

**IN DEEP DESPAIR.**

**A Montrealeur Relates His Wonderful Experience.**

**We Had Tried Foreign and Local Physicians and was Operated Upon Without Success—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When All Other Medicines Failed.**

From the Montreal Herald.  
Instances of marvellous cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also to the fact that in the present instances the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co., at 371 Argyle Ave., in an interview with a Herald reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is 25 years of age, is a Russian by birth, exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently, and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while sculling on the Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on the street and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in the same helpless condition, when I rallied, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue. I called in



CAUGHT IN A STORM ON THE CLYDE.

a physician, who prescribed, but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M. D., who also prescribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his suggestion as to change and came to Montreal. I did not do anything for about a year as I wished to get cured. All this time my urine was tainted with blood, although I was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation of physicians was held and an operation suggested, to which I this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition remaining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated on me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again; but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder, others that it was Bright's disease, but nothing could cure that strange bloody condition of my urine.

"Finally I went to work for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago, where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety, as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and was listless and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale and ill-looking, no doubt owing to the loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury street, having seen the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the Montreal Herald, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store, and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'If they don't cure me I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt encouraged and got three more boxes, determined to make a thorough trial of Pink Pills. After I had finished the second box I found my urine was getting clearer, so I continued the use of the pills, taking two after each meal. When I had finished the third box my urine was quite clear, for the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now and have had no recurrence of the trouble, and as you can see, the flush of health shows itself in my face. To think that I was cured by the use of \$3.00 worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after trying a number of physicians and undergoing an operation in vain is a puzzle to me, and I am sorry that I didn't know about this grand medicine before. I would have willingly given \$200 or \$300 to have been guaranteed a cure by anyone."

"I am willing," said Mr. Frank, in conclusion, "to see anyone who wishes to verify this interview, as I consider it my duty to my fellow-men and a matter of gratitude to the marvellous cure their medicine has effected. I have come to the conclusion that Pink Pills are the best blood builders in existence, and I think everyone should try them."

**A Small Demand.**  
Lady—If I were a big healthy man like you, I'd be ashamed to beg! Why don't you go to work?  
Weary Waggles—I would work, lady, but I can't get anything to do at my trade.  
Lady—Well, that is hard, poor fellow! What is your trade?  
Weary Waggles—I'm a bank president, lady.

**Outdoor Work Preferred.**

Some years ago a young Irishman was hunting for work among the farmers of a Western town at harvest-time. He made his application to a benevolent-looking farmer who was attracted by the young man's frank, merry face, but was not really in need of extra help. Can you cradle? he asked, after a moment's hesitation. Cradle is it? repeated the young Irishman in bewilderment. That of can, sorr, bein' the owldest av elivin children; but, he added persuasively, couldn't yez give me a job out-av-dures, sorr?

**Mistake Somewhere.**

Wha a striking clock that is! exclaimed Mrs. Gaskett, admiring a new timepiece on Mrs. Fosdick's mantel. O, no; it doesn't strike! replied the clock's owner, who ought to know.

**Authority Arrested.**

I'll tell you right now before we go any further, exclaimed the end of the next century woman, that I am going to wear the bloomers in this family. Her husband wept silently. They had been married but a week.

**Confused the Old Man.**

You, Mose, you brack rascal! Yes, pap? Quit wain' yo' s'penders crossed in front. Half de time I dunno whedder yo's comin' or gwine.

**Wanted to Get in Shape.**

Had your vacation yet? No. What's the matter? Too tired—want to get rested up a little before I start.

**Quite Proper.**

A young farmer from the upper ward of Lanarkshire, who became a benedict recently, took his spouse to a Glasgow theatre on their honeymoon trip.

I see, said the bridegroom, consulting one of the large posters displayed outside the theatre before entering, that there's a guid wheen different kind o' seats. There's pit and stalls and dress circle and family circle and gallery. Which one should we hae, Maggie?

Weel, Jamie, replied the buxom bride, with a becoming blush, seein' that we're mairit noo, maybe it wad be mair proper to sit in the fain'ly circle.

**Figuring It Out.**

Father, said the small boy, a man that drinks whiskey to excess is a chump, isn't he?

Yes—only it isn't very nice to use slang. Well, if he drinks whiskey till he gets a blossom on his nose?

What of it. Then he's a blooming chump, isn't he?

**A Large Waist**

is not generally considered a necessary adjunct to the grace, beauty or symmetry of the womanly form. Within the body, however, is a great waste made necessary according to the condition of things—continually in process and requiring the perfect action of all bodily function, to absorb or dispel the refuse. When there is irregularity or inaction ladies who value a clean, pure, healthy body will take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the only remedy for woman which being once used is always in favor.

To those about to become mothers, it is a priceless boon, for it lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens labor, promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child and shortens the period of confinement.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness, constipation, sick headache, indigestion, or dyspepsia, and kindred diseases.

Bridgetown, N. S., has a lady resident aged 83 years who has one hundred and thirty descendants living; nine own children, seventy-seven grandchildren and forty-four great grandchildren.

**Korns. Korns.**

There are more than one sort of korns. Some korn is planted in the ground and the other sort don't need planting; they grow quite naturally on men's toes and don't need hoeing. This kind of korn has two sorts—one gentle or tender like until Bill Jones steps on your foot, when it gets boiling mad and swears like everything; the other is hard headed and makes a row all the time, especially when your boots are on. I don't like korns, and use the extracting medicine, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which removes them painlessly in twenty-four hours.

Bruce County's rainfall in June was only three-quarters of an inch, while the general average there is four inches.

The other day an American firm bought \$200,000 worth of logs from Hale & Booth, logs taken from the Spanish river section.

Catarrh Use Nasal Balm. Quick, por tive cure. Soothing, cleansin g, healing, A. P. 777

**The Magic Touch**

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at the idea. But if you suffer from Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

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Parts of Michigan were visited with a July frost.

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