

critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant of Galway, Saratoga County, N. Y., as first told in the *Journal*, has been copied into hundreds if not thousands of other daily and weekly newspapers, and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country, that it was deemed a duty due all the people, and especially the thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in the *Albany Journal*, and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified; or if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the *Express* reporter's investigation authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all its statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the *Express* are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this miraculous restoration to health of a man who after weeks and months of treatment by the most skillful doctors in two of the best hospitals in New York—the Roosevelt hospital in New York city, and St. Peter's hospital in Albany,—was dismissed from each as incurable, and, because the case was deemed incurable, the man was denied admission into several others to which application was made in his behalf. The story as told by Mr. Quant himself, and published in the *Albany Journal*, is as follows:—

"My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and excepting while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick, and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds, and was very strong. For 12 years I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly, and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses, to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of, that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pains in my back and legs, and became conscious that my legs were getting weak, my step unsteady, and I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but

they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the *Journal* reporter an electric suit of underwear, for which he paid \$124). In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a 'thorough electric treatment,' but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely, and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists, and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia, and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me, and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill, and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down, and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing, and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put 14 more burns on, and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case, Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and paid the \$1,000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took

them according to the directions on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills, I began to feel beneficial results from them. My pains were not so bad. I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at a cost of only \$4.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors' had given me up as incurable."

Such is the wonderful story which the *Express* reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details, from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that his recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant placed in the hands of the reporter his card of admission to Roosevelt hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements—

#### ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.

OUT-PATIENT.

No. 14037.

Admitted Sept. 16, 84, Chas. Quant.

Age: 34 years. Birthplace: New York.

Occupation: Carver.

Residence: 17 Park Avenue, Hoboken.

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

(OVER)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement our reporter a few days ago, (March 31st, 1892,) called on Dr. Allen Starr at his office, No. 22 West twenty-eighth St., New York city. Dr. Starr is house physician of the Roosevelt hospital, situated corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. In reply to enquiry he said he remembered the case of Mr. Quant very well and treated him some, but that he was chiefly treated and under the more especial care of Dr. Ware. He said he regarded this case as he did all cases of locomotor ataxia, as incurable. In order that our reporter might get a copy of the history of the case of Mr. Quant from the hospital record, he very courteously gave him a letter of which the following is a copy:—