

A CAPE BRETON MIRACLE.

A CASE THAT FAIRLY OUTHIVALS 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 Jerritt, 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 waggon, 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 nearby. 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 skillful 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 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 at 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 had brought home my paper read the advertisement of Dr. Williams' 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 two boxes of Pills, deciding to give them a fair trial. After taken them a short time the

pains left me, and to-day 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 a 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 said they considered his cure one of 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

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