



THE HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Case Investigated by a Globe Reporter.

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovers—For a while of the Cheque for \$1,000, Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Visitors.

(Toronto Daily Globe, July 25.)

This is an age of doubt; especially in regard to cures by patent medicines, and not without reason, for too often have the sick and their near and dear loved ones been deceived by highly recommended nostrums that were swallowed, to be of less avail than as much water. The old, old fable of the boy and the wolf applies also too frequently to many of the specific concoctions for curing the ills that flesh is heir to; and when a real cure is effected by a genuine remedy those who might be benefitted fight shy of it, saying "it was 'cure,' cure' so often before that I won't try it." When such a state of affairs exists it is advisable that assurance should be made doubly sure.

A few weeks ago a marvellous and most miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more than renewed health and strength and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted, although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a Globe reporter a few days ago.

A close inquiry into the circumstances first showed that Mr. John Marshall, whose residence is 25 Little William street, off Barton street, in the northeast portion of the city, while employed as foreman for the Canadian Oil Company, five years ago, fell upon the edge of an oil vat and hurt his back. Thinking little of the affair, Mr. Marshall continued to work on, but after a few months he became ill, gradually got worse, and in August, four years ago, became stricken with that dread disease, locomotor ataxy—a disease attacking the nerves and rendering that portion of the system attacked perfectly helpless, proclaimed by the physicians to be incurable—which left him from the waste downward, without feeling and utterly unable to move his lower limbs. All he was able to do was to raise himself by the aid of sticks and crutches and drag himself around the house, and occasionally to the corner of the street on fine days. His legs were without feeling, pins and knives were stuck into them without the sick man experiencing any inconvenience. He could take a walking stick

and beat his legs until the blows resounded

through the house and yet he felt nothing. During all these years of torture Mr. Marshall consulted every doctor of ability in the city; tried every form of treatment and took almost every kind of patent medicine, but without receiving one tittle of relief. The agony was frequently so intense that he was obliged to take morphine pills in order to receive a reasonable amount of sleep.

As the months and years passed by, although the doctors continued to treat him in various ways, they plainly told the suffering man that he could not get better, the disease was set down in the works of specialists as incurable. The doomed man was a member of the United Empire Council No. 190, Royal Templars of Temperance, and under the discouraging circumstances he thought it advisable to apply for the payment of the total disability claim of \$1,000, allowed by the order on its insurance policy. Application was accordingly made but before the claim was granted the patient had to offer conclusive proof of his total disability to the chief examiner, and Mr. Marshall was sent to Toronto for a special electrical treatment. It proved no more successful than the others that had preceded it, and a number of city doctors and the chief medical examiner of the order signed the medical certificate of total disability and Mr. Marshall received from the Dominion Council of the Royal Templars a cheque for \$1,000 last November. One day last February came Mr. Marshall's salvation, although he did not accept it at first. A small pamphlet telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the diseases they cured, was thrown into the house, but it was placed aside and no notice was taken of it for weeks. One day the sick man re-read the circular and concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, although Mrs. Marshall tried hard to dissuade him, saying they would be as ineffectual as all the others but on April 14th—memorable day to him—Mr. Marshall began to take the pills, one after each meal for a start. In a few days a change was noticed and as he continued to take the pills he gradually improved and in a little over a month he was able to take the train for Toronto and visit an astonished brother-in-law. Now he can walk four or five miles with any of his friends.

The Globe representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. Mr. Marshall's home, cosy, comfortable, with climbing flowers covering its front, was reached only to find him out, taking a few miles constitutional up town. Mrs. Marshall, with amiable-wreathed face, and looking as happy and light-hearted as upon her wedding day, welcomed her visitor and appeared delighted to have the opportunity of telling frankly and fully—while awaiting Mr. Marshall's return—what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for her husband.

"It was a happy day for me," she said, "when Mr. Marshall tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many's the weary day I had before that. Look at all these things we bought, hoping they would cure him," and the good lady turned with an armful of straps and tacklings of all kinds. There was a combination of harness and attachments of leather used for the "suspensory treatment" by which the crippled man was hung in the barn by his body with his feet but a few inches from the floor. There were enough belts, bandages, supports and poles to set up a good sized store. Then Mrs. Marshall showed a collection of

crutches and sticks which her husband had used. The whole collection was a large and remarkable one.

Mrs. Marshall showed a letter received that day from New York State, in which was a query similar to many that had previously been received by Mr. Marshall. "Write me if it is a fact or only an advertisement."

"Here's a bundle of letters," said Mrs. Marshall, showing about a hundred letters tied together, "that my husband has received during the past two weeks, and I can tell you he is only too glad to answer all the letters cheerfully and readily, for he is anxious to give all the information he can to others suffering as he did." A firm step here was heard at the gate and in a moment a sturdy, healthy-looking man of middle age with glowing black side whiskers and ruddy, pleasant features stepped into the room. It was Mr. Marshall, who gave no indication of ever having been a sick man, suffering from ataxy. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a responsive one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a day's work but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back; I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutch. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep with morphine. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, buffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received from the Royal Templars a \$1,000 cheque, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. Why, in three days I got relief and kept on mending. I threw away the morphine pills and the crutches. I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water and I went on getting better and stronger and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first-class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good thumping, afterwards going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," he continued, "and I've gained 30 pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I haven't such a thing as a pain or ache about me, and another thing I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried conviction to the reporter's mind by every word and action, and there was no gaining the fact that the cure was one of the most marvellous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbors bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them could see Mr. Marshall on

his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvellous.

The headquarters of the Royal Templars of Temperance for Canada are in Hamilton. At the publishing house of the order, Mr. W. W. Buchanan, general manager and one of the most prominent temperance advocates of the Dominion, was found. In response to the reporter's question he said: "Oh, yes, I am well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall. He has been a member of one of the councils of this city for about seven years. He is a well known citizen, and a reliable temperance man. About four years ago he was first taken seriously ill and his case was brought before the order. The provisions under which the total disability claim is paid in our organization are very strict. The weekly sick benefit is payable to any person under the doctor's care

tion, but the total disability is a comparatively large sum, only paid a member who is disabled for life, and declared by medical men to be entirely past all hope of recovery. In Mr. Marshall's case there was some difficulty it is true, he was examined upon a number of occasions, covering a period of upwards of two years. The medical men who examined him all agreed that there was little hope of recovery, but they would not give the definite declaration that our law demands—: that the claimant was permanently and totally disabled—until last November. When this declaration by two regular physicians and our Dominion Medical referee was made, we paid Mr. Marshall the total disability benefit of one thousand dollars. He was paid by a cheque on the Bank of Montreal. There is no doubt whatever about the remarkable character of Mr. Marshall's cure. A large number of our members in this city were intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall and called upon him frequently. All were unanimous in the belief that he was past all hope of recovery. His cure is looked upon as next to a miracle. I have conversed with him a number of times about it, and he gives the whole credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the application of cold water which is recommended as a subsidiary treatment by the proprietors of the medicine. He drops into my office every day or two and is apparently enjoying good health now."

The general offices of the order are in the old Bank of Upper Canada building just opposite the publishing house. Mr. J. H. Land, the Dominion secretary, was easily found, and in response to the questions asked simply corroborated all that the general manager had said. Mr. Land is a neighbor of Mr. Marshall, living within a block of him in the northeastern part of the city. He was well acquainted with him for years before he was taken sick, and pronounced his recovery as one of the most remarkable things in his experience.

"I have not much faith in patent nostrums," said Mr. Land, "but Mr. Marshall's case proves beyond a doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine. He seems to have exhausted all other means and methods of treatment during his long illness and all without any benefit, but his recovery was rapid and wonderful immediately after he commenced using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Inquiries among the city druggists disclosed the fact that an extraordinary demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the claims made for them by the proprietors were borne out by numerous cures. It may here be remarked that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered by the proprietors as a certain blood tonic and nerve builder for all diseases arising from an overtaxed or weakened condition of the nervous system, or from an impoverished or vitiated condition of the blood—such as the complaints peculiar to the female weakness, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, dizziness, pale and sallow complexions, loss of memory, that tired feeling which affects so many, and disease resulting from over work, mental worry, abuse or loss of vital forces, etc.

John A. Barr, a well known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of no patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. On that day he had sold no less than forty boxes of the pills, and since he had received the first instalment he had sold nearly three hundred boxes. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Mr. Wm. Webster, MacNab street, after suffering from ataxy for years, from the first had found certain relief from taking the pills, and he is now a new man. Mr. George Lees, corner of Park and Main streets, after years of illness of a similar nature, had taken three boxes of the pills,