

A LONDON MIRACLE.

An Important Statement by a Well-known Citizen.

Mr. E. J. Powell, of 33 Alma Street, Relates His Remarkable Experience to an Advertiser Representative—Tortured by Malignant Rheumatism from Boyhood. He at Last Escapes from Agony—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

London Advertiser—

At 33 Alma street, South London, lives Mr. E. J. Powell, a gentleman who has resided in London and vicinity for about six years, and who enjoys the esteem of a large circle of friends here and elsewhere throughout the Province. Those who know him are doubtless aware that he has been a sufferer since his youth from rheumatism in its worst form. His acquaintances in the city, who remember the long siege of the illness he stood a year ago last winter, and who had come to look upon him as almost a confirmed invalid, have been surprised of late to see the remarkable change for the better that has taken place. The haggard face and almost crippled form of a year ago have given way to an appearance of robustness, vigor and agility that certainly seem the result of miraculous agency.

Hearing of this a reporter called on Mr. Powell in order to ascertain by what magic means this transformation had been wrought. The scribe first asked if the reports concerning his wonderful restoration to health were true. "I am thankful to say they are," said Mr. Powell. "My case is pretty well known around here."

"To what do you owe your recovery?" was asked. "I owe it to the use of a certain remedy," he replied; "but I would prefer saying nothing at present. I have suffered nearly all my life with a malady I had begun to regard as incurable. And the fact that I am permanently relieved appears incredible. In common parlance, it seems too good to last. I want to be sure that I am permanently cured before anything is made public, so that when I do give a testimonial it will have some weight. You may call again later on and I will let you know."

About two months later the reporter knocked at Mr. Powell's door, and was admitted by that gentleman himself. The latter said he was now absolutely convinced of the permanency of his cure, but being a man who did not care for publicity, he had hesitated long before he could make up his mind to allow his name to be used. Coming from one of his conscientiousness and probity of character, his words cannot fail to have the weight they deserve.

"The primary cause of my rheumatism," said Mr. Powell, "I attribute to a severe thrashing administered to me by a school-teacher when I was 13 or 14 years of age. I received injuries then which subsequently brought me years of suffering. The first time I really felt any rheumatic trouble was one day when carrying an armful of wood up a flight of stairs in Victoria College, Cobourg, which institution I was attending as a student. This was in 1872. A twinge of pain caught me, but passed away in an instant. I did not know what it was. Again, when playing football, I experienced a like sensation and that marked the commencement. After that I was attacked at various periods, though it was not until 1876 that I began to grow alarmed. I was living then in Toronto, keeping books for my brother, who was in the wholesale tea business, and as I resided on North Penbrooke street and had to walk to Wellington street every day, I found that my rheumatism was getting pretty bad. I did not consult a doctor, but took different patent medicines advertised to cure complaints of my nature. I was not benefited, however. The rheumatism passed away only to return in the fall and spring. In 1878 I engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that out I was at indoor work, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the left leg; it was very acute at times. In taking stock one day it became so severe that I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symptom—that is, where the effects remained for any length of time. I suffered the most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1880.

"For a number of years afterwards I continued to grow worse and worse. In 1884 I went into the real estate business in Toronto, and having a good deal of walking to do, I experienced the pain constantly that summer. It was all day and at all times, frequently so bad that I would have to stand on the street, relax the muscles of my left leg and let it swing until the spasm was over. At most, I could walk but three or four blocks and would then have to halt. I consulted medical men and was advised to try electricity. I took the treatment steadily for several weeks, getting sometimes two or three charges a day on the hands and feet from an electric battery. But it did me not the slightest good. At last my health became so bad that I decided to quit the real estate business and enter upon rural life, thinking that the change of air and occupation might have a beneficial effect. So I exchanged some property for the old Dr. Woodruff fruit farm near the city. I worked it one year, but found it was too laborious for my complaint, which was fast rendering my life a burden; I reluctantly left the farm and came into London three years ago last May. I did some building here, but my malady prevented me from actively engaging in business.

"A year ago last winter the first snow fell on December 1; I went out to shovel the snow, and before I got through I was seized with a pain and had to go into the house. For fourteen weeks I never left it. The only way in which I could be moved was by being wheeled around in an easy chair. What I suffered during that period no one but myself can ever realize. I was attended by the best physician in the city of London. Possibly his treatment was not without temporary effect; at any rate I gradually recovered until I was able to be on my feet once more. I decided to try country life again, and went back to my farm last year, but I still found I had it as bad as ever. I was living in dread of having to go through another ordeal, when I read in the papers about this Marshall miracle in Hamilton. I had then as much faith in Pink Pills as I had in other patent medicines—and that was very great. I did not bother with them nor did I think of the matter again until last September. I saw Mr. Marshall at the Western Fair and he advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him I did not think the remedy claimed to cure rheumatism, and that al-

though I had certainly ocular proof that his own was bona fide, my complaint was different to his. Mr. Marshall said he could not say whether it would cure rheumatism or not, but the pills were good for the blood anyway, and at least it would do me no harm to try half a dozen boxes. I neglected his advice; it would be useless to try a medicine, I thought. Many of my friends, who had probably read of the remarkable cures accomplished by Pink Pills, kept urging me to give them a trial.

"At last I yielded and bought six boxes as a sort of forlorn hope, I took four boxes and received no benefit that I could recognize, but while taking the fifth I noticed that for a period of three or four days I felt no pain. This was a novelty to me, as for three or four years I had not known what it was to have a moment's freedom from suffering, whether in bed or out of it. I supposed it was a temporary relaxation due to natural causes. However, it gave me some hope to finish the sixth box. Then I knew I was getting better—much better. The pain which had been constant became intermittent and less severe. My friends and family told me that I was beginning to look like another man. My face, which had begun to wear a drawn expression, common with people who are suffering, commenced to show a better color. My system was being toned up. Inspired with increased hope I purchased six more boxes from Mr. Mitchell, the druggist, and continued to take them, and with each box I realized more and more that it was a cure. I used up thirteen boxes in all, and when the thirteenth was finished I had had not a symptom of pain for three months."

"At that time Mr. Mitchell spoke to me about it in the store. I told him what a blessed change had been wrought for me through the use of Pink Pills. He asked me if I would object to giving a testimonial to the firm—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville. I said I was not a man who cared for notoriety of any character, and did not relish the idea of having my name published broadcast over the land. That is one of the reasons why I have been so long in making this public. But I am so profoundly grateful for my rescue from a life of pain to one of health and strength that I feel I would be neglecting a duty I owe to suffering humanity if I allowed these scruples to interfere any longer with an avowal of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I discontinued taking the Pink Pills the 1st of April last. I started again in June and have used six boxes, not because I have had any recurrence of my old complaint, but because I want to thoroughly drive it out of my system. I think the pills as good as a tonic."

"Now," concluded Mr. Powell, "you have my experience. I know what I was; I know what I am. I know that from boyhood I have been a victim of malignant rheumatism, which has been a torture the last few years. I know that I have tried every remedy and been treated by the best medical skill, but in vain; and I know that Pink Pills have succeeded where everything else has failed and that they have brought me back to health and happiness. Therefore I ought to be thankful, and I am thankful." And Mr. Powell's intense earnestness of manner could admit of no doubt as to his gratitude and sincerity. The reporter shook hands and took his leave. "You may ask Rev. Mr. McIntyre, of the Askin Street Methodist Church, or Rev. G. A. Andrews, B. A., pastor of the Lambeth circuit, whether I was a sick man or not," were his parting words.

REV. MR. MCINTYRE'S TESTIMONY.

The reporter dropped in on Rev. C. E. McIntyre at the parsonage, 82 Askin street. "I know Mr. Powell well," said the reverend gentleman when questioned. "He was an esteemed parishioner of mine when he lived on Askin street. He afterwards moved into the country, but he has since returned and is attending the Askin street Church again."

"Do you remember Mr. Powell's illness a year ago last winter?"

"Yes; I frequently called on him. He had a very bad attack of rheumatism which laid him up for a long time. He had to be wheeled around the house in a chair."

"You notice that he has recovered?"

"Yes; he appears to be a well man now. I heard he had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You know Mr. Powell to be a thoroughly honorable gentleman and that if he says these Pills cured him, he believes that to be the truth?"

"I do. Mr. Powell is, in my opinion, a most conscientious person, and any statement he would make would be perfectly reliable."

WHAT MR. MITCHELL SAYS.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular medicine in the store," said Mr. B. A. Mitchell, the well known druggist, upon whom the reporter next called.

"Do you know of Mr. Powell's case?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, and I consider it a most remarkable one. I remember that Mr. Powell was a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was continually buying medicine of some sort, but seemed to get no better. Then he commenced to try Pink Pills. I saw he was beginning to look like a different man, so I asked him one day about it. He told me that he traced his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I have already said, the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the voluntary statements of the customers, and if necessary the proprietors could get scores of testimonials from people here who have been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. I have sold thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as 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."

Mr. Hodgins, the head clerk, corroborated what Mr. Mitchell had said. The sale of Pink Pills was extraordinary and the general verdict was that it was a wonderful medicine. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y.

and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents 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. 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 make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—[Emerson.]

There is no beautifier like the wish to scatter joy, not pain, around us.—[Emerson.]

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Those who live on vanity must, not unreasonably, expect to die of mortification.—[Mrs. Ellis.]

That one should die ignorant who has capacity for knowledge, this I call tragedy.—[Carlyle.]

That action is best which produces the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.—[Hutchinson.]

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.—[Froude.]

Be nice, even to superstition, in keeping thy promises—be equally cautious in making them.—[Fuller.]

The trouble with most perfect people is that they spoil their perfection by knowing how perfect they are.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—[Carlyle.]

It doesn't always follow that a journal makes a thundering report because it is printed on a lightning press.

He who comes to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his own mind.—[Hazlitt.]

I leave God's secrets to Himself. It is happy for me that God makes me of His court and not of His council.—[Bishop Hall.]

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundation under them.—[Thoreau.]

Only the refined and delicate pleasures that spring from research and education can build up barriers between different ranks.—[Mme. de Staël.]

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.—[Selden.]

I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.—[Dickerson.]

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly and who never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—[Ruskin.]

Incivility is not a vice of the soul, but the effect of several vices—of vanity, ignorance of duty, laziness, stupidity, distraction, contempt of others, and jealousy.—[De La Bruyere.]

But those who have their souls united from this world, and knit to God, they need not complain of the shortness of time, having laid hold on eternal life.—[Archbishop Leighton.]

Pass, then, through the little space of time conformable to nature, and end the journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing Nature that produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew.—[Marcus Aurelius.]

"Look on the bright side," said a young man to a friend, who was discontented and melancholy. "But there is no bright side," was his doleful reply. "Very well—then polish up the dark one," said the young man promptly. Are you ever despondent? Then adopt this advice, and remember that the best way to "polish up the dark side" is to work—work hard, and work with ceaseless devotion and energy.

The Strange Story of a Diamond Ring.

No claimant has yet appeared for the magnificent diamond ring, value £250, which at present lies at the lost property office at Scotland Yard, where it was deposited by a lady who discovered it in a mysterious manner. One day last week she rode in a bus from Hampstead to the city to do some shopping. Next her sat a gentleman faultlessly attired and gorgeously jewelled. Among other rings he wore a diamond single stone, which sparkled and scintillated with every movement of his hand. On arriving at her destination the lady discovered that she had been relieved of her purse during the journey. She returned home disconsolate, as it contained all her pin money, and related her misfortune to her husband. On his suggestion she turned out her pocket. No purse was discernible, but a splendid ring dropped on to the floor. After having the ring valued the finder deposited it at Scotland Yard, where it will lie for three months unless claimed, and at the end of that period she will be entitled to wear it until the owner turns up, which, in all probability, will not be for some time.

What Self-Binders Have Done.

The self-binder was first successfully attached to the reaper in 1876; from 1867 to 1876, inclusive, our average crop of wheat, varying more with the season than with the planted area, had been 258,000,000 bushels. In 1877, when the self-binder first began to be used, the crop amounted to nearly 364,000,000 bushels. Again, in 1878, it mounted up, and from that date to 1887, inclusive, in which period the use of the self-binder had become general, the average crop, varying more with the season than with the planted area, was 440,000,000 bushels. Could the crops of the last ten years have been saved without the self-binder? When we consider that the total number of self-binding reapers now made and sold is 100,000 a year, requiring over 30,000 tons of twine to bind a single wheat crop, do we not find in the tying of that knot on the self-binding harvester a main factor in the export of grain with the returning import of gold on which we resumed specie payment? By that single improvement the cost of wheat was reduced not less than 6 per cent., and in some places 10 per cent.

Newfoundland Matters.

The splendid generosity shown by Canada to Newfoundland in its time of distress through the fire at St. John's, has turned the hearts of the islanders towards this country. The feeling is quite strong in favor of joining Confederation. The peculiar trade arrangements there existing will however be a serious barrier to that movement. The whole business of Newfoundland is controlled by about a score large firms, having English connections. These houses hold a monopoly, all the smaller merchants being dependent upon them for credit. Were the island to join Canada, trade would be entirely changed, in this respect. Our export houses would push in, and, by competition, secure considerable business. We may look then for a bitter struggle to retain these monopolies that are backed by large capital, and have ramifications everywhere. A recent visitor to St. John's has expressed to us his great surprise at the losses on flour caused by barrels being too weak. They were seen by him to be crushed in. Millers should take note of this, and introduce stronger barrels, or some system of protecting them on ship board. Our informant also noticed a marked falling off in the size of the fish caught off the coast of Newfoundland. We should be glad to hear an explanation of this.

A Pleasant Surprise.

"There are six men down stairs waiting to see the editor."

"Armed?"

"All armed."

"Good! Show 'em up. I was afraid they had come to tar and feather me and were going to make me furnish the tar!"

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acre? Why, of course by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors Kingston.

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A lost cause—The club man's excuse to his wife for coming home at 1 a m.

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