

A SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE.

HELPLESS FOR YEARS AND EXCLUDED FROM HOSPITALS AS INCURABLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Chas. Quant, as Investigated by an Albany (N. Y.) Journal Reporter—A Story of Surpassing Interest.

(Albany, N. Y. Journal, March 4th.)

SARATOGA, March 4th.—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga county of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as “Pink Pills for Pale People,” prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful miraculous cure was so great that the *Evening Journal* reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumour. And so he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story, and interviewing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of about 400 people, delightfully located near the centre of the town of Galway, in Saratoga county, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon inquiry, the residence of Mr. Chas. A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him, and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway and spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door, it was opened by a man, who, in reply to an enquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: “I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?” After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the “Journal” reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: “My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick, and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds, and was very strong. For twelve years I was a travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my

meals very irregularly, and slept in enough ‘s pa beds’ in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads, and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the “Journal” reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely, and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth-street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter’s hospital in Albany, where Professor H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me, and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun’s famous skill, and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse; I had become entirely paralyzed from waist down, and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ontario, called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills for Pale People.