

## A BRUCE COUNTY MIRACLE.

THE ALMOST FATAL RESULTS OF A FOOTBALL MATCH.

*Allan J. Blair's Terrible Suffering—Helpless for Upwards of Two Years—The Best Physicians Could Hold Out No Hope of Recovery—His Health Fully Restored as the Result of Taking Friendly Advice—A Story That Hundreds Can Vouch For.*

(From the Blenheim News.)

Many of the readers of the News have seen and conversed with a gentlemanly young fellow who acts as a canvasser for the well-known firm of G. Marshall & Co., London, and during the past year and a half he has become well known and is highly liked by a large number of people in all the towns and villages of the West. From his personal appearance it would scarcely be believed that two years ago he was subject to the most excruciating pains that ever tortured a human individual, and was daily growing weaker and weaker, so that only a few months appeared to stand between him and the grave. Yet such was the case. He is to-day a living witness to the life-giving efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, a fact which he takes pleasure in relating, but always with the qualifying statement that he took them "according to directions," a matter which many neglect.

Mr. Blair's home is in Huron Township, near the shores of Lake Huron, and the whole family of father, mother and seven sons are respected wherever known. As an old acquaintance, the editor of the News can cheerfully testify to their sterling character. All the sons passed through the Kincardine High School, and all hold good positions in society, one being a Methodist clergyman in Southern Michigan, another being an employe of the London Chemical Works, and one a British Columbian merchant. Allan, of whose integrity all who know him have the highest opinion, has been the most fortunate of all. Unfortunately in that by a seemingly trifling accident he was eventually placed in a condition, in which he often thought death preferable; fortunate in that after giving up all hope he was enabled to recover even robust health again. His story is so wonderful that at first it seems incredible, is told with genuine earnestness that leaves no room for doubt in the minds of his hearers, and is moreover vouched for by hundreds of old friends. We will now enter into details, as the following statement by Mr. Blair, given freely over his own signature, will make the case quite plain:—

## MR. BLAIR'S WONDERFUL STATEMENT.

"While taking part in a football game at Point Clarke on the Queen's birthday, 1887, I received a kick on the shin which at first had no serious result, for I worked on the farm the nine following days. Then pains began where I had been kicked, particularly in the morning, and in about two weeks I was forced to seek medical advice. Dr. Welden, of Kincardine, whom I first consulted, said the periosteum was injured, and that serious results might follow. About a month later, as I was not getting better, but the bone was swelling and the foot getting black, I went to Dr. Se-

cord; his medicine seemed to do no good, though under his treatment for nearly a month. He said the trouble was with the nerves. I soon got so that I could not walk across the room, and vomited everything I ate. I then went to Dr. McCrimmon; he believed it to be chronic inflammation of the bone, and that the nerves were effected from it. I still continued to get worse, and was soon in such a condition that every thud of my heart caused me pain enough to make me almost jump out of bed. The doctor then directed me to go to Toronto. I went to a leading specialist there (Dr. Aitken) on the 25th of May, just a year after the accident. He said that an operation would have to be performed, to take out a portion of the bone. This operation was performed by Dr. Gunn of Clinton, who had previously recommended it. For some time after this I seemed to get better, but soon again commenced to get worse. The pain left my leg and became a general disease, and so weakened the eyes that I could not read. Next spring I got so bad I could not even ride in a buggy. The pain would come on suddenly with such violence that I lost all control of myself. The muscles would contract; I would start and laugh immoderately, and this would be followed by a violent shaking, so great that if in bed I would fall out. No person can have any idea of my sufferings at that time. In August, 1891, I was taken into London, but none of the eminent physicians there could hold out any hope of recovery, though one thought he might be able to help me somewhat. I went to the city hospital and held a consultation with the staff, who examined my sight and diagnosed my case. They said there would be no use in coming there, for the treatment would do no good, whilst the nearness of other patients would have a prejudicial effect. At this time a friend, who had been reading the accounts of the Marshall case at Hamilton, advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I declined, but urged I consented to try them, with no faith whatever that beneficial results would follow. It was not long before I saw they were helping me, and I continued to take them according to directions, accompanied by the pills, and continued to get steadily better. In four weeks was able to get around, and was able to walk into London every evening, a distance of two miles. I continued taking the pills; went home, but found I was not strong enough for the farm, so I determined to try some light occupation. About Oct. 1st I began to work for George Marshall & Co., selling their teas all over the country. I am now able to get around at all times, in good or bad weather, jumping in and out of a buggy with no effort, and can honestly say that I enjoy health. Thus I have been raised from a bed of perpetual invalidism, with prospects of an early death and continued torture until the end came, to a condition of perfect health, the advantage of which can only be realized by one who has received it, back as I have. Hundreds of people can testify to the state I was in. This whole result I attribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which I took strictly according to the directions, and without any faith when first I began to take them. I make this statement as a matter of gratitude for my wonderful cure, and

trust it may be the means of others receiving as great benefit.

ALLAN J. BLAIR.

Blenheim, May 9, 1893.

The News has every faith in the above statement, which was cheerfully made by Mr. Blair without solicitation, and we give it publicly both as a matter of news and with the hope that perhaps it may aid another who is suffering similarly, or from some other of the many ailments this great remedy is designed to cure.

The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending on a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew 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. These

pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way, the blood becoming "built up," and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminates diseases from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) 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. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood-builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your grocer 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 from either address, at 50c. 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.

## MINING.

Mineral samples sent to the CRITIC office, accompanied by a fee of one dollar, will be submitted to a thoroughly competent assayer for a preliminary examination and slight test of contents. The results will be communicated to senders of samples, and if full assays are deemed advisable, they will be notified and instructed as to amount of fees to be remitted.

HAS GONE WEST.—Journalists as well as mining men know how to enjoy a pleasant holiday. We have now been on duty for many score of consecutive weeks without any let up or break, saving when we had the pleasure of visiting the mining districts and enjoying the hospitality of mine managers. But now our holiday has commenced in real earnest, and before THE CRITIC of this issue is in the hands of its readers we shall be in the Great Lake City, and will have already inspected the mining exhibits at the World's Fair. Of these you will hear from us later. In the meantime our mining friends will remember that the mining editor of THE CRITIC is holidaying, and that notwithstanding his love for his department of THE CRITIC, he is sincerely thankful, for a few weeks at least, to depute the work to other hands.

TRY IT YOURSELF.—We are believers in advertising; if you have anything to sell and you want to sell it, you must advertise. Of course one can potter away in a second rate style and do a certain amount of business without much use of Printer's Ink, but the man who wishes to build up a business, to extend a business, to do business, must advertise if he wishes to succeed. The value of advertising was never better illustrated than it has been in Nova Scotia during the past six months. The province was known to have great mineral resources. Her people were untrained in mineralogy, her capitalists had little or no faith in mining investments; and so her resources remained comparatively undeveloped, and would have remained so until the third and fourth generation, had not her mineral wealth been widely and extensively advertised. It may be patriotic to work for posterity, but we believe that the bluenose of to-day would enjoy a little present prosperity perhaps even more than the hope of grandchildren's promised prosperity, and from present indications there is every reason to believe that he may do so. In consequence of the widespread advertising that the mineral resources of Nova Scotia have received throughout Canada, the United States and Great Britain, the eyes of mining capitalists have been turned toward the Province. Mining experts representing companies, syndicates and individuals are arriving from every quarter, and we have been besieged by enquiries for all kinds of properties. One New York millionaire is seeking a good salt mine, a Chicago expert is inspecting a lead mine, a Toronto party wants a first-class gold mine, a third Boston syndicate is seeking for undeveloped coal areas, a rich New Yorker is particularly interested in antimony, and so on to the end of the mineral