

# NIAGARA MIRACLE.

## The Remarkable Experience of a Resident of the Historic Old Town.

**Vitally Helpless and Bed-Ridden for Five Years—His Case Baffled the Skill of Physicians—It is the Absorbing Topic for Miles Around—The Details and Causes of His Remarkable Recovery.**

### Niagara Falls Review.

It has been frequently declared that the age of miracles has long since passed. However, newspaper men and correspondents have occasionally published accounts of remarkable escapes from death by accident or disease, which have clearly proved that an over-ruling Providence still governs human affairs, and is interested in human lives. These accounts of extraordinary deliverances from positions of danger in this age when everybody is of such a practical turn of mind have demanded evidence of an unimpeachable character before they would be accepted by the thoughtful and intelligent reader, and sometimes a most searching enquiry into the facts have furnished positive proof completely substantiating what has been claimed in some cases. While we have recognized the possibility of such wonderful occurrences, it has seldom been our privilege to investigate them, and by careful examination and enquiry into the facts arrive at a conclusion agreeing with the declarations of those presumably acquainted with the incident.

To-day, however, we are enabled to publish in the Review an account of one of the most wonderful and miraculous deliverances of a fellow creature from a life of pain and suffering. We can vouch for the absolute truth of every statement in this article in regard to this remarkable restoration, having examined for ourselves both the man on whom the miracle was performed and many who knew him only as a bed-ridden sufferer, and who now meet him in the daily routine of life. It is now some time since the rumor reached us that Mr. Isaac Addison, of historic Niagara-on-the-Lake, had been cured of a long standing chronic rheumatism. These rumors being both repeated and denied we decided to investigate the case for our own personal satisfaction.

Accordingly some days ago we drove over to the historic town on our tour of investigation. While yet some miles from Niagara we met a farmer who was engaged in loading wood, and asked him if he could tell us where Mr. Addison lived. At first he seemed puzzled, but when we said the gentleman we were seeking had been sick and was recovered, he said, "Oh, yes, I know him well; that man's restoration was quite a miracle, and it was Pink Pills that did it. He lives right up in the town. It is four miles away." We thanked him and mentally noted the first bit of evidence of truthfulness of the report. If this gentleman, living four miles away, knew it so he could speak so positively about it, we concluded there must be some truth in the rumor.

Reaching the town we put up at Long's Hotel, and while in conversation with the genial host we soon found that our mission was to be a success. "Know Mr. Addison," said mine host, "I have known him a long time. His indeed was a remarkable recovery. All the doctors about here did their utmost, but he only grew worse, and for years he was bed-ridden. Now he is as smart as anyone of his age. His recovery is a real miracle."

We were then directed to Mr. Addison's residence, and found a well-built gentleman with clear eye, steady nerve and remarkably quick action. Almost doubting whether this gentleman could be the object of our search we acquainted him with the purpose of our visit and requested him to tell the story of his illness and recovery.

Without hesitation he commenced, "About eight years ago I had peculiar feelings when I walked, as though bits of wood or gravel were in my boots, or a wrinkle in my socks. These feelings were followed by sensations of pain flying all over the body, but settling in the back and every joint. I have thought these symptoms were like creeping paralysis. In about eighteen months I was stiffened with rheumatism so that I could not work and very shortly afterwards I was unable to walk, or use my hands or arms to feed myself. I lay upon the bed and if I desired to turn over I had to be rolled like a log. The pains I suffered were terrible and I often wished myself dead. My kidneys commenced to trouble me causing me to urinate eight or nine times during the night. In order to rise my wife would first draw my feet over the side of the bed then going to my head would lift me to my feet. I was as stiff as a stick and could not help myself. To walk was impossible, but my wife supporting me I could drag or shuffle myself along a smooth floor. I was in that helpless condition for about five years, suffering the most intense and agonizing pains. I was a poor man but whenever I could get enough money I would purchase some of the so called cures for rheumatism. It was useless, however, for they did not help me. The physicians visited me. Dr. Anderson said it was chronic rheumatism, and that I could not be cured. However, he did what he could with bandages of red flannel and, rubbing on alternate days with iodine and neat's foot oil. It was severe treatment and produced unbearable sensations, but did me no good. Dr. Watts said, "Isaac, if I knew a single thing to do you don't I would give it to you, but I don't." So I gave myself up as hopeless and patiently waited for death to end my sufferings. At times I was even tempted to end my own life.

"But one day my family told me of a newspaper account of the wonderful cure of Mr. Marshall, of Hamilton, and I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I only purchased one box and although that box did not seem to do me any good I determined to persevere, and got six more. Before I had taken the six boxes I found relief from my pains, continuing the use of the Pink Pills I have been gradually recovering, and am now entirely free from pain, and can walk a mile comfortably. At first I used crutches, then only one, but now I have no use for them at all. I have gone alone to Toronto, Niagara Falls, and to Lockport, N. Y., and have felt no inconvenience. "The people wondered when they saw me on the street after having been bed-ridden for five years. They asked me what I was doing for my rheumatism and when I told

them I was taking Pink Pills some of them laughed. But I have never taken anything else since I began the use of Pink Pills, and I am now better. That's the proof. Why," said he, "just see how I can walk," and he took a turn about the room stepping with a firmness, that many a man twenty-five years younger might envy. Continuing he said, "For two years I could not move my left hand and arm an inch, but now I can put it anywhere without pain," accompanying the statement with a movement of the arm and rubbing the back of his head with his arm. On being asked if he felt any disagreeable sensations on taking Pink Pills, he laughed and said "no, that was the beauty of it. With other medicines there were nasty and unpleasant feelings, but I just swallowed the pills and never felt them except in the beneficial effects."

As we saw the hearty old gentleman so happy in his recovered health, and heard him so graphically describe his sufferings, we agreed with him that a great miracle had been wrought through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We sought out a number of residents of the town, and in conversation with them learned that the account Mr. Addison had given us of his condition was in every particular correct. His recovery has naturally been the talk of the town and in social circles, and many others are using Pink Pills for various ailments with good results.

### A CHAT WITH THE MAYOR.

We called on H. Pafford, Esq., Mayor of the town, and proprietor of a tasty and prosperous drug business. He verified what Mr. Addison had said as to his sufferings and helpless condition, and said he never expected to see him around again. He said he considered Mr. Addison's restoration truly remarkable, and that the knowledge of the benefit to him had made an extensive demand for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so much that their sales are away ahead of any other proprietary medicine in the market. He remarked that although so extensively advertised, if their use were not followed by beneficial results the sale would rapidly decrease, but the firm hold they have taken on the public proves their worth, and that they have come to stay.

### THE DIVISION COURT CLERK.

We called upon J. B. Secord, Esq., Clerk of the Division Court, who said he had known Mr. Addison for many years, and that he bore a high reputation for truthfulness. He knew that in the earlier stages of his trouble he had tried several physicians in vain, and at last became incapable of moving himself. As a last chance he took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and these at first seemed to make him worse and the pains increased, but continuing them they acted like magic, and resulted in a complete cure. His cure is looked upon by the people as something wonderful, and no one doubts that the agency employed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was the means under Divine Providence of effecting the cure.

Having most carefully and conscientiously examined into the miraculous recovery of Mr. Addison, and dispassionately reviewing the whole evidence, we came home fully convinced of the truthfulness of the report. It is a pleasure for us to publish this full and authentic account of the marvellous recovery of Mr. Isaac Addison and, so far as we can lend the help of our columns to make known this wonderful and efficacious medicine which in so many instances has produced startling and unhopd for relief from pain and illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of a gripe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

### Humor of the Commons.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., in a recent address described some amusing incidents of the House of Commons. A member from the other side of the Tweed, alluding to the vote of £2,000,000 in support of the Afghan war described it as "a feabite in the ocean." Another, while advocating an increase in the European troops employed in India, remarked, "You may depend upon it, sir, the pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian army." Mr. Sullivan once delivered a speech on the relative merits of Irish and Scotch whiskey. He was complaining that Scotch whiskey was introduced into Ireland and passed off as "genuine Irish." "The stuff," he said, "is so hot that it goes down the throat like a torchlight procession."

In 1879 a young Irishman got up very late to speak on a particular subject. He (Sir John) was sitting about six feet from him, and, to his surprise, was unable to hear a word he said. He persevered gallantly, with profuse gesticulation, and he was on his legs about a quarter of an hour, during the whole of which time no one heard a single word. He believed that the gentleman in question was very nervous, was simply speaking to himself, and thought he was talking aloud.

Uncle Sam pays \$90,000,000 a year in salaries.

### MEN AND WOMEN.

Emin Pasha has a daughter 11 years old who is being educated in Europe.

Professor Felix L. Oswald predicts the United States will have 300,000,000 inhabitants in 1993.

Though the Bishop of Chichester is 90 years of age he attends to all the duties of his office without a coadjutor.

M. Merrey, a French artist, has succeeded in photographing a flying insect. The time of exposure was only 1-22500 of a second.

Lord Shannon, who before his succession to the title served on a ranch in Manitoba, is now known among his friends as the "Cowboy Peer."

Margaret Merrington, the author of E. H. Sothern's new play that is soon to be produced, was born in England, but was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Rochester.

The members of the German Imperial Army, permitted to appear in America by Emperor William II., are to receive \$50 a month and ten glasses of beer each and every day, Sunday included.

Ex-Senator Bradbury, of Maine, who is 90 years of age, called at the White House one day recently. He remarked that he had been there in the days of Webster and Calhoun. He was courteously received.

Bishop Haygood, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has been importuned by office-seekers for letters to the President, says he would rather dig sassafras root for a living than write such begging letters for office.

Lieutenant-Governor Boskin, of Montana, is paralyzed from the waist down, and has for many years been moved around in an invalid's chair. And yet he is a distinguished lawyer and an eloquent platform speaker.

On the farm of M. A. Raab, of Brewton, Ala., there is said to be a peach tree that blossomed in December, has leaves out, and is now, he claims, full of young peaches, while not another tree on his place shows any sign of blooming.

It will probably be a grief to Cardinal Vaughan that he must forsake his beloved omnibus and descend to the dignity of a private brougham. Yet such is the inexorable decree of the Vatican. No cardinal may be afoot; his rightful chariot is drawn by two horses in the eternal city, but indulgence allows one of these to be dispensed with in Protestant countries. Cardinal Manning always went out in a single brougham.

What is lacking is truth and confidence. If there were absolute truth on the one hand and absolute confidence on the other, it wouldn't be necessary for the makers of Dr. Scott's Catarrh Remedy to back up a plain statement of fact by a \$500 guarantee. They say—"If we can't cure you (make it personal, please), of catarrh in the head, in any form or stage, we'll pay you \$500 for your trouble in making the trial." "An advertising fake," you say. Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee absolute. Wise men don't put money back of "fakes." And "faking" doesn't pay.

Magical little granules—those tiny, sugar-coated pellets of Dr. Pierce's—scarcely larger than mustard seeds, yet powerful to cure—active yet mild in operation. The best Liver Pills ever invented. Cure sick headache, dizziness constipation. One a dose.

We exported 582,200,000 gallons of petroleum in 1892.

The list of steamships which have used oil to calm unusually heavy seas is growing larger every month. The oil is towed in stout bags, which exude it slowly and evenly as the vessel moves.

Don't wait till spring is past before trying K. D. C. It cleanses and heals the stomach, invigorates and tones the system. No other tonic needed. Take it now. Free sample mailed to any address.

The North Carolina State Library has been presented with a small book 360 years old, which is said to have once been the personal property of Martin Luther.



Mrs. H. D. West of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

## \$200 Worth Of Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with Erysipelas

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework, and

Walk Two Miles which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

Hood's Sarsaparilla Four bottles has done more for me than \$200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known." Mrs. H. D. West, Church street, Cornwallis, N. S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache. 25c

**\$10 Worth for 30 Cents—Is something unusual, but it seems that is what every one gets, who purchases Mrs. E. M. Jones' famous book, "Dairying for Profit, or the Poor Man's Cow." A leading farmer writes, "I have ———'s book on Dairying, price \$10; practically, Mrs. Jones' book is worth more!" Mrs. Jones is known all over the U.S. and Canada. Her Herd has made a magnificent success, winning 1st prize everywhere for years, also 26 large medals, gold silver and bronze; solid silver cup (value \$300) won at Kellogg's New York sale, beautiful Silver Tea Set, given by the Farmer's Advocate, for three best dairy cows of any breed, also hundreds of other prizes, diplomas, and sweepstakes. Her butter brings far the highest price in Canada for her whole output, 6,000 lbs a year. Any one can make the same profit if they read and follow her plain common sense methods. Her book tells the whole story, and can be got by sending 30 cents to Robert Brown, agent, box 324 Brockville, Ontario, Canada.**

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The average height of the elephant is nine feet. GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

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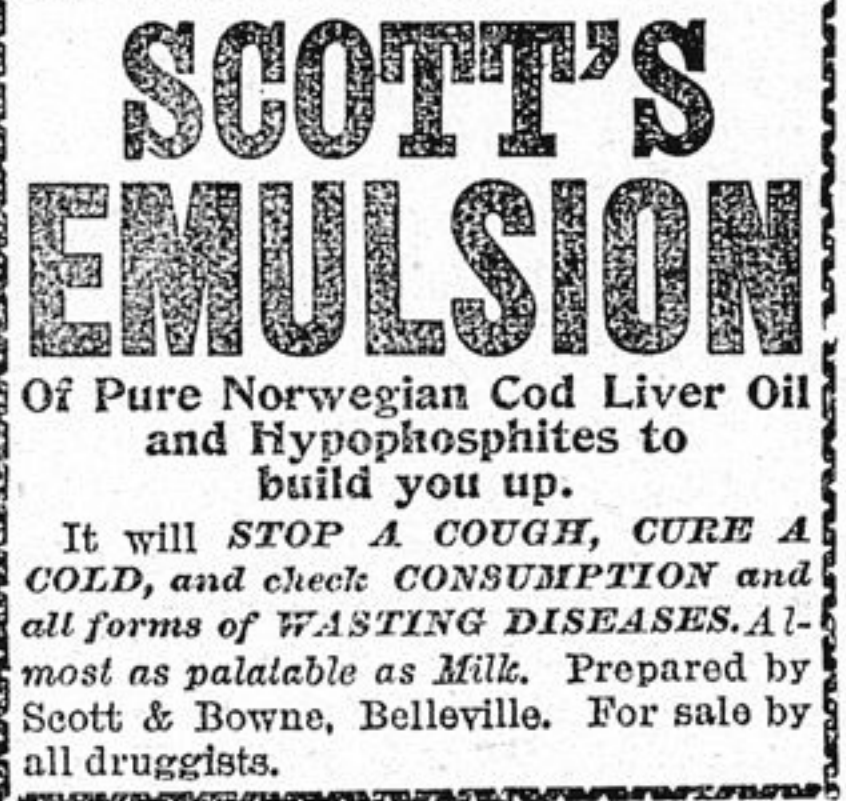


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W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

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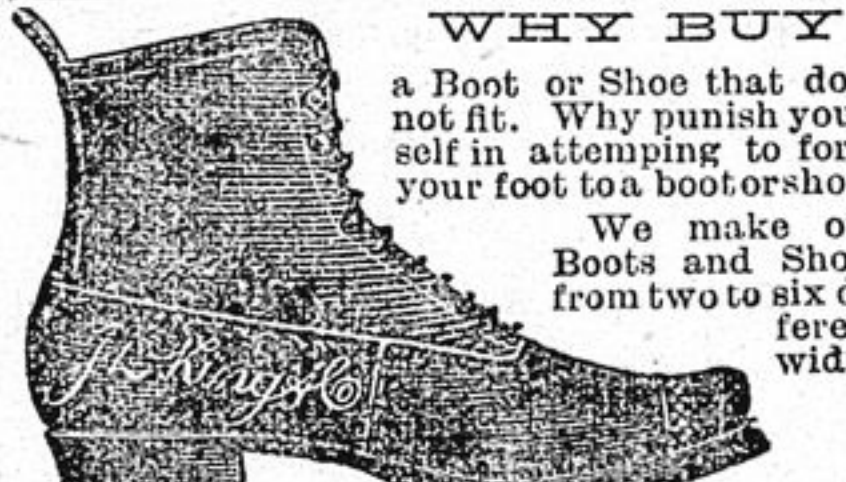
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