

## A VICTORIA CO. MIRACLE.

### How Two Sufferers Regained Health and Strength.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Lawson Tell the Story of Their Renewed Health and Strength—They Find Health After Many Remedies Had Failed.

From the Woodville Independent.

The Independent has published a number of well authenticated cases of most remarkable cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Many of these cures have occurred in our own province, and all of them have been vouched for by newspapers of well known standing, whose disinterestedness leaves no room to doubt the accuracy of the statements made. But if anything were needed to convince the skeptical among our readers (if any there be) and bring into greater prominence the surpassing merit of this wonderful life-giving remedy, it is found in the fact that the Independent has been able to give the particulars of several remarkable cures in our own neighborhood, every detail of which can be easily verified by any interested in so doing. A short time ago we gave the particulars of the recovery of little George Veal, which has attracted so much notice and added to the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this locality. A few days ago this case was the topic of conversation in one of our local stores, when a gentleman present said he knew of a case in town even more surprising. The Independent, alert for anything that would interest its readers, asked for some further particulars, and was informed that the person referred to was Mrs. James Lawson, an esteemed resident of Woodville, who had been utterly helpless for a time, her recovery despaired of and who is now, through the almost magical virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, recovered and able to be about once more. A few days after this, meeting Mr. Lawson on the street, The Independent inquired if it were true, as stated, that his wife owed her recovery to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Yes, replied Mr. L., and not only my wife but I was cured by them also. If you will call at the house you can have the full particulars if you want them. Mr. Lawson has been a resident of Woodville for over twenty years, and is well known and highly respected by all. On calling at his house we found both Mr. and Mrs. Lawson at home, and quite willing to give the desired information. They are an intelligent couple and those acquainted with them will have no hesitation in giving implicit confidence to their statements. Mr. Lawson stated that he had been ailing for years; his appetite failed; he became weak and unable to work. He received medical assistance, but found it of no avail, and at last he was confined to the house with little prospect of recovery as was thought. He had read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and determined to give them a trial. He soon found benefit from them and continuing their use entirely recovered, and is now enjoying better health than he has previously done for years and is quite as able as formerly to do a day's work.

Mrs. Lawson also told of her terrible sufferings. For three years she had been unable to do household work, and for nine months was confined to bed, being so helpless that she had to be lifted like a child. She had consulted doctors in Toronto and taken their prescriptions but found no relief. Her nervous system was wholly unstrung and she suffered from disease of the spine. The doctors told her it would be necessary to perform an operation on her spine, otherwise she could not get relief. She refused to have the operation performed, knowing that it would make her a cripple for life, and she considered that condition as bad as her then state of suffering. At last she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and had not been taking them long when she found their good effects. She found herself getting stronger, and was able to leave her bed. At first she had to use crutches, but continuing the use of Pink Pills she was able to throw away first one and then the other of the crutches and is now not only able to walk freely, but to attend to her household duties as formerly. In fact she says that she is now stronger than she has been for many years. Her appetite has returned, her nerve and spine troubles have disappeared, and she rejoices in complete recovery which she attributes solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and which she recommends to those troubled with nervous prostration, diseases of the spine or general debility. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lawson attribute their recovery under Providence to the use of this marvellous medicine which has been such a blessing in our land, and they are willing that all others should enjoy the knowledge of their wonderful virtue.

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 headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, 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 trouble 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, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50¢ 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 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 the 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.

### Wiping Out the Stain.

One day, an hour after the mail had reached us down at the front, we noticed a great change in Sergeant Roberts. He was our orderly, and he was one of those big, kind-hearted, good-natured fellows who have legions of friends and never an enemy. We knew of his wife and child—knew that he loved the one and idolized the other. Yes, on the morning we left the State rendezvous for the Potomac his wife and child were there to cling to him with loving words and tear-stained faces to the very last, and it gave some of us young fellows sore hearts to witness the parting.

"Look out for my boy, sergeant!" many a father and mother had said to him as they came to see us off, and the big-hearted fellow had replied that he would be a father to us and hoped to bring us safely back when there was an end to the war.

In the rank and file there was a comradeship which made us talk of home, which passed our letters around, which brought all photographs under a score of eyes. Our "Old Sarge," as we called him, used to read most of his letters to us, and a dozen or more of Company G carried photographs of his little girl. On this day the Sergeant had a letter from home, as we all knew, but instead of a smile on his face there was a look of trouble. He was a bit gruff with us that day for the first time. We hoped he might tell us if he was in trouble, but he made no sign. It was the same thing over again after a few days, and after the third letter his face carried such a look of sorrow that we wondered if he was our "Old Sarge" or some stranger acting in his place.

About a month after the receipt of the letter which worked such a change he received one in a handwriting unfamiliar to us. It was a man's chirography, and somehow we felt that it would add to the Sergeant's troubles. Some of the boys who saw him open and read it never forgot how pale he grew and how his hands trembled and his eyes blazed. That night at 10 o'clock, in the face of the enemy, "Old Sarge" disappeared—deserted. Perhaps he meant to take everything away, but that letter was found after he had disappeared. It was from a brother. Coolly and calmly, and without the least feeling the brother wrote that the Sergeant's wife, after so conducting herself as to scandalize all her relatives, had brought things to a climax by running away with a man he named. There were lovers who went astray in those days, and this was only one case out of hundreds.

"Deserted to the enemy" was the record made for the War Department, but we who knew Sergeant Roberts best did not believe it. He was a brave and loyal man, and no matter what his trouble he would not have turned against his flag. He had gone without leave, and that was desertion, but we argued that he had taken that course because he knew that he could not get a furlough with a hot campaign just opening. He had gone back home—gone to find wife and child—gone to plead and condone or to speak his contempt and take his revenge. Weeks went by, and no word came from him. At the end of three months we read of a tragedy in Chicago. At 9 o'clock one evening a strange man had forced his way into the apartments of a citizen and shot him dead. His wife was heard to cry out, "Oh, Will!" and their little girl to shout, "That's my old papa!" Before any one could interfere the stranger seized the child and disappeared, and the mother was so overcome that little or no information could be got from her.

"That's Old Sarge!" we said as we laid the paper aside. "He deserted to hunt down and kill the man who wrecked his life while he was fighting at the front, and that makes him dearer to us than before. He will hide his child somewhere and then come back to us."

Yes, we felt sure he would return, and yet we dreaded it. He was a deserter, and must be punished. Had it been in winter quarters, they might have been merciful, but we were almost in battle line when he went, and the military authorities would wave aside his personal reasons. The life of a great republic was at stake. What was a wife's honour or a soldier's love for his child compared to that. We looked for him as we followed Leo to the Potomac, but he did not come. We looked for him as we marched over the turnpikes of Pennsylvania, but he did not appear. As we formed battle line at Gettysburg another sergeant filled his place. As Hancock massed his corps to beat back what every man knew was coming, "Old Sarge" was still absent. Pickett was massing his Virginians. We all knew that and were waiting. "Pickett is moving!" cried a thousand voices, and we tightened our belts and closed up the lines.

"Steady, men! We can beat them back!" It was the voice of "Old Sarge." He was in citizen's dress, dusty and wayworn, and had picked up musket and cartridge box as he came across the fields to join us. We raised a cheer at sight of him, and it went echoing along the lines right and left. The other troops thought we were expressing our defiance. We had no time to shake hands or to talk. The Virginians were making a page for history and already rolling our first line back. There were charge and counter charge, hand to hand fighting, cheers, shouts, groans. Men fell with the death rattle in their throats; men sank down and cried out and crawled about. We knew not who had won until the breeze swept over the trampled wheat and lifted the cloud of smoke. Then we swung our hats and cheered as we saw the Virginians in retreat. Heroes, one and all, but they had failed.

"Sarge! Sarge! Where's our Sarge?" we shouted before the bullets had ceased flying.

"Down there!" answered a corporal, whose left arm hung limp at his side.

"Down there!" was nearest to the enemy. Yes, we found him there, dead and cold, with half a dozen bullets in his body. He had come back to us to wipe out the stain on his soldier record, and he had taken the only way to do it. In the old days he had carried two photographs next his heart. Now, as we gave him burial, we found but one—that of his little Nell. We laid it on his breast and folded his hands over it as we covered him in. That, and then we bowed our heads and whispered:

"God forgive our poor 'Old Sarge' and bless his child forevermore!"

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To the acre always use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Always safe and painless. Beware of substitutes and imitations. Use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. At druggists.

### Disaster to a Russian River Steamer.

Particulars have been received from Moscow of the burning, near Romanovo-Borisoglesk, of the steamer Alphonse Zevecke. The vessel left Rybinsk with a cargo consisting, among other goods, of 43 bales of wadding, which were so badly packed that the covers became unfastened and, owing to it is believed to the carelessness of some person while smoking, caught fire. It might have been possible to save at least all the crew and passengers if an error in steering had not caused the boat to run aground while she was making for the nearest landing stage. Owing to this mistake, the Alphonse Zevecke was completely enveloped in flames before anyone could escape. The only persons who were saved were those in the bows, who jumped overboard, and, aided by the shallowness of the water at that point, succeeded in reaching the bank. The great majority of the passengers in the other parts of the vessel were so panic-stricken that they were nearly all drowned, either through their inability to swim or owing to their being drawn under by the current and being struck by the screws, which continued to revolve. The peasants from the neighbouring village displayed great inhumanity, refusing to rescue those in the water without the payment of sums varying from 100 to 400 roubles. One of them even refused to accept a silver watch, declaring that it was not enough. The exact number of the victims is not yet known, but it is believed to be over 50. The fire broke out on board the steamer at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and by midnight nothing remained but the ironwork of the vessel.

### 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.

### Electricity by Wind Power.

The utilization of energy for electrical purposes from windmills has been proven possible, if not commercially feasible. The data on this matter is interesting and indicative of much yet to be attempted. Experiments made in Great Britain show that a machine constructed for this purpose developed results that were perfectly satisfactory, the power obtained being sufficient for the electric lighting of a flourmill with twenty-seven 16-candle-power lamps and three arc lights. Experiments made by Engineer Raou in the north lighthouse at Havre, France, by a 40-foot Halliday mill were found to give a power of 17.8 measured on the wind shaft, with a wind velocity of twenty-three feet per second.

A. P. 670

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### Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

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