

A NORWOOD MIRACLE.

HEALTH REGAINED AFTER SEVEN DOCTORS HAD FAILED.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. John Slater Knox—Two Hours Sleep all the Benefit Derived From Six Weeks Medical Treatment—Rescue From Suffering Came After the Doctors Had Pronounced His Case Hopeless.

Norwood Register.

The readers of The Register will remember having read in this paper during the early part of last year of the very serious illness of Mr. John Slater Knox, who lives on lot 20, in the 3rd concession of Asphodel township. They will remember how in January, 1892, Mr. Knox was stricken down with la grippe, how from a man of about 185 pounds he fell away in flesh in a few short weeks until he was a mere skeleton of his former self, weighing only 120 pounds; how he was racked with the most excruciating pain; how he longed for death to relieve him from his suffering; how he consulted doctors near and far, and how they failed to successfully diagnose his case. In fact they confessed their ignorance of his malady and said he could not recover. But so much for the profession. Mr. Knox is alive to-day. He has recovered his wonted vigor and weighs 180 pounds, and his many friends in Norwood look upon him in wonder. Of course Mr. Knox is questioned on every hand about his recovery, as to what magic influence he owes his increase in flesh, and his answer to each interrogation is "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it," and he is never too busy to extol the merits of his now world famous remedy. This is what he said to a reporter of the Norwood Register the other day, when asked about his illness and his wonderful cure:—"I will tell you all about it. In January, 1892, I had la grippe, which was prevalent at that time. It settled into pains in the calves of my legs. I was drawing lumber at the time and thought it was caused by sitting on the load and allowing my legs to hang down. I consulted a doctor, in the matter, who told me it was rheumatism. He treated me, but did me no good and I kept getting worse daily. Altogether I had seven doctors in attendance, but none of them seemed to know what my ailment was. Some said it was rheumatism, others that that my nerves were diseased, one said locomotor ataxia, and another inflammation of the spinal cord, another inflammation of the outer lining of the spinal cord, and still another said neuralgia of the nerves. I did not sleep for six weeks, and no drug administered by the medical men could deaden the pain or make me slumber. I will just say this: at the end of that time some narcotic administered made me doze for a couple of hours, and that was all the relief I received from the disciples of Esculapius. They said that I could not recover, and really I had given up hope myself. My pain was so intense I wanted to die to be relieved of my suffering. From a weight of 184 pounds I had dropped to 120. I was a skeleton compared with my former self. I had often read in The Register of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but did not think of taking the remedy. About this time my father purchased some from Dr. Moffatt, druggist, Norwood, and bringing them to me requested me to take them.

They remained in the house perhaps a couple of weeks before I commenced taking them, and then I must confess I had not much faith in their efficacy. Before I had finished taking the first box I felt a little better, and when I had taken two boxes I was convinced that the Pink Pills were doing me good; in fact that they were doing for me what seven doctors had failed to do—they were effecting a cure. I felt so much better after taking three boxes of Pink Pills that I ceased taking them, but I had not fully recovered and had to resume, and I then continued taking them until now I am as hale a man as you will meet in a day's travel. I am positive that this happy result has been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I recommend them to my neighbors and my friends as I am thoroughly convinced of their great curative properties. There is a case a short distance from my place of a man, who has been a cripple for some time, recovering after taking eight boxes of Pink Pills. In December last I could only manage to lift a bag of oats, now I can toss a bag of peas into a load with ease. Isn't that gaining strength? At one period since I began taking Pink Pills I gained thirty pounds in six weeks. To-day I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I have been skidding logs in the bush all winter and can do a day's work with any of them. I believe it my duty to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills whenever I can."

"I hear you are making preparations to build a house, Mr. Knox," said the reporter.

"Yes," replied Mr. Knox, laughingly. "I am about building a house and barn, which I think will demonstrate that I am trying to enjoy my new lease of life."

Calling on Dr. Moffatt, druggist, The Register reporter asked him if he knew of Mr. Knox's case, and that that gentleman ascribed his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "I have been talking with Mr. Knox and his is certainly a most remarkable cure. But speaking of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reminds me of the wonderful sale they are having in and about Norwood. I buy a hundred dollars worth at a time and my orders are not few. I sell more Pink Pills than any other medicine and always hear good reports of them." 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 arising therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, 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, over work, 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 trademark and wrapper, at 50 cents 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 advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for 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 make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Herr Krupp, the great gun builder, is the largest taxpayer in Germany. He pays \$32,400 yearly on an income of \$1,095,000.

Both the Kurds and Cossacks believe that Ararat is guarded by an unearthly being, and that no man can ascend the peak and live.

The last will and testament of Queen Isabella, in which she makes a number of references to the new world will be a very interesting object in the Spanish exhibit at the World's Fair.

There is in China a secret society called the "Triad." It is a capital crime to belong to it, yet it has more than 30,000,000 members. Its object is the overthrow of the present dynasty.

A day or two ago a lady applied for a lost umbrella at the Lost Property Office, Scotland Yard. When it was returned to her she went away, leaving behind her another umbrella and a brown paper parcel.

The officers of the German army are to have a new cloak, the novelty of which lies in the fact that by an ingenious device the cloak may be made thick or thin. It is adapted for summer or winter use.

Probably no living sportsman has shot more big game in South Africa than Mr. F. C. Selous, who for years was more at home in a wagon or a tent somewhere in the far countries of Africa than in the towns and settlements of the Cape Colony or the Transvaal.

Iceland sagas, bearing on the early discoveries of the Norsemen and the stories of their trips to Vinland and possibly North America, will be lent by the Danish government to the United States for exhibition at the World's Fair. The sagas are entitled Codex Fluteyensis.

Arrangements have been made in London to transport to Chicago, for use at the World's Fair, seven English coaches and sixty horses, together with professional drivers and guards. These coaches will carry passengers from the hotels to the Exposition grounds and return, at prices commensurate with such a fad which it is believed will be exceedingly fashionable with wealthy people.

It was Ben Johnson, we believe who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied, "That depends on the liver." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun. The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow. The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headaches, dizziness, constipation. Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relief temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or cook it by a mild, pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the mild means. They work effectively, without pain, and leave the system strong. One, little, sugar-coated pellet but 25 cents, although a whole vial costs but 25 cents.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrhal Remedy. Only 50 cents; by druggists.