

### TO BELLEVILLE AND BACK.

#### A RAILWAY RIDE THROUGH AN ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY.

**A Peep at Belleville and a Ride Around Kingston—Some of Kingston's Attractions—No Place Like Home.**

Men who have to fly over the country in express trains on business trips at this season of the year see a good deal that is worth noting and telling. A SAXON man had occasion the past week to make a trip southeast from the capital to Coteau, and west from Coteau to Kingston, and thence to Belleville. One of the most noticeable features of the journey was the large amount of new land made from the forest and being prepared for cultivation this year. All along the line of the Canada Atlantic to Coteau extensive clearings in the woods are being made. In places where the blackened stumps have been lying for many years, farmers are putting in their spare time rooting out the stumps and transforming the rough woodlands into level fields.

In the older settled parts along the St. Lawrence and the line of the Grand Trunk there are large stretches of country which have never been cultivated. These are being newly ploughed where the land is cleared, to a greater extent than was ever before known. Indeed there probably never was so large an area of land in Central Canada being prepared for cultivation in any one season since the settlement of the country, and if this is a fair sample of what is going on elsewhere throughout the Dominion, 1892 will see an enormous and unprecedented acreage turned to account for the first time for productive purposes.

#### A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Speaking generally, the country and people wear a bright, cheery, prosperous look, largely the result of last year's bountiful crops, and the feeling seems to be universal that with another good harvest this year the province will fully recover from the recent era of stagnation and start on a period of renewed prosperity. Talks with farmers and merchants at places along the whole line establish this. The country never looked more attractive. All the crops are alike promising. There are no exceptions so far this year. The backwardness of the season early in the spring has been more than made up. Fruits of every kind are uninjured, and unless some unusual convulsion of nature or reversal of the usual order of things occurs, should be unusually abundant. Farmers find it hard work to discover anything to grumble about. The only man met throughout the trip who had the face to pretend he was dissatisfied with existing conditions and prospects was at Coteau; he felt inclined to complain that there had been such an abundance of everything last year it made things too cheap. But then, he admitted, although farmers weren't getting such good prices as they would in a year of general scarcity they had plenty of feed for their live stock and money to spare for repairs, new barns, fencing and various purposes after a long spell of pinching economy.

#### TYPICAL TOURISTS RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

On board the Canada Atlantic express to Coteau was a jolly typical British tourist party who had been doing the capital and were returning to Montreal by way of the rapids. The party included several ladies and a British naval officer, and they were unanimous in declaring a tour through Canada, especially this part of it, most fascinating and satisfying. Running the rapids in connection with the C. A. R. express train service was recently described in these columns. It has been rendered one of the most comfortable and delightful trips in the world, and certainly one of the cheapest. Even the smallest matters of detail have been attended to. One of the passengers going west on the Grand Trunk express after making this trip described it as one to be remembered as long as he lived. The sensation going over rapid after rapid was to him too delicious and entrancing for belief. And he was no dreaming, sentimental individual either. He was a Chicago soap-maker, he said.

The run by Grand Trunk to Belleville is a succession of charming sylvan pictures, with enchanting glimpses of the St. Lawrence, woods, meadows, partially cleared stretches, cultivated farms, and towns. The centres of population are looking thriving and healthy; stock is plentiful, produce is moving freely, and everything growing finely.

#### BELLEVILLE.

Places of interest follow in rapid succession till Belleville, seated in peace and beauty on the banks of the Moira river, is reached. The Kyle house, kept by Mr. S. Kyle, the newest addition to the hotels of the place, and a homelike, well furnished, commodious hostelry, is close to the bridge over the Moira.

Belleville has two drawbacks, want of drainage and of street cars. There used to be a street railway but the track has been torn up owing to local disagreements, sided probably by some such dead-alive patronage as was enjoyed by the Ottawa street cars before the advent of electricity. Belleville is about tired of being without street cars and an electric road is being talked about with a good deal of feeling. Those hot, dusty days the 10,000 citizens of Belleville are beginning to find out how much they miss even the sort of street car service they once had. Many reports have reached Belleville homes of the splendid service of Ottawa, the finest and smartest on all this great continent, and people are getting impatient for something of the sort in Belleville.

#### AT KINGSTON.

From Belleville back to Kingston over the Grand Trunk is an enchanting ride. It is a beautiful pastoral country, well wooded and watered, with vistas of lakes, rivers and bays that one remembers like a dream. Kingston is well worth a long visit. The Elgin American hotel, kept by Mr. J. E. Ham, is one of the oldest and most com-

fortable hotels in the place. The table is served in particularly good style. Kingston enjoys besides her majestic site on the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Quinte, and her famous educational institutions, a magnificent park. An Ottawa man cannot visit that splendid lung of Kingston without envy. A similar open space in central Ottawa would have been invaluable, but the price of land has gone up to prohibitive prices and the chance has gone forever.

In Kingston park, all kinds of games are played by young and old; bicycles are ridden, there is lawn tennis, croquet and so forth and everything is as free and open as God's light and air. Down through the street openings in the belt of private residences that lines the south side of the park, are seen the flashing blue waters of the bay.

The Grand Trunk brings tourists here for the steamers up and down the St. Lawrence, and regular lines of steamers bring tourists from the States here for attractive resorts on the Grand Trunk, and there are excursionists coming and going by the New York Central excursion boats, by the Thousand Islands excursion boats, and steamers to and from Ogdensburg, Prescott, Brockville and other points on the big river.

To an Ottawa man the Kingston street railway is a study. The cars are like long trucks made out of a board floor supplied with narrow seats balancing on two pairs of wheels close together under the middle section. The whole structure is so light and flimsy and it looks so funny as it goes balancing and quivering up and down the streets at long intervals, that admiration of the light, rapid and business-like electric service of the capital is greatly increased by the comparison.

#### THE HOME OF THE CRAZY.

The insane asylum is an object of interest to many visitors to Kingston. The gardens, grounds and buildings are now in the best condition for years. The kitchen, flower and fruit grounds are large, beginning at the high road and ending in the bay, a distance equal almost to the width of the grounds of the houses of parliament. There is also a large meadow extending down to the waters edge in which the insane take the air and have lots of fun.

The buildings have been renovated and tattered up, and are looking bright and attractive. The wards are gay with bright colors and flowers and without a speck of dust. The work of keeping the abiding place of so large a number of partially incapacitated human beings sweet and clean and in order must be trying and the responsibility and strain very great. The officials have had an anxious time of late with patients, who with the cunning of the insane are always plotting to escape. It speaks well for the care and devotion of Medical Superintendent Clarke, M. D., and the staff that the institution is so healthy, and serious diseases so successfully kept under.

Those who care to return to Ottawa by the same route via Coteau, stopping over at the towns on the way, will be well repaid. Nearly all the places on the river line are historical and their history is not one that Britons or native born Canadians need be ashamed of.

#### HOMEWARD BOUND.

Arrived back at Coteau, the C. A. R. cars are taken. What a pleasure it is to a returning Ottawa man to get on board a C. A. R. express car again, is beyond description. The high spring-backed seats, the conveniences for washing and brushing up, the handsome new cars with their many previously unknown devices for rendering travel by the line agreeable, the smoking saloons forming part of the new cars, the well known faces of those in charge, and other details so familiar to Ottawa people and travellers by the Canada Atlantic, all combine to make one feel at ease and at home directly one mounts the steps of a homeward bound C. A. R. express car. The journey home is made at a splendid pace, and with a feeling notwithstanding the delights and surprises of a railway journey through a pretty country, there is after all no place like home, no place above all like Ottawa.

### ANOTHER HAMILTON MIRACLE.

THE TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF ISAAC W. CHURCH FROM PARALYSIS.

Crushed by a Fall of Forty Feet—He Spends Months in a Hospital and is Discharged Only to Suffer Great Agony—Months Without Sleep and a Victim of Nervous Prostration—An Account of his Miraculous Cure as Investigated by a "Times" Reporter.

Hamilton Times, June 20th, 1892.

"In the spring of 1887, while working on a building in Liverpool," said Mr. Church, "a scaffold on which I was standing collapsed and I fell to the pavement a distance of forty feet. Bruised and bleeding I was picked up and conveyed to the Northern Hospital, and not one of the doctors who attended me held out any hope for my ultimate recovery. The base of my spine seemed to be smashed into a pulp, and the efforts of the medical men were directed altogether towards relieving the terrible agony I suffered rather than towards curing my injuries. I had the constitution of an ox, though," and the speaker threw out his chest and squared a pair of shoulders that would have done credit to a prince among athletes, "and as I seemed to have a tremendous grip on life the doctors took heart and after remaining in that hospital forty weeks I was discharged as being as far recovered as I would ever be. For twenty-six weeks I had to lie in one position, and any attempt to place me on my back made me scream with pain. Through eighteen months after my discharge I was unable to do a stroke of work, and could with difficulty make my way about the house, and then only with the aid of crutches. Twice during that time I underwent operations at the hands of eminent surgeons, who were amazed at the fact of my being alive at all after they had been informed of the extent of my injuries. On the last occasion my back was cut open and

it was discovered that the bones which had been shattered by my fall had, by process of time, completely overlapped each other, forming a knuckle that you see here," and Mr. Church showed the reporter a curious lump near the base of his spine. "All efforts to straighten those bones continued unavailing, and finally the doctors told me that in the course of six months paralysis would set in and my troubles would be increased tenfold. Their predictions proved only too true and before long I was in almost as bad a condition as ever. No tongue can tell the pain I suffered as the disease progressed, and eventually I decided to come to America. So in 1891 I closed up my affairs in England and on arriving at Halifax, so done up was I with the journey across the ocean, that I had to take to my bed and was kept a close prisoner for several weeks. Having a brother living at Moorfield, near Guelph, I with difficulty accomplished the journey there and tried to do some work. My utmost exertions could accomplish but little, however, and as a result of my trouble, nervous prostration in its worst form assailed me. I remember once being overtaken by a thunder storm while about a mile away from the house, and while making my way there I fell no less than eight times, completely prostrated by particularly vivid flashes of lightning or heavy jars of thunder. About a year and a half ago I came to this city and secured work at the Hamilton Forge Works, but before long had to quit, because I could not attend to my duties. I used to think that if I could only get a little sleep once in a while I would feel better, but even that boon was denied me. Night after night I tossed from side to side, and every time my back pressed the bed the pain that shot through every limb was almost unbearable. The doctors prescribed chloral and bromide of potash, and for weeks I never thought of going to bed at night without having first taken powerful doses of either of these drugs. Towards the last these doses failed to have the desired effect and I increased the size of them until I was finally taking thirty grains of potash and ten grains of chloral every night, enough to kill a horse. I became so weak that I could hardly get around, and my lower limbs shook like those of a palsied old man. When everything seemingly had failed me and I was about to give up what seemed a vain battle for life and health my wife here read an account in one of the newspapers of John Marshall's wonderful cure by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had lost all faith in any medicine I resolved to try once more and accordingly procured a box of those little Pink Pills from Mr. Harrison, the druggist, and commenced to use them according to the directions. This was in October of last year. I had not taken them a week till I began to feel an improvement in my general health. In a month I slept every night like a baby. The pain left my back entirely, and by the beginning of the new year I could lie on my back for hours and never feel the slightest pain therefrom. Prior to taking the pills I suffered terrible with fits, many of them so severe that three or four men were required to hold me. The pills knocked those all out, though, and all the time I used them I did not have even the suspicion of a fit, and as for my weight, well, you will hardly believe it, but honestly, in that time I gained forty pounds. Well, to make a long story short, I went to work again a few months ago, this time in the Hamilton Nail Works, where I went as shipper, and I have worked there steadily since the first day I went in. Last fall I was too weak to walk a mile, now I work from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., and my work is no child's play either. I can assure you. I handle 500 kegs of nails every day and each keg weighs one hundred pounds and has to be lifted a distance of from five to six feet. All my renewed strength I ascribe to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which I consider have worked wonders in my own case. For anyone troubled with nervousness, sleeplessness or loss of strength in any way, in my opinion there is nothing in existence like those pills for restoring people who are thus afflicted. Yielding to the advice of friends, who claimed that my renewed health was not due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I quit using them for about a month, but the recurrence of those terrible fits warned me of my folly and I commenced using the pills again, and I will certainly never be without them in the house."

"Not if I know it, anyhow," remarked Mrs. Church. "I know only too well the good they have done you, and you would not say to-day if it had not been for those pills, and no one on earth knows better than I how greatly you have been helped, and not only you but others in the family who were thought to be going into a decline before they were restored by talking those pills." Some of the particulars of the marvelous rescue of Mr. Church from a life of suffering having reached the public, a reporter of the Times thought it worth his while to investigate the matter for the benefit of other sufferers, and it was in response to his enquiries that the above remarkable story was narrated by Mr. Church. Taken in connection with the reports of other equally remarkable cures—the particulars of which have been published from time to time—it offers unquestionable proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People stand at the head of modern medical discoveries.

The neighbors generally were very outspoken in their astonishment at Mr. Church's miraculous cure, all who knew anything of his case having given him up months ago as rapidly approaching the portals of the great unknown. He looks far from that now, though. His eye is as clear, his cheek as ruddy, and his step as elastic as a youth in his teens. He was for seven years a member of the Life Guards, and for some time conducted a gymnasium in Liverpool. He expects to get back to his beloved athletic exercises this season, and is much elated at the success of his treatment.

The reporter then called upon Messrs. Harrison Bros., James street north, from whom Mr. Church had purchased the remedy, who further verified his statements. In reply to the enquiry by the reporter, "Do you sell many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Mr. James Harrison, of the firm, replied: "Well, yes, rather. A thousand boxes don't last long. You see our business is largely with men, women and girls employed in the big factories and mills in this locality and the recommendations we hear from these people day after day, month after month, would indeed make the manufacturer of these wonderful little pellets think

he was a benefactor of humanity. Several cases have come under my own notice of women, poor, tired-out, over-worked creatures, being made "like unto new" by the use of these pills and I see them passing to and from work daily and looking as though life was worth living and well worth it, too. In all my experience in the drug business I never saw anything like these pills," and Mr. Harrison related a number of cures that had come under his observation in addition to that of Mr. Church.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all disease depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

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, too make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

**Roman Catholics in the Law Courts.**  
Judgement has been given by the Judicial Committee of the English Privy Council, in the case of "The Rev. C. E. Pochin Boyer v. the Bishop of Norwich." The Bishop had refused to institute Mr. Boyer to the rectory of Brantham, in Suffolk, on account of the nomination having been made by a Roman Catholic, and his action has now been confirmed and approved. In the Chancery Division, a summons "In re McGrath (Infants)" was heard on the same day. An application was made by certain relatives of the "infants" in question that they should be taken from a Protestant Home, where they had been sent by a lady who had assisted them, and should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. Their father died a Roman Catholic, but their mother, though at first of the same religion as her husband, became a Protestant before her death. The Court, finding that the children had no clear views as to the doctrines of either religion, and that they were quite contented and comfortable, ordered that they should remain where they were.

#### The Northern Explorations.

Prince Albert, June 20.—Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, of the Dominion Government geological survey, left here by team today for Green Lake, where he will overtake carriers sent forward some time ago. From that point he will proceed to He la Crosse and explore the country from there to the east end of Lake Athabasca, continuing the exploration from that lake in an easterly direction to Lac de Brochel, then south to Cumberland House, returning to Prince Albert in October, when he will examine thoroughly the coal deposits on the Saskatchewan river five miles east here. H. E. Porter, of this town, accompanied Mr. Tyrrell. The steamer Northwest left, Saturday, for Battleford, carrying a number of citizens on an excursion trip to that place. The steamer's cargo consisted of 125 tons of flour, feed, oats, potatoes and lumber.

#### The Imperial Land and Sea Forces.

H. R. H. The Duke of Cambridge, speaking for "The Land and Sea Forces" at the anniversary dinner of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers on May 5th, said:—The military life of the country might have its disadvantages, but it was of great importance to the prosperity, and even to the very existence, of the Empire. Having, happily, little experience of war, we were apt to forget that war could arise. But it was wise to be ever prepared for it, for commerce could not be carried on vigorously and successfully if there was any risk. The greatness of the Empire depended largely on the possession of our Colonies and India. They should be protected at all risks, for so long as we did so, and maintained the efficiency of our forces, we should possess the means of maintaining the power of the Empire, and also of extending its influence.

It is understood Attorney-General Mowat has decided to dismiss Elgin Myers, Q. C. Crown Attorney of Dufferin County, Ontario, because he refused to refrain from continued advocacy of political union between Canada and the United States,

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