

old, and weak of their kind. During the suspension of work in a mine that is not connected with other mines that are running, everything eatable in the underground regions is devoured; even the spots of candle drippings on the floors. When work is resumed the almost famished creatures are astonishingly bold and fearless. Then they will come out of their holes and get upon the underground engines (even when they are in rapid motion) and drink the oil out of the oil-cups, quite regardless of the presence of the engineers.

A fire in a mine slaughters the rats by wholesale. Few escape, as the gases penetrate every nook and cranny of the underground regions, and often so suddenly as to asphyxiate them in their holes. However, with the first smell of gas they take the alarm and make for the drifts and open floors. Bushels of the animals have been gathered up after a fire and rush of gas. In September, 1873, there was a fire and several explosions of gas in the Yellow Jacket Mine, with flows of deadly gas into some of the adjoining and connected mines. In the Crown Point Mine the rats had some warning and rushed out of their dens, but were overtaken by the gas driven through the openings by the explosions that soon followed in the Yellow Jacket. After the fire (which was on the 1,300 level) a minor stood in one spot on the 1,100 level of the Crown Point and counted lying about him, within range of the light of his candle, no fewer than 82 carcasses of the defunct rodents. Three candle-boxes were filled with the dead rats found on a single floor.

The miners tell many wonderful stories about the tricks and comical pranks of the rats of the lower levels, but the majority of these are to be taken with a large pinch of salt; they are invented for the benefit of the people of the upper world.

PIPE SMOKERS.

You may be satisfied with the brands of tobaccos you have been using for years. Grant it; that you are satisfied. As there is always room for improvement, we ask you to try our OLD CHUM PLUG, or cut smoking tobacco, and we believe you will be better satisfied. In any case a trial won't hurt you. Don't delay upon the order of buying, but lay at once.

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 this 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 Pembroke 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 some times 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 years I never left it. The only way in which I could be moved was in 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, 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 wasn't 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 although 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 thirteen 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 those scruples to interfere any longer with an avowal of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I discontinued taking Pink Pills the first 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 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 parishoner 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 Methodist Church again."

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

"Yes; I frequently called on him.