

There have appeared from time to time in this paper during the past year accounts of remarkable cures in various parts of the Dominion. In each case the circumstances connected therewith had been investigated by well known newspapers, and there could be no doubt as to the entire reliability of the accounts given. Perhaps the case that attracted most attention was that of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton. This was not, perhaps, because his case was any more remarkable than some others, but because it was attended by some other peculiar circumstances that served to emphasize it in the minds of the public, as for instance the fact that he had been pronounced absolutely incurable by half a score of clever physicians, and was actually paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance. Elsewhere in the issue is given the particulars of a cure in Cape Breton, which is quite as remarkable as that of Mr. Marshall. The particulars of the case are taken from the Halifax Herald, but they are also vouched for by Mr. Richardson, the editor and proprietor of the Island Reporter, Sidney, C. B., who says that in not a single particular is the story overdrawn. We fancy we hear some reader say, "Oh, pshaw! this doesn't interest me." But it does. The story as told elsewhere is worth reading, and we will guarantee before you are through with it you will be thoroughly interested.

That Boy.

The young rector (in evident embarrassment)—"My dear Miss Clara, I'm—trying to leave his chair—"I believe I have formed an attachment, and—"Miss Clara (blushing furiously)—"Oh, Arthur—I mean Mr. Green—this is so unexpected. I must—"The young rector (frantically)—"Beg pardon, Miss Clara, but I was about to say I have formed an attachment for this chair due to the presence of a bit of cobbler's wax placed here by that unregenerate brother of yours." [Intense delight of the small boy in ambush.]

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists.

Editorial Resignation.

A provincial editor, in retiring from the control of a newspaper, prints this valedictory address: "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active editorial control of this paper, but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is able than we are, financially, to handle it. This gentleman is well known in this community. He is the sheriff."

A CAPE BRETON MIRACLE

A CASE THAT FAIRLY OUIRIVALS THE WONDERFUL HAMILTON CURE.

Hopeless, Helpless, and Given up as "One Who Must Soon Go."—An Interesting Story as Investigated by a Reporter.

Halifax Herald, December 16th.

A few months ago all Canada was astounded by a remarkable cure reported from the city of Hamilton, Ont., and vouched for by the press and many of the leading residents of that city. In the Hamilton case the man (a Mr. Marshall) had been pronounced incurable, and after rigid examination by half a score of physicians, the Royal Templars of Temperance paid him the \$1,000 members of that order are entitled to when pronounced totally incapacitated from labour. The remarkable narrative of Mr. Marshall's cure and the remedy to which he owed his recovery were given wide publicity by the press throughout the Dominion, and naturally it brought a ray of hope to others who were similarly suffering. Among the homes to which it thus brought hope was that of Mr. Joseph Jerritt, of North West Arm, C.B., and Mr. Jerritt's recovery may be regarded as even more marvellous than that of Mr. Marshall, and many others whose cures have recently been recorded. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that never before in the history of Cape Breton has medicine wrought such an almost miraculous cure. In the year 1879 Mr. Jerritt received a fall from a truck wagon, the wheel of which passed over the small of his back. Those with him succeeded in restoring him to consciousness and took him to his home which was near by. For six months he was unable to perform any work and even after the lapse of a year was troubled with severe pains and weakness of the limbs. He was able, however, to do light work about the farm, and about a year later shipped on a vessel bound for Charleston, S.C. While on this trip Mr. Jerritt was engaged in furling a sail, when he overreached himself, and felt something start, as though something had burst in his left side. He became almost helpless, and on the arrival of the vessel at Charleston, he was taken to the hospital for medical treatment. Here he remained for over two months under the most skillful physicians. His side became strong again, but his limbs grew weak and frequently the pains were intense. Mr. Jerritt then returned home. He continued to grow worse and the pains never left him. After his return home he made an attempt to work but had to give it up, and gradually became worse and worse until at last he was entirely helpless and was looked upon by his friends as one who not only could not recover, but whose time on earth was short. It was in this condition, depressed in mind, helpless, and continually suffering intense pain, that at last a ray of hope came to him. One day he read in the Halifax Herald of Mr. Marshall's remarkable cure. Symptoms in this case were those of his own, and despite the fact that he had already expended hundreds of dollars in patent medicines and medical treatment, without receiving any benefit, he determined to try the remedy that had restored Mr. Marshall to health. The result is that he is again restored to health and strength. Hearing from various sources of Mr. Jerritt's remarkable recovery the local reporter determined to investigate the matter, and gives his story as told to him. "In my early days," said Mr. Jerritt, "I was one of the strongest young men in our village. Until I received the fall in 1879 I did not know anything about sickness, and after that time I did not know a perfectly well day. I tried to fight the

trouble off and to work, and partially succeeded up to the time I received the strain on board the ship while bound for Charleston. Since then my limbs have continued to grow worse until I was compelled to give up work altogether, and send for a doctor. I may add that all kinds of medicine were tried but none did me any permanent good. The physicians of our place said that my disease was locomotor ataxy and although several of them treated me, none gave much hope of recovery; in fact the impression became general that 'poor Joe must soon go.' After the failure of Doctor's treatment I again resorted to patent medicines of which I believe I have taken \$500 worth. Still my disease grew worse and finally I was unable to move from my bed. I was advised to again go to the hospital in Halifax, and after spending two months there I returned home only to find myself even worse than before. My legs became so weak that I could not stand alone having to use two chairs to steady myself with; I could not bear my weight on them. For five weeks I was between life and death. My left leg swelled to an enormous size and the doctors pronounced it dropsy. My feet and legs have been cold for over five years until the last three months. It was impossible for me to sleep with the pain which would be continually in my legs and body. Mustard drafts were applied, but no sooner would they be taken off than the pain would return. About one year ago I lost all feeling from my legs; they would feel like ice, and to move them caused the greatest agony. I prayed that God would take me from this world and give me relief from the torment which I was hourly in. Thus I lived; not lived, but existed, a suffering being without one day's relief from the most excruciating pains from the disease." How the face of the hitherto sufferer brightened as he began, to tell of the release, as it were, from death, and continuing, he said: "But from the blackest day of my sickness a glimmer of hope shone when my little girl who brought home my paper read the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got her to read to me the cure effected in the case of John Marshall, of Hamilton. As soon as she read the statements contained therein, I saw at once that his case was similar to mine and I told my wife that I believed I would be a well man again if I only could succeed in obtaining some of this medicine. I sent to our drug store but found none there, I then decided to send to Brockville, Ont., for the Pills, but my neighbors only laughed at me saying that they were just like all other patent medicines, no good. This was in August, I forwarded the money, and in a few days received two boxes of Pills, deciding to give them a fair trial. After taking them a short time the pains left me, and to day I am not troubled with an ache or pain. True, my limbs have not yet entirely recovered their former strength but it makes me happy to know that if five boxes will enable me to stand with just a little assistance more will continue and complete the cure. Dead legs for a year are not easily made perfectly strong again, but, I hope Mr. Jerritt threw both legs high into the air, "this is something myself or my friends never hoped to see. All my neighbors gave me up for dead, but thank God my strength is returning, and after three months I feel like a new man. You need not fear to state my case plainly, as I am well known in Cape Breton, and all the people hereabout know how far gone I was. Scores of the neighbors call to see me and are surprised to find that I am improving daily. My appetite has returned, my strength is renewed and when my limbs become a little stronger I shall be a healthier man than ever. No doubt exists in my mind of complete cure as the worst symptoms have entirely disappeared and I seem invigorated by the medicine. You see," he said to the reporter, "I am to work mending nets as I feel too well to remain idle. Every person who saw me last July and sees me now can bear testimony to the truth of the story I am telling you. My weight since I began taking the Pills has increased from 125 pounds to 146 pounds and I am heavier now than I have been for five years. I hope what I have told you will induce other sufferers to try this wonderful medicine, and I am sure they will have as good reason to feel grateful for it as I do."

After the interview with Mr. Jerritt, the reporter called on a number of his neighbors, all of whom endorsed his statements, and said they considered his cure one of the most wonderful things that had come within their observation. They one and all gave the credit to the treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and are naturally enthusiastic in speaking of them.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a scientific preparation the result of years of careful study on the part of an eminent graduate of McGill and Edinburgh universities, and they had for many years been used in his private practice before being offered for sale throughout the country. They are offered to the public as a never failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all diseases such as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, pale and sallow complexion, muscular weakness, etc. These Pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, bearing down pains, chronic constipation, and forms of weakness building up the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

The proprietors deem it their duty to caution the public against imitations. These Pills are never sold in any form except in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." They are sold by all druggists or will be sent post paid upon receipt of price, 50 cents a box—by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

The tramp has reached the hay-day of his prosperity when he is allowed to sleep in the barn. People in Kansas are said to be using quinine and antipyrine as stimulants in place of the prohibited, but more innocent alcohol.

Edison says he will drive all the street cars in New York with electricity. It will cost from \$30,000 to \$100,000 per mile of double track. The existing cable roads cost from \$150,000 to \$300,000 per mile in that city.

The great treasury vault at Washington covers more than a quarter of an acre and is twelve feet deep. Recently there was \$ 0,000,000 in silver stored there, an amount that weighed 4,000 tons and would load 175 freight cars.

FISHING IN THE WATERS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

A Remarkable Industry.

Already the value of the fish caught in the British Columbian waters is estimated at five million dollars a year, and yet the industry is rather at its birth than in its infancy. All the waters in and near the province fairly swarm with fish. The rivers teem with them, the straits and fiords and gulfs abound with them, the ocean beyond is freighted with an incalculable weight of living food, which must soon be distributed among the homes of the civilized world. The principal varieties of fish are the salmon, cod, shad, whitefish, bass, flounder, skate, sole, halibut, sturgeon, oolachan, herring, trout, haddock, smelts, anchovies, dogfish, perch, sardines, oysters, crayfish, shrimps, crabs, and mussels. Of other denizens of the water, the whale, sea-otter, and seal prove rich prey for those who search for them.

The main salmon rivers are the Fraser, Skeena, and Nasse rivers, but the fish also swarm in the inlets into which smaller streams empty. The Nimkish, on Vancouver Island, is also a salmon stream. Setting aside the stories of water so thick with salmon that a man might walk upon their backs, as well as that tale of the stage-coach which was upset by salmon banking them selves against it when it was crossing a fording-place, there still exist absolutely trustworthy accounts of swarms which at their height cause the largest rivers to seem alive with these fish. In such cases the ripple of their back fins frets the entire surface of the stream. I have seen photographs that show the fish in incredible numbers, side by side, like logs in a raft, and I have the word of a responsible man for the statement that he has gotten all the salmon needed for a small camp, day after day, by walking to the edge of a river and jerking the fish out with a common poker.

There are about sixteen canneries on the Fraser, six on the Skeena, three on the Nasse, and three scattered in other waters—Rivers Inlet and Alert Bay. The total catching in 1889 was 414,294 cases, each of 48 one-pound tins. The fish are sold to Europe, Australia, and eastern Canada. The American market takes the Columbia River Salmon. A round million of dollars is invested in the vessels, nets, trawls, canneries, oil factories, and freezing and salting stations used in this industry in British Columbia, and about 5500 men are employed; "There is no difficulty in catching the fish," says a local historian, "in some streams they are so crowded that they can readily be picked out of the water by hand." However, gill-nets are found to be preferable, and the fish are caught in these, which are stretched across the streams, and handled by men in flat-bottomed boats. The fish are loaded into scows and transported to the canneries, usually frame structures built upon piles close to the shores of the rivers. In the canneries the tins are made, and, as a rule, saw-mills near by produce the wood for the manufacture of the packing-cases. The fish are cleaned, rid of their heads and tails, and then chopped up and loaded into the tins by Chinamen and Indian women. The tins are then boiled, soldered, tested, packed, and shipped away. The industry is rapidly extended, and fresh salmon are now being shipped, frozen, to the markets of eastern America and England. My figures for 1889 (obtained from the Victoria Times) are in all likelihood under the mark for the season of 1890. The coast is made ragged by inlets, and into nearly every one a water-course empties. All the larger streams are the haven of salmon in the spawning season, and in time the principal ones will be the bases of canning operations.

The dominion government has founded a salmon hatchery on the Fraser, above New Westminster. It is under the supervision of Thomas Mowat, Inspector of Fisheries, and millions of small fry are now annually turned into the great river. Whether the unexampled run of 1889 was in any part due to this process cannot be said, but certainly the salmon are not diminishing in numbers. It was feared that the refuse from the canneries would injure the "runs" of live fish, but it is now believed that there is a profit to be derived from treating the refuse for oil and guano, so that it is more likely to be saved than thrown back into the streams in the near future.

The oolachan, or candle-fish, is a valuable product of these waters, chiefly of the Fraser and Nasse rivers. They are said to be delicious when fresh, smoked, or salted, and I have it on the authority of the little pamphlet "British Columbia," handed me by a government official, that "their oil is considered superior to cod-liver oil, or any other fish oil known." It is said that this oil is whitish, and of the consistency of thin lard. It is used as food by the natives, and is an article of barter between the coast Indians and the tribes of the interior. There is so much of it in a candle-fish of ordinary size that when one of them is dried, it will burn like a candle. It is the custom of the natives on the coast to catch the fish in immense numbers in purse-nets. They then boil them in iron-bottomed bins, straining the product in willow baskets, and running the oil into cedar boxes holding fifteen gallons each. The Nasse River candle-fish are the best. They begin running in March, and continue to come by the million for a period of several weeks.

Codfish are supposed to be very plentiful, and to frequent extensive banks at sea, but these shoals have not been explored or charted by the government, and private enterprise will not attempt the work. Similar banks off the Alaska coast are already the resort of California fishermen who drive a prosperous trade in salting large catches there. The skil, or black cod, formerly known as the "coal-fish," is a splendid deep-water product. These cod weigh from eight to twenty pounds, and used to be caught by the Indians with hook and line. Already white men are driving the Indians out by superior methods. Trawls of three hundred hooks are used.

Have you Neuralgia?

If you are suffering the agonies of neuralgia, and have failed to get a remedy that will afford relief, we want you to try Polson's Nerviline. No remedy in the market has given anything like the same degree of satisfaction. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous, and as it is put up in 25 cent bottles no great expense is involved in giving it a trial. Polson's Nerviline is the most pleasant, powerful, and certain pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and all dealers in medicine, 25 cents a bottle.

and the fish are found to be plentiful, especially off the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands.—[From "Canada's El Dorado," in Harper's Magazine.]

Dame Nature is a Good Book-keeper.

She don't let us stay long in her debt before we settle for what we owe her. She gives us a few years' grace at the most, but the reckoning surely comes. Have you neglected a cough or allowed your blood to grow impure without heeding the warnings? Be wise in time, and get the world-famed Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures as well as promises. As a blood-renovator, a lung-healer, and a cure for scrofulous taints, it towers above all others, as Olympus overtops a mole-hill. To warrant a commodity is to be honorable and above deception, and a guarantee is a symbol of honest dealing. You get it with every bottle of the Discovery." By druggists.

People who wait for appreciation are in great luck to get it even in the form of an epithet.

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If the eyes are the windows of the soul, it is fair to assume that the lids are the shutters.

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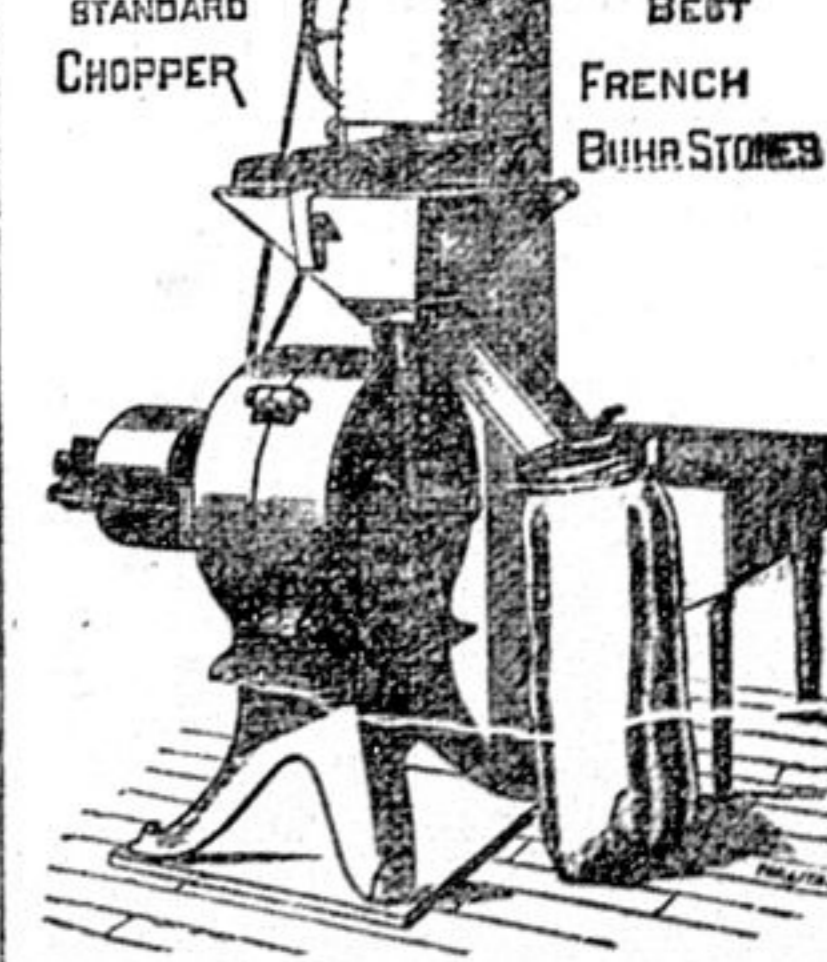
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