

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

DR. LEWIS BLUNDIN'S STATEMENT UNDER OATH.

Afflicted With Paralysis for Twenty-five Years—
Pronounced Incurable by the Foremost Physicians
in America—A Case of World Wide Interest.
From the Philadelphia Times.

Many survivors of the late war left the ranks un wounded, but with broken constitutions; an instance in point is Dr. Lewis D. Blundin, a resident of Hulmeville, Bucks Co., Pa. In relating his experiences, and what he had suffered in consequence of the hardships he had encountered, Dr. Blundin said:—

"I was born at Bridgewater, Penna., in 1841, and went through the war as private, sergeant, and hospital steward in Company C, 28th Pennsylvania Volunteers. My service was active, and while in Georgia, I had an attack of typhoid fever, which left me weak and a ready victim for future disease. My kidneys were then affected, and this finally developed into spinal trouble, which lasted through my army service. In 1866 I was mustered out with an honourable discharge, and entered the Jefferson Medical College as a student. In due time I graduated, and removed to Manayunk. One day, after I had graduated, I was lying on a sofa at my home in Manayunk, when I felt a cold sensation in my lower limbs, as though the blood had suddenly left them. When I tried to move them, I was horrified at the discovery that I was paralyzed from my hips to my toes. The paralysis was complete, and a pin or a pinch of the flesh caused me no pain. I could not move a muscle. I called in Dr. William Todd, of Philadelphia. He made a careful and exhaustive examination of my case, sounding and testing, and finally announced that my trouble was caused by inflammation of the spinal cord, and that I would likely have another stroke of paralysis. I consulted Dr. I. W. Gross, and Dr. Hancock, of Jefferson College, Philadelphia, with the same result. I called in Dr. Moorehouse, of Philadelphia, who said that no amount of medicine would ever prove of the slightest benefit to me.

"One day last September I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I sent for one box. I had always been troubled with a sort of vertigo after my first stroke of paralysis, to such an extent, that when I got out of my bed my head would swim, and I had difficulty in saving myself from falling. My appetite was bad, digestive organs ruined, and no assimilation of food. In addition to my many other ailments, rheumatism held a prominent place. By the time I had finished the first box of Pink Pills, I was comparatively free from these minor ills. My appetite returned, the digestive organs got down to their daily grind, and the rheumatism disappeared. I was much encouraged, and immediately sent for half a dozen boxes of the Pink Pills. Relief followed upon relief with astonishing rapidity. First, one ailment would disappear, then another, until the pills got to work upon the foundation stones of my trouble—paralysis. I felt a sense of exhilaration, and the general effect was beneficial, becoming more so each day. Noting this fact, I increased the dose from one to two pills after each meal for a few days. Before I had taken

the six boxes of pills, I was sitting in my chair one afternoon, when I felt a curious sensation in my left foot. Upon investigation, I found it had flexed, or, in other words, become movable, and I could move it. From that time on my improvement was steady, and it was not long before I was walking around on crutches with little or no discomfort. It was three years before taking the Pink Pills that I had been able to use the crutches at any time. My health is daily improving, and I feel sure that Pink Pills have done me more good than all the doctors and all the medicine in the country, and, as they are not costly, I can easily afford the treatment."

Dr. Blundin tells of another remarkable cure effected by the use of Pink Pills. One of his comrades in the army was Lewis J. Allan, of Battle Creek, Michigan, who has been a sufferer from rheumatism nearly all his life. Mr. Allan is a grandson of Ethan Allan, of revolutionary fame. "I know," said Dr. Blundin, "that Mr. Allan could not lift his arms to his head, or even his hands to his mouth, because of chronic rheumatism. He read in a Detroit paper of a wonderful cure made by Pink Pills and bought some. His cure was sudden and complete. Knowing that I was a sufferer from rheumatism, along with my other ills, he wrote me about his recovery, and advised me to try them. I was then using them. He said he had perfect control of his arms and hands, and could use them freely without experiencing any pain. He added, that as a cure for rheumatism, the pills were the most complete in the world. My case alone proves that, for I am confident that my greatly benefited condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Sworn to before me, this 15th day of May, 1893.

George Harrison, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are 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 therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men, they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y. and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advan-



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

tage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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 makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

That is a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfast on the lips of a lion.—Shakespeare.

To follow foolish precedent, and wink with both eyes, is easier than to think.—Cowper.

If we regulate our conduct according to our own convictions, we may safely disregard the praise or censure of others.—Pascal.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—Dickens.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good wagoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give account of my little, than how to make it more.—Bishop Hall.

A wild note pierced the midnight air. It was not the first that had done so, and there was no reason to fear that the air would soon be full of holes. It was the voice of a maiden. It rose and fell in what seemed to be an agony of despair. There was another sound—like the destruction of a far-off city; like a monster in agony. The roar and rumble increased momentarily. Then there was nothing heard but the shrill voice of the maiden. Nearer and nearer the startled wayfarer drew. Then he discovered the cause of his dismay. The monster in agony was an upright piano. And the maiden. Alas! the traveller could not fly to her rescue. She could not be saved. Sorrow had entered her soul, and it had come to stay. She was the girl whose stern male parent refused to purchase her a bow-wow.