

## Thirst as Well as Famine.

The People of India Have Double Cause for Suffering Now—A Graphic Description of Awful Scenes

Ambassador Joseph H Choate has just communicated by cable the official thanks of Great Britain to the United States and the various Famine Committees including the Christian Herald Relief Work, for very generous aid in relieving the sufferings of the famine stricken population of India.

At the same time, however, comes the intelligence that India is by no means out of danger, that much more aid is still needed. Despite the fall of rain; despite the theory that the famine is on the wane, reports come out of the heart of the stricken land telling of a condition of distress as great as at any time during the last two months. It seems that the rains have not yet reached over 150 miles north and south of Bombay. Beyond these points, the stoutest hearts begin to quail at the prospect, knowing too well what another failure of rain means. What is to become of the people in these sections if the monsoon fails again? The prospect is appalling.

The authorities cannot take the necessary precautions against miscarriage too soon. Though the Government of India is straining every nerve to avert a catastrophe, worse than they have ever had to face, they still need the loyal co-operation of the other Governments and Administrations, and of the educated and well-to-do public. It is the full extent and intensity of the present suffering in India were only realized by the public, the stream of sympathy would begin to flow afresh. The situation is more dismal than correspondents can describe. Money, condensed milk, blankets, medicine, any of these are sorely needed.

Unless there is a speedy change in the weather, of which the meteorological conditions hold out no promise, the kharif crop, which provides the people with their staple food, will be lost. The peasantry are beginning to despair and to wander, or else to leave their villages for the relief works, with the result that instead of diminishing, the population of the famine camps and the poorhouse is again on the increase. The fodder famine is unabated, and many of the cattle imported to repair the terrible wastage caused by the drought are dying. To add to the trials of the unfortunate, the mill industry has now reached a critical phase, and there is the possibility of a general stoppage of the machinery, which will throw thousands of people out of employment for whom work will have to be found.

And now a new terror was added to the sufferings of the multitude. In all the relief camps they have thus far had water to drink; now many of the shallow wells, dug with spades and mattocks, have yielded up their last drop. As an illustration, let me quote the experience of the Bombay correspondent of the Cincinnati Inquirer, who says: "The camp I visited had no scientific apparatus for boring deep artesian wells. The heat was terrific—150 degrees in the sun. The sun was a ball of fire in the sky of copper. The thirsty multitude gazed upward with lolling tongues, but saw not a raincloud anywhere.

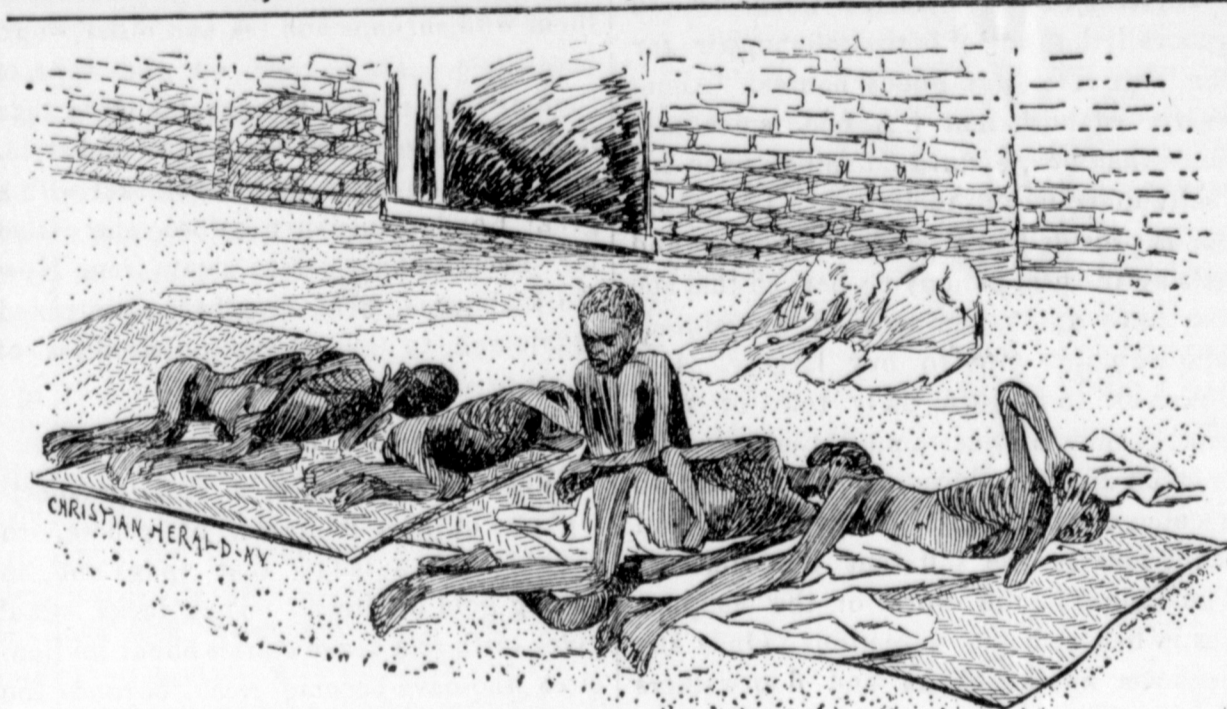
Maddened with unutterable pain they broke forth in search of water. In a body they deserted the camp. Hunger was bad; thirst a thousand times worse. Far across the fields they roamed in groups of tens and twenties. At last a cry of joy was heard; it came from a party making toward a clump of trees and low bushes. All within ear shot rushed that way.

"In the centre of the little jungle was a stagnant pool, the remains of last year's rains, protected from the fierce sun by the overhanging trees and tall bamboo reeds. But the water was a yellowish green, covered with a three fold layer of rotten leaves. It was all alive with living creeping things, and buzzing with blue winged flies. Into this multitudes cast themselves, and lapped up the water greedily with their tongues.

"That night cholera broke out in the camp, 'black cholera,' that tortures its victims with untold agonies before releasing them by death. Its only mercy is that it is so short; sometimes three hours, at most six. That night the multitude laid themselves down by the roadside. Most of them were in bare loin clothes; here and there one lay shrouded in a white sheet like a silent ghost. The thermometer registered 110 degrees, and this at night. The unwinking moon shone alike upon dead and dying. Darkness would have given a sense of coolness. Not a breath of wind stirred the dust motes that hung in the air like painted spots against the painted sky.

"After awhile the doctor came. H

felt a pulse here, examined a distended eye ball, shook his head in silence, and passed on. Only a few received a dose from the black bottles his assistant carried. The others awaited their turn—some lying still in callous apathy, some struggling up



Courtesy of The Christian Herald.

INDIA FAMINE.  
Victims Dying of Starvation.

with feverish eyes to read their doom in the doctor's face.

"Suddenly a low moan was heard in the palpitating stillness—from some poor wretch who had read his death warrant. The effect was instantaneous. The cry passed from mouth to mouth. Eleven hundred moans shook the hot air, eleven hundred cowering forms swayed from side to side in agonizing terror. It was black despair and panic now. A sudden pause, appalling in its intensity. The eleven hundred rose up, all but the dead, and fled into the night—some tottering and falling rising again in a vain effort, then cast prone upon the earth—some reeling like drunken men, helping each other with locked hands, like the blind leading the blind. But all fled into the jungle, the white, pitiless moon shining upon the huddled heaps that marked the fugitives' flight along the fields. And there was none to bury them or burn them. But from afar there arose an ominous sound—hoarse screeches and flapping wings. It was a flock of vultures, star-

are breaking down through the strain upon mind and body that never relents.

Regarding the awful strain on missionaries and relief workers the Bishop of Calcutta writes:

"The famine, the plague, the cholera, and the trying climate of the plains in the hot weather have laid a burden—greater than human strength can bear—upon the devoted men and women who have now for so many months been fighting the battle of the people of India against death. It is of the missionaries that I am best qualified to speak. One after another the missionary workers of my diocese have broken down in health and have been sent home,

hardship and a sense of suffering. But never in India has sympathy in its true sense of feeling not 'for' but 'with' the sorrow-stricken people, been more deeply needed or valued than it is now."

The great proportion of the survivors of the famine who most need care and attention today are children. In the Central Provinces alone, over three quarters of a million children, under ten years of age, are receiving relief. And yet, not only in these provinces, but throughout the whole vast blighted area, there are hundreds of thousands of children, left orphans by the death of parents by starvation, who need shelter and clothes as well as food, at once.

With the greater part of its efforts now concentrated upon saving these orphans to lives of usefulness, the Christian Herald Relief Work sends funds, as fast as received, to the missionaries who are gathering in the little hapless ones from the highway. Contributions averaging \$1500 a week, enough to support and educate 100 orphans for one year, are coming in; and there is every promise that, as publicity is given to the dire need of money for the continuance and expansion of this work, the amount of the weekly contributions will gradually increase.

The energetic indefatigable head of the relief work in America, Dr. Louis Klopsch is sending out day after day a most urgent and earnest appeal to all America to come to the relief of "even the least of these," the child-sufferers the orphans left destitute by the famine. Every contribution is promptly acknowledged in the pages of The Christian Herald to which paper, address the Bible House—all remittances for Famine Relief should be sent.

Regarding the generosity of America in aiding India, Dr. Louis Klopsch said, in an interview with your correspondent:

"The relief work for India carried on through The Christian Herald is distinctly democratic. The contributions are not those of generous capitalists, who cast a share of their wealth into the hat as we pass it around, but of the great masses—the common people—who are responding promptly, unostentatiously, and nobly to the pitiful appeal of the hapless Hindoos.

Among the 247,000 contributions, aggregating over \$600,000, we have only one of \$1,000, while we have over 10,000 of a single cent each. Our average is \$2.40 for each giver.

Infancy and old age, the living and the dead, are represented in the long roll of honor. Among the contributors is a woman of eighty, who sent \$1.62 which she

The little bank of the lost darling of the household; the purse found in a dead mother's pocket; other touching memorial tributes, and many cheerful thank offerings for the recovery of loved ones and various benign happenings, have been laid upon the altar of India's need, along with the typical contribution which represents a proportion of the income or savings of the average American of moderate means who in order to be generous, must even deny himself.

"In addition to what The Christian Herald has raised, possibly \$400,000 more has been contributed through the various foreign missionary societies and the Committee of One Hundred. Hence American generosity has subscribed more than \$1,000,000 towards this beneficent work, and basing our calculation on a population of 80,000,000, we find that one and a quarter cents for every man, woman and child in the Union has been sent ten thousand miles away to relieve the distress of a people whose habits, customs and language are strange to us, and whose grateful words of appreciation the contributors could not understand even could they hear them."

GILSON WILLETS.

## The Best of Advice.

TO THOSE WHO FEEL SICK WEAK OR DEPRESSED,

Miss Belle Cohoon, of White Rock Mills, N. S., Tells How She Regained Health and Advises Others to Follow Her Example.

From the Acadian, Wolfville, N. S.

At White Rock Mill, within sound of the noisy swirl of the Gaspereau river, is a pretty little cottage.

In this cottage there dwells with her parents Miss Belle Cohoon, a very bright and attractive young lady who takes a lively interest in all the church and society work of the little village. A short time ago an Acadian representative called upon Miss Cohoon, for the purpose of ascertaining her opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—which remedy he had been informed she had been using. He was very cordially received and found both Miss Cohoon and her mother most enthusiastic and ardent friends of this great Canadian remedy which is now so universally used throughout the world. We give below in essentially her own words Miss Cohoon's story:

"Three years ago this spring my health was very much run down. I had not been feeling well for some time and when spring opened up and the weather became warmer my condition became worse. The least exertion exhausted me and was followed by an awful feeling of weakness and a rapid palpitation of the heart. I seemed to lose my ambition, and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a very sorry condition. I suffered in this way for some time. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they soon began to work a change for the better. My strength and spirits improved wonderfully, and the old feeling of tiredness began to leave me. My appetite returned and my weight increased steadily. By the time I had used less than half a dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. Since that time whenever I feel the need of a medicine a prompt use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has always brought me speedy relief, and in future when ailing I shall never use anything but these pills, and strongly advise others to follow my example."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Stimulating Plants With Electricity.

Some original experiments in the application of electricity to hasten the development of plants were recently tried in Russia. By covering a plot of barley with a net work of electric wires sustained by wooden posts, one experimenter accelerated the ripening of the grain by a period of twelve days. In soil electrified by buried wires, potatoes and other roots gave an enormously increased yield. Seeds subjected to electrification germinated sooner than those not thus treated.

What She Called Him.

"Pardner, I was never so deeply insulted in my life," said Tired Thompson to Weary Willie, as he joined his companion in the road.

"Did she ask you to work for your dinner?"

"Naw."

"Did she invite you to take a bath?"

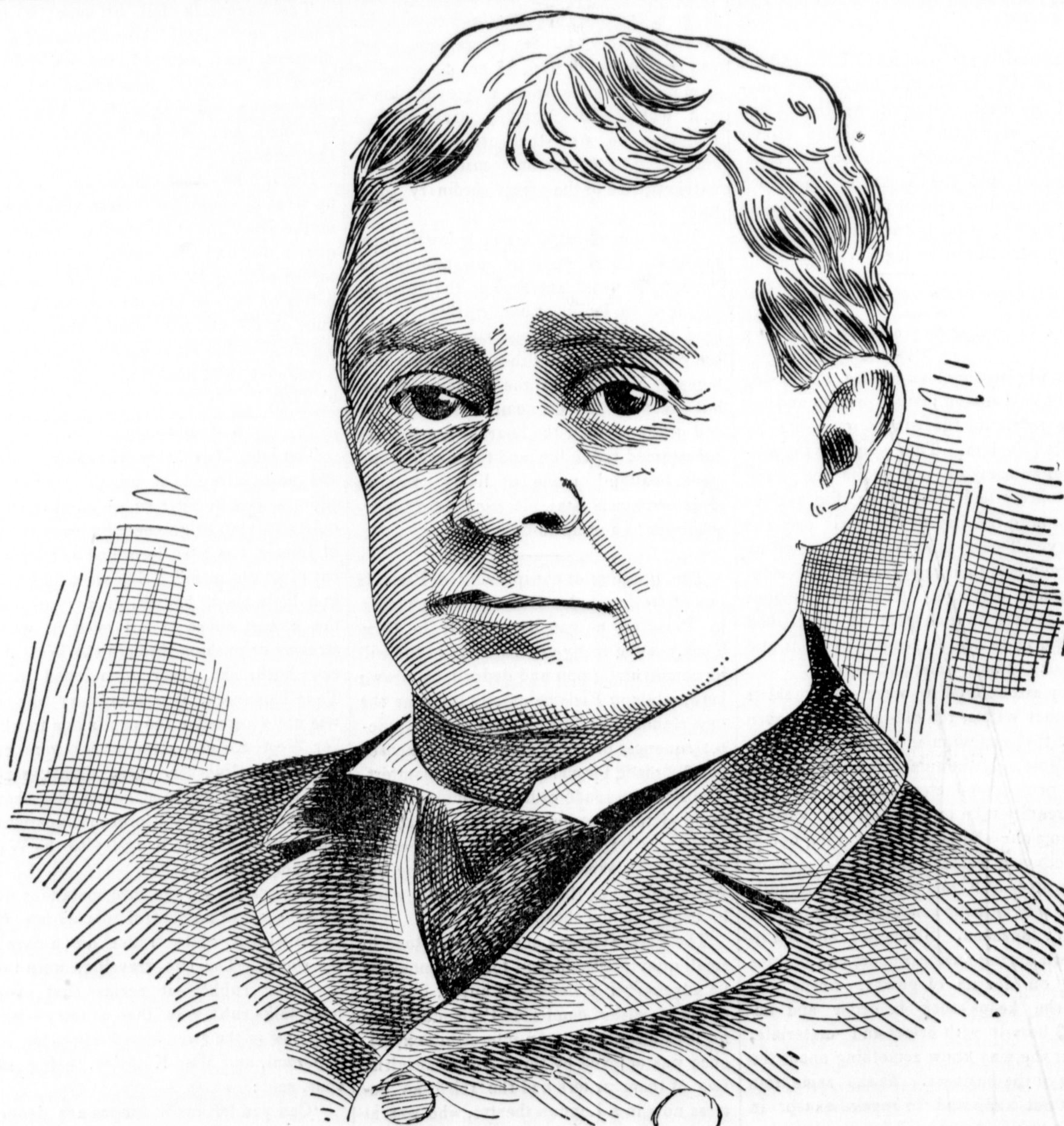
"Naw."

"How did she insult you?"

"She said I was an unforgotten fraud."

New Mown Hay

Is sweet smelling and a source of honest profit, but pneumonia—is from a cough is neither pleasant nor profitable, so insure with 25c. with a bottle of Adamson's Botani Cough Balsam. 25c. All Druggists.



JOSEPH H. CHOATE,  
United States Ambassador to Great Britain.

ing, fierce, fighting one another with claw and talon to get down first to do their horrid work."

One important phase that must not be overlooked, is that Indian famines claim their victims amongst the relievers as well as amongst the relieved, and already men

agencies of the population, enervated, as it must be, by long continuance in a state little better than starvation. It may be that some persons will be led to offer their services in this dark hour to India. I do not wish to entice them by fair promises. All that can be promised them is pain and

"had saved up in a little home made purse, a man of ninety one, who collected nearly \$200 in small sums; a boy of eight, who contributed \$5 he had accumulated to invest in a bicycle; a wee maid who sent the money she had made by "picking huckleberries and doing errands."