

## THE PACE THAT DOES NOT KILL.

If you want to keep pace with the crowd you must take a summer holiday. The inhabitants of Toronto are singularly fortunate in the facilities which they have at command to enjoy the advantages of travel made easy. Since the Canadian Pacific Railway entered the city absolutely nothing now is impossible. Possibly one of the most fascinating trips within the history of modern times is that which is now offered Toronto residents. It is a combination of railway and river travel which fairly baffles description. This refers to the tour through the White Mountains to the sea by way of Ottawa or Kingston. Every day trains leave Toronto at 8 a.m. and 9 p.m., with through sleepers attached to the latter, for Ottawa and Kingston direct. To those via Ottawa a charming sail down the Ottawa River is at their option. We could spend the remainder of space at our disposal describing the many points of interest, but abler pens than ours have done this before, and we will content ourselves with saying that there are few finer river sails in the world, both for scenery and enjoyment. The route via Kingston and the St. Lawrence is also well known, and as the boat passes through the Thousand Isles, past the famous shooting and fishing resorts of Clayton and Alexandria Bay to Brockville, Prescott and down the various rapids to the mighty city of Montreal, loud and long are the words of praise of this magnificent trip. But Montreal is not the final destination, and a still further panorama is unfolded to the tourist's gaze, for the Canadian Pacific Railway service is so arranged as to afford a daylight view of the magnificent White Mountain scenery. In fact every person travelling this route is thoroughly charmed with it. The enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway has brought it to its present state of perfection, and if you would share in the delights call on Mr. Callaway at the corner of King and Yonge Streets.

**CHARACTERISTICS of Hood's Sarsaparilla:** The largest sale, the most merit, the greatest cures. Try it, and realize its benefits.

**MIGRATORY birds** do not cross the Mediterranean at its narrowest point, but an examination of the point where they do cross has proved that this was at one time the narrowest part of the sea, thus showing the strength of inherited customs.

**THE GENUINE MERIT** of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. Its proprietors are highly gratified at the letters which come entirely unsolicited from men and women in the learned professions warmly commending Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it has done for them.

**Hood's Pills** cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

# "August Flower"

**How does he feel?**—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfeeling, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

**How does he feel?**—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,  
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

## AN OAKVILLE MIRACLE.

## THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. JOHN W. CONDOR.

*A Helpless Cripple for Years—Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable—The Story of his Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an Empire Reporter.*

Toronto Empire.

For more than a year past the readers of the *Empire* have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all, or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable. The particulars of these cases were vouched for by such leading newspapers as the *Hamilton Spectator* and *Times*, the *Halifax Herald*, *Toronto Globe*, *Le Monde*, *Montreal*; *Detroit News*, *Albany, N.Y., Journal*; *Albany Express* and others, whose reputation placed beyond question the statements made.

Recently rumours have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The *Empire* determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case. Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condor (who it was had so miraculously recovered), and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "the half had not been told." The reporter found Mr. Condor at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of the case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing. This now ragged young man was he who had spent a great part of his days upon a sick-bed, suffering almost untold agony. When the *Empire* representative announced the purpose of his visit Mr. Condor cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condor, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of age, and it was when about 14 years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me, and during the fifteen years that intervened between that time and my recovery a few months ago, tongue can hardly tell how much I suffered. My trouble was brought on, I think, through too frequent bathing in the cold lake water. The joints of my body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium and other remedies without any material beneficial effect. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take to my bed. This attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could only speak in husky whispers. Really, I am unable to describe the state I was in during those long, weary months. With my swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame twisted and contorted into indescribable shapes, I was nothing more than a deformed skeleton. For three long, weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually intense, and frequently when I would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with a paroxysm of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But, notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there was about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly from September, 1890, to the end of January, 1891, I went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something toward my own support. I was given light work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to and from my place of labour in a buggy and carried from the rig to a table in the works on which I sat and performed my work. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January, 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines, as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken

into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and I was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I, however, saw several strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills, and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five boxes when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. This was a gain of sixty pounds in a few weeks. My joints assumed their normal size, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play baseball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from abject misery I suffered so long. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, but now that is all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who suffered agony for years. I have given you a brief outline of my sufferings, but from what I have told you can guess the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength."

Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Condor's remarkable story the *Empire* representative called upon Mr. F. W. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condor. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. The people of the town had long given him up for as good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The fame of this cure is now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills. "I sell a dozen-and-a-half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still they give perfect satisfaction." Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives midway between Oakville and Milton, who had been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about fifteen years, has been cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—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 resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

The *Empire* reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condor is employed, Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condor had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one, for Condor worked steadily at heavy labour in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wondrous deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condor in the above interview, the reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital records, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condor had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and 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.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

*Gentle*.—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever. JOSHUA WYNAUGHT.

Bridgewater, N.S.

THREE factories in the United States consume over 300,000,000 eggs per year in making albumen paper, extensively used in photography.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich

An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enfeebled by **Typhoid Fever**, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with **Consumption**. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the **G. A. R.**

### For the Blood.

"Having tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I wish to state that I have found it excellent. I have used about 4 bottles and have proved the virtue of it for the blood and appetite. I have found no equal to it and cheerfully recommend it to others." F. LOACH, Engineer for W. H. Banfield, No. 80 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

Hood's Pills cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

AMONG the many popular routes for water excursions in the vicinity of Toronto, none have sprung so speedily into public recognition and approval as those traversed by the steamers *Garden City* and *Lakeside*. The former vessel is well adapted to the purposes for which it was constructed—the accommodations for excursionists are unexcelled—while the latter has long been recognized as a speedy, staunch and seaworthy craft. No person confined to the city during the summer months should fail to take a trip to either St. Catharines or Grimsby Park.

DRS. CANON AND PIELICKE, assistants in Berlin hospital, claim to have discovered the bacillus of measles. "The specific bacillus was found during all stages of the disease, but the greatest number appeared when the febrile process was over. To prove the existence and development of the bacilli cultures were made in the usual manner. The size of the micro-organisms is said to differ, sometimes being about one-half of the diameter of a blood corpuscle, and at other times resembling doubled micrococci. They were detected in fourteen consecutive cases of measles."

CHEAP RATES BY THE C.P.R.—Summer is now here and with it the usual cheap travelling facilities. Particularly is this noticeable in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway. In order to afford best possible means for reaching the coast, a through sleeper to Old Orchard Beach and the Maine Coast is attached to the Canadian Pacific Railway Montreal express every Tuesday and Friday evening. A choice of routes to Montreal and Quebec is also offered, a sleeping car being run from Toronto to Kingston every evening except Sunday, making direct connection with the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's St. Lawrence steamers.

DON'T LOSE THE BABY.—Every mother knows how critical a time the second summer is, and how many little ones die during that period from Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Diarrhoea and Cholera Morbus, and how anxiously she watches, day by day, lest the dread disease snatch away the loved ones! There is no disease that comes so suddenly, or is frequently so quickly fatal, as these Bowel Complaints, and in a large majority of cases doctors and medicines seem to be of no avail. There is, however, one remedy, which in forty years of trial has never been known to fail when taken according to printed directions, and this is PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It is so safe and sure that no mother is justified in being without it. A bottle in the house ready for sudden sickness will often save a life. You can get the new Big Bottle for 25c.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.