



After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Perfect

The following letter is from a well-known merchant...

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures... Hood's Pills are purely vegetable...

Facts!

We Lead, We Never Follow.

OUR LINES ARE

Groceries, Flour, Feed, Breakfast Cereals, Crockery, Glassware, Coal Oil, Cattle Food

OF ALL KINDS.

OUR SPECIALTIES ARE: Teas, Coffees, Sugars, and general Groceries, Oil-cake and Herbaceous.

OUR LEADERS ARE:

"Our Own Blend" of Black Tea at 25c. Our Own Importation of Japan Tea at 25c. and Our Own Blend of Coffee.

OUR PRICES IN ALL LINES ARE AT THE BOTTOM.

J. A. VANCE.

The Millbrook Reporter.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1895.

A man may have an honest heart. Though poor the honest stars him; A man may take a neighbor's part, Yet have no cash to spare him.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The first session of the eighth Legislature that opens to-day in Queen's park is unique in many particulars. While it is true that the same guiding hand which has directed the destiny of the province for twenty years, will still be in his accustomed place in the Premier's chair and while the Reform party will still, though by a small majority direct the legislation of the house, the changes that have come over the scene since the last sitting will be very noticeable to those who sat in the old parliament and who have had the good luck to be returned to the present one.

Business Change.

F. J. GARLESS

Of Bowmanville,

Who won the Diploma of the West Durham Agricultural Society for the Best Collection of Photographs.

Has bought out the Photographic Business of G. G. Green, Millbrook, and will be found at the old stand prepared to make any style of a Photo.

Call and see the newest styles in Photographs. We keep a full line of the latest and best styles of cards, and our prices are fully equal to any other.

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element however in the present house, with whom the government can scarcely fail to treat, who will perhaps be as difficult to please as the straight Opposition and that is the Patron party.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

STRANGE TALE TOLD BY A WELL KNOWN MINSTER.

The marvellous efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has again been demonstrated in this town.

This was followed a few weeks ago by the remarkable cure of Mrs. Monnell, of Peel street, whose life had been despaired of by herself and family and friends.

A few days ago the Times reporter was passing along Division street, when it was noticed that a new barber shop had been opened by Mr. Dick Cousby, a member of a family who have lived in Owen Sound for nearly half a century.

Knowing that Mr. Cousby had been seriously ailing when he came from England, a few months previous, and at that time had little hope of recovering his health, the Times man dropped in to have a chat, and before the conversation proceeded very far it was evident that there had been another miracle performed by the wonder-working Pink Pills.

"Well, let us start at the beginning of my troubles," said Mr. Cousby, when the Times began probing for particulars. "Twenty-one years ago I left school here and joined a minstrel company. Since that time I have had parts in many of the leading minstrel companies as comedian and dancer.

In the spring of 1887 I thought I would try a summer engagement and took a position with Hall & Bingley's circus, then playing in the Western States. One morning during the rush to put up the big three-pole tent, I was giving the men a hand, when the centre pole slipped out and falling struck me across the small of the back.

While I felt sore for a time, I did not pay much attention to it. After working a week I began to feel a pain similar to that of sciatic rheumatism. For a year I gradually grew worse and finally was laid up. This was at Milwaukee. After some time I went to St. Paul and underwent an electric treatment, and thought I was cured. I then took an engagement with Lew Johnson's Minstrels and went as far west as Seattle. About three years ago I made an engagement with Bowes and Farquharson to go on a tour through Europe in the great American Minstrels. Before sailing from New York I suffered from pains between the shoulders, but paid very little attention to it at the time, but when I reached Glasgow I was scarcely able to walk. I remained in this condition until we reached Manchester, where I obtained temporary relief from a doctor's prescription. For two years the only relief I had was by taking this medicine. In May of 1893 while at Birmingham I was taken very bad and gradually got worse all summer. An engagement was offered me as stage manager for Onley's Minstrels and I went out with them, but in three months' time I was so bad that I had to quit. All this time I was consulting a physician who had been recommended as a specialist, but without any relief. Hydropathic baths and other similar treatments were resorted to without avail. Finally there was no help for it and I went to Manchester, and on Dec. 12th, 1893, went into the Royal Hospital, where the physicians who diagnosed my case pronounced it transverse myelitis, or chronic spinal disease. After being in the hospital for five months I grew worse, until my legs became paralyzed from the hips down. Dr. Newby, the house surgeon, showed me every attention and became quite friendly and regretfully informed me that I would be an invalid all my life. For a change I was sent to Barnes Convalescent Hospital, Chesham, having to be carried from the hospital to the carriage and then on to the train. After a week there, a patient told me of a cure effected on himself by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being thoroughly discouraged, I asked for my discharge and I was sent back to Manchester, where I began taking Pink Pills. After the use of a few boxes I recovered the use of my legs sufficiently to walk several blocks. I then concluded to start for Canada and join my friends here. I continued taking the Pills, constantly getting stronger. I have taken no other medicine since I began the use of the Pink Pills, and I have no doubt as to what cured me. I now feel as well as ever and I am able to take up the trade of barbering, at which I worked during the summer months. When I remember that the doctors told me I would be helpless all my life, I cannot help looking upon my cure as a miracle." As Mr. Cousby told of the wonderful cure, his good-natured countenance fairly shone with gratitude. He is so well known here as a straightforward respectable citizen that the Times need say nothing in his behalf. His plain, unvarnished statement would go for a fact with everyone who knows him.

These Pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

DR. W. W. TILLEY, Inspector, Bowmanville.

COVERED WITH LIVER SPOTS.

GENTLEMEN,—I was covered with Liver Spots over my back and chest. I took three bottles of your Bile Beans and Bitters and now my skin is clear and smooth. I can truly say that I think B. B. is the best medicine ever discovered.

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—We had a call this week from a pair of our worthy grey-headed townsmen, who marched into the sanctum and took possession of our own revolving chair and the three-legged one which we keep for irate customers, who may be too excited to sit still, leaving us thankful to get a corner of the window-seat to deposit our anxious bones upon. Having opened out a couple of fat books we thought it was some Atlas fella who had doubled up in order to the more impressively seize us, and our fingers were in our mouth to whistle loudly for the devil; but, behold—that long sixteenth-sheet double-royal was brought to view, and then your age? How many months to feed? (not counting the office mice, the cat or the dog). Then, we had given it away about that pop when we had intended to keep him; but after all, perhaps Watson's tag-catcher would have got on the little chap anyway. Now then, your religion? Same as last year: Nothing extra for that (except you have none, when you have to help pay the taxes of the man who has no other you want to not). Cows? Yes, no—only Melvor's Jersey heifer, and she's just as good as her mother, mind ye, boys, (stock not assessable, you know). Number in the family? Same too! Age? Same! You who knew what was the last hitch, so we thought by keeping up a running line of ditto we would get on all right. How many children? We've simply wived, only one hand was in a sling until we have gone with those heartless fellows. We've been often wondering how easily some people grow rich, but we never saw it done so quickly as these two men did it. They just got up and said "You're so many dollars better off this year than last."

DR. W. W. TILLEY, Inspector, Bowmanville.

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