

increase annually, and the exports of gold have also improved from about £76,000 in 1885 to about £200,000 last year.

"There are many millions of acres of auriferous alluvial land yet remaining to be developed in Surinam, and although the method of placer working as now practiced is as cheap as possible for the present, the cost of working will be further reduced by hydraulic mining. This will be practicable if water were brought to the various properties from the large rivers, a work of no difficulty, but which is beyond native means and capital. It must be borne in mind, however, that alluvial deposits are liable to exhaustion, and although Surinam contains as much as any number of public companies could be formed to develop in a generation, I wish to direct particular attention to the quartz resources of the country which, in result of my surveys and inspection of properties in that country professionally undertaken I became convinced, exhibit features of incomparable promise."

A CHATHAM MIRACLE.

DR CARL VERRINDER'S VICISSITUDES OF TORTURE AND OF HEALTH.

He Survives Them all, and Recounts His Wonderful Deliverance From Poverty and Death, and His Restoration to Prosperity and Vigor of Mind and Body—Good Words for the A. O. U. W.

Chatham Planet.

In a Raleigh street residence there lives with wife and one child—a little ten year old daughter—a musician known throughout Ontario, if not the whole Dominion, as a prince among pianists, organists and choir masters—a veritable *maestro* and "Wizard of the Ivory Keys," and no one who has ever listened to his manipulation of the great organ in the Park Street Methodist Church, or heard him evoke "magic music's mystic melody" from the magnificent Decker Grand in his own drawing room but will declare that his eminence is well deserved, and his peers can be but few among the professors of Divine Art. The door plate bears the following inscription:—

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

DR. CARL LEO VERRINDER,
Director.

To sit, as did a Planet reporter a few days ago, in the very atmosphere of sweet harmony, created by Dr Verrinder's magic-like touch was an experience that might well be envied, and one calculated to inspire the most sentimental reveries. But sentimental moods finally vanish and leave one facing the sober and practical side of life. The music ceased and the conversation took a turn leading to the real object of the reporter's call.

"There are stories abroad," said the newspaper man, "regarding some extraordinary deliverance from death, which you have met with recently, doctor. Would you object to stating what foundation there is for them, and, if any, furnish me with the true facts for publication." Dr. Verrinder shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I have not," he replied, "been given to seeking newspaper notoriety, and at fifty-five years of age it is not likely I shall begin, and yet," said the professor, after thinking a moment and consulting Mrs. Verrinder, "perhaps it is best that I should give you the circumstances for use in *The Planet*. The story of my rescue from the grave might fittingly be prefaced by a little of my early history. We resided in England, where though I was a professor of music, I was not dependent on my art, as I had acquired a competence. My wife was an heiress, having £50,000 in her own right.

Through the rascality of a broker she was robbed almost of all her fortune, while by the Bank of Glasgow failure my money vanished forever. It became necessary for me then to return to my profession in order to live. I do not speak of it boastingly, but I stood well among the musicians of that day in the old land. My fees were a guinea a lesson, and it was no uncommon thing for me to give twenty in a day. We came to America, landing in Quebec, where I anticipated getting engagement as organist in the cathedral, but was disappointed. Subsequently we moved to St. Catharines, in which city I procured an organ and choir and soon had a large clientele. Later, in order as I thought to better my fortune, I took up my residence in London, first filling an engagement with a Methodist church and afterwards accepting the position of organist in St. Peter's Cathedral. In those cities I made many warm friends, and their tributes and gifts I shall ever retain as among the most precious of my possessions. It was while living in London and pursuing my art with much earnestness and labor that I received a stroke of paralysis. Perhaps," here the speaker rose and stretching himself to his full height, thus displaying his well-built and well-nourished frame—"I do not look like a paralytic. But the truth is I have had three strokes—yes, sir, first, second and third, and they say the third is fatal: ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Yet here you see before you a three-stroke victim, and a man who feels, both in body and mind, as vigorous as he ever did in his life. My ultimate cure I attribute to my testing the virtues of a medicine whose praise I shall never cease sounding as long as I live, and which I shall recommend to suffering humanity as I am now constantly doing, while I know of a case and can reach the ear of the patient. After removing to Chatham I had not long been here when my health further began to give way. Gradually I noted the change. I felt it first and most strongly in a stomach affection which produced constant and distressing nausea. It grew worse and worse, I myself attributed it to bad water poisoning my system. One doctor said it was catarrh of the stomach. Another pronounced it diabetes, still another a different diagnosis. I kept on doctoring, but getting no relief. I tried one medicine after another, but it was no use. Grippe attacked me and added to my pain, discomfort and weakness. At last I took to my bed and it seemed that I was never going to get well. Nothing of a nourishing nature would remain on my stomach. No drugs seemed to have a counter-acting influence on the disease which was dragging me down to death. My wife would sit at my bedside and moisten

my lips with diluted spirits, which was all that could be done to relieve me. Besides three local doctors who gave me up, I had doctors from London and Kingston whose skill I believed in and to whom I paid heavy fees, but without receiving any help or encouragement. It is true that a stomach pump operation afforded temporary relief, but yet I felt that my peculiar case needed some special and particular compound or remedial agent which I knew not of. But, at last, thank God, I discovered it. I had been for eighteen months a miserable wreck, unable to work, unable to eat or to sleep properly. My poor wife was worn out in body and spirit. Suddenly the deliverer came! Pink Pills! Yes sir! Pink Pills!—God bless their inventor or discoverer!—I have rescued me from the jaws of death and miraculously made me what you see to-day, hearty, happy, with a splendid appetite, a clear brain, a capacity for work and an ability to sleep sound and refreshing sleep—a boon that only a man who has experienced the terrors of insomnia can rightly appreciate. Bear in mind, my friend, I am no wild enthusiast over the supposed merits of this medicine. I have tested the virtues of Pink Pills and am ready to take oath to their efficacy. No one could shake my faith in them; because what a man has thoroughly proved in his own experience, and what he has had confirmed in the experience of others—I have prescribed the pills to other sick persons and know what extraordinary good they have effected in their cases he ought to be convinced is so. I shall tell you how I came to try them. A fellow member of the A. O. U. W., the brother of which order had been more than kind to me during my illness, recommended Pink Pills. I knew nothing about what they were or what they could accomplish. In fact, I am rather a sceptic on what are termed "proprietary remedies." But I started to take Pink Pills for Pale People, made by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville. From the very first, one at a dose, I began to mend, and before I had taken more than a box or two I knew that I had found the right remedy and that to the Pink Pills I owed my life. In nine months I have taken twelve boxes—just six dollars worth. Think of it, my friend! Hundreds of dollars for other treatment, and only six dollars for what has made a man of me and set me again on the highway of health and prosperity. There is some subtle, life-giving principle in Pink Pills which I do not attempt to fathom. I only know like the blind man of old: "Once I was blind; now I can see!" God, in the mystery of his providence, directed my brother of the A. O. U. W. to me. I took it I live and rejoice in my health and strength. I have no physical malady saving a slight stiffness in my leg due to grippe. I feel as well as in my palmiest days. My prospects are good. All this I gratefully attribute to the virtues of Pink Pills for Pale People, "and now my story is done!" as the nursery ballad runs. If anybody should ask confirmation of this tale of mine let him write to me and I shall cheerfully furnish it. The Pink Pills were my rescuer and I'll be their friend and advocate while I live!

The reporter finally took his leave of Dr. Verrinder, but not without the

professor entertaining him to another piano treat, a symphony played with faultless execution and soulful interpretation of the composer's thought.

Calling upon Messrs. A. E. Pilkey & Co., the well known druggists, the reporter ascertained Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale in Chatham, and that from all quarters come glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—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 resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scurf, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills resore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork 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 (ever 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 make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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