

A WINTER IN PARIS.

MR. G. T. FULFORD'S RETURN FROM THE WORLD'S GAYEST CITY.

A Reporter's Interesting Interview With Him—Some Statistics and Information of General Value.

From the Recorder, Brockville Ont. Mr. G. T. Fulford, who is understood to have been doing big things in Paris during the past winter and spring, introducing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has reached home with his family, and on the evening of his arrival was interviewed by a Recorder reporter, and asked to give an account of himself.

"Well," said he, in reply to a question on the status of Pink Pills, business in France, "of course it isn't altogether an easy matter to introduce a foreign article into a strange market, but I don't think we can complain of the progress made, and it is gratifying to report that some, at least, of the Paris doctors are open to recognize a medicine of which the intrinsic merits can be demonstrated to them. One of the best of them—at Versailles, a Paris suburb where the Emperors used to hold their court—has given favorable testimony through the press of quite wonderful cures through the use of Pink Pills in his practice; and the Religieuses, an order of Nuns like the Sisters of Charity, have also made an extensive use of them in their charitable work, and give strong testimony as to their good effects."

"How do you find business all round?" "Pretty good. We have sold in the past twelve months a little over two million three hundred and sixty thousand boxes of Pink Pills."

"That is a big order, isn't it?" "It is the best twelve months business yet. Look for a minute at what the figures mean. If all the pills were turned out in a heap, and a person set to count them, working ten hours a day and six days a week, the job would take—I reckon it—4 years 21 days, 6 hours, and 40 minutes, counting at the rate of 100 a minute. Or if you want further statistics, it is somewhere about two pills a head for the combined adult population of Canada, Great Britain, Ireland and the United States. I don't give these figures to glorify the business, you will understand, but to enable you to make the facts tangible to an ordinary reader."

"Does Great Britain do its share in the business?" asked the reporter. "Yes, I think we have a record there. The head of the leading advertising agency in London, to whom I showed my figures, told me that no business of that kind had ever reached the same dimensions in England in as short a time; for though we have only been working two years, there are but two medicines there that have as large a sale as Pink Pills, and one of these is over thirty years old, while the other has been at work at least half that time."

"How do you account for the way Pink Pills have 'jumped' the English market then?" "I cannot attribute it in reasonable logic to anything but the merits of the pills."

"Was everything lovely," asked the reporter, "or were there any crumpled rose-leaves in the couch?" "Can't grumble, except in one way. There was a certain amount of substitution in some retail stores, and there is a man in Manchester, England, that I have had to prosecute on the criminal charge for it."

"But what do the substitutors do—do they duplicate your formula under some other name?" "No, not a bit of it; that is the worst feature of the fraud. No dealer can possibly know what is in Pink Pills; and if he did, he could not prepare them in small quantities to sell at a profit. They are not common drug and by no means cheap to make. I suppose I have spent from ten to twelve thousand dollars, since I took over the trade mark, in trying if the formula could be improved, and spent a share of it for nothing."

"What do you mean by for 'nothing'?" "After I acquired the trade mark I saw that if the thing was to be made a success it was imperative that I should have the best tonic pill that could be gotten up. Consequently, I obtained the advice and opinion of the most noted men in medicine in Montreal and New York—and expert advice of that kind comes high. I made the changes in my formula suggested by these medical scientists, and the favor with which the public has

received this medicine demonstrates that it is the most perfect blood builder and nerve tonic known. However, I was anxious to still further improve the formula, if that could be done, and have since spent a great deal of money with that end in view. On going to London, two years ago, to place Pink Pills, I went into it again, with the best medical men there, as you know, the medical expert is not too friendly to proprietary medicines; and at least of all to a good one, and I don't blame the doctors either. It isn't good for their business if a man can get for fifty cents medicine that will do him more good than \$50 in doctoring. Consequently advice came high, but I obtained the best there is, not only on this continent but in London and Paris.

"When I went to Paris last winter I placed my formula and a supply of Pink Pills in the hands of one of the most noted doctors in that city for a three months' trial in his practice, with a view to getting suggestions for improvement; at the end of that time his answer was 'Leave it alone, it cannot be bettered. You now have a perfect blood and nerve medicine.' This opinion cost me 10,000 francs, but I consider it money well spent, as it determines the fact that the formula for Pink Pills is now as perfect as medical science can make it. And coming back to the question of substitution and imitations; what I have just told you will show what a poor thing it is for a man who goes to a store for Pink Pills to let something else be pushed on him in place of them—more especially if it is a worn-out thing like Bland's pills—a formula in the French pharmacopoeia that has been a back number for years till a few storekeepers tried to push it on the strength of the Pink Pill advertising. You can take it from me that a store keeper who tells any one that Bland's pill (which is not proprietary at all, any one can make it that wants to) is in any way a substitute for Pink Pills is an ignoramus and never ought to be trusted to sell medicine at all. A druggist as ignorant as that certainly is not fit to put up a prescription, and will poison someone one day."

Doctors' Daring Deeds.

(Concluded from last issue.)

The recently regretted death of Surgeon-Major Parke recalls our memories to the perils and vicissitudes experienced by Stanley's expedition into Central Africa. It was when he was left in medical charge of the rear-guard that he showed conspicuous valour. Sickness and death attacked the camp, the Europeans were struck down, yet, in spite of severe illness and anxiety, he never forgot his medical duties and care for those placed under him, and it was due to his untiring energy, dauntless courage, and unflagging zeal that there were any survivors of that hapless band.

We will now turn to the more peaceful side of the picture, and depict a few instances of heroism in the cause of science.

Many years ago a young physician was much impressed by the terrible suffering inflicted by operations. Anesthetics were unknown, and Dr. Simpson (afterward Sir James Simpson) made it his study to produce some compound that would ameliorate human pain and misery. He set it down as a principle that the proud mission of the physician is as much to alleviate human suffering as to preserve human life. He made a number of experiments, and succeeded in producing a compound which he called "chloroform." He always experimented upon himself, and more than once his life was in danger. This discovery revolutionized the surgical world, but like most innovations it raised a storm of opposition and disapprobation, alike from the public, men of science and members of his own profession. But Simpson was undaunted; he was firm in his convictions. He did not rest satisfied with his discovery; he went on working with other gaseous compounds, in the hope of perfecting his invention. During one of his experiments he became unconscious, and was found in that condition by his butler. These experiments demanded the same kind of heroism as is required of the soldier.

Simpson lived to see opposition break down, and a general acceptance of the benefits conferred upon suffering humanity by his devotion and perseverance.

We want hustlers, that is men who don't mind doing a little work, both for the lodge, for themselves and for others. To be right in it you will have to do more for others than for yourself; push out for member, inform them of the benefits of the Sons of England.

Brockville, Ont.

The Sons of England and their friends spent a delightful time at St. Lawrence Park on the occasion of their grand basket picnic. The steamer Haggart called at the Park on her four regular trips, commencing at 9.30 a.m., and was more or less crowded each time. When the passenger had been landed, it was estimated that including those who rowed, walked, drove, or reached the island by some other device, there were 800 people on the ground. The morning was devoted to amusements of different kinds such as boating, quiting, putting the shot and strolling through the shady walks of the beautiful park. The Island City Band arrived on the scene early in the afternoon, and after discoursing a few well-timed selections the splendid orchestra of that musical organization took their positions in the large and spacious pavilion, and dancing was commenced and kept up with a vim until nearly 9.30 p.m. when the excursionists were conveyed home.

When the time for departure arrived everybody left the resort feeling that an exceedingly enjoyable day had been spent. Everything passed off pleasantly, and all having charge of the arrangements did their work well. Great credit is due the committee, Bro. Wm. White, president, worked indefatigably from start to finish.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST INDUSTRY.

The oldest industry in Great Britain—older it could hardly be, for its existence has been traced back to the prehistoric stone age—is still carried on at the village of Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, and it is reported to be in a flourishing condition. It is a manufactory of the gun and tinder-box-flints. The work is done in little sheds, often at the back of the townsfolk's cottages. It will naturally be asked, Who wants tinder-box-flints and gun-flints in these days of phosphorus matches and Martini-Henry?

The answer to the first question is that there is a good trade in tinder-box-flints with Spain and Italy, where the tinder-box still keeps its ground in very rural districts. Travellers in uncivilized regions, moreover, find flint and steel more trustworthy than matches, which are useless after they have absorbed moisture. Gun-flints, on the other hand, go mostly to the wild parts of Africa, where the old "Brown Bess," sold by auction long ago for what a flint musket would fetch, has found its last refuge.

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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.

Not long before his death, in 1857, Sir James South told me the following—

"Lord Ashley, after visiting at Strathfieldsaye, dined with me at the Observatory here; he alluded to conversations with the Duke: one was, the Duke of Wellington said the opposed generals were clever men, Soult especially.

"But how was it, sir, you always had the better of them?" asked Lord Ashley. "Why, I blundered as well as they, but my men got me out of scrapes, theirs left them in," was the Duke's reply."

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