

Halton County Miracles!

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD IN A RAILWAY STATION.

The Stories of Two Men and a Woman—Health and Happiness Restored When Friends Were in Despair—“While There is Life There is Hope”—Statements Carefully Verified by “The Templar.”

The Templar, Hamilton, Ont.

It was a bitter cold night in January, the wind was blowing a gale with a heavy snow falling. Such was the night that The Templar representative, accompanied by a lady friend from Michigan were being driven swiftly through the darkness toward the Northern station at Burlington, Ontario. On entering the waiting-room our attention was immediately attracted by four persons who were earnestly, and even excitedly, discussing some facts of great importance. One of the party, evidently a well-to-do young farmer, was talking in a clear tenor voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all the fifteen or twenty persons in the room. “Just think of such remarkable cures,” said the young man, as he continued speaking, “my cousin, a young lady, was sick for nearly fifteen years. I think that for several years previous to that she suffered from rheumatism, and it finally became chronic.” “But did she not try any of the numerous remedies advertised, nor any of our doctors,” interrupted an elderly and well-dressed lady. “Oh, yes, most unfortunately both,” said the young man, who then named several well known physicians who had in turn treated this young lady, but in spite of all efforts she continued year after year to grow worse. She became helpless, and had to be waited on like an infant. Last autumn she decided to try Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills, with the result that she is now able to attend to her household duties. Then the young farmer continued to interest all present by telling them of case after case. “There was my brother Melvin,” he remarked, “who caught a severe cold while barrelling apples. Inflammatory rheumatism set in and for several months he was in a critical condition. His fingers were badly drawn up and his limbs were stiff as crowbars. He could not allow any person to touch his body, and had to be turned in bed by the use of sheets and blankets. He took Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills and was soon sufficiently recovered to be out of doors.”

A shrill whistle and “All-aboard,” ended our pleasant experience. Some of the parties found seats in our car, and to our astonishment seemed to continue the conversation.

Somehow newspaper men are given to be curious, and in their daily search for news, quickly see a striking first-page article in their paper. The world of to-day owes a debt of gratitude to them for searching out and presenting to the public in readable form great and important discoveries, told in plain truth, especially for their benefit.

A few days ago an opportunity presented itself, and the writer determined to investigate the cases, and if substantiated with a reasonable amount of testimony, to publish them. Upon inquiry I learned that the young man whose conversation had interested us was a Mr. William Long, and on making his acquaintance and explaining the cause of visiting him, asked what proof he could furnish in support of the several cures referred to by himself on a certain occasion, effected by using Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills.

“Yes,” he replied, “I have no hesitancy in re-affirming all you have heard me say, and as positive proof I will take the trouble to go with you and interview the several parties.”

Mr. Melvin Long lives in Nelson township, county of Halton, about two and a half miles north of Burlington. He is a pleasant gentleman to meet, and an excellent conversationalist. After a brief introduction he was asked if his wonderful recovery from inflammatory rheumatism was not exaggerated. “No,” he replied, “I do not consider it so, my case, while of no long duration, was unusually severe. Life is sweet at any price, all that a man hath will he give for his life, and when one’s life is fast ebbing out and all human skill to prevent it avails nothing! as those who endeavored to us by all the sacred ties of this life, watch hour after hour, night and day for months at your bedside and see the fatal end drawing near, I say in the midst of such despair, a kind Providence sends a new lease of life through Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills, and I am spared to enjoy life with my family, my health being perfectly restored. Is this not wonderful? Can you, sir, quote a reasonable price for such a blessing? Would it be human for me not to praise the remedy that cured me?”

At the request of the reporter Mr. Long related the story of his illness. “About the middle of last October, while I was barrelling some apples one wet, chilly day, I contracted a severe cold, and rheumatism immediately followed. At first I paid but little attention to the stiffness of my limbs or the pains of my body. But in a few days I was confined to my room. Mrs. Long had from the beginning applied several extensively advertised rheumatic remedies, without any result. Then they were dropped, and I was given into experienced hands for treatment, and for nearly two months all that medical science is master of did not give an hour’s relief. My mother and my wife were constant in their attendance upon me day and night. My body was poulticed and blistered until it was nearly cooked. Hot cloths and blankets by the score were wrapped around me for the purpose of giving relief to my tortured body. My legs were stiff and helpless and sore as bolts. The pains in my back and shoulders were most terrible. I could not move myself, my strength had entirely left, and whenever they attempted to turn my body, which had to be done by the use of sheets or blankets, it caused great suffering. It seemed as though I would have to give up the battle for life; for daily I was growing weaker and my condition worse. There was not even a ray of hope, except that it might be said that while there is life there is hope. After two months of such untold suffering, we learned that a cousin of mine who had been afflicted by inflammatory rheumatism for about fifteen years was being cured by taking Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills. My wife immediately procured some, and in spite of all advice to the contrary insisted that I should take them. She discontinued all other remedies and administered the pills.

In about a week’s time my condition began to improve, and in the following two weeks improvement was more noticeable. I continued the use of the Pink Pills and gained in strength and flesh. The use of my limbs was restored. My health is now as good as ever it was, without even a trace of my recent sickness. There is no doubt but that I owe my life to Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills.”

Mr. Long’s parents were both present, a venerable looking old couple, who have lived in the County of Halton for a number of years. They cheerfully bore witness to what had been said, adding that these pills were the most wonderful remedy of the age. When all else failed they had saved their son’s life.

We next sought an interview with Mr. Long’s cousin and were rewarded with unqualified proof of the facts that she had been a helpless cripple for many years from inflammatory rheumatism. The very best physicians in the province had treated her without success, and her case was pronounced a hopeless one. She is now almost entirely cured through the use of Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills. The family, however, were not willing that the case should be made prominent by publicity. Should there be any “doubting Thomases,” they can secure the lady’s name and all the particulars by addressing the office of The Templar.

On returning to the village of Burlington we sought an interview with Mr. Frank McGuire, whom we had been told had been a great sufferer from asthma. Mr. McGuire is very well known throughout this section of the country. He is a typical son of “Old Ireland,” having been born in Dublin in the year 1841, and came to Canada 1860. Mr. McGuire told his story as follows:—“It is not less than seventeen years since I became afflicted with asthma. Of course it was not so serious at first, but three or four years later it became chronic. As is the case generally when a fellow is ailing, he is always ready to try what is most recommended. Sure, sir, there are scores of remedies thrust upon an innocent public, that would not cure a fellow half as much as a good coat of Dublin whitewash. Well, sir, I want to tell you that fifteen years my sufferings had not been relieved by any preparation or treatment that I have used. I have travelled from ocean to ocean, from north to south in search of health or relief. Nights have been like months. I remember when I was living for a short time with Mr. C. E. Kerns, in this county, my disease was very bad. I could not lie down, and had to rest sitting up. My continual efforts in gasping for breath, together with the hawking and spitting, disturbed the house. It seemed as though all mortals on earth I was the most miserable. Night after night I sat in a chair choking and gasping for breath, any ambition to live longer would fall me, and death with all its terrors would have been welcomed. Really, sir, for many years I have not cared whether I lived or died. My life was one of continual suffering and wretchedness. Some months ago a friend called to see me. I was astonished to meet him, for he had been suffering from inflammatory rheumatism for years. He told me that Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills had cured him. I immediately procured some, and they have been the greatest blessing of my life. Instead of being compelled to sit behind the stove all night in a chair, suffering and disturbing the entire household, I now retire to my room as others do, and sleep sweet, fresh and sound. My health is wonderfully improved and my appetite good. Altogether I am just about twenty years younger than I was three months ago. My friends are astonished at my wonderful improvement. Why, sir, I feel like a new man, and it is all due to Pink Pills. I wish to give the proprietors of Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills an honest testimonial of the great value of this medicine.”

Mr. T. A. LePatourel, druggist, was next seen. He said he was very well acquainted with Mr. McGuire, and knew of his many years of suffering. He had sold him Pink Pills and was delighted to see such a miraculous change in his health and appearance for the better. “Is there much demand for Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills here?” asked the reporter. “Yes,” was the reply, “the demand is both steady and increasing. I sell a very large number.”

Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus’ dance, rheumatism, neuralgia, the after effects of influenza, influenza and severe colds, nervous headache, the nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom. These pills arising from humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. As a remedy for building anew the blood, enabling the system to successfully resist disease. Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills stand known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving a rosy, healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. 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 trade mark (printed in red ink) 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 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 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.

The Ladies’ Home Journal.

Mr. Howells is most certainly to be congratulated upon the felicity of description, and cleverness of expression, with which he is depicting the Bohemian artist life of New York City in his latest novel, “The Coast of Bohemia.” This charming story is one of the most noticeable of the many features of the March Ladies’ Home Journal. Miss Dickens’ reminiscences of her famous father are made particularly interesting by some touching allusions to his visit to the United States. Miss Harriet Ogden Morrison, the American expert on ecclesiastical embroideries, contributes several original designs for Advent and Lenten church hangings, as well as several suggestions for funeral palls. Edward W. Bok discusses the problem “Does Poetry Pay?” and John Lam-

bert Payne gives a delightful essay on “The Secret of Happy Marriages.” Mrs. Hamilton Mott gives in detail a description hostesses. “Afternoon Tea,” from which much practical information may be gleaned by intending hostesses. Lucy Hamilton Hooper contributes a sketch, with portrait, of “The First Lady of France,” Madame Carnot, and Grace Wassell is equally happy in her delineation of “The Author of Bottles, Baby.” Women who know little of the exigencies of business life, and women who have money to invest, will find the article on “Bank Rules and Requirements” and “Investment in Stocks and Bonds of great value. The children are remembered in a full page of Palmer Cox’s inimitable “Brownies,” and the young people with a trio of “Games for March’s Evenings.” A dainty love story, “Between Love and Creed,” by Sara Farr, illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens, and several pretty poems, will delight the hearts of all women, as will their aesthetic souls be pleased by Barnes-Bruce’s “Ideas in Artistic Needlework,” and Mrs. Mallon’s illustrated pages of “Special Styles in Bodices” and “Dainty Morning Gowns.” Miss Parloa discusses “The Division of the Family Income,” and Miss Hooper talks intelligently of the “Dressing of Unusual Figures.” Eben E. Rexford tells of the care of “Greenhouse and Window Plants,” Elizabeth Robinson Scott writes of how the children are to be cared for “Before They Go to School,” and Maude Haywood of “Modeling in Clay.” Altogether, the March Journal, with its artistic cover, and its admirable contents, cannot fail to please its monthly audience of many thousands. The Ladies’ Home Journal is published by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, for Ten Cents per number and One Dollar per year.

A VALUABLE HINT.

When you are attacked by cough or cold do not delay but commence at once to use Haggard’s Pectoral Balsam. This old standard remedy removes all irritation, loosens the phlegm, and heals the mucous surfaces, curing coughs and colds of all kinds.

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SOUVENIRS, 1893.

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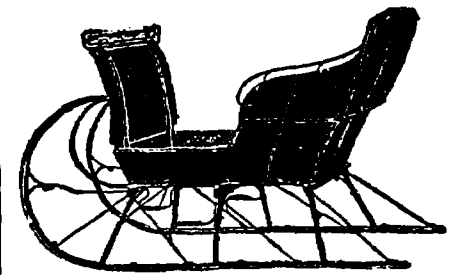
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LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

Dividend No. 113.

The Stockholders of La Banque du Peuple are hereby notified that a semi-annual dividend of Three per cent. for the last six months has been declared on the Capital Stock, and will be payable at the office of the Bank on and after Monday, the 6th March next. The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 28th February, both days inclusive. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier.
Montreal, 23th January, 1893. 20-4

LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.

NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of the Banque du Peuple will be held at the office of the Bank, St. James street, on Monday, the 6th March next, at 3 o’clock p.m., in conformity with the 18th and 17th clauses of the Act of Incorporation.

By order of the Board of Directors.
J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier.
Montreal, 23th January, 1893. 20-4

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