

## A FARMER'S HARD LUCK.

MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT FOLLOWED BY PAINFUL RESULTS.

*Mr. N. B. Hughson tells a Story of Years of Suffering and how he found Relief—The Circumstances familiar to all his Neighbors.*

From the Chatham Banner.

A Chatham Banner reporter while on news-gathering rounds a few days ago dropped into the well-known drug store of Messrs. Pilkey & Co., and overheard scraps of conversation between customers, in which the words "Pink Pills" and the name "Hughson" were frequently repeated. With a reporter's instinct for a good news article, he asked for some particulars, and was told that if he called upon Mr. Hughson he would probably get a story well worth giving publicity.

Mr. Hughson does a snug feed and sale stable business on Harvey street and thither the reporter repaired, and was somewhat surprised to find the very antipodes of an invalid. Mr. Hughson is a man of medium height, about fifty years old, born with a good constitution, and who, until some three years ago only knew the meaning of the word sickness from the dictionary.

Mr. Hughson is a stationary engineer by trade, and a good one, but some six years ago getting tired of that calling quitted it and rented a farm in Harwich. While returning from town one day on top of a load, one of his horses stumbled, and Mr. Hughson was pitched head foremost to the hard, frozen roadway. When he got home and the blood was wiped away his external injuries seemed trifling, but the grave trouble was inside, and took the form of a violent and almost constant headache. A week later he went into the bush to cut wood, and felt at every stroke as if his head would burst. He worked for half an hour and then went home, and for eight weeks his right side was wholly paralyzed and his speech gone. After a time this wore off and he was able to go about the house, though he could not walk. All this time he was attended by a physician, whose treatment, however, seemed of but little avail. In the following June he had a second stroke and was not out of bed for seven weeks and was left very weak. The belief that he was doomed to be a burden on those near and dear to him, that he was unable to take his place as a bread-winner, added mental to his physical anguish. But relief was coming and in a form he had not expected. He saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and asked his physician about them. The latter said he had not much faith in these remedies, but they would do no harm, and Mr. Hughson got a supply which he

began taking according to directions. At the outset his wife was also opposed to them, but before he had taken them long she noticed an improvement in his condition, and then was quite as strong in urging him to continue their use, and even took them with good results herself for heart weakness following la grippe. Continuing the use of the pills, Mr. Hughson found his terrible headaches leaving him and his strength returning, and soon found he could do light work on the farm near his house. He still continued using the Pink Pills until he had taken fourteen boxes, and found himself fully restored to his old-time strength. Mr. Hughson's old neighbors in Harwich never expected to see him on his feet again, and are astounded at his recovery, so much so that the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has spread far and near throughout the township, and are the standard remedy in many households. Mr. Hughson can be seen by any of our citizens and will only too gladly verify the foregoing statements.

The reporter then called upon Messrs. Pilkey & Co., at the Central Drug Store. They do not, they informed him, make a practice of booming any proprietary medicine, so that the lead taken by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is not due to persistent puffing but to irresistible merit, and on all sides their customers speak of them in terms of warmest praise.

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.

Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and every dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. 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, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

## HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

Subscribers remitting money, either direct to the office or through Agents, will find a receipt for the amount enclosed in their next paper. All remittances should be made payable to A. Milne Fraser.

**THE GOVERNOR AT THE FAIR.**—Earl Aberdeen, Canada's Governor-General, has completed his inspection of the Canadian exhibits at the Fair and has expressed himself well pleased with the representative exhibition of the Dominion.

**DARTMOUTH'S RAILROAD.**—The *Atlantic Weekly* is authority for the statement that the company which promised some time ago to give Dartmouth direct connection with the I. C. R. and W. & A. R. is still pushing things along. Numerous routes are being surveyed with the object of obtaining the best line possible. The company, it is understood, has already bonded quite a lot of land for terminal facilities.

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in

### PUMPING MACHINERY

FOR MINERS' USE

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**ELEVEN YEARS TO DO THE FAIR.**—Mr. J. L. Harbison, editor of *Philadelphia Table Talk*, who has been visiting the World's Fair, calculates that if a visitor spent ten minutes before each exhibit it would occupy eleven years to comfortably take in the whole show.

**GIVING THANKS.**—The people of Canada will unite in giving thanks for the blessings bestowed upon them on November 23rd. This is the last Thursday of the month and therefore the day to be observed as a general thanksgiving by our friends over the border.

**THE MIDWAY IN BROOKLYN.**—A proposition has been made to rent a big field in the suburbs of the city of Brooklyn, New York, and to there establish all the villages, dancing pavillions, etc., that have made famous the Midway Plaisance of the Chicago exposition. Truly, an odd innovation in the City of Churches.

**A DESTRUCTIVE FLAME.**—Yarmouth had a big fire last Sunday afternoon which destroyed a large amount of property. The lower part of Williams' Block, the ground floor of which is used as stores, and the Hotel Lorne were badly damaged. The origin of this fire, as of several others of recent occurrence, is unknown.

**AN ANCIENT GUN.**—The muzzle of an old cannon protruding over a foot from the ground at the foot of Sackville St., at the entrance to the Canada-Atlantic & Plant S. S. Co.'s wharf, is attracting the attention of curio hunters. It is said to have come off the prize frigate *Chesapeake* that was towed into Halifax many years ago by the *Shannon*.

**NOT BAD FOR THE HEATHEN.**—There is a Turkish mosque in Midway Plaisance, World's Fair, and prayers are said at regular intervals during the day for the natives, not as a public show. There's a story about that one kindly lady with religious tendencies said to one of the young natives, "I hope you go to church every Sunday like a Christian." "No," was the reply, "I go every day like a Turk."

**THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.**—A neat little folder comes from the Evangeline Navigation Company giving the fall time table of the Land of Evangeline route with all its branches. At all seasons of the year this route affords a delightful line of travel. The Cornwallis Valley branch of the Windsor & Annapolis Railway links together Kentville, Canning and Kingsport and connects with the Evangeline Navigation Company for Parrsboro.

**THE GARDENS IN WINTER.**—The public gardens commissioners have struck a novel idea in the plan now under consideration of making the gardens a source of pleasure to the public in winter as well as during the season of sunshine and flowers. It is understood that they are discussing the propriety of flooding the pond and keeping it clear of snow during the skating season. At night the pond would be illuminated by electric light. Many Halifaxians can recall the days when the gardens pond was a popular resort for skaters.

**THE WHITE RIBBON.**—The W. C. T. U. Convention held at Truro this week attracted considerable attention. Enthusiastic meetings, presided over and taken part in by energetic temperance workers, cannot fail to have a moral influence on the community. The W. C. T. U. as an organization is perhaps not perfect, but it has done and is doing a grand work in the world. The Society in the Maritime Provinces has grown in numbers and increased in power rapidly, and in the various departments of its work deserves the co-operation and sympathy of our people.

**SYMPATHY FOR MR. ELLIS.**—The imprisonment of Mr. J. V. Ellis, editor of the *St. John Globe*, has caused much talk in social as well as journalistic circles. Mr. Ellis has been visited by a large number of his friends, and is being lionized by the citizens of Fredericton. A touching story, illustrative of the sympathy which has gone out to the imprisoned editor, is told by the *Chatham World*. One of Mr. Ellis' humble but kind-hearted admirers, on the Sunday following the arrest, sidled up to Governor Boyd and asked in supplicating tones that his honor would "please pardon poor Mr. Ellis."

**A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.**—It is interesting to note how opinions differ. The Parliament of Religions, recently held at the World's Fair, has evoked a variety of criticism; for instance, one paper says: "In Chicago hospitality to all religions indicates agnostic indifference to them all." Another in the words of Chaucer speaks of it as a "Parliament of Fowles," while a third remarks: "Since the Tower of Babel the sun has not looked down upon such a scene as that beheld for a week or two past in the Hall of Columbus." On the other hand one speaks of it as the "dawn of the millennium," another as "a new world consciousness," and yet another as "religions—shorn of such barnacles as do not legitimately belong to them." Truly, many men, many minds.

To avoid a cold and lameness from wetting, rub the chest with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

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