

M. FAURE has recently invented a process of producing aluminium, according to *Engineering*, by means of which he hopes to reduce its price to about 8d. or 9d. a pound. Briefly speaking, his proposed method consists in obtaining, in a cheap manner, aluminium chloride and decomposing it electrically. This decomposition can be effected with a smaller potential difference than can that of the fluoride most frequently used for preparing aluminium by electrolysis, and at the same time a valuable bye-product is formed in the chlorine liberated. It is said, however, that there are considerable difficulties in the way of making the proposed process a commercial success.—*Science*.

OPINIONS are being expressed by scientific workers in India, says *Nature*, in favour of the making of systematic experiments with snake poison. The Committee for the Management of the Calcutta Zoological Gardens are constructing, from private subscriptions, a snake-house with the most modern improvements, which will contain specimens of all the principal poisonous snakes in the country. If the necessary funds were available, arrangements could be made to fit up a small laboratory in connection with the snake house, for the purpose of conducting enquiries of all descriptions bearing upon the pathology of snake-bite and cognate subjects, and in future there would be no difficulty in arranging for the carrying out of any special experiments that might be required. It is understood that Dr. D. D. Cunningham, F.R.S., President of the Committee, would in that case be willing to take an active part in organizing and promoting such enquiries and carrying out such experiments, including the testing of the various alleged remedies for snake-bite, which are from time to time brought to notice.—*Science*.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA has the most MERIT.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA has won unequalled SUCCESS.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA accomplishes the greatest CURES.

Is it not the medicine for you?

CONSTIPATION is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

DURING 1891 the number of patents taken out in France amounted to 8,079, of which 90 related to telegraphic and telephonic apparatus, 199 to the generation of electricity, and 170 to the application of electricity.—*Electricity (New York)*.

JOSEPH RUBY, of Columbia, Pa., suffered from birth with scrofula humor, till he was perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsapilla.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Bosch's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Coughs, family as Bosch's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

ANOTHER HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Terrible Sufferings of Isaac W. Church from Paralysis.

Crushed by a Fall of Forty Feet—He Spends Months in a Hospital and is Discharged Only to Suffer Great Agony—Months Without Sleep and a Victim of Nervous Prostration—An Account of his Miraculous Cure as Investigated by a "Times" Reporter.

Hamilton Times, June 20th, 1892.

"In the spring of 1887, while working on a building in Liverpool," said Mr. Church, "a scaffold on which I was standing collapsed and I fell to the pavement, a distance of forty feet. Bruised and bleeding I was picked up and conveyed to the Northern Hospital, and not one of the doctors who attended me held out any hope for my ultimate recovery. The base of my spine seemed to be smashed into a pulp, and the efforts of the medical men were directed altogether towards relieving the terrible agony I suffered rather than towards curing my injuries. I had the constitution of an ox though," and the speaker threw out his chest and squared a pair of shoulders that would have done credit to a prince among athletes, "and as I seemed to have a tremendous grip on life the doctors took heart, and after remaining in that hospital forty weeks I was discharged as being as far recovered as I would ever be. For twenty-six weeks I had to lie in one position, and any attempt to place me on my back made me scream with pain. Through eighteen months after my discharge I was unable to do a stroke of work, and could with difficulty make my way about the house, and then only with the aid of crutches. Twice during that time I underwent operations at the hands of eminent surgeons, who were amazed at the fact of my being alive at all after they had been informed of the extent of my injuries. On the last occasion my back was cut open and it was discovered that the bones which had been shattered by my fall had, by process of time, completely overlapped each other, forming a knuckle that you see here," and Mr. Church showed the reporter a curious lump near the base of his spine. "All efforts to straighten those bones continued unavailing, and finally the doctors told me that in the course of a few months paralysis would set in and my troubles would be increased tenfold. Their predictions proved only too true, and before long I was in almost as bad a condition as ever. No tongue can tell the pain I suffered as the disease progressed, and eventually I decided to come to America. So in 1890 I closed up my affairs in England and on arriving in Halifax, so done up was I with the journey across the ocean, that I had to take to my bed and was kept a close prisoner for several weeks. Having a brother living at Moorfield, near Guelph, I with difficulty accomplished the journey there and tried to do some work. My utmost exertions could accomplish but little, however, and as the result of my trouble, nervous prostration, in its worst form, assailed me. I remember once being overtaken by a thunder-storm while about a mile away from the house, and while I was making my way there I fell no less than eight times, completely prostrated by particularly vivid flashes of lightning or heavy jars of thunder. About a year and a-half ago I came to this city and secured work at the Hamilton Forge Works, but before long had to quit, because I could not attend to my duties. I used to think that if I could only get a little sleep once in a while I would feel better, but even that boon was denied me. Night after night I tossed from side to side, and every time my back pressed the bed, the pain that shot through every limb was almost unbearable. The doctors prescribed chloral and bromide of potash, and for weeks I never thought of going to bed at night without having first taken powerful doses of either of these drugs. Towards the last these doses failed to have the desired effect, and I increased the size of them until I was finally taking thirty grains of potash and ten grains of chloral every night, enough to kill a horse. I became so weak that I could hardly get around, and my lower limbs shook like those of a palsied old man. When everything seemingly had failed me and I was about to give up what seemed a vain battle for life and health, my wife here read an account in one of the newspapers of John Marshall's wonderful cure by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had lost all faith in any medicine I resolved to try once more and accordingly procured a box of those little Pink Pills from Mr. Harrison, the druggist, and commenced to use them according to the directions. This was in October of last year. I had not taken them a week till I began to feel an improvement in my general health. In a month I slept every night like a baby. The pains left my back entirely, and by the beginning of the new year I could lie on my back for hours and never feel the slightest pain therefrom. Prior to taking the pills I suffered terribly with fits, many of them so severe that three or four men were required to hold me. The pills knocked those all out, though, and all the time I used them I did not have even the suspicion of a fit, and as for my weight, well, you will hardly believe it, but honestly, in that time I gained forty pounds. Well, to make a long story short, I went to work again a few months ago, this time in the Hamilton Nail Works, where I went as shipper, and I have worked steadily since the first day I went in. Last fall I was too weak to walk a mile, now I work from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., and my work is no child's play either, I can assure you. I handle about 500 kegs of nails every day, and each keg weighs one hundred pounds and has to be lifted a distance of from five to six feet. All my renewed strength I ascribe to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which I consider have worked wonders in my own case. For anyone troubled with nervousness, sleeplessness or loss of strength in any way, in my opinion there is nothing in existence like those pills for restoring people who are thus afflicted. Yield-

ing to the advice of friends, who claimed that my renewed health was not due to the Pink Pills, I quit using them for about a month, but the recurrence of those terrible fits warned me of my folly and I commenced using the pills again, and I will certainly never be without them in the house."

"Not if I know it, anyhow," remarked Mrs. Church. "I know only too well the good they have done you, and you would not have been anything like the man you are to-day if it had not been for those pills, and no one on earth knows better than I how greatly you have been helped, and not only you but others in the family who were thought to be going into a decline before they were restored by taking those pills."

Some of the particulars of the marvellous rescue of Mr. Church from a life of suffering having reached the public, a reporter of the *Times* thought it worth his while to investigate the matter for the benefit of other sufferers, and it was in response to his enquiries that the above remarkable story was narrated by Mr. Church. Taken in connection with the reports of other equally remarkable cures—the particulars of which have been published from time to time—it offers unquestioned proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People stand at the head of modern medical discoveries.

The neighbours generally were very outspoken in their astonishment at Mr. Church's miraculous cure, all who knew anything of his case having given him up months ago as rapidly approaching the portals of the great unknown. He looks far from that now though. His eye is as clear, his cheek as ruddy, and his step as steady as a youth in his teens. He was for seven years a member of the Life Guards, and for some time conducted a gymnasium in Liverpool. He expects to get back to his beloved athletic exercises this season, and is much elated at the success of his treatment.

The reporter then called upon Messrs. Harrison Bros., James street north, from whom Mr. Church had purchased the remedy, who further verified his statements. In reply to the enquiry by the reporter, "Do you sell many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Mr. James Harrison, of the firm, replied:—

"Well, yes; rather. A thousand boxes don't last long. You see our business is largely with men, women and girls employed in the big factories and mills in this locality, and the recommendations we hear from these people day after day, month after month, would indeed make the manufacturer of those wonderful little pellets think he was a benefactor of humanity. Several cases have come under my own notice of women, poor, tired-out, over-worked creatures, being made 'like unto new' by the use of these pills, and I see them passing to and from work daily and looking as though life was worth living and well worth it, too. In all my experience in the drug business I never saw anything like these pills," and Mr. Harrison related a number of cures that had come under his observation in addition to that of Mr. Church.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People 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 vitiated humours 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 a glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work 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 makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

PREPARE FOR SUMMER DISEASES.—If you have Cramps, if you have Colic, if you have Diarrhoea, or if you have any summer complaint—and you are more than likely to suffer in that way before the soft-crab season is over—buy a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, and secure instantaneous relief after one or two doses. In treating severe attacks of Cholera, bathe the bowels with the PAIN KILLER. Twenty drops of Mr. Davis' wonderful medicine will cure a child of the worst case of Colic. A bottle of the PAIN KILLER can be bought at any reputable drug-store. Price 25c., Big New Bottle.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever. JOSHUA WYNAUGHT. Bridgewater, N.S.

An alloy of 78 per cent. gold and 22 per cent. aluminium is the most brilliant known.—*Scientific American*.



Mr. Chas. N. Hauer

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent to all who address

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

"Of late years a considerable, and perhaps a disproportionate, amount of attention," says *Lancet*, "has been devoted to the scientific explanation of the state of unconsciousness. The public, as well as the professional, mind has been treated *ad nauseam* to discussions on hypnotism. The relations of trance and sleep to each other and to various phases of disease have elicited their share of logical ingenuity and of research. Quite recently again an allied condition—that of the numbed sensation consequent upon shock, such as that experienced in falling from a height—has attracted attention, though, beyond the assurances of some who have survived this experience that dread and pain are alike absent, we have no certain proof of the existence or the essential character of this merciful torpor. According to Professor Heim of Zurich, who has devoted much time and thought to the investigation of the subject, the sensations at such a time of the sufferer, if so he can be termed, resemble somewhat those of drowning persons. In place of pain there is a process of rapid and involuntary mental activity, succeeded by stupor; series of old memories fly past the mind like scenes in some rapid vision, and life is revised, as it were, on the threshold of death. One is naturally tempted to enquire what is the explanation of this extraordinary state, in which the final catastrophe appears to be lost in the dream-slumber preceding it. The preoccupation of rapid cerebration, a species of shock in itself, might furnish a clue to the mystery—at all events, as regards the abolition of pain and fear. We cannot help thinking, however, that other causes must be operating along with this, which at first presents itself as the most obvious. The analogy afforded by drowning is, to our mind, especially suggestive. We may remark that here we have to do with a highly probable alternative of normal brain function in the stimulant-sedative influence of a disturbed circulation. The advent of asphyxia implies the turbulence of all venous canals and capillaries, and the increasing accumulation in these of carbonic acid. It appears to us that the same process must occur in falling. As a rule the fall takes place with head downwards. At the same time there is exerted upon the respiratory passages the suction force of the outer air in rapid transit, acting, we may conclude, in much the same manner as water in a large tube, which draws into its own volume the fluid contents of any small communicating channel. Thus it would seem at least a reasonable hypothesis that the coma of death in the circumstances referred to, like the same condition in various forms of disease, is essentially a process of deoxidation of tissue with accumulation of carbonic acid."—*Science*.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.