

A DUFFERIN CO. MIRACLE.

Ernest Duke's Great Peril and Wonderful Escape.

How His Life was Saved After His Condition had Been Declared Hopeless by Three Doctors—An Interesting Narrative Given to a Post Reporter by the Boy's Mother and Other Witnesses.

Dufferin Post, Orangeville.

The great Edmund Burke once exclaimed in a moment of sadness and despair that the age of chivalry was gone forever, and on every side of us we hear it remarked that the days of miracles are a part of the dim, superstitious and romantic past. We are not going to enter into a discussion on the merits of either statement. Much of the chivalry that we read of had a great deal of the wild and grotesque about it, while not a little that was attributed to marvellous agencies was the work of men of talent and genius, wiser and greater than their generation, who had explored and comprehended the treasures of Mother Nature within whose bosom is said to be locked a panacea for every ill of fallen flesh. A newspaper's chief mission is to faithfully and attractively record interesting current events and to make such comments and suggestions as it deems advisable, and it is in this role The Post is desiring to fill in this article. The neighboring township of Mono furnishes an instance of a marvellous cure, which in less enlightened times would undoubtedly have been credited to supernatural influences, and which has even in this stern and practical era created a genuine sensation. In a recent issue we gave the particulars of the restoration to physical strength and activity of George Hewitt, of Mono Mills, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which are now household words on this continent. Many who read the article on Mr. Hewitt might be disposed to doubt, but the least credulous were silenced and convinced by the striking evidence of the patient himself, evidence which was corroborated by several reliable persons who had an intimate knowledge of the facts. The fine banner township of Mono supplies equally striking and conclusive testimony of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as an effectual remedy where the physician's skill and knowledge have been utterly baffled. Men may be disposed to be sceptical, and to fancy that much that is said in praise of these pills is mere hyperbole, but it is hard to confront the logic of facts, and in this respect an enduring monument is fast being built in support of the merits and claims of this greatest medical preparation of the century. Mr. Wm. Duke, lot 1, concession 6, Mono, is one of the best known and respected pioneers of this section. A few weeks ago we heard that his little 12-year-old boy had been snatched from the very jaws of death by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we determined to fully investigate the reported cure. Mr. Duke resides about six miles from Orangeville, and is one of the most prosperous farmers of the banner township. When the representative of The Post called at his quiet and comfortable home. Mr. Duke was at a neighboring threshing, but the reporter was courteously received by Mrs. Duke. We enquired as to the condition of Ernest, the little boy who was reported to have been cured, and were somewhat non-plussed when told that he was at school. From our information as to his state of health last spring, we did not expect to find him able to leave the house, and were not prepared for the news that he was once more strong enough to mix with the gabbling schoolboy throng. "Is Ernest the little boy that was so sick last winter and spring?" was our next interrogative. "He is, indeed," replied Mrs. Duke, "and to tell you the truth, we had at one time no hope that he would ever again be able to leave his bed.

"To what do you attribute the boy's recovery?" the reporter asked.

"Oh! nothing but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," was the ready and emphatic response of Mrs. Duke, who is a very intelligent lady, and who then gave the interviewer the following interesting and well-nigh incredible narrative: "Last winter Ernest had the grippe, and he never seemed to fully recover from the effects of it. In February last, some time after he had the grippe, he was so unwell that we took him to Dr. Bonnar, of Mono Mills, who examined him, and said that what was troubling him was a decaying tooth which required to be extracted. He pulled the tooth and said to take the boy home and he would be all right shortly. Instead of getting better, however, Ernest got far worse, and was soon confined entirely to his bed. He failed in strength and appetite, and was becoming more nervous every day. Sometimes he would get twitching and nervous fits, and shake so hard that he would frighten you. The shaking was so strong that the whole bed shook with him. We became alarmed and sent for a second doctor who prescribed for the boy, and who gave it as his opinion that his recovery was impossible. At this time Ernest had lost power of both legs and arms and they had to be tied down to ease the sufferer by lessening the nervous agitation. The second physician called in attended the boy a me time, but the case was getting so bad, every day becoming more hopeless, that a third was sent for to consult. This last one said that there was no chance for poor Ernest, and that all the trouble seemed to be in the nerves. I need not tell you how grieved we felt over the prospect of losing our boy, and would have tried anything to save his life. We had been reading in The Post about the wonderful cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and often thought of trying them as we were told they would do no harm if they did not do any good. Nearly every week we read about miracles wrought by the Pills and one day I determined to ask the doctor if we might try them. 'Well,' said he, 'The boy can't get better, and the Pills are not likely to hasten his end. You can do as you like.' Shortly after we bought a box of the Pills. This was in May last. Little Ernest had not been taking them two weeks when we noticed a wonderful change. We quit the doctors medicine altogether, and kept using the pills only. The boy improved so rapidly that in a short time he was able to get out of bed. One can hardly believe a story like this, but every word of it is true. I tell you there is a wonderful change in our boy and we ought to be thankful to the Pink Pills. Ernest is growing stout and strong, and this is his first day at school. The doctor said he would be dead

before the last Toronto exhibition, but my little fellow was so well then that he was able to be around, and even went with his father to the exhibition. We have been buying the pills from Mr. Stevenson, one of the Orangeville druggists, and Ernest is still using them although not so often as at first. It would not be much out of your way to call at the school, and there you will find Ernest who will be able to speak for himself."

Just as Mrs. Duke was concluding her interesting narrative the teacher of the school, Mr. Thomas E. Langford, who boards at Mr. Duke's entered the house. It was the dinner hour, and the reporter expected that Ernest would turn up, and save him a visit to the school. He was informed, however, that the boy had taken his lunch with him in the morning and would spend the dinner hour at play. Mr. Langford accompanied the reporter to the road and on the way the teacher said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills could not be too widely known. "I have been boarding all along at Mr. Duke's said he, "and I tell you little Ernest was in a bad state last spring. No one ever thought he would get better, and it seems so strange that he was cured by such a simple remedy. Why, three doctors pronounced his case hopeless, and yet he is at school to-day! He is a bright little boy, and the Pink Pills saved his life."

The reporter was full of thought as he hastened to the school to interview the little fellow who may be said to have heard the summons of death, and to have been saved from an early grave by Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills which the teacher had truly described as a simple remedy. When we reached the school several children were playing in the yard, and in answer to our call for Ernest Duke a bright little boy started out from the romping throng. We asked him if he was the boy who had been so sick, and he answered with a mild and clear "yes." "Are you well now?" "O, yes, I'm as well as ever again." "What cured you?" "Pink Pills!" was the ready and smiling response. The little fellow did certainly appear to be in the full enjoyment of health, and no one who did not know the facts would think that he had so recently been in such a precarious condition as to be despaired of by three local physicians of standing and experience. We shook hands with the boy and started for Orangeville fully convinced that there was a good deal in the stories we had been reading of miracles wrought through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The reporter also interviewed several of Mr. Duke's neighbors, and found them all of one opinion. This was that his son would now be sleeping in the silent churchyard had it not been for the timely use of Pink Pills. He also learned that many others are using the pill with gratifying results, while many more had made up their minds since the miraculous saving of young Duke's life to try the great remedy for lesser ailments with which they were troubled. We had anticipated that our mission would be disappointing in some respects, never expecting to have the strange story which we had heard of Ernest Duke's recovery so fully substantiated but here we were returning to Orangeville with everything that was flying rumor before conclusively established upon investigation.

WHAT THE DRUGGISTS SAY.

On arriving at Orangeville we determined to interview the local druggists as to the popularity of the remedy that is working such wonders and causing such genuine sensations in many parts of the country. Mr. Thomas Stevenson was the first druggist interviewed. "Do you sell many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" we asked Mr. Stevenson. "I should think we did," was his prompt reply. "There is no remedy in my store for which there is such a demand, and while the number we sell is very large, the sale is certainly increasing." "How do you account for this large sale?" we asked. "I believe it due entirely to the merits of the preparation. Those who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills report the best results. The remedy is certainly a wonderful one."

When Mr. A. Turner was questioned he said the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was a surprise to himself. In his experience as a druggist no remedy had made such a reputation or produced such wonderful results. Scarcely a day passed that he did not hear of parties who were benefited by the use of Pink Pills.

Mr. J. R. Dodds was equally enthusiastic. "If you call Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a patent medicine," said he, "they are the most popular and best selling patent medicine in my store to-day. The sale is undoubtedly on the increase, and I can say that scores who have bought from me are loud in their praises of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for them. They are certainly a great remedy, and my experience is that they effect all that is claimed for them."

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, 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, over-work 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 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 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.

THE FARM.

Home-Made Fertilizers.

On every well-managed farm a quantity (more or less, according to the line of farming pursued) of home-made fertilizer is produced annually. The application of a little knowledge and care to the handling of this fertilizer would give it more than double the average value it possesses as now treated; and an effort, small compared with the results achieved, would materially increase the quality of this home-made fertilizer. This fertilizer may be considered under the two broad divisions of stable manure and barnyard manure. The two fertilizers differ from each other but little. Stable manure is supposed to be the richer in animal excrement, and barnyard manure to have the larger proportion of straw or other litter; but even this distinction does not always hold good. I have seen barnyard manure made about a straw stack around which farm animals had long congregated, that was richer in animal excrement than stable manure made where the use of litter was unusually liberal. For practical purposes it can hardly be necessary to make any distinction between stable manure and barnyard manure.

This home-made fertilizer is, or at least may be made, a very valuable one. It is a complete fertilizer. It contains all the elements that are needed by agricultural crops. It has a markedly beneficial effect on all agricultural plants. On some crops a special fertilizer may for a time give better results; but barn-yard or stable manure always has a good effect; there is nothing uncertain or experimental about its use. It always pays when intelligently used. It yields its elements readily to the growing crops, and it puts in the soil that humus that plays such an important part in the mechanical texture and fertility of the ground.

It seems strange that a farm product of such utility and value should be carelessly handled or be allowed to waste; but it is notorious that no other farm product is so wastefully and indifferently treated. It is too valuable to be regarded without a lively concern. There is no better mark of the good farmer than the yearly production and careful use of a large quantity of home-made fertilizer; nor is there a better mark of the poor, unsuccessful farmer than the waste of very nearly all the manure produced on the farm. The high productivity of land cannot be maintained unless the fertilizer produced upon it is husbanded and judiciously used, or unless there is such an extensive use of commercial fertilizers as will take nearly all the margin between the selling price and the total of the other items of the cost of production; hence profit in farming, in the long run, depends upon the production and use of home-made fertilizers.

The value of a fertilizer, homemade or commercial depends altogether upon its yield of plant food; and stable or barnyard manure can yield plant food only by decomposing. In the litter or fresh excrement the elements made use of by agricultural crops are locked up in compounds. These compounds must be broken up and their elements be released by decomposition before agricultural crops can make any use of them. Hence it is plain that theoretically barnyard or stable manure should not be applied to the land until it is thoroughly rotted; for only as it is rotted is it of value, and it can be better and more safely rotted in the compost heap than in the field. I say it can be; yet waste of value as a fertilizer is very easy, and may be very rapid in the compost heap. This is especially the case with stable manure containing little litter. Its value may be so rapidly destroyed in the heap that unless one is willing to use more knowledge and care in composting it than is the usual practice, it would better be hauled to the field as made. And always barnyard or stable manure should be spread as it is hauled to the field. To put it in little heaps is to put it in the most favorable condition of waste; and while it gains nothing makes extra work for the manure must be handled once more. If the manure is spread as hauled the waste will really be very little, except, possibly, on very steep hillsides. The sun and air will evaporate the moisture and perhaps carry away some other elements, but the actual loss of value will be very little. The rains will carry into the soil the valuable parts. However, it is certainly safer to incorporate the manure with the soil, by plowing and harrowing, soon after it is spread than to allow it to remain long on the surface. Hauling and spreading on the ground as made is recommended in the case of stable manure containing little litter, not because of any positive good in this handling, but because it avoids the very rapid and serious loss from injudicious, careless composting.

Straw barnyard manure, or stable manure containing a large percentage of litter, is of less value to crops, because further removed from decomposition. Its ability to do good to crops is so much restricted, and the probability of its doing harm so real, that its composting is to be recommended. While in the compost heap it will not so readily waste as will stable manure containing little litter, yet it must be composted intelligently and carefully; and it should not be forgotten, also, that putting straw stuff into the soil may prove positively injurious to the crop. For example, it will, to a greater or less extent, prevent the thorough compacting that is one of the essentials in the preparation of a seed bed for wheat; or it may increase the effects of dry conditions, to the serious hurt of a corn or other crop.

I cannot go fully into the directions for composting. I must content myself with a very few hints. The heap must be kept moist. To protect it altogether from rain will probably prove as injurious as to allow it to be washed by rains. The heap should be covered by a roof, but by one that can be partly removed with ease. I prefer a roof of loose boards. During showers each alternate board can be removed, thus giving the heap the moisture it may need. While it is advantageous to have the heap frequently stirred, that part may be well and evenly rotted, it is more important to have the heap compact and solid, and therefore after each stirring it should be tramped down well. It is a splendid plan to feed the hogs on the heap as it is being formed. Their rooting after stray grains will thoroughly stir and mix the manure, and fine it, while their tramping over the heap will keep it solid. Care must be taken to keep the swine from sleeping on the heap, for their doing so will probably lead to the appearance of disease among them. The compost heap should be kept level, or a little the lowest in the middle. If allowed

to be high in the centre it will very likely fire.

Undoubtedly quite a little more straw and other litter would be reduced to fertilizer if farmers understood how easily and rapidly it can be rotted. First, litter should be used liberally in the stables for bedding. It will absorb a good part of the liquid excrement of the animals and hold that from waste. The animal excrement is disposed to decompose too rapidly, to undergo chemical changes that are very wasteful; on the other hand, straw or other litter alone decomposes too slowly for the convenience of the farmer desiring to reduce it to fertilizer. If the two are mixed, both are benefited; the too slow decomposition of the litter is accelerated, and the too rapid decomposition of the excrement is retarded. Hence it is a good plan to use litter liberally. To get it into the compost heap in this way is the best method of converting it into manure. But very likely all the straw and other litter cannot thus be used. If the straw stack is left to be worked down to the ground by the animals and the weather, and its rotting there is not hastened, very likely the process will be so slow that the greater part of the value of the manure will be leached away by the time the straw is well rotted. A little judicious work with the hay knife and a fork will spread the straw stack out, four to five feet deep. (It is taken for granted that the straw stack is on a level ground, for the stock yard should never be on an incline. Then it a hose can be run from a windmill pump, and the heap be thoroughly wetted down once a week, so much the better; otherwise, one must depend on the rain. Feed all hogs on the heap. Let them remain hunting for stray grains as long as they will root, and trample about, but remove them as soon as they show a disposition to lie down. If they do not stir the straw deep enough, make holes with a sharpened stake to the bottom of the heap, and dropped shelled corn or oats into the holes. The hogs will keep the heap well stirred and also trampled down, and if it is kept wet, decomposition will be quite rapid. Rotting can be hastened by wheeling on the heap the manure from the stables. To the heap should be added vines, old hay, etc., any litter that has a value only as manure. To allow this litter to lie and decay about the farm is to harbor larvae, insects and other destructive pests.

The Over-Tight Check-Rein.

A great deal has been written about the over-tight check-rein, writes a correspondent of the *Wagon and Carriage Maker*, and yet not enough has been said, for the instrument of torture still exists. Many excuses have been made for its use. Some say that it is necessary for safety in driving certain horses; that it prevents stumbling, etc. These reasons are confuted by equally good horsemen, who claim that a spirited horse is safer without the control of an instrument of torture, which frets it; that a horse stumbles less if it sees where it steps; that a horse is ruined by an over-tight check-rein, and that a horse so checked loses the greater portion of its power. Therefore it is an absolute injury to a draught horse. Those most full of excuses for the over-tight check-rein have never yet invented a sensible reason for allowing a standing horse to remain checked. There can be no question as to the misery produced by the use of the check. The restless movement of the head is the only expression the dumb beast can give to its misery, but lower the head and watch the way the horse enjoys the freedom. Along the top of the horse's neck there is a massive sinew, strong enough to support the leverage of the head; it is attached to several vertebrae nearest to the shoulder, then it runs free over the crest, and becomes attached again to the vertebrae nearest the poll. When the head is pulled into the position decreed by fashion, says a writer on the horse, the vertebrae under the crest press hard into the sinew and cause intense suffering. Therefore the practice is a cruelty, and should be treated as such.

In England the Queen has decided against the over-tight check-rein, and in many of our cities the use is growing less. Fashion will abolish what humanity should never have permitted to exist. The other day a gentleman, when remonstrated with upon the over-tight check rein on his horse, said: "Oh, he doesn't mind; he carries his head very high anyhow." When asked why he use it, then, he began to talk about the weather. If you have not love or sympathy for the horse that serves you so faithfully, only use your imagination and try to place yourself in its place; think how you would feel if compelled to go about all day with your head thrown back out of place—and then surely the check-rein will be lowered.

Practical Pointers.

All business men take note of the constant changes in the taste of their customers and in the demand for certain kinds of goods. Farmers should do the same.

One of the strongest elements of success in farming is faith in the soil. As a class, farmers seem to feel that money laid away in the soil is dead property.

E. D. Eastman, of Rochester, New York, feeds 120 cows for nine and one-half cents each a day by means of the silo. He considers silage and cottonseed meal a perfect ration.

To grow an orchard successfully, have the ground in a good state of cultivation for several years. Before planting plow deep, and if a sub-soil be used all the better.

One or two good cats around the farm buildings are of great usefulness in keeping off rats, mice, etc., and should be well treated and fed, and if trained a little will hunt mice as well as a dog will woodchucks.

Many a farmer has the idea that good roads will benefit people that live in towns or cities much more than himself, while, in fact, good roads benefit the whole community, and the farmer can readily get his share.

To get milk—so get the most and the best milk—the body's comfort of the cow must be considered and ministered to. The comfort, the ease, the perfect rest of the cow must be studied; she be expected to yield to the extent of her powers.

Fruit, shade and evergreen trees standing in good ground should have the grass removed and a mound of fresh earth to the side of a water pail placed above the tree. This needs to be done every fall, and removed in the spring.

If the farmers would stray the markets and their requirements, concentrate their patronage upon one good commission house,

and make it a rule to ship only desirable stuff in the very best order, they would save to themselves some profit that now goes to middlemen.

I once asked a good grower how he could attain the best results from the strawberry bed. His reply was, "Have the bed situated so that I can water it every night while it is in fruit." It is a fact that strawberry roots on light land have been traced to the depth of two feet.

Bran, to get its best results, needs to be thoroughly mixed with the secretions of the mouth, which it is, when fed with some moist, bulky and coarse food, but to feed it alone in the form of slop it is swallowed hastily and cannot do the animal the good that it would otherwise if more slowly eaten and well masticated.

If an inexperienced dairyman is going to make mistakes, as all are liable to, would it not be more profitable for him to make those mistakes which are sure to be more or less costly upon a small rather than large number of cows? This subject is well worth considering, especially by those who have in contemplation enlarged dairying operations.

When corn fodder is fed without being cut, about half of it is usually wasted. Then it makes the manure difficult to handle. Save both the fodder and labor by using a cutter.

The successful cattle grower raises none but good cattle; keeps them in growing, thriving condition the year round, and markets them at from twenty to thirty months, weighing from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds.

You cannot claim that you have your cattle up to the proper condition until your poorest animal will sell at the top of the market. Aim at an even average as well as at individual excellence.

Abandon the old idea of growing and feeding hogs for a certain market. Keep them in marketable condition at all times, and sell whenever the price justifies, regardless of future possibilities.

The possession of good stock leads one to take an interest in it, and feed and care for it well. This is one reason why good stock pays so much better than poor. It educates one in the matter of stock keeping.

The general introduction of electricity as a motive power for street cars has hurt the market for small mules. But there is still a good demand for well formed animal's fifteen hands high and over. If you breed a good mare to a common sire you may expect a common colt. A common mare and a good sire should give one a little better. But for a wholly satisfactory result you must have a good mare and a first-class sire.

The brush and the currycomb are better than the best condition powders for keeping a horse healthy. Apply them, mixed with plenty of elbow grease, at least once every day.

Gray and roan horses are the longest lived. Creams are deficient in staying power, especially in warm weather. Bays average the best for all-round good qualities.

The hoof is the foundation of the horse, both in a literal and figurative sense. When the foot is spoiled the horse is done for. Black hoofs are stronger and tougher than any others.

If you feed hens properly they are bound to lay. They cannot resist the dictates of nature.

Fowls are the best economists that we have. They throw into salable commodities many otherwise waste products.

As soon as the flock becomes so large that the waste products will not go very far toward feeding them, the profit begins to lessen rapidly. This is why small flocks pay so much better than large ones.

The first egg laid by a mature fowl in any season are the best for hatching. Then the cock and hen are both in their greatest vigor, and the eggs are most apt to be fertile and to produce thrifty chicks.

NEARLY SWAMPED AT SEA.

The Tank Steamer Weehawken Has a Terrible Time in Midcareer.

The Standard Oil Company's tank steamer Weehawken has arrived at Halifax in a nearly helpless state and her crew exhausted. The Weehawken sailed fifteen days ago from Avonmouth in ballast for New York.

She met with heavy weather, seas constantly going over her. A large quantity of water found its way below. The pumps became choked through coal ashes getting into the bulges, and as the water could not be gotten out the engine room was flooded, and there was danger of the fires being put out.

The entire crew were ordered below to reduce the water and save the fires and the ship. On the 21st the Weehawken was boarded by the Elbe, a North German liner bound east from New York. Capt. Robinson asked the Elbe to stand by until morning, and the Captain of the latter promised to do so, but during the night she disappeared. Early the next morning another large steamer bound east, name unknown, saw the Weehawken's signals of distress and bore down. Capt. Robinson asked her to stand by as things had become critical.

The firemen were standing at their posts in water. Shortly after a snow storm came on, and the ships lost each other. Both vessels urged Capt. Robinson to abandon the Weehawken, as her engines were then disabled, owing to the quantity of coal and ashes grinding in the water. Finally the crew got enough water out to let the engines work, and the steamer made for Halifax. The crew were completely worn out.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

He has never been very robust, but now is most healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.



Willie Tillbrook.