

A MONO MILLS MIRACLE.

A Tale That Reads Like a Novel.

The Story of George Hewitt—Helpless for Thirty Years—At Last Finds Relief in a Simple Way—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

Orangeville Post.

For several months The Post, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little accident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and, quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago The Post despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt, in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quilldriver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was not too busy, however, to spare time to tell The Post all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson was not at home, and The Post at once suspected that a gentleman between 50 and 60 years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other than the famous Geo. Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so: "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty-eight years ago I came to Canada and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this I would rest my arms. Not only had all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain, was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to-day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would be scarcely able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and homeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured, I consulted physician after physician, and I paid some of them high fees for their

services. They all failed, utterly and helplessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in The Post and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, that case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular and kind hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced using with the joyful results I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow is rapidly filling up, I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than I am now I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. Oh, I tell you, sir," said the grateful man with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mrs. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt, and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Mr. Hewitt's, as she expressed of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's a meeting right here in this little village of Mono Mills mightily closely bordering on the miraculous all the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and anyone that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Hewitt's condition. It was I first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of The Post conferred with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Everyone in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know all about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On the Post's return to Orangeville Mr. Richard Allen, ex-warden for Dufferin county, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had heard all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astounding." The Post was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively used in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprised to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us, that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertized by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headaches, the after effects of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore 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 whatever nature. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. 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 is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can 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 make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Cost of War.

Dr. Lagneau, a member of the French Academy of Medicine and President of the Society of Anthropology, read a paper the other day before the Academy of Moral Sciences, dealing with the losses of France in the wars of the first republic and of the two empires. A sketch of the lecture is published in *Figaro* under the impressive title, "Red Figures."

According to the statistics compiled by Dr. Lagneau, the number of killed and wounded in the battles fought by France is far less than the number of deaths from maladies contracted during the campaigns. The relative mortality stand as one to seven or one to eight. In the war of the Crimea, for example, out of 309,268 men of the land army that took part in the campaign, 95,615 perished, and yet only 10,240 French soldiers fell in engagements. A third of the expeditionary corps was wiped out, less than one-ninth of the corps being destroyed by the Russians. The other eight-ninths were carried away by sickness incident to exposure and privation.

From 1791 to 1800, when warfare was almost continuous, 2,080,000 Frenchmen were successfully called under arms. In 1800 only 677,598 remained. In ten years nearly 1,400,000 soldiers had disappeared. And this was only the republic's share. That of the Consulate and the Empire far surpassed it. Napoleon's consumption of men is estimated at 2,000,000 by the most moderate statisticians, and at 3,000,000 by M. Bichet in his most careful estimate. Broca and Thiers admit the loss of a million of Frenchmen, the rest belonging, according to them, to the allies incorporated in the French armies. But the total remains the same. "It stands as a great red blot in history." In the language of Gen. Foy, "A man entered the military service at that time never to get out of it alive."

But that is not all. To the mortality among the soldiers must be added the painful mortality of many women and children deprived of their natural support, who perished from privation, suffering, and want. "Countless are the homes," says Dr. Lagneau in his lecture, "that have been shattered by the fatal consequences of war! What terrible blows have been struck at reproduction and the vitality of the French race!"

From 1815 to 1851 France enjoyed a relatively pacific period. But from 1852 the nation entered upon a new militant period, and the empire that was founded in the famous protestation of "peace," made war in the Crimea, in Italy, in Mexico, and ended the game in the catastrophes of 1870. The Italian campaign, far shorter than that of the Crimea, and carried on in the summer season in the midst of a fertile country, was infinitely less murderous, notwithstanding the great battles of Magenta and Solferino. Out of an effective force of 300,000 men in the French armies there were only 10,500 killed; and about an equal number died in the hospitals, making a total loss of only 20,000.

Passing over the wars in China, we come to the Mexican adventure. That lasted five years, and the French troops must have suffered serious losses, not only by the stubborn resistance of the natives but by the yellow fever and other diseases. But the real figures were carefully concealed by the Empire. All that can be said on the subject is that the average number of the troops during the five years' occupation of Mexico was from 30,000 to 35,000, and Napoleon's inactivity the day after Sadowa, betrays the gaps made in the effective forces of the Empire through that outrageous folly. A careful search shows that during the eighteen years of the Empire, from 1852 to 1870, 356,000 men have disappeared, a sombre preface to the hecatombs that were to follow.

At Wissembourg one-quarter of the effective French force was mowed down; at Worth more than one-fifth. At Metz the losses were fearful. Before the capitulation, they footed up to 25 Generals, 2,099 officers, and over 40,000 soldiers. In that entire campaign, according to the French statisticians, 1,300,000 is the number of men, women, and children that perished, and if we add to this the 356,000 destroyed in the preceding wars of the second Empire, we find that the reign of Napoleon III. cost France nearly two millions of lives.

Which was the Victor?

An Irishman and a negro had agreed to settle the question who was the better man. They also agreed that as soon as one was satisfied he should indicate the fact to the other by simply saying "sufficient."

After pounding each other for some time, the Irishman sang out "sufficient," when, much to his disgust, the negro exclaimed: "Sho—I've been tryin' to think of dat word for twenty minutes."

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." **ABBIE F. BLACKMAN**, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

NERVINE TONIC

—AND—

Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nerve tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Nervousness,
Nervous Prostration,
Nervous Headache,
Sick Headache,
Female Weakness,
Nervous Chills,
Paralysis,
Nervous Paroxysms and
Nervous Choking,
Hot Flashes,
Palpitation of the Heart,
Mental Despondency,
Sleeplessness,
St. Vitus' Dance,
Nervousness of Females,
Nervousness of Old Age,
Neuralgia,
Pains in the Heart,
Pains in the Back,
Failing Health,

Broken Constitution,
Debility of Old Age,
Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
Heartburn and Sour Stomach,
Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
Loss of Appetite,
Frightful Dreams,
Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,
Weakness of Extremities and
Fainting,
Impure and Impoverished Blood,
Boils and Carbuncles,
Scrofula,
Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
Consumption of the Lungs,
Catarrh of the Lungs,
Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,
Liver Complaint,
Chronic Diarrhoea,
Delicate and Scrofulous Children;

Summer Complaint of Infants.

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous derangement.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

State of Indiana, } ss:
Montgomery County, }

JOHN T. MISH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY one great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

Mrs. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; an sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon! If you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Price, Large 16 ounce Bottle \$1.00; Trial Size, 15 Cents.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

If not kept by Druggists order direct from

Dr. E. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.