Fredericton Globe.

New Advertisements

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

His Friends Had Given up Hope of his Recovery.

Mr. George Rose of Rednersville Relates the Story of His Suffering and Release—Feels as Well as he did at Forty.

From the Daily Ontario, Belleville.

Four miles west of Belleville, in the county of Prince Edward, on the southern shore of the beautiful and picturesque Bay of Quinte, is situated the village of Rednersville, a charming place of about four hundred population, composed quite largely of retired farmers. Of late years the picturesque location of the village has given it some prominence as a summer resort, where may be enjoyed the cool health-giving breezes of the bay. But even in this charming locality disease finds its way, and when the epidemic of la grippe swept over Canada, Rednersville was not spared a visitation. Among those attacked was Mr. George Rose, a life-long resident of the village who had already reached the alloted span of life, Mr. Rose had enjoyed remarkable health until he was taken down with an attack of la grippe, when grave fears were entertained for his recovery. In a few months he recovered sufficiently to again move about, but not with his accustomed vigor. Mr. Rose had scarcely regained his health when he was seized with another attack of this dread disease, worse than the first. This had a telling effect upon him and his family feared consumption had claimed him for a victim. A physician attended him regularly but seemed unable to give him any relief. However, all that medical skill could do for him was done, but daily Mr. Rose's condition grew worse, and in March of this year his condition was so low that his family, like himself, had given up hope of his recovery. During the last month the general talk about the village and the surrounding county has been the remarkable cure of Mr. Rose by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case created such a sensation that a reporter of the Ontario personally acquainted with Mr. Rose, determined to call on him, and learn the facts of the case from his own lips. Mr. Rose was found a picture of health and activity for one of his years, and expressed his entire willingness to tell his story for the benefit of others. "I am," he said, "a well man, and do not hesitate to give the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for saving my life. I had three attacks of la grippe and continued to grow worse up to March of this year. At that time I was so reduced in flesh and strength I could hardly stand alone. In fact I was a mere skeleton. I could not sleep because my legs and feet became so badly swollen and cramped that my wife would have to rub them before I could get rest. The pain was at times so violent that I could not refrain from screaming, and I would tumble about in bed and long for day to come. If I attempted to get up and walk I was apt to fall from all dizziness. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did not help me and I was so discouraged that I felt death would be preferable to my misery. I did not think I could live more than a few months when one day I read in the paper of the cure of a man whose symptoms were like mine. I must say I did not have much faith in the remedy, but felt as though it were a last chance. I sent first for a box and by the time it was half gone I found that my appetite was getting better, and in other respects I could notice an improvement in my condition. By the time the box was gone there was a still further improvement. I continued the use of the pills, found that I could now get a good night's sleep and that the cramps and pains which had formerly made my life miserable had disappeared. The swelling left my limb, the dizziness disappeared and I felt better than I had in four years. I know that it was Pink Pills and them only that brought about the change because I was taking nothing else. I have taken in all seven boxes and I feel as good now as I did at forty years of age. Last winter I was so bad that I could not do my own chores, and now I can a good days work. My friends congratulate me on my regained health and I don't hesitate to tell them that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many others hereabouts have found similar benefit. Last spring my niece was looking pale and feeling weak, and I advised her parents who were very uneasy about her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result is that she is the picture of health. You may say that I would not be without Pink Pills in the house, for I firmly believe they will do all it claimed for them if they are given a fair trial. In fact it appeared that Mr. Rose could not say too much for Pink Pills and as the reporter drove away he again remarked, do not forget to say that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In conversation with several residents of the village the statements made by Mr. Rose were fully corroborated.

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after eminent physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis show that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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 unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to cheeks In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink 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.

JINGLES OF HUMOR.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure Reading.

The average farmer's boy leaves no stone unturned except the grindstone.

"Does Mr. Lynch suffer from chronic thirst?" "O, dear, no. He doesn't wait long enough."

Wife—"Dear, there is a burglar down stairs."
Husband—"Are, you sure he is in the house?"
Wife—"Yes; I can see his lantern."
Husband (rushing to the window)—"Maria, this fire-escape will hold two."

Proud Father—"Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right."
Farmer's Son—"Yes, father"
Proud Father—"Ye know I told ye to study up on chemistry and things so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat medder there, for instance?"
Farmer's Son (joyfully)—"Cracky, what a place for a ball game!"

The author of "A Man of Letters Under the Empire and the Restoration" tells a story which in an example of delicate but cutting French satire.

A glutton who was conspicuously overeating at a dinner excused himself from time to time by quoting the poet Boileau's well known line, "In eating will I praise the food.

Ah, sir, said one of the guests, significantly, you carry praise to the point of flattery.

The tramp sat on the kitchen doorstep gnawing a bone, and evidently enjoying himself. The lady of the house was watching him carelessly.

You are well and strong, aren't you? she asked?

Quite so, lady, thanks to a beneficent Providence, he said reverently.

Why then don't you work for a living instead of begging for it?

He finished the last sliver of meat on the bone, wiped his mouth on his sleeve and looked into her face frankly.

Well, Madam, he said with precision, I've tried working and I've tried begging, and I discover that people find more fault with the work I do than with the begging I do, so I have concluded to choose the lesser evil, and stick to it. After all, in this world, you can't please everybody. Thanks for the lunch. Good-by, and he went away.

After Breakfast

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two and you will feel "like a new man." The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by its thousands of wonderful cures. Why don't you try it.

True Philanthropy.

To THE EDITOR of THE GLOBE.

Please inform your readers that I will mail free to all sufferers the means by which I was restored to health and manly vigor after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness I was robbed and swindled by quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thanks to heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong. I have nothing to sell and no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever, but being desirous to make this certain cure known to all, I will send free and confidential to anyone full particulars of just how I was cured. Address with stamps:
MR. EDWARD MARTIN (Teacher),
P. O. Box 143, Detroit Mic
May 20—4m.

Are You Deaf.

Or do you suffer from noises in the head. When send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address : PROF. G. CHASE, Orilla, Ont—13t.

At the Ball.

A COMPLETE STORY

I don't know; but, to look at her, I should as soon suspect one of those long, pale saints of the early masters, of flirting. That light gold hair of her's is a regular saint's aureole; and she is tall, so light, so fair, so pale-rose pink, you don't think of her in connection with the world, the the flesh and——

And Jack Murray.

Aha! murmured a male voice on the other side of the swinging curtain of woven roses.

But the tall, slight shape beside the murmurer made an imperious motion, as if she would have laid the tip of her fan on his lips, for owing to the figure of the place just then.

Oh, it isn't merely Jack Murray, continued the first speaker, in the candid tone of the chaperon, between her sips. Jack himself is safe enough. You never knew a Murray of that branch condescend to a messalliance.

The old cats! murmured the male voice again. Can't we get away from here?

You see whether we can or not, replied his companion, coolly.

But, do you know, the placid tones purred on, I fancy that Jack is in earnest here.

Impossible. He assured me himself, a year ago or more, that he passed away the time only. Jack has seen the world, you know.

Beastly music this is, said the very discomfited listener. I should think they were all asleep and playing in a dream.

Again the motion with the fan.

The others may be in earnest or not, rippled on the gossipy dame. At any rate, they're in earnest about her money. If you don' fall in love with a woman herself, you can with her stocks and bonds. She's not bad herself.

Bad? Felicia Dann? She's a beauty.

Thanks, awfully, whispered the two red lips on the other side of the fragrant screen. What a pity I didn't know I was the theme, so that I could have been more attentive. Ah!

But she's a nobody, you know, the unconscious speaker went on. Fortune made out of mineral oil, or natural gas, or petroleum paint, or something.

But the money is clean. How is she? Any breeding, any schooling?

All there is. Trained to the turn of an eyelash. You would never imagine, to see her, that she was only one of the groundlings; a princess hasn't a better carriage.

Perhaps Prince Hegeralya takes that into account?

Prince Hegeralya? Do you think one of those foreign people takes anything into account in relation to a girl but her dowry?

Well, what does Van Buyt think of, and Deshon, and young Exminister, and the other men dancing round her? They're not men to be attracted by saints and aureoles. But Jack Murray by the way, says that this foreign person is a prince among men as well as among nobles.

Oh, very like, but I doubt if he would look twice at this Felicia Dann, if she were a penniless girl.