POOR COPY

A CAPE BRETON MIRACLE

A CASE THAT FAIRLY OUTRIVALS THE WONDERFUL HAMILTON CURE.

Hopeless, Helpless, and Given Up as "One Who Must Soon Go."—An Interesting Story as Investigated by a Reporter.

(Halifax Herald, December 16th.)

A few months ago all Canada was astounded by a remarkable cure reported from the city of Hamilton, Ont., and vouched for by the press and many of the leading residents of that city. In the Hamilton case the man (a Mr. Marshall) had been pronounced incurable, and after rigid examination by half a score of physicians, the Royal Templars of Temperance paid him the $1,000 members of that order are entitled to when pronounced totally incapacitated from labor. The remarkable narrative of Mr. Marshall's cure and the remedy to which he owed his recovery were given wide publicity by the press throughout the Dominion, and naturally it brought a ray of hope to others who were similarly suffering. Among the homes to which it thus brought hope was that of Mr. Joseph Jerrett, of North West Arm, C. B., and Mr. Jerritt's recovery may be regarded as even more marvellous than that of Mr. Marshall, and many others whose cures have recently been recorded. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that never before in the history of Cape Breton has medicine wrought such an almost miraculous cure. In the year 1879 Mr. Jerritt received a fall from a truck wagon, the wheel of which passed over the small of his back. Those with him succeeded in restoring him to consciousness and took him to his home which was near by. For six months he was unable to perform any work and even after a lapse of a year was troubled with severe pains and weakness of the limbs. He was able, however, to do light work about the farm, and about a year later shipped on a vessel bound for Charleston, S. C. While on this trip Mr. Jerritt was engaged in furling a sail, when he overreached himself, and felt something start, as though something had burst in his left side. He became almost helpless, and on the arrival of the vessel at Charleston, he was taken to the hospital for medical treatment. Here he remained for over two months under the most skilful physicians. His side became strong again, but his limbs grew weak and frequently the pains were intense. Mr. Jerritt then returned home, he continued to grow worse and the pains never left him. After his return home he made an attempt to work but had to give it up, and gradually became worse and worse until at last he was entirely helpless and was looked upon by his friends as one who not only could not recover, but whose time on earth was short. It was in this condition, depressed in mind, helpless, and continually suffering intense pain, that at last a ray of hope came to him. One day he read in the Halifax *Herald* of Mr. Marshall's remarkable cure. Symptoms in this case were those of his own, and despite the fact that he had already expended hundreds of dollars in patent medicines and medical treatment, without receiving any benefit, he determined to try the remedy that had restored Mr. Marshall to health. The result is that he is again restored to health and strength. Hearing from various sources of Mr. Jerritt's remarkable recovery the local reporter determined to investigate the matter, and gives his story as told to him. "In my early days," said Mr. Jerritt, "I was one of the strongest young men in our village. Until I received the fall in 1879 I did not know anything about sickness, and after that time I did not know a perfectly well day. I tried to fight the trouble off and to work, and partially succeeded up to the time I received the strain on board the ship while bound for Charleston. Since then my limbs have continued to grow worse until I was compelled to give up work altogether, and send for a doctor. I may add that all kinds of medicine was tried but none did me any permanent good. The physicians of our place said my disease was locomotor ataxy, and although several of them treated me, none gave much hope of recovery; in fact the impression became general that "poor Joe must soon go." After the failure of doctor's treatment I again resorted to patent medicines of which I believe I have taken $500 worth. Still my disease grew worse and finally I was unable to even move from my bed. I was advised to again go to the hospital in Halifax, and after spending two months there I returned home only to find myself even worse than before. My legs became so weak that I could not stand alone having to use two chairs to steady myself with; I could not bear my weight on them. For five weeks I was between life and death. My left leg swelled to an enormous size and the doctors pronounced it dropsy. My feet and legs have been cold for over five years until the last three months. It was impossible for me to sleep with the pain which would continually be in my legs and body. Mustard drafts were applied, but no sooner would they be taken off than the pain would return. About one year ago I lost all feeling from my legs; they would feel like ice and to move them caused the greatest agony. I prayed that God would take me from this world and give me relief from the torment which I was hourly in. Thus I lived; not lived, but existed, a suffering being without one day's relief from the most excruciating pangs from the disease." How the face of the hitherto sufferer brightened as he began to tell of the release, as it were, from death, and continuing he said:—"But from the blackest day of my sickness a glimmer of hope shone when my little girl who brought home my paper, read the advertisement of Dr. William's Pink Pills, and I got her to read to me the cure effected in the case of John Marshall, of Hamilton. As soon as she read the statements contained therein, I saw at once that his case was similar to mine, and I told my wife that I believed I would be a well man again if I only could succeed in obtaining some of this medicine. I sent to our drug store but found none there; I then decided to send to Brockville, Ont., for the Pills, but my neighbors only laughed at me, saying that they were just like all other patent medicines, no good. This was in August; I forwarded the money and in a few days received wo boxes of Pills, deciding to give them a fair trial. After taking them a short time the pains left me, and today I am not troubled with an ache or pain. True, my limbs have not yet entirely recovered their former strength, but it makes me happy to know that if five boxes will enable me to stand with just a little assistance more will continue and complete the cure. Dead legs for a year are not easily made perfectly strong again, but," here Mr. Jerritt threw both legs high into the air, "this is something myself or my friends never hoped to see. All my neighbors gave me up for dead, but thank God my strength is returning and after three months I feel like a new man. You need not fear to state my case plainly, as I am well known in Cape Breton, and all the people hereabout know how far gone I was. Scores of the neighbors call to see me and are surprised to find that I am improving daily. My appetite has returned; my strength is renewed and when my limbs become a little stronger I shall be a healthier man than ever. No doubt exists in my mind of complete cure as the worst symptoms have entirely disappeared and I seem invigorated by the medicine. "You see," he said to the reporter, "I am to work mending nets as I feel too well to remain idle. Every person who saw me last July, and sees me now can bear testimony to the truth of the story I am telling you. My weight since I began taking the Pills has increased from 125 pounds to 146 pounds and I am heavier now than I have been for five years. I hope what I have told you will induce other sufferers to try this wonderful medicine, and I am sure they will have as good reason to feel grateful for it as I do."

After the interview with Mr. Jerritt, the reporter called on a number of his neighbors, all of whom endorsed his statements, and they considered his cure one the most wonderful things that had come within their observation. They one and all gave the credit to the treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and are naturally enthusiastic in speaking of them.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a scientific preparation the result of years of careful study on the part of an eminent graduate of McGill and Edinburgh universities, and they had for many years been used in his private practice before being offered for sale throughout the country. They are offered to the public as a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all diseases such as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, pale and sallow complexion, muscular weakness, etc. These Pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, bearing down pains, chronic constipation and all forms of weakness, building up the blood and restoring the 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, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

The proprietors deem it their duty to caution the public against imitations. These Pills are never sold in any form except in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." They are sold by all druggists or will be sent post paid upon receipt of price, 50 cents a box—by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.—*Adv't.*

QUIETING A MOB.

An Incident in the French Revolution that Proved a Great Deal.

The world will never know how much of the boldness of the press has been inspired by the editorial "we." It is too common an experience in all the relations of life that men begin to "back out" when they are asked to fortify an assertion with a signature, or to "stand up and be counted." Even revolutionists do not always have the courage of heroes. An amusing story of a collapse is told by the author of "Les Memoires de Paris."

On the evening of August 7, 1884, there was a meeting of disaffected persons to discuss the action of the French legislature, then in session. The meeting became more and more noisy. After some comparatively temperate speeches by the ex-deputies Marat and Laisant, the anarchists took the floor, and one of them proposed that those present should go in a body to Versailles, invade the hall of Parliament, and turn out the *Opportunistes*, who, according to the speaker, were nothing but Orleanists in disguise.

Then Lisbonne, leaning on the stick which he was obliged to use, one of his legs having been nearly paralyzed by a wound received in battle, mounted the platform and cried, "Citizens, you wish to go to Versailles?"

"Yes! yes!" they shouted, fiercely.

"Very well! I am ready to go. You know me, and where I live. I am Lisbonne. You know my record. I am not content to talk, I act also. In May there were in Paris two hundred thousand persons who shouted '*Vive la Commune*;' only ten thousand of these did any fighting. It must not be like that now!"

"No! no!" roared the mob.

"Good!" went on Lisbonne; "here are nine hundred of you who cry, 'We will go to Versailles!' Do you mean it?"

"Yes, to Versailles!" thundered the anarchists.

"We go soon then. But you can understand, since you all know me, that I wish to know you also. I will take down your names and addresses. Will all those who will go with me to-morrow morning to Versailles come to this side of the hall? Come, citizens, right file, right!"

There was a quick movement, and several citizens placed themselves on the side of the hall named by the orator.

Lisbonne counted them. There were nineteen! With an elegant gesture he said:

"I salute you, heroes! I admire you, and in the name of our great cause I thank you; but you perceive that we twenty are not enough to clear the hall of parliament."

Then turning to the others, he said:

"Get out, chatterers! I believe you will keep still for a while. Go home to your wives. Since there is nothing to be done, I am going on to the cafe. You can find me there, if you are not content," and he limped away.

There were murmurs of indignation among the crowd, but no one mentioned Versailles again.

MINING IN CHINA.

How the Chinese Burrow for Silver Ore, and the Difficulties They Encounter.

In a paper on Chinese work in the silver mines of Mongolia, recently read before the American Institute of Mining Engineers, much interesting information is given as to the modes and means employed by the Celestials in burrowing for silver ore. These are, as may readily be supposed, curious and primitive. After explaining that it is only the most promising surface indications that tempt the Chinese miners to set to work, and that the minimum of trouble is taken in seeking for the material or in clearing the workings of refuse, the author says that no drilling is done, nor is powder used, all the work being performed by hammer and chisel. The hammers are of cast-iron, weighing 6 lb. to 8 lb., with handles 6 in. long, and the chisels are of iron, tipped with steel, sharpened at the forge and tempered. The hammer-heads are worn in a short time to cup-faced depressions, which the miners seem to think reduce the danger of missing the chisel-head. All the work is single-handed. The miner always sits while at work, with his lamp hanging from a twig wedged across the drift in a convenient position. The waste that has to be taken to the surface is carried up in small, shallow baskets on the shoulders of boys. Poor ore is always taken up in this way, and sorted near the mouth of the workings, while the best ore is taken to the headmen in small lots as fast as it is extracted. Most frequently rich ore must be taken from the vein only in the presence of the inspector.

That which gives the miners most trouble and ultimately stops their work is water. They can handle a good deal of water after their own fashion when the depth is not too great. They place on an incline a series of boxes constructed of planks, and made water-tight with a putty of oil and white clay. These are set in steps about three feet apart, and extend to a point where the water will run out to the surface. On each of these a man stands, who, with a closely-woven willow basket, holding about four gallons, takes the water from the box on which he stands, and empties it into the one above him, and so on until it reaches the surface. Bailing goes on rapidly with intermissions for rest, and when in full work water enough runs out to fill a 3-inch pipe. This is the hardest work in the mine, and is done by bailers, who are deemed inferior to the miners. In spite of the low wages, it is a serious expense, and unless the deep workings are particularly rich they are often abondoned during the rainy season, to be bailed out and worked again during the summer months.

Are the Red Sunsets Returning?

There have been reports recently of the appearance of brilliant red sunsets resembling those that ornamented the evening skies for many months after the tremendous eruption of the volcano of Krakatoa, in the East Indies, in 1883. The fine dust thrown into the higher regions of the atmosphere on that occasion was distributed by aerial currents all over the earth, and had the effect of producing strangely beautiful sunrise and sunset effects, the phenomenon assuming, in our latitudes, the appearance of a fiery glare like the reflection of a distant conflagration.

There has certainly been no general return of such skyey spectacles this year, and yet reports from various sources seem to indicate that some increase in the redness of the sunset colors may have taken place. If so, the explanation remains to be found.

When the splendid sunsets that followed the Krakatoa eruption began to make their appearance in this country and Europe, it was at first suggested that they might be the result of an encounter between the earth and a cloud of cosmical dust. There was, perhaps, nothing essentially impossible in that idea, but it was quickly abandoned when the evidence began to accumulate that the strange dust came from Krakatoa.

It now a new series of red sunsets should make their appearance, without being preceded by any extraordinary volcanic explosion, it is probable that the cosmical dust theory and other perhaps equally interesting theories would again be put forth to account for it.

But the first thing to be done is to make certain that the sunsets are really any redder than usual; and anybody who chooses to look can help to settle that question, while at the same time making his eyes familiar with some of the most attractive phenomena in the reach of human vision.

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He that wilt lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.—Thomas Fuller.

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Justice is always violent to the party offending, for every man is innocent in his own eyes.—De Foe.

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The way to procure insults is to submit to them. A man meets with no more respect than he exacts.—Hazlitt.

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