flight, could be moved through the air at the speed of an express train, and sustained upon it with the expenditure of one-horse power. Having established this principle, Professor Langley proceeded to try and fulfil the conditions. The first was to get one engine of unprecedented lightness, the second to consider through what means it was to be applied. There was a long and dismal record of failure. Suitable engines were provided, the machine otherwise seemed perfect but horizontal flight could not be secured. Various expedients were tried for launching, but day after day Professor Langley saw his aerodrome, as he called it, flop down into the water over which he tried it. He stuck to his project with great pertinacity, however. The wings were finally, says the professor, and after infinite patience and labour, made at once light enough and strong enough to do the work; and now in the long struggle the way had to be fought up to face the final difficulty, in which nearly a year more passed, for the all-important difficulty of balancing the aerodrome was now reached. Success, however, in the end crowned the labour. Professor Langley thus describes the successful experiment.—

On the 6th of May of last year I had journeyed, perhaps for the twentieth time, to the distant river station and recommenced the weary routine of another launch, with very moderate expectations indeed, when on that, to me, memorable afternoon the signal was given and the aerodrome sprang into the air. I watched it from the shore with hardly a hope that the long series of accidents had come to a close. And yet it had, and for the first time the aerodrome swept continuously through the air like a living thing, and as second after second passed on the face of the stop-watch, until a minute had gone by and it still flew on, and as I heard the cheering of the few spectators I felt that something had been accomplished at last, for never in any part of the world or in any period had any machine of man's construction sustained itself in the air before for even this brief period of time. Still the aerodrome went on in a rising course until, at the end of a minute and a half (for which time only it was provided with fuel and water), it had accomplished a little over half a mile and now it settled rather than fell into the river with a gentle descent. It was immediately taken out and flown again with equal success, nor was there anything to indicate that it might not have flown indefinitely except for the limit put upon it.

On November 2s a larger machine made a longer flight at the rate of 30 miles an hour, the distance traversed being three quarters of a mile, and the machine descending safely. Professor Langley thus concludes his article.—

"I have brought to a close the portion of the work which seemed to be specially mine—the demonstration of the practicality of mechanical flight; and for the next stage, which is the commercial and practical development of the idea, it is probable that the world may look to others. The world, indeed, will be supine if it does not realise that a new possibility has come to it and that the great universal highway overhead is now soon to be opened."

DRINK ONLY **SPRING BLOSSOM TEA.**

Packed in ½lb, 1lb, 5lb and 10lb air-tight, net weight Tins.

WE COURT COMPARISON WITH OTHER BRANDS.