

The Action Free Press

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A NIAGARA MIRACLE

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A RESIDENT OF THE HISTORIC OLD TOWN.

Utterly Helpless and Bed-Ridden for Years—Virtually a Corpse—The Skill of Physicians—It is the Absorbing Topic for Miles Around. The Details and Causes of his Remarkable Recovery.

St. Catharines 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 overruling 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 said to be a practical born of mind have demanded evidence of an especially wonderful character before they would be accepted as facts. It is not surprising, therefore, that the most searching inquiries 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 inquiry 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, having had personal communication with the man on whom the miracle was performed and with all who have known him in the daily routine of life. It is now sometime since the rumor reached us that Mr. Isaac Addison of the historic Niagara-on-the-Lake had been cured of a longstanding 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 time 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 but was now well, he said: "Oh, I know him well; that man's restoration was quite a miracle, and it was Pink Pills that did it. He lies 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 well he could speak 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 know him well; he has been ill for a long time. He is indeed a remarkable recovery. All the people about here did their utmost, but his eyes were weak, and for years he was bedridden. This recovery is almost 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 eyes, steady nerves and remarkably quick action. Almost doubtless 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 dawning all over my body, especially along the back and every joint. I thought, though, that these symptoms were like creeping paralysis. In about eighteen months I was affected with rheumatism that I could not work and very shortly afterwards I was unable to walk, or see 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 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. This was to be the lot of my life, 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. Watts said: 'Tommy, if I knew a single thing to do you good I would give it to you, but I don't.' So I gave myself up to hopeless and patiently waited for death to end my suffering. At first I was even tempted to end my own life."

"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 this box did not seem to do my good I did determine 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 bedridden for five years. They asked me what I was doing for my rheumatism, and when I told them I was taking Pink Pills one 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 most. 'Why?' said he, 'just how can you walk,' and he took a turn about the room stepping with a firmness that many a man twice my years younger might envy."

Continuing he said: "For two years I could not move my left hand and arm at all, but now I can put it anywhere without pain," accompanying the statement with a frank and毫不含糊的 smile.

He continued: "I have a

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