

From Pain to Health.

The Remarkable case of John Henderson, of Deseronto Junction.

Almost Helpless From Sciatic Rheumatism the Effects of which Shattered his Constitution—He thought death not far off when friendly aid placed within his reach the means of Recovery.

From the Deseronto Tribune.

It will be remembered that during the past winter reference was several times made in the "Personal" column of the Tribune to the illness of John Henderson, a well known and respected farmer of the Gravel road, township of Richmond, about half a mile from Deseronto Junction. It is said that but very little hope was entertained of his recovery as he continued to steadily sink under the disease with which he was afflicted. Farmers coming in to Deseronto market, when asked how he was, shook their heads and stated that the worst might soon be expected. That he should have subsequently recovered was therefore a cause of joyful surprise to his many friends in this district. Hearing that his recovery was alleged to be due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune set out to discover if this rumor could be authenticated. Having reached Mr. Henderson's residence the reporter found no one at home except the hired boy who informed him that Mr. Henderson had gone with a load of grain to the flour mill at Napanee. This was evidence in itself that Mr. Henderson must have greatly improved or he would not have undertaken such a long drive in the raw weather of early spring. The boy having said that his master would be back about two o'clock the reporter waited for a personal interview. In a short time the team was observed coming along the road. When it drew up at the house Mr. Henderson, being told the object of the reporter's mission, stated that the rumor was correct, his recovery was undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that about a year before he had been taken ill and the disease assumed a form of sciatic rheumatism of a most painful and distressing character. The physicians in attendance did their best and would for a time succeed in alleviating the pain and he would for a short time regain strength. But the disease would reassert itself and he was worse if possible than before. His whole system seemed to be permeated with the disease which sapped his vital energy. He tried ever so many remedies prescribed by doctors or suggested by friends and neighbors. All in vain—he grew weaker and weaker and at last despaired of life itself. He was completely worn out, found it very difficult to go as far as the barn, and was only able to move about a little when not confined to his bed. At this juncture, Mr. Ravin, the station master at Deseronto Junction, who no doubt recalled the wonderful cure of Mr. Wager by the use of the famous medicine, as reported some time since in the Tribune, recommended Mr. Henderson to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and volunteered to send for a quantity if Mr. Hender-

son would permit him. The sick man consented and Mr. Ravin procured for him a half dozen boxes. He tried a box but with little discernible effect. He, however, kept on using the pills, and after taking six boxes, found that he was much improved. He got another supply and continued to improve steadily, the pain disappeared, he regained strength and, as he expressed it, "I am now able to be about, feel quite strong, can attend to all departments of my work as well as ever, and I attribute it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." To the Tribune reporter Mr. Henderson appeared a strong, vigorous man, whom to see was sufficient proof of the story of his remarkable recovery.

The Hymn Saved His Life.

The "Presbyterian" paints a war anecdote of an unconventional sort. Different readers will read more or less into it, according to their different habits of mind, but all will find it interesting.

Some Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked round, and although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So, when the music ceased, he turned and asked the man if he had been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first man.

"Yes," replied the second man, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened, because the enemy were supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing these lines

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring.
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

"After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story: I was a Union soldier, and was in the woods that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you waiting the word to fire, but when you sang,

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,"

I said 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home.'"

A Running Sore Pronounced Incurable by Eight Doctors—Cured by Dr. Chase.

Mr. R. D. Robbins, 148 Cowan Ave., Toronto says:—"I had a bad leg which was simply unsightly. From below the knee to the ankle was one great sore. Eight doctors treated me without benefit. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured me, and all that remains to be seen are the scars."

Spring Tooth Harrows

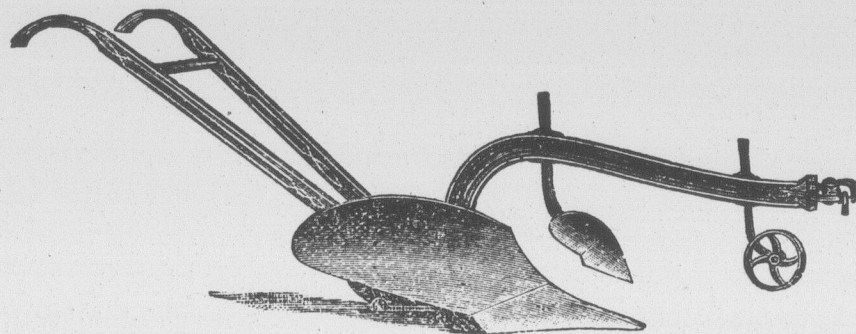
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