

From the *Colonies and India* we learn that Sir William Windeyer, the eminent Sydney judge, writing to Mr. Patchett Martin on the subject of that gentleman's "Life and Letters of Lord Sherbrooke," states that "all the copies of the book that first came out were bought up so quickly that it was difficult to get one, and every one competent to judge of its merits speaks highly of it." Sir William also informs Mr. Martin that on the political re-division of New South Wales, under the new Electoral Act of 1893, the name "Sherbrooke" has been given to one of the electorates—a compliment paid to no other English statesman.

The *Regina Leader* of 1st March celebrates the anniversary of its 12th year, in an able retrospective article which reflects great credit on the statesman-like work done for the North West by its founder, editor and proprietor, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P. Two portraits of Mr. Davin are given. What that of to-day lacks in the youthful vivacity, the sparkle of the eye, the curl of the hair of the earlier portrait is more than compensated for by the calm and resolute expression of the latter, betokening increased strength of character and resoluteness of will. It goes without saying that in the triple capacity of litterateur, publicist and legislator, Mr. Davin has few if any peers and certainly no superior in the Dominion of Canada.

Colonies and India has the following interesting note of the man of mark in South Africa: "Mr. Rhodes has aged more in the past four months than in the preceding four years, writes a Cape Town correspondent who saw him upon his return from Bulawayo the other day. He is thin and haggard to a degree telling of long and toilsome travel of body, and probably quite as tiresome travail of mind. To judge by appearances, he was wearing the same suit of clothes as when he left Cape Town for the north in September. His hair has gone grey to a marked degree, and he bears every evidence of being tired out. It was not until he began to speak that the true Rhodes came out, and then there was no mistaking him. His eye lit up, his form became erect, and his voice had a ring in it which spoke of work done and a mind made up as to future action."

The Methodist Book and Publishing House of Toronto are about to bring out a second edition of McIlwraith's "Birds of Ontario." This new edition has been carefully revised and enlarged, and will present a concise account of every species of bird known to have been found in Ontario (316 in all), with a description of their nests and eggs. Mr. McIlwraith has added to the new book "instructions for collecting birds and preparing and preserving skins," also "directions how to form a collection of eggs." The publishers are embellishing the volume with numerous illustrations, distributed over some 420 pages of letterpress. This should prove a most attractive and useful edition of a very creditable Canadian work. The same firm also announce a new book by "Pansy," entitled "Wanted," which latter book will appear in the Canadian copyright edition of that authoress' works.

A FARMER'S SON TORTURED.

CONFINED TO THE HOUSE FOR MONTHS AND UNABLE TO WALK.

A Sensational Story From the Neighborhood of Cooksville—The Father Tells How His Son Obtained Release—What a Prominent Toronto Druggist Says.

From the *Toronto News*.

Four miles from the village of Cooksville, which is 15 miles west of Toronto on the Credit Valley division of the C.P.R., on what is known as the "Centre Road," is the farm of Thomas O'Neil. In the village and for miles around he is known as a man always ready to do a kindness to anyone who stands in need of it. Because of this trait in his character,

whatever affects himself or his household is a matter of concern to the neighbors generally. So it happened that when his eldest son, William O'Neil, was stricken down last spring, and for months did not go out of the door, those living in the vicinity were all aware of the fact and frequent inquiries were made regarding the young man. When after suffering severely for some three months, young O'Neil reappeared sound and well his case was the talk of the township. Nor was it confined to the immediate vicinity of Cooksville, as an outer ripple of the tale reached the *News*, but in such an indefinite shape that it was thought advisable to send a reporter to get the particulars of the case, which proved to be well worth publishing in the public interest. On reaching Cooksville the reporter found no difficulty in locating the O'Neil farm, and after a drive of four or five miles the place was reached. Mr. O'Neil was found at the barn attending to his cattle, and on being made aware of the reporter's mission told the story in a straightforward manner. He said: "Yes it is true my boy has had a remarkable experience. I was afraid he wasn't going to get better at all, for the doctor did him no good. At the time he was taken ill he was working for a farmer a couple of miles from here, and for a time last spring he did a lot of work on the road, and while he was working at this there was a spell of cold wet weather, when it rained for nearly a week. He kept working right through the wet and he came home with his shoulders and wrists so sore that he couldn't work. He got gradually worse, the pains spreading from his shoulders and wrists to his hands and then to his legs, finally settling in his knees and ankles and feet, so that he couldn't stir at all some days. I sent for a doctor from Streetsville. He said the trouble was an attack of rheumatism, and although he kept visiting him every few days and giving medicine, it did not seem to do any good. The pains did not quit and the boy was suffering dreadfully. Why, when he would wake in the morning he couldn't stir a limb, but gradually during the day he would get a little easier so that he could sit up for awhile. His feet were swollen so much that he could not get on either boots or stockings. After he had been doctoring for nearly two months without getting a bit better, I concluded to try something else, so the next time I went to Toronto I got three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Hugh Miller's drug store. We followed the directions with the Pink Pills, but the first did not seem to do him any good, but he had scarcely begun the second box when he began to improve greatly, and by the time the third box was gone he was as well and sound as ever, and has not had a pain since. He is now working on a farm about six miles from Cooksville, and is as sound and hearty as any young man can be."

On his return to Toronto, the reporter called at the store of Messrs. Hugh Miller & Co., 167 King street east, to hear what that veteran druggist had to say about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He remembered Mr. O'Neil getting the Pink Pills, and on a second visit Mr. O'Neil had told him that Pink Pills had cured his son. Mr. Miller, in answer to a question as to how this preparation sold, said that of all the remedies known as proprietary medicines Pink Pills was the most popular. He said he sold more of these than he did of any other remedy he ever handled. This is a valuable testimony, coming from a man like Hugh Miller, who is

probably the oldest and most widely known druggist in Toronto. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. are to be congratulated on having produced a remedy which will give such results, and which can be vouched for by the best dealers in the province.

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 therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a health glow to pale and sallow complexion and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

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. 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, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

BANK NOTES AND BACTERIA.

It is said that two Viennese bacteriologists have been examining some bank-notes that have been in circulation for a few years, and estimated the number of microbes on them at 19,000 or more on each note. Besides a specific microbe, which has a deadly effect on animals "inoculated" with it, they are reported to have found eight pathogenic species, amongst them the bacilli of tuberculosis and diphtheria, and the streptococcus of erysipelas. It would be interesting to learn how many bacilli of the pathogenic sort could be found on some of the most freely circulated books of a lending library.

MUSCLES AND MUSCLE-BUILDING.

To the practical anatomist who may be said to know something about muscles, strong men in the "nude," afford an object study of no small attraction. Doubtless, in many cases, the exhibition of such splendid muscularity raises feelings in the anatomist of speculation and envy—of speculation with respect to the exact details associated with the attachment and insertions of the various muscles, of envy on account of the utter impossibility of his ever having the opportunity of satisfying his curiosity on these points. In the days, however, when criminals executed by the State had their bodies sent for dissection to the medical schools, occasionally a fine muscular subject would come under notice. One such man was dissected in St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical School many years ago. A noticeable feature in this case was the decussation of the fibres of the pectoral muscles under the sternum. *A propos*, however, of the subject of "strong men," Dr. Frank Lydston, of Chicago, contributes an interesting paper to an American contemporary on Sandow, whose name for feats of strength is well-known in this country. Sandow is now twenty-six years of age, and weighs upwards of thirteen stone. His height is 5 feet 8½ inches. The measurements which he claims are: Chest, 46 inches; waist, 29 inches; biceps, 19½ inches; thigh, 27 inches;