

## ANOTHER NEW YORK MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE AFFIDAVIT MADE BY  
A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

Afflicted with Locomotor Ataxia for  
Fifteen Years—Did Not Walk a Step  
for Five Years—Was Given Up by the  
Leading Physicians of New York City  
and Discharged from the Manhattan  
Hospital as Incurable—His Marvel-  
lous Recovery in Detail.

From the New York Tribune.

For some time there has been an increasing number of stories published in the newspapers of New York City, telling of marvelous cures of various diseases. So remarkable are many of the stories in their nature, that much doubt has been aroused in the minds of the masses as to their authenticity. If they are true in detail, surely the occupation of the physician is gone, and there is no reason why anyone should die of anything but old age. If they are not true, it would be interesting to know how such testimonials and statements are obtained. The first question that arises is, Are there any such persons? If so, were they really cured as stated, or are they liberally paid for the use of their names? The latter explanation is the one that no doubt suggests itself to the average thinking newspaper reader, and not without reason.

It has long been the intention of the Tribune to investigate one of the most interesting cases that could be found and give the truth to the world as a matter of news. An especially good opportunity for investigation offered itself in the shape of the following letter, which came into the hands of a reporter from a most reliable source:

February 22nd, 1893.

Gentlemen.—"I feel it my duty to inform you what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for me. I have been cursed with locomotor ataxia for fifteen years, and have been unable to walk without assistance for nearly five years. I was turned away from the Manhattan Hospital, Forty-first street and Park avenue, by Dr. Seguin, as incurable, and told I was in the last stages of the disease. I have been using the pills with water treatment since September last, and been improving since about November 1st. I can now go up and down stairs with the assistance of my wife, which is something I have not been able to do for the past three years. My pains have decreased, so I may now say they are bearable, and I expect by fall to be able to attend to business."

Yours,  
GEO. L'HOMMEDIEU,  
Sec'y Marchal & Smith Piano Co.  
Residence, 271 W. 134th St., New York City.

When the reporter called on Mr. George L'Homedieu, at the residence of his cousin, Mr. Edward Houghtaling, 271 W. 134th street, he found him resting on his bed; he had just finished some writing for the Marchal & Smith Piano Company, with whom he has been connected as secretary for ten years. He met the reporter with a hearty greeting and a grip of the hand that certainly did not show any signs of weakness or loss of power. To look at him no one would suppose that he had been afflicted for fifteen years with one of the most terrible diseases known to medical science and pronounced incurable by some of the best known physicians of New York City. He expressed his perfect willingness to give a statement of his case for publication.

"In fact," said Mr. L'Homedieu, "I feel it my duty to give my experience to the world for the benefit of my fellow-men and all those who may be suffering with the same affliction, many of whom, no doubt, have long ago abandoned all hopes of ever being relieved."

"I am 51 years of age, and was born in Hudson, N.Y. I served my time in the army, being corporal of Company A, 21st N.J. Volunteers, and I believe the exposure of army life was the seed from which has sprung all my sufferings. It has been about fifteen years since I noticed the first symptoms of my disease. The trouble began with pains in my stomach for which I could find no relief. I consulted Dr. Allen, of Yorkville, and also Dr. Pratt, since deceased, and with remarkable unanimity they pronounced it smokers' dyspepsia. This seemed

probable, for at that time I was a great smoker. The pains, however, gradually became more severe and began to extend to my limbs. The attacks came on at intervals of about a month, and while the paroxysms lasted I was in almost incredible misery.

I did not leave a single stone unturned in my search for relief, but grasped at every straw. Finally I was advised by Dr. Gill to go to the well-known specialist, Dr. Hamilton. He gave me a most thorough examination, having me stripped for a full half hour, and told me he could find no trace of any disease excepting one nerve of the eye. A year later my friend told me that Dr. Hamilton privately said that I had a very grave disease of the brain.

"My condition continued to grow more critical and I was barely able to walk when I went to the Manhattan Hospital, at 41st and Park avenue. I continued treatment there for six or eight months, under Dr. Seguin, who treated me chiefly with injections.

Here Mr. L'Homedieu pulled up his trouser leg and showed the reporter the scars of innumerable punctures; continuing, he said:

"I must confess I felt relief for the time being and gained some hope; urgent business matters, however, compelled me to give up the hospital treatment, and it was but a short time until I was as bad as ever. From this on I grew rapidly worse. The pains were more intense, my legs were numb, and I felt I was growing weaker every day. I returned to the hospital, and this time was under treatment by Dr. Seguin. He treated me for about three months, and then, for the first time, I was told that I had locomotor ataxia and was beyond the aid of medical science. Dr. Seguin also told my wife that there was no hope for me in the world and to expect my death at any time. I was now a complete physical wreck; all power, feeling and color had left my legs, and it was impossible for me to feel the most severe pinch, or even the thrust of a needle.

"If my skin was scratched there would be no flow of blood whatever, and it would take it fully six weeks to heal up. In the night I would have to feel around to find my legs. My pains were excruciating and at times almost unbearable. I would take large doses of morphine to deaden the pains and he nearly dead the next day from its effects. About five years ago I learned that Dr. Cicot, of Paris, claimed to have discovered a relief for locomotor ataxia in suspending the body by the neck; the object being to stretch the spine. I wrote to Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, of 285 5th Ave., about the matter, and at his request called to see him.

"He was so interested in my case that he made a machine, or rather a harness for me, free of charge. It was fitted with pads and straps to fit under the chin and at the back of the neck, and in this position, I would be suspended from the floor twice a day. Although I received no benefit from this treatment, I shall always feel grateful to Dr. Sayre for his great interest and kindness.

"So severe had my case become by this time that I could not walk without assistance, and was almost ready to give up life. I had a great number of friends who were interested in my case, and whenever they read anything pertaining to locomotor ataxia, they would forward it to me with the hope that it would open the way to relief.

"It was in this way that I first learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. A. C. James, of the well-known piano firm of James & Holstern, 335 E. 21st St., with whom I had business connections, read in the Albany Journal of a case of locomotor ataxia that had been cured by Pink Pills. Mr. James showed me the statement and urged me to give the pills a trial. I confess I did not have the least faith in their efficacy, but finally consented to try them. I sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. for my first supply in September last. I took them rather irregularly at first with the cold water treatment. In a very short time I was convinced that I was getting better and I began the use of the pills in earnest, taking about one box every five days.

"The first sign of improvement was in November, 1892, when I had a rush of blood to the head and feet causing a stinging and pricking sensation. Feb. 22nd, 1893, was the first time in five years I had ever seen any sign of life in my feet. From this time on I began to improve. My strength and appetite

have gradually returned; I now have perfect control of my bowels, and the pains have gradually left me. I can sit and write by the hour and walk up stairs by balancing myself with my hands. Without doubt I am a new man from the ground up, and I have every reason to believe that I will be hale and hearty in less than six months."

GEORGE L'HOMMEDIEU,  
JENNIE E. L'HOMMEDIEU.

Sworn to before me this Eleventh day of March, 1893.

H. E. MELVILLE,  
Commissioner of Deeds,  
New York City.

[SEAL]

Any one having heard Mr. L'Homedieu's narrative could not for a moment doubt its entire truthfulness, but such a remarkable story is likely to be doubted by a sceptical public, and as a safeguard against even a shadow of doubt, a Notary Public was called in and both Mr. and Mrs. L'Homedieu made affidavits to the truth of the statement.

Still greater force is added to the story by the fact that Mr. L'Homedieu is widely known in business circles. His long connection with the well-known piano firm of Marchal & Smith, 235 E. 21st street, has brought him in touch with some of the best known business men in New York and other large cities, and in his case has created wide-spread interest.

The reporter next called on Mr. Robert W. Smith, a member of the firm of Marchal & Smith. Mr. Smith was found at his desk busily engaged, but when the reporter mentioned Mr. L'Homedieu's name, and stated the nature of his call, Mr. Smith cheerfully gave the following information with but little questioning on the part of the reporter.

"I have known Mr. George L'Homedieu for twenty years and always found him a most estimable gentleman, a business man of great energy. He became connected with our firm as secretary in 1879, and attended strictly to his office duties until 1881, when he was stricken down with his trouble. I distinctly recall the day when he was taken with his first spasm, and we had to send him to his home in a carriage. Even when he lost control of his legs, so great was his interest in business affairs that he would drive to the office and direct the work he had in charge. As the disease advanced he was obliged to succumb and reluctantly gave up his office work. From that time on his sufferings were almost incredible, and yet, so great was his fortitude, that he bore them without a murmur. I know that he tried various physicians and their treatments without the least success, and he states that he was finally discharged from the Manhattan Hospital, and told that he was in the last stages of locomotor ataxia and was beyond the hope of human aid. About six months ago, or so, he was advised by Mr. James to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, with the cold water treatment. He commenced to take Pink Pills about September last, though not regularly. For like myself, he had very little faith in proprietary medicines, and was very sceptical about their merits. So great was his improvement that he was entirely converted and commenced to take the pills as directed. The last time I saw Mr. L'Homedieu he had gained the use of his limbs to such an extent that he could walk up stairs with the help of his wife, and is now doing much important work for us at his home."

ROBT. W. SMITH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Eleventh day of March, 1893.

[SEAL] W. H. WOODHULL,  
Notary Public, New York County.

When asked to make affidavit to the story he smiled, but expressed his perfect willingness to do so, if it would induce any poor sufferer to follow the same road that led Mr. L'Homedieu to relief. After securing the affidavit of Mr. Smith, the reporter called on Mr. A. C. James, who has offices and warerooms in the same building. Mr. James has known Mr. L'Homedieu for a number of years, and was able to verify all the above facts.

"The last time I saw Mr. L'Homedieu, which was two months ago," said Mr. James, "he was able to walk with his wife's assistance. This I consider remarkable, for I remember when he had to be carried from one chair to another. I was one of those who helped to suspend him with the arrangement made by Dr. Sayre and I never knew

anyone to suffer more than he did at that time. I understand that Mr. L'Homedieu has taken nothing but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills since last September, he has improved rapidly since he commenced their use, and I believe his condition is due to their good qualities."

Still on investigation bent, the reporter interviewed one of the leading wholesale drug dealers of New York City, and elicited the following facts about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vital humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of whatever nature.

Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred, and the public is 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 makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Distance that lends no enchantment—  
Distance of manner.

HE LOVED  
good bread, pie,  
and pastry, but his  
stomach was delicate.

SHE LOVED  
to cook, but was  
tired and sick of the  
taste and smell of lard.  
She bought Cottolene,  
(the new shortening) and

THEY LOVED

more than ever, be-  
cause she made better  
food, and he could eat it  
without any unpleasant  
after effect. Now  
THEY ARE HAPPY in  
having found the BEST,  
and most healthful short-  
ening ever made—  
COTTOLENE.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,  
Wellington and Ann Streets,  
MONTREAL.

Castor Fluid Registered. A delight-  
fully refreshing prepara-  
tion for the hair. It  
should be used daily.  
Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff,  
promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing  
for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY A.  
GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Mon-  
treal.