

A CHATHAM MIRACLE.

DR. CARL VERRINDER'S VICISSITUDES OF
TORTURE AND OF HEALTH.*He Survives Them all, and Recounts
His Wonderful Deliverance from
Poverty and Death, and His Restora-
tion to Prosperity and Vigour of
Mind and Body—Good Words for
the A.O.U.W.*

Chatham Planet.

In a Raleigh street residence there lives with wife and one child—a little ten year old daughter—a musician known throughout Ontario, if not the whole Dominion, as a prince among pianists, organists and choir masters—a veritable maestro and “Wizard of the Ivory Keys,” and no one who has ever listened to his manipulation of the great organ in the Park Street Methodist Church, or heard him evoke “magic music’s mystic melody” from the magnificent Decker Grand in his own drawing-room, but will declare that his eminence is well deserved, and his peers can be but few among the professors of the Divine Art. The door plate bears the following inscription:—

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

DR. CARL LEO VERRINDER,
Director.

To sit, as did a Planet reporter a few days ago, in a very atmosphere of sweet harmony, created by Dr. Verrinder’s magician-like touch, was an experience that might well be envied, and one calculated to inspire the most sentimental reveries. But sentimental moods finally vanish and leave one facing the sober and practical side of life. The music ceased and the conversation took a turn leading to the real object of the reporter’s call.

“There are stories abroad,” said the newspaper man, “regarding some extraordinary deliverance from death, which you have met with recently, doctor. Would you object to stating what foundation there is for them, and, if any, furnish me with the true facts for publication?” Dr. Verrinder shrugged his shoulders and laughed. “I have not,” he replied, “been given to seeking newspaper notoriety, and at fifty-five years of age it is not likely I shall begin, and yet,” said the professor after thinking a moment and consulting Mrs. Verrinder, “perhaps it is best that I should give you the circumstances for use in the Planet. The story of my rescue from the grave might fittingly be prefaced by a little of my early history. We resided in England, where, though I was a professor of music, I was not dependent on my art, as I had acquired a competence. My wife was an heiress, having £50,000 in her own right. Through the rascality of a broker she was robbed almost of all her fortune, while, by the Bank of Glasgow failure, my money vanished forever. It became necessary for me then to return to my profession in order to live. I do not speak of it boastfully, but I stood well among the musicians of that day in the old land. My fees were a guinea a lesson, and it was no uncommon thing for me to give twenty in a day. We came to America, landing in Quebec, where I anticipated getting engagement as organist in the cathedral, but was disappointed. Subsequently we moved to St. Catharines, in which city I procured an organ and choir, and soon had a large clientele. Later,

in order as I thought to better my fortune, I took up my residence in London, first filling an engagement with a Methodist church and afterwards accepting the position of organist in St. Peter’s Cathedral. In those cities I made many warm friends, and their tributes and gifts I shall ever retain as among the most precious of my possessions. It was while living in London and pursuing my art with much earnestness and labour that I received a stroke of paralysis. Perhaps, here the speaker rose and stretching himself to his full height, thus displaying his well-built and well-nourished frame—“I do not look like a paralytic. But the truth is I have had three strokes—yes, sir, first, second and third, and they say the third is fatal, ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Yet here you see before you a three-stroke victim, and a man who feels, both in body and mind, as vigorous as he ever did in his life. My ultimate cure I attribute to my testing the virtues of a medicine whose praise I shall never cease sounding as long as I live, and which I shall recommend to suffering humanity as I am now constantly doing, while I know of a case and can reach the ear of the patient. After removing to Chatham I had not long been here when my health further began to give way. Gradually I noticed the change. I felt it first and most strongly in a stomach affection which produced constant and distressing nausea. It grew worse and worse; I myself attributed it to bad water poisoning my system. One doctor said it was catarrh of the stomach. Another pronounced it diabetes, still another a different diagnosis. I kept on doctoring, but getting no relief. I tried one medicine after another, but it was no use. Grippe attacked me and added to my pain, discomfort and weakness. At last I took to my bed, and it seemed that I was never going to get well. Nothing of a nourishing nature would remain on my stomach. No drugs seemed to have a counter-acting influence on the disease which was dragging me down to death. My wife would sit at my bedside and moisten my lips with diluted spirits which was all that could be done to relieve me. Besides three local doctors who gave me up, I had doctors from London and Kingston whose skill I believed in and to whom I paid heavy fees, but without receiving any help or encouragement. It is true that a stomach pump operation afforded temporary relief, but yet I felt that my peculiar case needed some special and particular compound or remedial agent which I knew not of. But, at last, thank God, I discovered it. I had been for eighteen months a miserable wreck, unable to work, unable to eat or to sleep properly. My means were becoming exhausted. My poor wife was worn out in body and spirit. Suddenly the deliverer came! Pink Pills! Yes sir! Pink Pills—God bless their inventor or discoverer!—have rescued me from the jaws of death and miraculously made me what you see me to-day, hearty, happy, with a splendid appetite, a clear brain, a capacity for work and an ability to sleep sound and refreshing sleep—a boon that only a man who has experienced the terrors of insomnia can rightly appreciate. Bear in mind, my friend, I am no wild enthusiast over the supposed merits of this medicine. I have tested the virtues of Pink Pills and am ready to take oath to their efficacy. No one could shake my faith in them; because what a man has thoroughly proved in his own experience, and what he has had confirmed in the experience of others—I have prescribed the pills to other sick persons and know what extraordinary good they have effected in their cases—he ought to be convinced is so. I shall tell you how I came to try them. A fellow member of the A. O. U. W., the brethren of which order had been more than kind to me during my illness, recommended Pink Pills. I knew nothing about what they were or what they could accomplish. In fact, I am rather a sceptic on what are termed ‘proprietary remedies.’ But I started to take Pink Pills for Pale People, made by the Dr. Williams’ Medicine Co., Brockville. From the very first, one at a dose, I began to mend, and before I had taken more than a box or two I knew that I had found the right remedy and that to the Pink Pills I owed my life. In nine months I have taken twelve boxes—just six dollars’ worth. Think of it, my friend! Hundreds of dollars for other treatment, and only six dollars for what has made a man of me and set me again on the highway of health and prosperity. There is some subtle, life-giving principle in Pink Pills which I do not attempt to fathom. I only knew like the blind man of old: ‘Once I was blind; now I can see!’ God, in the mystery of His providence, directed my brother of the A. O. U. W. to me. I took it. I live and rejoice in my health and strength. I have no physical malady, saving a slight stiffness in my leg due to grippe. I feel as well as in my palmiest days. My prospects are good. All this I gratefully attribute to the virtues of Pink Pills for Pale People, and now my story is done!” as the nursery ballad runs. If anybody should ask confirmation of this tale of mine let him write to me and I shall cheerfully furnish it. The Pink Pills were my rescuer and I’ll be their friend and advocate while I live!”

The reporter finally took his leave of Dr. Verrinder, but not without the professor entertaining him to another piano treat, a symphony played with faultless execution and soulful interpretation of the composer’s thought.

Calling upon Messrs. A. E. Pilkey & Co., the well known druggists, the reporter ascertained Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills have an enormous sale in Chatham, and that from all quarters come glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. In fact Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—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 resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams’ Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are 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 make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

PROBABLY the first records of lake dwellings were made in Ireland, where this method of habitation has been in existence from remote periods to comparatively recent times. There is documentary evidence that some of the Irish crannies were in existence and occupied in the time of Elizabeth. They were usually approached in canoes, and were not connected with the shore by a gangway. In Scotland a large number of similar structures have been discovered. Dr. Robert Monro has ventured an opinion that the original British Celts, who were probably the builders of the lake dwellings, were an offshoot of the founders of the Swiss lake dwellings, who emigrated to Britain and spread northwards and westwards over Scotland and Ireland.—J. W. Davies, in *Natural Science*.

TAKE HOOD’S and only HOOD’S, because HOOD’S Sarsaparilla CURES. It possesses merit peculiar to itself. Try it yourself.

THE MISTAKE OF INDOOR LIFE.—“Basking in the Sun” is in itself of real and considerable benefit, and it is no compliment to our human intelligence to find that cats and dogs understand that fact much better than we do. Even the “blue glass” craze had a truth underlying it, and owed such success as it achieved to the proportion of sunlight which penetrated its coloured medium. The love of sunshine is naturally one of our strongest instincts, and we should be far healthier and happier if we followed and developed it instead of practically ignoring and repressing it. How a sparkling, sunny morning exhilarates us and makes us feel that “it’s too fine a day to spend indoors,” and yet how few holidays are taken for that reason. The wealth of the sunbeams is poured out lavishly all around us, and we turn from it to struggle for a few pitiful handfuls of something else that is yellow and shining, but not half so likely to bring us happiness, and often has strange, red spots upon it. Give nature a chance, and we shall find that there is more than a mere fanciful connection between natural sunlight and that “sunny” disposition, which, after all, is the true “philosopher’s stone.”—Woods Hutchinson, M.D., in *North American Review* for August.

HAVE YOU READ how Mr. W. D. Wentz, of Geneva, N.Y., was cured of the severest form of dyspepsia? He says everything he ate seemed like pouring melted lead into his stomach. Hood’s Sarsaparilla effected a perfect cure. Full particulars will be sent if you write C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE highest praise has been won by Hood’s Pills for their easy, yet efficient action.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents, I have used your MINARD’S LINIMENT in my family for some years and believe it the best medicine in the market, as it does all it is recommended to do.

Canaan Forks, N. B. DANIEL KIERSTEAD.

John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs us that he was cured of a very severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD’S LINIMENT.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE SMALL BOY.—Now is the season when the ubiquitous small boy fills himself with green plums and greener apples, and bolts half-ripe cherries, seeds and all. His voracity almost invariably leads to Cramps, Diarrhoea, or Dysentery, and the family hearthstone resounds with his lamentations. If his parents are prudent people, they will have a bottle of PERRY DAVIS’ PAIN KILLER ready for such summer emergencies, and a spoonful of this great specific will bring the young scamp around all right. Druggists will sell it. Only 25c. per bottle new large size.



Emma J. Frederick

Our Baby

Was a beauty, fair, plump and healthy. But when two years old *Scorfula Humor* spread over her head, neck and forehead down into her eyes, one great sore, *itching and burning*. Hood’s Sarsaparilla gave her new life and appetite. Then the humor subsided, the *itching and burning* ceased, and the sores entirely healed up. She is now perfectly well. I. W. FREDERICK, Danforth street, near Crescent ave., Cypress Hill, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOOD’S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, biliousness, nausea, sick headache, indigestion.

ADEN, at the mouth of the Red Sea, is no longer considered the hottest place on the earth. Scinde, an Indian province, and Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, are said to be places of “fiery heat,” and the Russians claim that there are places in Central Asia where the heat is still more terrible. At Bushire, under peculiar circumstances, of course, 180 degrees have been recorded. At times the coolest place in Shikarpur shows a heat of 140 degrees. At Sukkur, India, the lowest temperature is ninety-seven degrees, and when the Suk (a hot wind from the desert) blows, “all life withers.” But the worst of all desert winds is the Bad-i-Simoon, which not only kills everything in its path, but actually burns up tissue and cartilage, so that the limbs can be torn asunder. In the United States, on the borders of California, Arizona and Mexico, 130 and 140 are considered quite common. According to one authority 120 may be regarded as the temperature of the hottest climates in the world—when no wind blows.

AN AUSTRALIAN IRON MOUNTAIN.—Forty miles from Port Augusta, Spencer’s Gulf, South Australia, is an immense deposit of iron, reaching a height of some 800 feet above the level of the plain, which promises in point of extent and quality to eclipse any of the wonderful “mountains of iron” which from time to time are discovered in the United States. The Colonial ferrous elevation, which has been appropriately christened the Iron Monarch, was, it seems, acquired two or three years ago by a syndicate, not for the iron which it might produce, but for the silver which, experts believed, must lie under the ferric surface. The sanguine expectations of the company were, however, never destined to be realized. The Iron Monarch soon showed that it was not going to belie its name, and that its superficial show was an accurate reflex of its interior—in short, that it was never intended by nature, as its anxious explorers have fondly imagined, to prove a rival to the famous Broken Hill. It is nevertheless probable that the Iron Monarch will, in course of time, become as great an iron-mine, or rather quarry, as the celebrated hill in New South Wales with the disreputable title is a silver-mine, which is equivalent to saying that it will eventually be the largest iron-mine in the world. At present the owners of the Iron Monarch are undecided with respect to the probable best markets for their ore, which is said to assay from 95 to 97 per cent. of iron oxide. But negotiations are in progress, and the full development of this remarkable mine is apparently within measurable distance of consummation.—*Iron*.

Minard’s Liniment for Rheumatism.

“August Flower”

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Henry Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Minard’s Liniment is the Best.