

Temperance Column.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

A new shelter at Hortfield in connection with the Prison Gate Mission of the C. E. T. S. was opened lately by bishop Marsden.

A Choral Temperance Festival was held at the Abbey Church, Bath, England in connection with the diocesan branch of the C. E. T. S. on 30th May last; the sermon being preached by the Rev. Dr. Ashman late of Detroit, U. S.; from Romans XIV. 13-17 in the course of which he said. He said the Society whose claims he advocated that night was based upon a two-fold platform, where there was perfect union and co-operation between those who used and those who abstained from using intoxicating drinks. The Church of England was the first to take this really scriptural ground, and therefore they claimed that it opened up to the eyes of the world the true and the real position of the Church of God towards the giant evil which they had to crush. There were others, long before the Church of England took up the matter, who endeavoured to cut down this hydra-headed monster, but they did it from a bigoted and unchristian standpoint. It was only when the Church took the matter in hand that the true alliance between Temperance and Christianity was seen at all: it opened up a wider and nobler advocacy of the Temperance cause.

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 thunderstorm while about a mile way 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 re-

solved 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 have worked there 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 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. Yielding 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 neighbors 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 elastic 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 infailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and fallow complexions, and the tired seeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors 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 bluid up the blood and restore to 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 to make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.