

**AN OPEN LETTER**

FROM A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

**A Remarkable Cure of Consumption In Its Last Stages—Is This Once Dread Disease Conquered?—Important Facts to all Suffering from Diseased or Weak Lungs**

ELMWOOD, Ont., Aug. 31st, 1894.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to call your attention to a remarkable cure of consumption. In March, 1893, I was called in my professional capacity to see Miss Christina Koester of North Brant, who was then suffering from an attack of inflammation of the left lung. The attack was a severe one, the use of the lung being entirely gone from the effect of the disease. I treated her for two weeks, when recovery seemed assured. I afterwards heard from her at intervals that the progress of recovery was satisfactory. The case then passed from my notice until June, when I was again called to see her, her friends thinking she had gone into consumption. On visiting her I found their suspicions too well founded. From robust health she had wasted to a mere skeleton, scarcely able to walk across the room. She was suffering from an intense cough and expectoration of putrid matter, in fact about a pint each night. There was a burning hectic fever with chills daily. A careful examination of the previously diseased lung showed that its function was entirely gone, and that in all probability it was entirely destroyed. Still having hopes that the trouble was due to a collection of water around the lung I asked for a consultation, and the following day with a prominent physician of a neighboring town again made a careful examination. Every symptom and physical sign indicated the onset of rapid consumption and the breaking down of the lungs. Death certainly seemed but a short time distant. A regretful experience had taught me the uselessness of the ordinary remedies used for this dread and fatal disease, and no hope was to be looked for in this direction. I had frequently read the testimonials in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in wasting diseases, but not knowing their composition hesitated to use them. Finally, however, I decided to give them a trial, and I am free to say that I only used them at a stage when I knew of absolutely nothing else that could save the patient's life. The test was a most severe one and I must also admit an unfair one, as the patient was so far gone as to make all hope of recovery seem impossible. A very short time, however, convinced me of the value of Pink Pills. Although only using an ordinary soothing cough mixture along with the pills, within a week the symptoms had abated so much that it was no longer necessary for me to make daily calls. Recovery was so rapid that within a month Miss Koester was able to drive to my office, a distance of about six miles, and was feeling reasonably well, except for weakness. The expectoration had ceased, the cough was gone and the breathing in the diseased lung was being restored. The use of the Pink Pills was continued until the end of October, when she ceased to take the medicine, being in perfect health. I still watched her case with deep interest, but almost a year has now passed and not a trace of her illness remains. In fact she is as well as ever she was and no one would suspect that she had ever been ailing, to say nothing of having been in the clutches of such a deadly disease as consumption. Her recovery through the use of Pink Pills after having reached a stage when other remedies were of no avail is so remarkable that I feel myself justified in giving the facts to the public, and I regret that the composition of the pills is not known to the medical profession at large in order that their merit might be tested in many more diseases and their usefulness be thus extended. I intend giving them an extended trial in the case of consumption, believing from their action in this case, (so well marked) that they will prove a curative in all cases where a cure is at all possible—I mean before the lungs are entirely destroyed.

Yours truly,  
J. EVANS, M.D.,

The Dr. William's Medicine Co.,  
Brockville, Ont.

"I believe the jury have been innoculated with stupidity," said the barrister. "That may be," replied his opponent. "but the jury are of opinion that you had it in the natural way."

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IN OTHER DAYS.

A venerable Irish priest, of holy life, who had a wide experience in the sacred ministry, once declared that "in his time," when sermons were always either clear explanations of the great truths of the Gospel or earnest exhortations to the practice of the Christian life, when books, though comparatively scarce, were of the order of the "Imitation" and the "Spiritual Combat," devotions few and simple, the number of apostates was small and solid piety flourished everywhere. We can believe it. Oh for the noble simplicity of earlier ages, when the truths of the Gospel were brought home to every heart, and the energies of every life were directed mainly to the observance of the teaching of Christ's Sermon on the Mount!

A FEW TIMELY HINTS.

A basket of charcoal in a damp cellar will absorb odors and keep the air pure. It is essential, particularly at this season, to keep the sponges clean and sweet.

Castor oil applied to warts once a week, for from two to six weeks, will remove them.

Use a little ox gall and no alkali in washing black stockings. Dry them quick in the house.

Meat should never be placed directly upon ice, as its juices will be absorbed; put it on a plate and set it in a cool place.

If dish-towels and clothes are boiled up in water with ammonia every second day there will be less trouble with sticky dishes.

A piece of chamois, fitted to the heel, bound on edges with tape and kept in place by an elastic worn over the stocking, will save much mending.

WIT AND HUMOR.

HAPPY BRIDEGROOM.—"Waiter, I want a dinner for two."

Waiter—"Vill ze lady and gentleman haf table d'note or la carte?"

Happy Bridegroom—(generous to a fault, but weak in French)—"Bring us some of both, and put lots of gravy on 'em."

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher," etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

EIGHT MINUTES YET—A dude, while walking the streets lately, met a little boy who asked him the time. "Ten minutes to nine," says the dude. "Well," says the boy, "at nine o'clock get your hair cut;" and he took to his heels and ran, the dude after him, when, turning a corner, the dude came in contact with a policeman. The dude, very much out of breath, said: "You see that young urchin running along there? He asked me the time. I told him ten minutes to nine and he said, 'At nine o'clock get your hair cut.'" "Well," says the policeman, "what are you running for? You've eight minutes yet."

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The following was clipped from Harper's Bazaar of June 20, 1868, by a correspondent in the "Catholic Review."

The following beautiful incident may teach a lesson of trust to all, as well as show what loving reliance children have in those who have never deceived them:

Some time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the gentleman who found him.

"Waiting for God to come for me," he said.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tones of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eyes and flushed face he saw the evidences of fever.

"God sent for mother and father and little brother," he said, "and took them away to his home up in the sky; and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home; nobody to give me anything; and so I came out here and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion; "He has sent me to take care of you."

The child's eye flashed, and a smile of triumph breaking over his face, he said:

"Mother never told a lie Sir; but you have been so long on the way."

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